



This is a digital copy of a book that was preserved for generations on library shelves before it was carefully scanned by Google as part of a project to make the world's books discoverable online.

It has survived long enough for the copyright to expire and the book to enter the public domain. A public domain book is one that was never subject to copyright or whose legal copyright term has expired. Whether a book is in the public domain may vary country to country. Public domain books are our gateways to the past, representing a wealth of history, culture and knowledge that's often difficult to discover.

Marks, notations and other marginalia present in the original volume will appear in this file - a reminder of this book's long journey from the publisher to a library and finally to you.

Usage guidelines

Google is proud to partner with libraries to digitize public domain materials and make them widely accessible. Public domain books belong to the public and we are merely their custodians. Nevertheless, this work is expensive, so in order to keep providing this resource, we have taken steps to prevent abuse by commercial parties, including placing technical restrictions on automated querying.

We also ask that you:

- + *Make non-commercial use of the files* We designed Google Book Search for use by individuals, and we request that you use these files for personal, non-commercial purposes.
- + *Refrain from automated querying* Do not send automated queries of any sort to Google's system: If you are conducting research on machine translation, optical character recognition or other areas where access to a large amount of text is helpful, please contact us. We encourage the use of public domain materials for these purposes and may be able to help.
- + *Maintain attribution* The Google "watermark" you see on each file is essential for informing people about this project and helping them find additional materials through Google Book Search. Please do not remove it.
- + *Keep it legal* Whatever your use, remember that you are responsible for ensuring that what you are doing is legal. Do not assume that just because we believe a book is in the public domain for users in the United States, that the work is also in the public domain for users in other countries. Whether a book is still in copyright varies from country to country, and we can't offer guidance on whether any specific use of any specific book is allowed. Please do not assume that a book's appearance in Google Book Search means it can be used in any manner anywhere in the world. Copyright infringement liability can be quite severe.

About Google Book Search

Google's mission is to organize the world's information and to make it universally accessible and useful. Google Book Search helps readers discover the world's books while helping authors and publishers reach new audiences. You can search through the full text of this book on the web at <http://books.google.com/>



32101 064988148

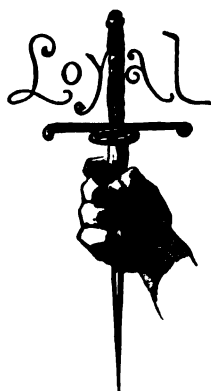


New England Magazine

An Illustrated Monthly

New Series, Vol. 23

September, 1900



February, 1901

Boston, Mass.
Warren F. Kellogg, Publisher,
5 Park Square.

(RECAP)

10994
.675

N.S.
V.23
11 5 11

Entered according to Act of Congress in the year 1900, by
WARREN F. KELLOGG,
in the Office of the Librarian of Congress at Washington.

All rights reserved.

YT293VINU
YRABLU
L.N. NOTIONARY

8468

INDEX

TO

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

VOLUME XXIII.

SEPTEMBER, 1900—FEBRUARY, 1901.

All for Dolly. A Story	<i>Jane Pratt</i>	532
Bancroft, George, The Homes and Haunts of	<i>Alfred S. Roe</i>	161
Bartlett, Robert, A Forgotten Transcendentalist	<i>Charles S. Fobes</i>	211
Behind the Veil. A Story	<i>Theresa Reynolds</i>	300
Button on Fortune's Cap, The. A Story	<i>Leigh Gordon Giltner</i>	574
Cause of Indian Famines, The	<i>J. T. Sunderland</i>	56
Christmas Peacemaker, The. A Story	<i>Virna Sheard</i>	438
Church on the Lenox Hilltop and Round about it, The	<i>Frederick Lynch</i>	192
City of Worcester, The	<i>Alfred S. Roe</i>	543
Clinton, N. Y., The First Village Founded by New Englanders on their Way Westward	<i>E. P. Powell</i>	657
Coat of Arms and Great Seal of Massachusetts, The	<i>Edmund H. Garrett</i>	623
Confederate Prisoners in Boston	<i>Alex. Hunter</i>	683
Connecticut River, Early Traffic on	<i>Collins G. Burnham</i>	131
Convent at Charlestown, The Destruction of the	<i>James Phinney Munroe</i>	637
Coral Cactus and Rosy Cake. A Story	<i>Alice Morse Earle</i>	470
"Danvis Folks," The Chronicler of	<i>Henry Lincoln Bailey</i>	430
Destruction of the Convent at Charlestown, The	<i>James Phinney Munroe</i>	637
Devereaux, Gen. John H., A Great Railway Manager.	<i>Henry W. French</i>	610
Early Writer of New England Travels, An	<i>Laurence Hayward</i>	256
Editor's Table	124, 228, 345, 475, 586, 707
Everything in the World. A Story	<i>Allen French</i>	649
First Village Founded by New Englanders on their Way Westward, The (Clinton, N. Y.)	<i>E. P. Powell</i>	657
Fly Leaf Rhymes and Decorations	<i>Fanny D. Bergen</i>	505
Flynt, Tutor, New England's Earliest Humorist.	<i>Daniel Munro Wilson</i>	284
From Jerusalem to Jericho in Ninety Minutes	<i>Henry A. Clapp</i>	406
General John Sullivan and the Rebellion in New Hampshire	<i>Frank B. Sanborn</i>	323
Great Railway Manager, A, Gen. John H. Dev- ereaux	<i>Henry W. French</i>	610
Heminway, Jacob, The First Yale Student	<i>Burton J. Hendrick</i>	25

Home of Sir Philip Sidney, The	<i>H. C. Shelley</i>	275
Homes and Haunts of George Bancroft, The	<i>Alfred S. Roe</i>	161
Hornet's Sting and Wing, The	<i>P. S. P. Conner</i>	268
Housekeeping in Boston, The Study of	<i>Mary Esther Trueblood</i>	243
Indian Famines, The Cause of	<i>J. T. Sunderland</i>	56
In the Sleepy Hollow Country	<i>Harry Edward Miller</i>	449
Iolanthe. A Story	<i>C. L. Clarke</i>	499
Jerusalem to Jericho in Ninety Minutes, From	<i>Henry A. Clapp</i>	406
Judgment of David, The. A Story	<i>Elizabeth McCracken</i>	582
Just a Looker On. A Story	<i>Annie T. Colcock</i>	412
Lenox, The Church on the Hilltop and Round about it.	<i>Frederick Lynch</i>	192
Liberty Through Sovereignty	<i>Joseph Lee</i>	294
Massachusetts, The Coat of Arms and Great Seal of.	<i>Edmund H. Garrett</i>	623
Mayor of Five Rivers, The	<i>Harriet A. Nash</i>	19
Methuen, Massachusetts	<i>Charles H. Oliphant</i>	97
My Castle. A Story	<i>W. Henry Winslow</i>	86
Nameless Pickaninny, The. A Story	<i>Frank H. Sweet</i>	220
Natural History of a State, The	<i>Raymond L. Bridgman</i>	116
New England Travels, An Early Writer of	<i>Laurence Hayward</i>	256
New Hampshire's Part in Sullivan's Expedition of 1779	<i>William Elliot Griffis</i>	355
Oberlin College	<i>G. Frederick Wright</i>	65
Ocean Slave-Traders, The Last of the	<i>George S. Boutwell</i>	263
Our Country Towns	<i>C. N. Hall</i>	50
Passing of the Old Red Schoolhouse, The	<i>Walter Sargent</i>	422
Primrose Hill, On	<i>Annie E. P. Scaring</i>	653
Prince. A Story	<i>R. Lillian Brock</i>	616
Public Memorials to Women	<i>Augusta W. Kellogg</i>	512
Puritan and Dress Reform, The	<i>Fred E. Keay</i>	568
Red Wolf, The. A Story	<i>Allen French</i>	181
Rhode Island Historical Society, The	<i>Edward Fuller</i>	483
Shays's Rebellion, Reminiscences of	<i>Park Holland</i>	538
Sidney, Sir Philip, The Home of	<i>H. C. Shelley</i>	275
Slave-Traders, The Last of the Ocean	<i>George S. Boutwell</i>	263
Sleepy Hollow Country, In the	<i>Harry Edward Miller</i>	449
Soldier that Never Returned, The	<i>Charles Francis Saunders</i>	447
Solitary Thanksgiving, A. A Story	<i>Mary Applewhite Bacon</i>	337
Study of Housekeeping in Boston, The	<i>Mary Esther Trueblood</i>	243
Sullivan's Expedition of 1779, New Hampshire's Part in	<i>William Elliot Griffis</i>	355
Sullivan, General John, and the Rebellion in New Hampshire	<i>Frank B. Sanborn</i>	323
Toronto	<i>James L. Hughes</i>	305
Trivial Round, The	<i>Annie Eliot</i>	374
Tutor Flynt, New England's Earliest Humorist	<i>Daniel Munro Wilson</i>	284
Valley Forge	<i>W. H. Richardson</i>	597

Village in Rural France, A	<i>Clifton Johnson</i>	37
Ward Boss, The. A Story	<i>Agnes B. Poor</i>	150
Was She Justified? A Story	<i>Kate Gannett Wells</i>	697
Washington Homes of New England Statesmen	<i>Frank Roe Batchelder</i>	382
Wolcott, Roger, as Governor of Massachusetts	<i>Francis Hurtubis, Jr.</i>	678
Worcester Music Festival, The	<i>Walter Moody Lancaster</i>	3
Worcester, The City of	<i>Alfred S. Roe</i>	543

POETRY.

All Souls' Eve	<i>Arthur Ketchum</i>	255
Alone	<i>Minnie Bowen</i>	344
At Gloucester	<i>Cora Linn Daniels</i>	677
At Tide Turn	<i>Frank W. Hutt</i>	421
By Faith	<i>Frank W. Hutt</i>	585
Candidate, The	<i>Minna Irving</i>	123
Christmas Babies	<i>Minna Irving</i>	381
Cost, The	<i>Emma Playter Seabury</i>	405
Earth's Requiem	<i>S. Raymond Jocelyn</i>	226
Exile	<i>Emery Pottle</i>	115
Flood and Ebb	<i>Clinton Scollard</i>	191
Half-Tones	<i>Henrietta R. Eliot</i>	615
Heart of a Rose, The	<i>Minna Irving</i>	299
His Mercy Endureth Forever	<i>William Ordway Partridge</i>	636
Indian Summer	<i>Charles Hanson Towne</i>	55
Liberty	<i>John Vance Cheney</i>	474
Lost Love, A	<i>Elvira Sidnor Miller</i>	85
Love's Messenger	<i>Hallam Lee</i>	622
Man at the Plough, The	<i>Zitella Cocke</i>	159
Millionaire Maid, A	<i>Minna Irving</i>	149
Nantucket	<i>Arthur Ketchum</i>	123
Old Letter, An	<i>Charles Tilden Sempers</i>	293
On Chenoweth's Run	<i>Madison Cawein</i>	96
Peaceless Love	<i>Cale Young Rice</i>	437
Prisoner, A	<i>Theodosia Garrison</i>	706
Slow Through the Dark	<i>Paul Laurence Dunbar</i>	227
Statesmen, The	<i>Frank R. Batchelder</i>	609
Sunrise in the City	<i>Anna B. Patten</i>	567
To November	<i>G. W. Adams</i>	304
Toys	<i>Lambert Reynolds Thomas</i>	336
War	<i>Charlotte W. Thurston</i>	49
Warner, Charles Dudley	<i>Newton Marshall Hall</i>	446
Washington, Booker T.	<i>Paul Laurence Dunbar</i>	227
Watcher, The	<i>Emery Pottle</i>	531
Winter Buds	<i>Charles Francis Saunders</i>	636
World's in the Heart, The	<i>Lawrence Gilman</i>	448



THE WASHINGTON MONUMENT AT METHUEN, MASSACHUSETTS.

Designed by Thomas Ball.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

SEPTEMBER, 1900.

VOL. XXIII. No. 1.

THE WORCESTER MUSIC FESTIVAL.

By Walter Moody Lancaster.

PROBABLY the city of Worcester is more widely known for its annual music festival than for any other single institution or circumstance. The festival is professionally the first important musical event of the fall and winter season, if not indeed the most important of the year, outside of Boston, New York and Chicago. Clearly this is an ambitious assertion for an inland city that boasts of barely 123,000 inhabitants; but there is warrant for it, and the just claims of other cities to artistic recognition may be freely granted without in the least impairing Worcester's title to next place after the three musical centres named. Evidence of this eminence is found, first of all, in the eagerness with which singers seek a Worcester "appearance." The high value set upon the festival as a professional opening and opportunity is no meaningless flattery to provincial pride; for European singers of world-wide reputation cross the ocean solely that they may be heard in Worcester, and go back the following week to fulfil engagements in England or on the Continent. Not a few American singers owe their present eminence to a fortunate performance in Worcester, where they first made their artistic abilities known to visiting managers, musicians and critics. The money-making manager from the metropolis lays siege to the board of govern-

ment, from year's end to year's end; and during the last week of September, his not always Hebraic face is continually in evidence. He comes here because he has goods to sell—artists to "place"—and perchance he may discover a promising and profitable "unknown." No other festival is so liberally reported by the press of the large cities. Among the thousands at the festival are music teachers, professional singers and instrumentalists, drawn hither by the fame of the soloists, the musical novelties presented, the great chorus, or the great orchestra. To hundreds this is the only opportunity for hearing large choral works given with completeness and becoming dignity, and instrumental masterpieces performed by one of the most efficient orchestras in the world. No other festival draws its *clientèle* from a field broad enough to cover New England, the Middle States, Canada and the Maritime Provinces. Finally, age lends prestige to the Worcester institution. For forty-three successive years it has been maintained, not always with financial profit, but with ever increasing scope and improved artistic results. The famous festivals of the old world often alternate between two or three cities, and are not in every case of annual occurrence. Other American festivals, of which there is every reason to speak with respect, are of younger growth, and the most ad-

vanced of these is a triennial. Of the artistic results accomplished at Worcester little will be said here, except to emphasize the importance of the festival as an educational force and to point out that its influence is felt far beyond the green hills of this prosperous and contented Massachusetts county.

The query, Why is the festival? may be answered by asking, Why is Worcester?—for it is no more singular that this inland town, half country, half city, should have desired or been able to support such an enterprise for nearly half a century than that a great industrial emporium and at the same time one of the largest farming communities in New England should have gathered about the wooded bluffs of fair Quinsigamond. Worcester has no discernible advantages of situation. There is neither water power to tempt the manufacturer nor water course to lure commerce. It is a railroad centre, to be sure; but that is an acquired distinction, and there are small towns on the same highway to the great West that apparently offer superior inducements to trade, manufactures and population. Its accidental prominence as the county seat and the character of its people are the forces that have built the city.

A New England town with two centuries of history behind it is apt to be proud of its traditions and to think well of itself; and in this instance, if the policy of the village fathers was not always strikingly wise and ambitious, it was at least enlightened and well grounded in honest public spirit and decent local pride. Energy, liberality, honesty and thrift have given the city its wonderfully diversified industries, its great manufactures and multitude of machine shops, its university, college, polytechnic school and academies, its hundred churches and missions, its eight valuable libraries, its museums of art, antiquities and natural history, its finely equipped hospitals, its 365 acres in public parks,

its banks and insurance companies, and the three important state institutions located here. What is more to the point, all the great business enterprises of the city (without exception till the recent formation of trusts) have been owned and operated by Worcester men, so that the accrued profits have gone to enrich its own people. It is sometimes called a wealthy city, but it owes its prosperity and contentment less to the seven or eight men who count their millions than to the remarkably equable distribution of wealth. There are no slums; the large and varied foreign population has been assimilated with rare completeness; and a more comfortable, clean and healthy city can hardly be found.

The temper and policy of the men who developed the city were shared



EDWARD H. FROST.

by those who made the festival a permanency; and in both cases the founders builded better than they knew. In a community having so wide a variety of interests, it was certain that education, literature and art would obtain due recognition, and it was not likely that music would be long neglected. In fact, there was a



EDWARD HAMILTON.

rather remarkable succession of local singing societies, extending well back towards the year 1800. One of the oldest of these was the Harmonic Society, the date of whose birth is not recorded, though the chorus was flourishing in 1826, when the secretary, Henry W. Miller, Senator Hoar's father-in-law, advertised that the society purposed "having an oratorio, consisting of anthems, duetts, sacred songs, etc.," in the South Meeting-House, on Wednesday, October 11. This was cattle show week, and President John Quincy Adams attended the concert, with Governor Lincoln, after talking horse, pigs and politics at the fair grounds. The Harmonic Society appears to have died of old age, about 1839.

In 1852 A. N. Johnson and E. H. Frost (the latter well known in Boston, by reason of his connection with Park Street Church and Tremont Temple) attempted to gather a musical convention in Horticultural Hall, but their discouraging experiment sufficed for several years. At length, Edward Hamilton, a much esteemed local musician, and Benjamin F. Baker, a Boston professional of some contemporary fame, who had been employed as director of one of

the Worcester singing societies, issued a circular that resulted in holding what is now considered the first Worcester festival, September 28, 29 and 30 and October 1, 1858. This was literally a convention for the discussion and practice of church music, as the matter-of-fact announcement shows:

"Lectures will be given upon the voice; the different styles of church music, ancient and modern; the philosophy of scales, harmony, etc., with singing by the whole class and by select voices; solos by members of the convention and ladies and gentlemen from abroad." It was further declared that congregational singing would be a prominent subject for discussion, and that "the platform would be perfectly free." What an opening this would have been for the modern promoters of "systems," text-books and fads! But the most vital portion of the circular was the following: "It is the purpose of the movers in this enterprise to make it a permanent annual meeting of those interested in music throughout the county of Worcester. . . . It is even hoped that at no very distant day it may be possible to achieve the performance of the oratorios and other grand works of Handel, Haydn, Mozart, Beethoven and Mendelssohn."

The convention of 1858 was enough of a success to warrant the



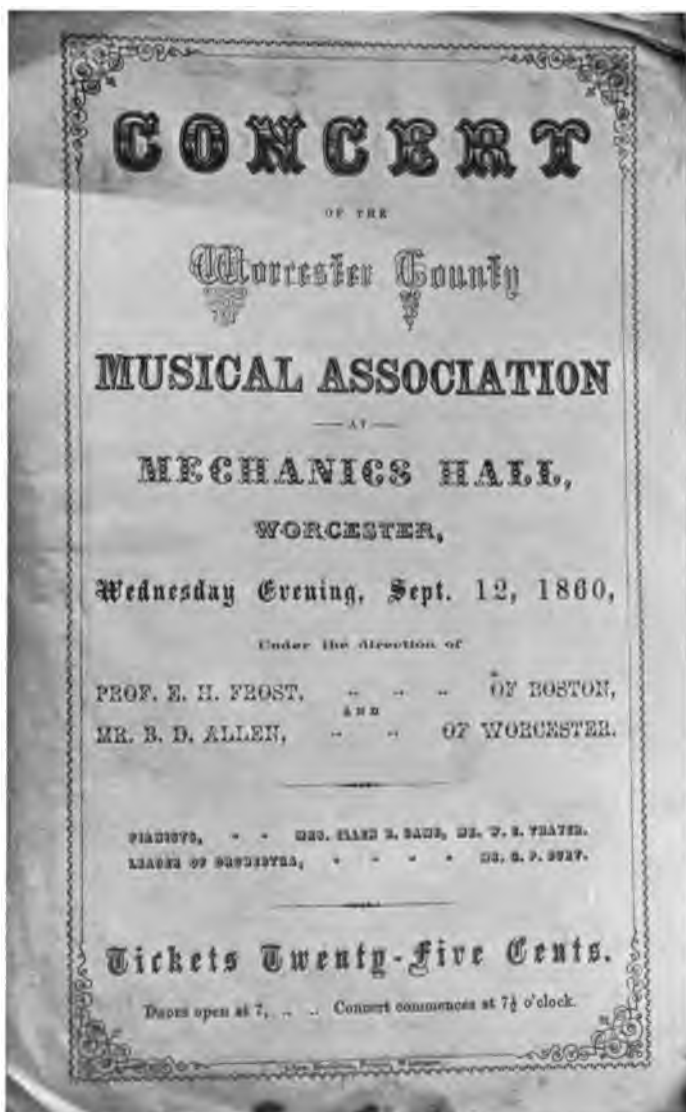
WILLIAM SUMNER.

managers in repeating it the following year. The third festival, in 1860, was backed by the Mozart Society and conducted by E. H. Frost of Boston and Mr. Hamilton; and the fourth and fifth were under the direction of Mr. Baker and J. A. Dorman. In 1863 a ludicrous misunderstanding resulted in the holding of two conventions, one in the City Hall, di-

rected by Mr. Dorman, Mr. Baker and Benjamin D. Allen, a local musician of scholarly habits, for many years organist of the festival and now head of the music department of Beloit College in Wisconsin; the other in Mechanics Hall, as usual, with James D. Moore and E. H. Frost as the leading spirits.

The Mechanics Hall coterie, which

proved to be the larger and more vigorous of the two, assumed for the first time, October 2, 1863, the title of "The Worcester County Musical Convention," elected Samuel E. Staples of Worcester president, and a long list of officers, representing more than twenty towns. In 1866 a constitution was adopted, whereby all persons who bought tickets (fifty cents for singers and seventy-five cents for visitors) were declared members of the convention; and financial deficits (which never occurred) were to be covered by assessing the men. At the annual meeting, October 26, 1871, the name of the organization was changed to "The Worcester County Musical Association," and it was decreed that thereafter the annual gatherings



From the Worcester Antiquarian Society's Collection.
AN EARLY PROGRAM.



EDWARD L. DAVIS.



WILLIAM R. HILL.



SAMUEL E. STAPLES.

PRESIDENTS OF THE ASSOCIATION.



ALEXANDER C. MUNROE.

should be called "festivals." In 1879 the association was incorporated under the general laws of the Commonwealth, and its organization revolutionized. The incorporators were A. C. Munroe, I. N. Metcalf, William Sumner, J. Q. Adams, G. W. Elkins, J. E. Benchley, Charles E. Wilder, Charles M. Bent and Daniel Downey of Worcester, William R. Hill of Sutton, Israel Plummer of Northbridge, and the Rev. G. M. Howe of Princeton.

The chorus, who pay \$1.50 a year for the privilege of attending about



CHARLES M. BENT.

thirty rehearsals, singing at four concerts, and sitting behind the orchestra at three others, now have no voice whatever in the management. The festival association is a close corporation of about thirty-five members, who elect the board of government (five officers and eight directors) and hold title to the funds, the library of 31,085 bound volumes and other property. The honorary members and honorable counsellors are purely ornamental. The membership fee is \$3, and the perquisites and prerogatives amount to a good round total of work, worry and expense, since the members buy their concert tickets in competition with the public and pay at least average premiums for the choice of seats. "Ability to sing intelligently ordinary church

music at sight" was once a qualification for membership; but nowadays executive ability and personal influence, combined with a taste for music, are qualifications deemed of more importance, and "any person resident of this Commonwealth, known to be interested in the objects of this association, may be elected a member thereof."

How far the festival has broadened from the original intent of the founders may be judged from a single comparison. The constitution of 1866 declared the object of the convention to be "the



BENJAMIN D. ALLEN.

improvement of choirs in the performance of church music, the formation of an elevated taste through the study of music in its highest departments, and a social, genial, harmonious reunion of all lovers of music." Under the charter of 1879 the purpose of the association was announced as "the cultivation of the science of music and the development of musical taste." The social reunion and the county element have disappeared for reasons that will be made clear.

Before tracing the development of the festival, it is worth while to consider the cost of maintaining it from year to year, and at the same time to remember that the whole cost is not to be measured by dollars and cents. It is a cheap wit that calls the practice of high class music a fad and a fashionable vanity, and it is a moderate statement to say that this institution owes its prolonged existence to honest zeal and unaffected love of the art. The fidelity of the unpaid chorus of four hundred, under a discipline of increasing strictness, as well as the time, thought and energy gratuitously given by the managers, often involves actual sacrifice, and suggests

no passing whim of fashion, but sincerity and an earnest purpose.

The finances of musical enterprises are proverbially precarious, and the festival has had the inevitable ups and downs of fortune. During the earlier period, when the salaries exacted by artists were as modest as the demands of the public, the festival was conducted almost invariably at a profit, and a very comfortable surplus was accumulated in the treasury. But since 1880 there has been a sadder tale to tell. Not only have ten of the past twenty festivals failed to pay expenses, but the losses incurred in the bad years have exceeded the profits of the ten good years by nearly \$6,000.



C. P. MORRISON.

Several times the profits have been approximately \$1,400; but on the other hand, the loss in a single year has been \$4,100. Happily the association had at one time somewhat more than \$8,000 of invested funds, representing the profits of preceding years, and besides had received gifts amounting to about \$7,000, intended by the donors to serve as a nucleus of an endowment. The income from these funds has reduced the actual deficit somewhat



C. C. STEARNS.

below the published figures, but the erratic succession of good years and bad and the eccentric variation of receipts have rendered precedents useless as a basis of financial calculations. Within recent years the receipts have varied from \$8,826 in 1893 to \$13,987 in 1899, while expenses have ranged from \$10,177 in 1894 to \$14,056 in 1897. The size of the expense account is no criterion for estimating profit or loss; the "record" year for economy was one of the most disastrous in the entire series, while the years of heaviest expenditures have sometimes been among the most profitable. The festival of last year helps to bear out this statement, for the net gain was then \$347, without counting the income from invested funds. It is gratifying to know that for two years past the balance has been on the right side of the ledger.

There are two morals to be drawn from this statement of profit and loss. One is the necessity of an endowment for the maintenance of any institution of art, in a country where government subventions are unknown. Whatever may have been the mistakes of management, they are less to be wondered at than the prolonged and vigorous life of the festival, unsupported by the generous financial guarantees and the official patronage of lord mayors, lord bishops and a titled aristocracy and all the pomp and circumstance that clothe the English festivals with the glorifying

mantle of Church and State—all for the benefit of diocesan charities. The other lesson is for the professional singers, who have marked up their prices to a point where two songs from a pampered *prima donna* cost as much as the five days' hire of a large orchestra. For various reasons, Worcester has sometimes been better able than others to make advantageous terms with singers, but the abuse has been felt here nevertheless. Some additional compensation might justly

be allowed singers for the trouble and expense of a transatlantic voyage and the greater cost of living in this country, but the actual increase of pay is ridiculously out of proportion. Singers who draw at least reasonable salaries in Paris, Berlin or Vienna go to London and get used to the sensation of adding 50 or 100 per cent to their compensation, and then cross over to America and double or triple it. This is absurd. The United States

has ceased to be a "new country"; interest rates have fallen accordingly, and the sooner the inflated salary balloon is punctured, the better for the cause of art.

Those who advocate the star system will find scant encouragement in Worcester, where three of the five experiments with \$2,000 a night *prime donne* have resulted in the severest losses recorded here, while the other two owed their success to the general excellence of the festival scheme rather than to the star. On the other hand, a corps of manifestly



MECHANICS HALL.

low priced artists is not to be tolerated, for any suggestion of cheapness will be logically followed by a reduction of receipts, not only in the current year, but in the next. The most profitable plan, as well as the most artistic, is to employ as evenly balanced a choir as possible, one well adapted not merely for concert display, but for the solo roles of the large choral works. An excellent example of such a choir was given in 1897, when Mme. Gadski, Miss Stein,



W. O. PERKINS.

Evan Williams and David Bispham were the principals. Such a combination is not only difficult to engage for the last week of September, but is apt to be quite as costly as a star surrounded by mediocre talent; but the approximate evenness of merit secured by an equable distribution of the funds insures more uniform satisfaction and minimizes the chances of disappointment. The point seems simple enough, but it still needs to be emphasized for the in-



SOLON WILDER.

struction of managers and people elsewhere, if not in Worcester.

It was the day of small things in American music when the festival was founded. Indeed, there was very little serious music of any sort. Grisi, Mario, Jenny Lind, Alboni and Henrietta Sonntag, who had been brought over from Europe as raree-shows, were memories of earlier years; the old Germania orchestra, of which Carl Zerrahn was successively first flute and conductor, had been disbanded and scattered; and the Handel and Haydn Society was the only choral organization of consequence in any of the larger cities. Not till 1864 did Theodore Thomas begin to experiment upon the New York public with symphony concerts; and it is not too much to say that till then the music of a well balanced and well trained orchestra was unknown to the people.

The condition of musical art in America, forty or fifty years ago, was reflected in the first Worcester festival: and that institution kept step with the progress of the times as best it could. For fifteen years it was a convention in fact as well as in name. Its aims were necessarily modest, and the materials crude. In the early years, chorus and orchestra, and often soloists as well, were volunteers, and the rustic element was predominant. There was not even an organ for accompaniments till 1864, when a committee of citizens raised a fund of \$9,258 by popular subscription and presented the Mechanics Association with an instrument that was then the largest in the country except that in



LUTHER O. EMERSON.

Boston Music Hall. This was a notable achievement in a city of 30,000 population, at the close of a long and ruinous war. It may be added that the festival was very fortunate in having a home architecturally so dignified and acoustically so satisfactory as Mechanics Hall.

Materials for writing the early history of the festival are meagre; but it appears that at the first convention, in 1858, there was only one formal concert. The programme consisted of a cantata, "The Burning Ship," composed by the conductor, Mr. Baker; selections from a hymn book compiled by Mr. Hamilton, the other conductor; and choruses from "The Messiah" and "The Creation." Whenever the supply of amateur cantatas ran dry, there was always the church psalmody to fall back upon. In 1860 there were two formal concerts; and in 1866, the year of Mr. Zerrahn's arrival, there were four, three being of miscellaneous character and the fourth an oratorio. The scheme had broadened, and the price of singers' tickets was raised to \$1, while "visitors" were charged \$1.50. In 1871 the price of chorus tickets was advanced to \$1.50, at which figure it has since remained, while the price of concert tickets has risen to \$6, plus a premium, which has often run as high as \$12.

As the old conventions were in session forenoon, afternoon and evening for four or five days, there was ample time for the much advertised discussion; but rehearsals for the public concerts were not neglected. At the close of the afternoon session there was a "social hour," an improvised concert (subsequently dignified with

the name of "matinée"), when "contributions of vocal and instrumental music were expected and solicited from members, and also from the solo artists," as the announcement read. While one singer was doing her turn upon the stage, the managers were industriously hunting the hall for the next candidate; and tradition says that it was sometimes hard to keep the melodic progression going,—for amateurs were no less coquettish and fickle fifty years ago than now. One by one the social hours expanded into formal concerts, which once were

golden opportunities for local aspirants and for *débütantes* from abroad; but in 1892 the last or the cheaper order of concerts passed away, greatly to the relief of the managers and the increasing dignity of the festival. Nowadays, the afternoon concerts are all built upon the symphony plan and are as important artistically as any. Thursday afternoon is by custom reserved for the piano virtuoso, while on Friday afternoon the leading soprano soloist has her turn, the remainder of the time on both occasions being given to the orchestra. These two are among the most profitable concerts of the week.

The chorus is the mainstay of the festival, the cause of its existence; and the credit of moulding it belongs first of all to Mr. Zerrahn, who served as conductor and drill master for thirty-two years, coming here in 1866 and resigning after the festival of 1897. During eleven years he was the sole conductor, but previous to 1879 he had direction of only oratorios and similar works, while the church music, glees and smaller choruses were



GEORGE F. ROOT.

intrusted to such men as W. O. Perkins, George F. Root, L. H. Southard, L. O. Emerson and Dudley Buck, some of the most prominent leaders of the times, or to responsible musicians of local repute and experience, such as Solon Wilder, C. C. Stearns, C. P. Morrison and B. D. Allen. From 1889 to 1891 Victor Herbert served as associate conductor, taking the orchestral music and accompaniments as his share of the burden. Since then Franz Kneisel has been the associate, and the forceful skill with which he has discharged the duties of conductor and concert master has materially enhanced the fame of one of the most accomplished musicians in the country.

The big, eager, but untried choir had had some practice with Handel's intricate and imposing choruses before Mr. Zerrahn came, but no small part of his reputation was due to the improvement here achieved. It was a turning point in local history when a permanent conductor was employed and expert advice taken in planning and executing the musical scheme. Truth to say, Mr. Zerrahn had raw material to work with, for this was a

county organization and the city was small, so that there was more than a sufficiency of rural songsters. In the beginning there were no rehearsals outside of festival week, and subsequently only five outside, for the double reason that the managers could not afford to pay the conductor, and a majority of the five hundred chorus singers could not attend because they

lived out of town. In course of time attendance upon weekly and even semi-weekly rehearsals was made compulsory during the winter, spring and fall. No small degree of courage was required to make and enforce this rule, for seventy-five per cent of the singers resided in the neighboring towns, and the new rule meant their virtual expulsion. The managers, however, realized that



CARL ZERRAHN.

progress was impossible without rehearsals, and they carried out the vital reform. Then it was that the 375 country members showed their grit and refused to be legislated out of the chorus. Combining by towns or districts, for fifteen and even twenty miles around, they hired special conveyances to take them to the rehearsals in Worcester and back the same night. For several seasons they



THE ORCHESTRA AND CHORUS AT A CONCERT IN MECHANICS HALL.



VICTOR HERBERT.

persevered in this energetic course; but one by one they dropped away, so that nowadays, in a chorus of rather less than four hundred voices, the suburban element is almost nil. For many years there were more than five hundred voices all told, but the present number is as large as can be safely handled; indeed, if there was a greater abundance of experienced singers, a chorus of three hundred would no doubt be more flexible and more effective; but it may be questioned whether, under the circumstances, a reduction would be judicious, especially as the personal influence of the singers counts for something as a stimulus to public interest.

The first attempts at oratorio may not seem ambitious to us now, but in their time they were of much consequence. The year before Mr. Zerrahn came "The Creation" was sung, with organ and such other accompaniment as could be improvised; and then the new conductor signalized his arrival by giving "Judas Maccabæus," with the Mendelssohn Quintet Club, reinforced by a double bass, in lieu of orchestra. The same oratorio was repeated the following year, with an



FRANZ KNEISEL.

orchestra of ten pieces, and in 1868 the official bulletin announced the first complete performance of an oratorio. "The Creation" was the work chosen; and the "full orchestra" numbered about eighteen players from Boston. This was a notable year for progress, for Rossini's "Stabat Mater" was also on the bill, and the same week witnessed the first serious orchestral concert. For years afterwards the Friday matinée was known as the "symphony concert," just as Friday evening came to be called "oratorio night"; and in time there were three such nights. Thursday evening, which was first officially recognized in 1871 as "artists' night," is

still the money maker, the show time of *prime donne* and evening gowns; but it has been shorn of its most objectionable features as a social function and musical revel, and the programs nowadays seldom provoke criticism. The lighter music has afforded a not unwelcome diversion to break the continuous strain of the week—at least for all save the over-worked orchestra.

This year, however, the one mis-



CHARLES R. GUILMETTE.



INTERIOR OF MECHANICS HALL.

cellaneous concert has been deferred till Friday night, and the last oratorio set forward to Thursday night.

The program of the first symphony concert was mild and somewhat overburdened with soloists, but quite up to the contemporary standard. The orchestral numbers were Von Weber's "Preciosa" overture, a Haydn symphony and a fantasie by Conradi, designed to display the individual instruments. Ever afterwards the festival orchestra was of respectable dimensions for the times, beginning in 1869 with twenty-four pieces and increasing to sixty or sixty-five in recent years. The Boston Orchestral Union, generally led by Carl Eichler, served from 1868 to 1873, when the Germania took its turn and continued till 1887, when a majority of the players were from the Boston Symphony Orchestra, and afterwards that organization was virtually engaged as such. It seemed a daring experiment, in 1868, when the orchestra came Thursday night and

played at three concerts, for not till 1882 did it become a daily, or rather thrice-daily fixture, beginning Monday morning and closing its work Friday night. The organization so munificently founded by Mr. Higginson was scarcely less a boon to Worcester than to Boston, for, next to compulsory chorus rehearsals, it contributed more to the expansion of the festival scheme than any other single force, both by influencing public taste and by making available much music, choral as well as instrumental, that hitherto could not be attempted with assurance. More frequent orchestral rehearsals are needed than are now allowed after the long summer vacation; but these will come in time.

Where only seven concerts are to be had, it would be manifestly absurd to compare the Worcester repertoire with what Boston or New York hears in a twelvemonth; and yet the list of works given within the past twenty years indicates a broad scope and a

commendable progressiveness. Only since 1878 has the number of rehearsals warranted undertaking two works requiring an entire evening for the performance of each, and in that year Handel's "L'Allegro ed il Penseroso" and Mendelssohn's "Elijah" were sung. In 1881 three such works, Verdi's "Manzoni Requiem," Haydn's "Creation" and the "Elijah" were given; and since 1884 the three-oratorio scheme has prevailed. Not only have the most important classic and standard modern compositions, orchestral and choral, been performed, but American composers have been by no means neglected. Within the past eleven years forty compositions, representing twenty American composers, have been heard in Worcester, so that the annual average is more than three for the period. In this list are works of Mrs. Beach, Mr. Chadwick, Mr. Converse, Mr. Foote, Mr. Herbert, Mr. MacDowell, Mr. Paine, Mr. H. W. Parker, Mr. J. C. D. Parker, Mr. Strube and Mr. Arthur Weld. Among the noteworthy first performances were MacDowell's orchestral suite, No. 1, Opus 42, Mr. Weld's "Italia" suite and Mr. Strube's violin concerto. First American performances of European works include Dr. Bridges's "Repentance of Nineveh" and Saint-Saens's "Nineteenth Psalm," and in several instances Worcester has heard new European music in advance of either Boston or New York. Plans are maturing for commissioning annually some composer to write special works for Worcester, and these are likely to become features of future festivals.

One of the bygone festival features

that could hardly be revived, even if it were desired, was the frequent appearance of singing and instrumental clubs. Among the best known were the Boston Philharmonic Club, led by Bernhard Listemann, the Mendelssohn Quintet Club and the Eichberg String Quartet of young ladies. Among the singing clubs were the English Glee Club of New York, headed by Henrietta Beebe; the Temple Quartet of Boston, the Schubert Quartet, the Swedish Ladies' Quartet, the Schubert Concert Company of fifteen voices, the Weber Male Quartet and the Uterpe (ladies')

Quartet. The Orpheus Club of Springfield, led by the late George W. Sumner, was once on the bill, and the local German and Swedish singing societies, and even a surpliced choir, found places in the programs. At the present day it would probably be impossible to match these old singing clubs with a similar number of equally accomplished organizations, for the public demand for



GEORGE W. CHADWICK.

their music has declined; and in any event there could hardly be place for them in the modern festival.

The festival benefited greatly by the long administration of Mr. Zerrahn, for he was a conductor to inspire the inexperienced with the confidence which they most of all needed, and the continued association of leader and chorus begat perfect understanding and eager coöperation. Mr. Zerrahn had good command of the orchestra and a happy faculty of unostentatiously forcing the chorus to its best endeavors. He gave less heed to detail than others might have given, but excelled in generalship

that skilfully piloted soloists, orchestra and chorus over rough places and averted disaster, however sudden and threatening the emergency. The baton which Mr. Zerrahn laid down in 1897 was taken up by Mr. George W. Chadwick of Boston, who brought to his new office the enthusiasm of youth, the prestige of success with smaller choruses, and a distinguished reputation as a composer. With MacDowell and H. W. Parker, he completes the foremost trio of the younger generation of American composers, who are not without honor either at home or abroad. A change of conductors implies also a change of methods, which might naturally have a disturbing effect upon a large mixed chorus. What progress has been made under Mr. Chadwick may be inferred from the assurance with which the managers have laid out the festival scheme for September of the present year, when, in addition to Sullivan's now familiar "Golden Legend," four choral works are to be sung, all of them new here, and each characterized by peculiar difficulties of its own. Verdi's "Te Deum," Palestrina's "Stabat Mater," Brahms's "German Requiem" and Franck's "Beatitudes" constitute the severest task that has ever been set for the festival chorus in a single year.

There has been some advantage also in the fact that the business management has for many years rested in substantially the same hands. Reform and reorganization have been obligatory, from time to time, and different individual influences have successively come to the front; but the personnel of the board of government has remained remarkably constant, and the accumulated store of business experience has its value in this enterprise as in others. Alexander C. Munroe, who served for twenty-eight years as chief executive, first as secretary and subsequently as president, was a vice-president of the original organization formed in 1863,

and had been with the old convention almost from the beginning. President Charles M. Bent, who took command of the festival in 1896, was one of the incorporators in 1879, as also was Daniel Downey, the vice-president. Luther M. Lovell, the secretary, and S. W. Wiley, a director, have been identified with the enterprise for many years. The younger element is represented by George R. Bliss, the treasurer, Paul B. Morgan, the librarian, Arthur J. Bassett, J. Vernon Butler, Edward L. Sumner, Charles I. Rice, Samuel E. Winslow, Walter S. G. Kennedy and Charles A. Williams, who may stand for the best local musical intelligence, professional or otherwise, and for important business interests. Since 1863, the association has had only five presidents, the Hon. William R. Hill of Sutton and the Hon. Edward L. Davis of Worcester serving in the interval between the administrations of Mr. Staples and Mr. Munroe.

There are few prominent American singers who have not been heard at the Worcester festival, and a list of the soloists would make a directory of the musical *élite* of the United States for the past thirty years. Imported artists were not always so numerous and available as they are now; but the Worcester catalogue contains an honorable representation of them,—and many were engaged for two seasons or more. A perusal of the old programs awakes pleasing memories, for among the singers were Charles R. Adams, Max Alvary, Mme. Anna Bishop, David Bispham, P. Brignoli, Giuseppe Campanari, Italo Campanini, Annie Louise Cary, William Courtney, Zelig de Lussan, G. del Puente, Clementine de Vere, Clara Doria, Emil Fischer, Ffrangcon-Davies, Mme. Galski, Antonio Gallassi, Marguerite Hall, Minnie Hauk, Max Heinrich, Mr. and Mrs. Henschel, Emma Juch, Clara Louise Kellogg, William Ludwig, Joseph Maas, Mme. Fursch-Madi, Mme. Melba,

Mme. Nordica, Mme. Pappenheim, Adelaide and Mathilde Phillips, Laura Schirmir, Anton Schott, Mme. Sembrich, G. Tagliapietra and Zelig Trebelli. Two other singers the memory of whose achievements is still cherished by the older generation of festival goers are Dr. Charles A. Guilmette of Boston, who seems to have been a basso of much dramatic force, and Mrs. A. C. Munroe, a local contralto, esteemed both for the quality and compass of her voice and for her native musical instincts. The instrumentalists were of similarly high standing; for many of the great artists of the half century have appeared at the festivals.

The record of the festivals has been one of constant enlargement and progress, according to such light as the managers have enjoyed. Whatever else may be said of their policy, there was never a backward step; and if the managers have been sometimes thought needlessly conservative, they have also been charged with "singing over the heads of the people." In a community of 350,000 population, two thirds of which resides in country towns and villages, it might well be thought rash to follow closely the advanced ideals of musical performance; for even in the metropolis, with all the backing of wealth, fashion and the elegant leisure of a dilettante class, it is not always safe to ignore the box office and trust the people to support art for art's sake, whether they understand it all or not. What is a delight to the experts may be only a weariness and a stumbling block to the uninstructed; and hence rigorous education must often be tempered with light amusement. Nevertheless, it does not yet appear that the most

ambitious position assumed by the festival is a losing game, and therefore the managers are likely to persevere in their high endeavors. It is notoriously easy to find fault with the whole genus of music festivals. Seven concerts and seven rehearsals in five days, it is said, are nothing short of a musical debauch, especially where, as in Worcester, a majority of the devotees accept all of the fourteen opportunities. Chorus and orchestra become so fatigued that they are incapable of doing justice either to themselves or the music, while the listeners, jaded and sated with a flood of emotional and intellectual sensations quite beyond their capacity for assimilation, find their power of appreciation benumbed by the surfeit of music. Finally, it is said that the festival in one week exhausts the local interest and empties the local pocket-book, so that there is no support left for deserving concerts during the remainder of the year. Whatever of reason there may be in these observations, writers who utter them sometimes lose sight of the significant results actually achieved. It does not follow that, if the festival were out of the way, its place would be filled in a year by a similar number of equally artistic and successful concerts given by out-of-town organizations. On the contrary, judging from the experience of other cities of similar size, it seems humanly certain that the festival provides a larger amount and greater variety of serious music than could be had by the community in any other way. Least of all will the wise man condemn a city for giving first preference to home institutions in its support of art.



THE MAYOR OF FIVE RIVERS.

By Harriet A. Nash.



HE little store was always crowded at the arrival of the semi-weekly mail. Loungers began to drop in long before the hour at which the stage was due, and not until the last letter was fastened in its place on the revolving rack did thoughts of waiting supper or an uneasy remembrance of evening chores lure any from his post.

The stage had been late this evening; yet the driver had long since delivered his budget of news and sought refreshment at his boarding place across the street. The postmaster had resumed his occupation as village merchant and was weighing sugar, measuring off calico or grinding coffee as demanded. A late spring twilight had begun to change to dusk, and an odor of lamp smoke permeated the air. Yet an eager group still lingered about the stove, intent on the topic which ever renders the average American citizen unmindful of the flight of time—local politics. As the clatter of the coffee mill ceased, a tall man rose from behind the stove, folding the newspaper over which he had been poring since the mail arrived.

"I s'pose this talk's been made for my ears, boys," he said genially; "and most of it ain't been so deep but what I've been able to take it in and foller the murder trial down to Bangor last week at the same time. But I've missed hearin' any answer to the question I asked town meetin' day. What does a town of two hundred inhabitants and seventy voters want of a townhouse anyhow? Oh, yes, I know 'twould come handy to hold parties and such like in. But the town as a town ain't much in the way of givin' parties; and the new schoolhouse we're sufferin' for would fill

every call for a townhouse, exceptin' maybe the parties,—and as to that you're welcome to come to my barn any time there's no other handy. No use tryin' to introduce hard wood floors and society frills into Five Rivers dances. We folks ain't educated up to 'em."

The local blacksmith, an acknowledged leader in Five Rivers society, muttered something about woollen shirts and moccasins, which provoked a burst of laughter from those nearest him.

"Well, why not?" retorted the tall man good humoredly. "I've heard them city sportsmen tell about patent leathers and dress suits, but even them agreed the woods wa'n't no place for 'em. No use tryin' to keep Five Rivers up to Boston—or even Bangor; and while I'm one of the selectmen, there ain't goin' to be no money laid out on no city halls. You 'n' I can vote in the schoolhouse, can't we, Joe?"

A wiry little Canadian across the stove grinned appreciatively; for Joe, though a ten years' resident of Five Rivers, was still a loyal subject of the Queen's dominions. Still, since he owed the blacksmith a grudge, this was an opportunity not to be neglected.

"When I get some vote," he remarked,—for Joe cherished visions of citizenship, when his easy-going nature should "get around" to it,—"I build some new school. My boy he make big figure. My girl she write letter."

"You've caught the right idea, Joe," laughed the tall man as he gathered up his purchases. As the door closed behind him, half a dozen voices rang out in derisive laughter.

"It's a pity you couldn't be rid of that fellow," declared one young man reflectively. "This whole town being

under the beck and call of one man is all foolishness. Bosses and rings ain't in it with you folks. We wouldn't stand such monarchy long down river." The speaker being a resident of the county seat who made periodic trips to Five Rivers for the sale of wedding rings, breastpins and tinware, and incidentally accommodated the public by doing watch repairing, soldering and dental work, was listened to with deep attention and a growing sense of injury.

"We won't stand it much longer," said the blacksmith. The hotel clerk assented vigorously. The merchant's assistant looked sympathetic, but after a glance at his employer turned the remark he was about to offer into a cough.

"Well, boys," put in the merchant cautiously, sorting over a basket of eggs and holding each one in turn up to the light, "I calculate to keep a middle course on town affairs; and so far's this fight between townhouse and schoolhouse goes, I'm willin' the majority should rule. But it's no kind of use for you fellers to fight Tom Bryant. You can't elect no other man in his place while he's a resident of the town. And you can't none of you dispute that he runs public affairs like a reg'lar congressman. Schools and roads alike goes slick as grease."

Meanwhile Tom Bryant was driving homeward over a narrow road that lay between huge banks of snow. The white surface of the river behind him was broken by piles of fresh cut logs, ready for their journey southward. Over the western mountains the afterglow of an April sunset still lingered, and far to the north a thin line of smoke curling upward called the supper hour of some lumbering camp. Here in the heart of the Maine forest winter still reigned supreme, and only smooth stretches of snow marked the burial place of icebound lakes.

Tom Bryant gave little thought to the discussion he had left behind him. For the Mayor of Five Rivers, as he

was known throughout Maine's lumbering region, though accustomed to move men at his will, sought no self-glory in doing it. His management of others was for their own good, not for his. If they recognized and accepted what was best for them, well and good; if not, it was still the best, and they must have it. Having already settled in his own mind the exact plan and location of the new schoolhouse, he dismissed the subject and occupied his thoughts with the possibility of a new road across the swampy land to the east, which should bring the little settlement into close touch with a proposed railroad. His influence extended throughout the county; for the man who could control the vote of Five Rivers, and through whose kingdom lay the highway to a rich lumber field, was not to be held in light esteem by county politicians or lumber magnates.

It was a lonely region. Here and there the light from a little dwelling shone out; but these grew farther apart, and ceased at last. For the last half mile the road lay through unbroken forest. It was quite dark when the light of home came into sight. The bark of a dog and the chatter of childish voices greeted his sleigh bells, as he turned from the main road and crossed a strong little bridge above a narrow stream.

"So late, Tom?" said a soft voice from the doorway in a tone of pride rather than reproach; and eager little hands began unloading packages from the pung.

"I declare, Mary, I got to readin' and lost myself," said Tom Bryant, as he closed the outer door and swung his two-year-old daughter to his shoulder. "And I've got to tap Dave's and Henry's shoes to-night, too."

It was June in the forest. The last snowdrift had long since succumbed to rain and sunshine, and the waiting logs, released at last from their icy bondage, had rushed off down the

river to the far-off mills. With them to guide their tortuous course had gone a large proportion of Five Rivers's stalwart citizens, Tom Bryant among them.

So it happened that through the early days of summer Five Rivers political affairs were left to run themselves. It was a quiet season; for the few men left at home were principally farmers, and must make the most of their brief summer. Five miles to the east a band of workmen, with surveyors, had pitched their camp and were laying the bed of the railroad through the forest. John Towne, the village blacksmith, was called over there one day to repair tools, and later the young men of the town got in the way of strolling over on Sunday afternoons.

There was some excitement in Five Rivers when a company of surveyors settled down upon the town one morning and went to work. News flew from house to house that the railroad was coming around through the settlement. The strangers were polite, but reticent, and worked busily, pausing occasionally to consult the hotel proprietor, who was also town clerk. The blacksmith closed his shop and volunteered his services as guide and assistant; and when a well known attorney from the remote county seat appeared upon the scene, armed with various legal looking documents, excitement became feverish, and even the most sceptical agreed that some serious matter was at stake. The surveyors completed their mysterious business and departed; but the attorney lingered, and the mystery was as deep as ever, when one morning an amateur detective, penetrating to a dim corner of the hotel office, found posted there a dingy call for a special town meeting.

"Been there all of two weeks!" the clerk assured the detective, who, being a friend of Tom Bryant, went out with troubled face.

Two nights later Tom Bryant himself dismounted from the stage at the

village store. His keen eye could not fail to note the embarrassment of the assembled company.

"Well, boys," he said heartily, "I've come home to town meetin'. What you been doin', anyhow? I've heard how you had the whole town staked out into city lots, and a park laid out."

A few laughed faintly, but no one replied. The blacksmith nudged the hotel keeper, who cleared his throat in an embarrassed manner.

"Well, Tom," he began at last, "you see the boys kind of had an idea that while they was laying the railroad we'd better have the town lines run out again. They've always been a little uncertain."

"M-m," replied the first selectman, looking from one to another. "But what's the meetin' for? Got to raise money to pay for surveyin'?"

The hotel man weakened a little and suggested, with an attempt at sarcasm, that Tom read the warrant for himself. But the merchant interposed.

"I ain't takin' sides either way," he explained. "But you see it's a curious kind of a case, and owin' to peculiar circumstances the town finds itself without no first selectman. It appears that Salmon Stream is the north boundary of the town, and your farm, Tom, layin' north of the stream, you ain't a resident, and accordin'ly can't hold office."

"Nonsense," returned Tom Bryant with a laugh. "You fellers all know as well as I do that when 'this town was lined off the stream that runs past my house wa'n't existin'. I've heard my father and yours, John Towne, tell how it was set a runnin' by building the big dam up to the outlet. The town boundary is the main branch of Salmon Stream half a mile north."

He looked from one to another of his townsmen for corroboration. No one replied to him, but one or two muttered to their neighbors that Salmon Stream was Salmon Stream, no matter how long it had been there. In their hostile faces he read their

feeling towards him. For a moment he hesitated, wondering whether it were best to contest the matter. The lumbering men, his strongest supporters, were miles away. This gathering represented the village contingent. It was true the boundaries of the town were uncertain. He wondered why he had not attended to it long ago. And now—

The city attorney, who had been an interested spectator, worked his way to the front. "Although a stranger to Mr. Bryant," he began, "I can perhaps convince him—" But Tom Bryant, rousing to a sense of the situation, interrupted.

"Stranger? Not a bit of it, Mr. Silver. You and me have met before, and I ain't forgot the mighty good offer you made me for the vote of Five Rivers when you run for county attorney and got beat. I recollect tellin' you then that the town wa'n't for sale. I calculate by the looks of things it's in the market now, though; and I don't know as I'm sorry to be shut out of the town and spared sharin' its disgrace. I'm obliged to the folks of Five Rivers for the privileges of schools and such like I and my family have had among 'em for forty years back; and you're welcome to the taxes we've paid. There's some town papers at my house that can be got by sendin' over. I hope the feller you elect to-morrow'll find things ain't suffered too much by bein' looked after by an outsider. Good evenin', gentlemen."

"Well, Mary," announced Tom Bryant as he ceased his brief recital of what had occurred, "we're livin' on wild land now. Township 2906 is our post office address,—and no privileges to speak of. Lucky I married a school-teacher. You'll have to study up and teach the children, and I'll canoe down the stream to Lakeside for whatever we have to buy. We're done with Five Rivers from this time on."

Late into the night the sound of

axe and saw broke the silence of the woods, and in the morning the bridge which had linked Tom Bryant's farm with Five Rivers was floating in broken pieces down the south branch of Salmon Stream. "No use savin' old boards where new lumber's plenty," declared the only voter of Township 2906 as he proudly surveyed his evening's work.

It was a little lonely after the first flush of anger passed away. There was one other family in the township; for Joe Denim's little clearing was in the next valley, beyond the range of hills that rose behind Tom Bryant's house. But Mrs. Denim spoke little English, and Mary Bryant, whose early home had been a thriving village far to the south, missed even the infrequent intercourse she had enjoyed with Five Rivers women. Not that the Bryants were neglected; many callers drove over from the village and forded the little stream at a shallow place above the house. But Tom was always busy, and notwithstanding the loneliness the callers met with a cool reception from Mary, who included the whole of Five Rivers in her resentment. So as time passed, all connection with Five Rivers was severed. Late in the summer they heard from a wandering sportsman that the building of a large town-house had been begun.

Summer was over, and early autumn rains had begun to swell the streams, when one September day a tin peddler found his way to the Bryant homestead. Mary, long deprived of the delights of shopping, invested lavishly in his wares, gladly entertaining him at dinner in part payment thereof. Like most gentlemen of his profession, he was a fluent conversationalist, and, being fresh from Five Rivers, regaled them with news, in spite of Tom's frowns and Mary's efforts to change the subject.

"They've got stuck on their town-house," he announced. "It seems they miscalculated somehow, and the money's run out before 'twas half

done. And some's been opposed to it from the outset. They've called a special town meetin' for October first, to see what they'll do. Custard pie, Mis' Bryant? No, thank you, I'll take another piece of apple. Yes, they say down river that Five Rivers holds a town meetin' oftener'n they have preachin' service."

It was in the early hours of September twenty-ninth that Tom Bryant woke from a deep slumber, oppressed by a sense of something unusual. He sprang from bed and threw open the window. No smell of smoke was in the air, no sound broke the intense silence of the forest.

"Tom," called Mary faintly, "you don't see any signs of a shower, do you? It's so still, it seems like one."

"Still!" shouted Tom Bryant. "That's it, Mary. What on earth has happened to the stream? There ain't a sound from it."

With the first light of morning he was standing beside the rocky bed from whence Salmon Stream had disappeared as if by magic. Only tiny rivulets trickled where yesterday the swollen stream had rushed. A few trout flopped helplessly in shallow pools left in the hollows, while hundreds of their fellows strewed the gravel. Breakfastless, coatless, in the pouring rain, Tom Bryant followed the forsaken bed upward, splashing through the pools and leaping from one slippery rock to another. On either side of him the wooded hills grew higher and closer as he went. A mile above his house, the north line of hills terminated in Old Bald Top, which rose abruptly from a little plain; and as he breathlessly rounded the curve of this mountain, he saw before him the solution of the mystery. Just where the little stream, wandering uncertainly about the base of the mountain, had chosen the south path rather than the north, a heavy landslide had brought down tons of earth and rocks to fill the channel. Yes, it was as he thought. Cut off

from its old channel the stream had turned its course northward and was sweeping placidly along the north side of Old Bald Top. Tom followed it along the bank, through the woods, until he came opposite the Denims' little clearing, where the whole family were out viewing the strange phenomenon of a river, where yesterday had been a field of rocks and stumps. Tom's explanation, shouted across the stream, was received with evident relief.

Tom Bryant made his plans swiftly as he walked homeward along the highway over the hills. At ten o'clock he was driving into Five Rivers, bestowing cordial greetings on all he met.

"I've come back to live in Five Rivers," he announced. "Salmon Stream has changed its course and it's runnin' quarter of a mile north of my place. I calculate I'm a resident again."

Great was the excitement produced by the report, and one expedition after another set off to view for itself the wonder that Nature had performed.

"Yes," said Tom Bryant, as he settled upon a box in the almost deserted store, "I'm comin' over and help out on town meetin', day after to-morrow. What's the outlook?"

The merchant leaned over the counter confidentially. "Well, I don't know," he said, dubiously. "'Twa'n't any of my doin's, for I never took sides either way. But the boys have got the townhouse half done, and there's no money to finish it. They're afraid they can't raise any more money for it, for the lumbermen's been dead against it all along, and don't want a townhouse anyhow. But what else can we do with a buildin' of that size?"

At this moment the door opened to admit John Towne and several other citizens, plainly drawn thither to see what the next move was to be. Tom Bryant rose to take his leave, apparently unconscious of the new

arrivals. With his hand on the door, he turned. "Well, I've got that all planned for," he answered in the same confidential tone, which nevertheless reached all ears, "I'm calculating that we'll build a steeple on there and call it a church, seein' it's too big for a schoolhouse;" which remark was like a bombshell to the friends of the townhouse, who well understood that the lumbermen, though for the most part inactive in public affairs, lacked only a leader to carry any measure they might desire.

Tom Bryant chuckled to himself as he drove homeward. All day long, as he went about his work, he meditated on his plans for the town meeting; and late into the night he lay listening to the rain upon the wooden roof. Morning broke gray and gloomy. The rain still fell steadily. The Bryant family were at breakfast when Joe Denim, breathless with haste and excitement, burst into the kitchen.

"The stream!" he gasped. "He rise all night. My yard full—my barn full! My buildin' all be wash away!" The poor man wrung his hands in distress and, despairing of expressing himself in English, broke into a torrent of provincial French. Tom Bryant, followed by Dave and Henry, hurried up across the pasture to the hilltop, whence he could look down upon Joe's farm. It was all true. The seething torrent, doubled in size since yesterday, swept through the narrow valley, spreading itself out over the little plain where Joe had made his home. Already it was a foot deep about the barn and washing across the doorstep of the house. Joe's wife and children, from the tiny chamber window, were calling frantically for his return. Tom Bryant hesitated, holding in one hand his triumph over Five Rivers, in the other Joe Denim's little home. He remembered how Joe had come to Five Rivers, walking through the woods from Canada, his sole worldly possessions in a bundle under his arm, re-

called Joe's frugal, honest life, his daily and nightly toil to clear the little farm and build a house and barn.

"Well, Joe," he said cheerily, as he put the thought of Five Rivers resolutely behind him, "there's jest a chance for you. You, Dave, get on to the white horse and ride to the village. Tell all the fellers you see there's work for them up to the foot of the mountain, and ask Ben Thompson to bring along what dynamite we had left from the big jam. We're goin' to turn the stream back into its old channel. There's plenty at the village will be glad to help on that job."

Joe, with little comprehension of the sacrifice made in his behalf, hurried away to assure his Mary it was all right, for Tom Bryant said so, and direct her to take the children and valuables up the hill to an old storehouse, where he had already taken the cattle.

Two hours later, a force of fifty strong arms was attacking the landslide at the foot of Old Bald Top. It was no light task. Tom Bryant climbing now and then to a point whence he could watch the stream went back to the work with fresh energy, wondering if it were all to be in vain. All day the work went on, while the rain poured unceasingly and the turbid water crept upward, inch by inch. At intervals a heavy blast sent rock and earth flying upward. It was late afternoon when the first tiny stream of water trickled through the barrier. The men sprang to places of safety with a shout, as the space widened slowly, then more and more swiftly, until broken trees and boulders alike gave way before the rushing flood, and Salmon Stream took up its old course again.

"Township 2906!" soliloquized Tom Bryant as he stood in his doorway watching the swift waters that cut him off from Five Rivers again. "Well, I don't know but what a man's duty to his neighbor comes before politics and town meetin's. I b'leeve

I'll take up with Lewis's offer to oversee his lumberin' over in Misery this winter. Dave's big enough to manage here to home, with his mother's head to furnish judgment."

Late in February, Tom Bryant, tramping on snow-shoes through the woods to the camp where his headquarters were, found awaiting him a delegation of Five Rivers citizens.

"We come to say," announced the hotel proprietor, who appeared to be chairman of the delegation, "that we've sent down to Augusta this winter and had it settled legal and bindin' that the old main branch of Salmon Stream is the north boundary of the town. They said we could have it just as we wanted, for the way the old charter run it might have been either way. So we hope you'll overlook any hard feelin's and come around to town meetin' the first Monday in March.

"I'll see about it," replied Tom Bryant slowly, after a moment of thought. Having had a most successful winter, he could afford to be magnanimous. "What you done about the townhouse, boys?" he asked presently.

The men laughed. "Well, you

see," explained one, "we didn't do anything in October, as you prob'ly heard. And after that, your idea of buildin' on a steeple got round, and the women folks got hold of it, and hung on to it and harped on it, till I calculate that's what's got to be done. Some of the mill owners down river has offered to help out, if we make a church of it; and they say there's kind of half-fledged ministers we can get cheap through the summer."

"Some of 'em wanted we should ask," said the hotel keeper with some embarrassment, "if you'd serve on the board again this year."

"No," replied Tom Bryant with decision. "I'm glad to be livin' in Five Rivers again. I don't calculate to hold feelin' against any. I'll send the children over to school, and if they have preachin', I s'pose Mary'll want me to take her over Sundays. But I guess there's nothin' pays a man much better than lookin' after his own business. I'm done servin' the public."

Nevertheless, if one should drop into Five Rivers to-day, one would find, it may fairly be suspected, that Tom Bryant's municipal talents were not going to waste.

JACOB HEMINWAY, THE FIRST YALE STUDENT.

By Burton J. Hendrick.

THE eleventh day of November, 1701, marked the beginning of an important era in the history of Connecticut and New Haven. It was a day that witnessed the consummation of a plan that had been for nearly a century the chief ambition of the wise and reverent people of the colony, and whose consummation was a cause for congratulation and prayer. It was the day when the representative pastors of the thirty-two Connecticut

towns, assembled at Saybrook, formulated those plans for the education of youth for "employment both in church and civil state," that had been exhaustively discussed during the preceding years and elected a rector into whose hands the moral and intellectual training of the young men was to be consigned. The Rev. Abraham Pierson, upon whom the unanimous choice of the ministers fell, was instructed to move his residence from

Kenilworth to Saybrook, and to begin the work for which he was so well qualified without further ado. The long heralded collegiate school was an accomplished fact.

Connecticut people were naturally gratified that they were to have a college all their own, and that they were to be obliged no longer to send their promising sons on a perilous journey to Cambridge, in order to insure their education in theology and the polite arts. They were well satisfied that this important duty was to be intrusted to so learned and godly a man as Abraham Pierson; and the rival towns, in their pleasure at the consummation of a plan so long deferred, submitted to the choice of Saybrook as the seat of the new institution with unexpected complacency. There were naturally those who did not acquiesce in the generosity of the Connecticut legislature, which had voted to encourage the infant enterprise by an annual gift of sixty pounds; but any disquietude on this ground was overcome by the reflection that the orthodoxy of religion was further secured by a grant of the kind, and that the chosen sons of the colony were no longer to be contaminated by the dangerous thoughts of Harvard. The feeling throughout the community therefore was one of general satisfaction and pride, and the eleven clergymen whose persistence brought about this commendable result received a lifelong preëminence over their less energetic compatriots. The cynical observer, however, might have found much in the new collegiate school to criticise and revile. On the afternoon of November 11, indeed, when the details of the organization were complete, the future university was a university very much in the air. With the exception of the corporation of eleven Congregationalists and a library of forty works of theology, there was little in the institution to furnish a glimpse of its future splendor. There were no funds, with the exception of the petty stipend of the state

and a few unimportant gifts of enthusiastic friends; there were no buildings and no provisions for a university equipment, except the proposition that Rector Pierson's house be used temporarily for this purpose; there were no professors, no tutors; and even the permanent seat of the collegiate school was not definitively determined. As the days and weeks went on, however, it became apparent that an even more imperative adjunct of a successful institution of learning was not forthcoming. Where, we may be sure a few busybodies inquired, are the collegiate scholars of this famous collegiate school? Indeed, for several months this *sine qua non* of a successful educational institution was conspicuously absent. It had been the intention of Rector Pierson to change his residence and to begin the work of instruction at once; but he soon perceived that he would have plenty of time to move his household effects. In fact, as the autumn passed into winter and the winter into spring before any of the prospective collegians presented themselves for matriculation, the worthy rector began to consider whether the demands for a Connecticut college were so imperative after all. The enemies of the college of course did not fail to take advantage of its inauspicious opening; and it may be assumed that the gentlemen of Massachusetts, who had all along opposed and ridiculed the enterprise of their Connecticut brethren, were not altogether displeased. The situation was really becoming acute, and the eleven trustees were beginning to believe that all the anxious thought of the preceding years had been thrown away, when the tension was relieved by a young gentleman from East Haven, who presented himself early in March, 1702, for the entrance examination to Rector Pierson's school.

There were other reasons for the cordial welcome Jacob Heminway received than the fact that he had furnished the most important feature of

an institution of learning. In those days, when family, even among the vigorous Puritans of Connecticut, was of first importance, and when the vaunted democratic spirit of Yale was unheard of, the fact could not be overlooked that the first applicant for admission was the son of one of the wealthiest and most influential citizens of the colony, and that the implied indorsement of the new venture was an approval from a high source. The arrival of Heminway, therefore, was an important event. He lost no time in satisfying Rector Pierson of his scholastic qualifications, and in a few days the infant university, with its solitary instructor and its solitary pupil, had entered upon its useful career.

Of course no one thought of embellishing the unpretentious establishment over which Rector Pierson was about to preside with the name of a university; and there is considerable doubt whether young Heminway ever regarded himself as a college man. In the early years of its history, the institution is referred to by no loftier title than that of the collegiate school; and it was nearly half a century before its head official was known by any more comprehensive name than that of rector. There seems to have been a studied effort to avoid all worldly pretence, to soar no higher than the modest circumstances would permit, and rather to minimize, in the sight of God and man, the humble undertaking in which they were engaged. This was probably in conformity with the Puritan spirit—with the Puritan effort to strip the world of its fineries and trappings and get closer to the spirit of things. In the same way that, in the levelling Puritan commonwealth, a church became a meeting-house and a priest a preacher, a university became a collegiate school. There was probably no desire to model their institution after the great universities of their native land, of which, as the rich and powerful conservators of church conformity, they nourished few kindly memories; nor even, to come nearer

home, did they care to imitate too closely the institution at Cambridge, which during the past few years had fallen under a cloud.

Nevertheless, however humble were the titles which these rigid and unimaginative souls bestowed upon their new undertaking, their aim was broad and uplifting. The idea of educating the youth of Connecticut in a way strictly their own was no new one. For the origin of Yale University, we must go further back than the entrance of young Jacob Heminway into Rector Pierson's Kenilworth parsonage; we must go back to the early part of the seventeenth century, when John Davenport, who had been driven into exile by Archbishop Laud, and Theophilus Eaton, the prosperous London merchant, decided to found in the new world a state after their own hearts, independent of church or king. Mr. Davenport regarded a college as indispensable to the ideal theocracy which he proposed to found, and during his lifetime he was unremitting in his efforts to that end. Had Mr. Davenport carried out his intention, however, it is certain that he would have had to wait longer for his first pupil than did the eleven worthy pastors upon whom that responsibility ultimately fell. The colony of New Haven was hardly in a sufficiently flourishing condition to warrant a separate institution during Mr. Davenport's lifetime. His chief service to the work was in familiarizing the people of the colony with the notion of a college among them and of New Haven as its seat. This idea, indeed, he so firmly implanted in their minds that it was never abandoned. It was some time, however, before the scheme took a practical form. For the first half century the people were engaged in fighting Indians rather than in founding collegiate schools. The political troubles in England, the struggles between the Puritan and the Cavalier, and later between the Church of England man and the papist, as well as the attendant wars, in which the

colonists were invariably involved, absorbed the chief attention of Mr. Davenport's flock. Nor were they entirely without educational resource. The colonists brought over Ezekiel Cheever, author of the "Latin Accidence" which enjoys an enviable immortality in that dusty limbo of epoch-making text-books; and in 1660 they founded the Hopkins grammar school, an institution that still survives. In 1643, five years after the settlement of New Haven, a collection of corn was taken up for the support of Harvard College—a donation that was continued for many years. Several of the most promising young men were maintained, at the colony's expense, at Harvard; between the years 1638 and 1700, about one in thirty of the graduates of that institution being—according to Professor Kingsley—from the New Haven colony. In addition to these advantages, the settlers of New Haven were to a great extent people of refinement and education. A large number of them had resided at the great universities of England; and the opportunities for home instruction, therefore, must have been favorable. Taking all these circumstances together, it is hardly likely that any young man of the colony with an inclination towards learning would have any difficulty in fulfilling his desire. Anything more tangible than this, however, Mr. Davenport did not live to see. It was not the only nor the most important disappointment of his life; for when, in 1661, the colony of New Haven, which had incurred the displeasure of Charles II by its assumption of sovereignty and by several disloyal acts, was formally abolished and annexed to the colony of Connecticut, Mr. Davenport regarded his mission in this world as at an end and his life as a failure. In vexation of spirit he retired to Boston, declining to live under the unchristian laws of Connecticut; and in Boston he breathed his last, in 1670.

Jacob Heminway was born December 6, 1683. At that time the

chances that he would be educated at a college in his native colony were hardly more promising than during Mr. Davenport's days. The traditions of the proposed college, however, were part of his inheritance, and we may be sure that, as a wide-awake and public spirited young man, he was perfectly familiar with all the efforts made for the fulfilment of Mr. Davenport's plans. One of the most frequent visitors at his father's East Haven home was the Rev. James Pierpont. Mr. Pierpont's position in the community was almost identical with that of the Rev. Mr. Davenport. He was pastor of the church which Mr. Davenport had founded, and was like Davenport before him the leading man in the community in learning and influence. Both because of his position and because of the sincere interest which he felt in the scheme, he had taken up the agitation for a New Haven college, which had descended to him as a natural right; nor was he far behind his predecessor in zeal. It requires no broad stretch of the imagination to picture him at Mr. Heminway's hearthstone, discussing with his influential friend his hopes and plans for a collegiate school, the youthful Heminway meantime eagerly drinking in everything that the great and wise man had to say. Mr. Heminway, as one of the wealthiest members of Mr. Davenport's parish, was in every way a man to be conciliated; but there are no evidences, beyond the fact that he furnished in his son the first pupil to the new college, that the East Haven farmer was of material assistance. The record books of Yale do not inform us that young Jacob's father contributed anything to the establishment of the school; not a foot of ground to serve as a lot for a proposed college building, not a pound of nails to aid in its construction, nor a square of glass to glaze its windows—such were the forms the early donations took—are credited to Samuel Heminway's name. Perhaps, as a shrewd man of the world, he may

have given Mr. Pierpont no encouragement in his work. He may have called the enthusiast's attention to the fact that there were only fifteen thousand people in the colony, and that their combined wealth amounted to only two hundred thousand pounds. He may have suggested that the colony had been exhausted by King Philip's war, and that the energies of all the available young men should be rather spent in extirpating the accursed red man than in the pursuit of vain and unprofitable learning; that the good King William was still maintaining his throne only by force of arms, and that the embroilments of the colonies would last as long as the French king assisted the renegade James to regain his former power. If the young men, Heminway may have added, are determined to educate themselves rather than deal with the present troubles in a vigorous, manly way, there are the hospitable doors of the Massachusetts college always open; and we may be sure that he would have an answer ready when his devout friend murmured that there were several things in the government of Harvard to which the godly people of Connecticut could not subscribe, and that the dignity of the colony required that it have a college of its own. More than likely, however, we do the worthy farmer's memory an injustice. He was probably thoroughly in sympathy with Mr. Pierpont's plans, and was overjoyed as he heard of the various steps leading up to their fulfilment. Perhaps Mr. Pierpont gave him a graphic account of that famous meeting in the Rev. Samuel Russell's house at Branford, where the ministers interested in the scheme came formally forward, each presenting a gift of books with the solemn declaration, "I give these books for the founding of a college in this colony"; and perhaps he did not,—for the story is more or less apocryphal. We may be sure that Mr. Heminway was not pleased with the location Mr. Pierpont and his as-

sociates were obliged, by the jealousies of the various Connecticut towns, to select for their collegiate school. Mr. Pierpont, however, probably informed him on the quiet that Saybrook was only a temporary makeshift, that no elaborate college buildings would be erected at the mouth of the Connecticut River, and that when the proper time came they would see what they would see. At any rate, Samuel Heminway was not so displeased that he withheld from the institution its earliest disciple, whose career in the infant university he watched with solicitude and pride.

The town of Kenilworth has undergone many transformations since that day, nearly two centuries ago, when Jacob Heminway dismounted from his old faithful mare, brushed from his new Sunday clothes the dust of a twenty-five mile drive, and bowed graciously in return to the motherly greeting extended by Mistress Abigail Pierson, the rector's "lady." The name of the town itself, under the deft fingers of a succession of town clerks, who had the conservative eighteenth century disdain for orthography, became successively Kenelworth, Kenellworth and Kenelmeworth, until, in the year 1707, it reached at a bound its present form, Killingworth. But the portion of the old town in which young Heminway received his instruction is no longer known by any of these appellations; for in 1838 the town of Killingworth was divided, the older part taking the modern name of Clinton. There are few landmarks to-day upon the old Kenilworth green to recall the early scholastic efforts of Rector Pierson and Jacob Heminway. All the houses and public buildings have long since fallen into decay and been removed, and their successors, now standing, are in many cases a century old.

Jacob Heminway was a somewhat weary and bedraggled young man on the evening of his arrival at the Kenilworth parsonage,—the old Bos-



HOUSE OF REV. SAMUEL RUSSELL IN WHICH YALE
COLLEGE WAS FOUNDED.

ton coach road was not too comfortable travelling two centuries ago; but he was not too exhausted to take a glance at the friendly prospect around him. The Kenilworth green sloped gently from a slight hill, upon the crest of which stood the small square "comodious meting-houses," down to the water's edge. At the back of this "meting-houses," where the hill again sloped downwards, was the village churchyard, with its small and queerly embellished headstones and its graves overgrown with tall grass and wild flowers. Along the western edge of the churchyard, the quiet waters of the Indian River, red and pink under the rays of the setting sun, stole through the meadow land to the Sound. From the porch of Rector Pierson's house, where the prospective college man was nervously watching for the return of his venerable preceptor, he could catch a glimpse of the Sound itself and the misty hills of Long Island in the distance. Mr. Pierson's house—the predecessor of the Welch, Durfee and Vanderbilt Halls of to-day—was an inviting two-storied affair, standing proudly among the low, unfloored log cabins of the humbler villagers, back from the old Boston road, along which too many disdainful young men in the few months afterwards passed on to Harvard, hardly giving a glance at the institution maintained by Rector Pierson and his solitary hopeful. In the days following, Jacob Heminway discovered that the house made some pretension to elegance. The beams

that crossed the ceilings were of massive oak, with artistically bevelled edges;* and the sloping roofs were comfortably shingled—a strong contrast to the thatch that still generally prevailed in the old town. Through the small leaded panes of his bedroom windows the scene was not out of keeping with the scholar's mood. The cows browsed at will upon the green in front

of the "meting-houses"; it was the common playground for the children; and the good matrons had frequent recourse to the well, which with its long sweep occupied a position of honor in the front churchyard.

With whatever misgivings the unaccustomed Jacob may have awaited his career under Rector Pierson's roof, it was not many weeks before he was thoroughly installed in his new home and began to feel very much like one of the family. Rector Pierson's household, indeed, was already so large—three boys and six girls—that a single addition could hardly be regarded as an intruder. For the first few years of its career, the collegiate school and Rector Pierson's family were indiscriminately mingled. They all rose with the sun—none of your crawling out of bed at eight A. M., as in the case of the present generation of Yale men—and gathered in the front room for morning prayers. The scriptures were read by Heminway, Mr. Pierson occasionally interrupting to comment on some noteworthy passage, to explain some especially knotty point, or to preach a brief extempore sermon for the delectation of his reverent listeners. Then came the everlasting psalm, in which the piping treble of the six mistresses Pierson offered some compensation for the grating bass of Sir Jacob, followed by the early morning breakfast in the spacious kitchen. The food was

* These beams were utilized in 1760 in building the house now occupied by John A. Stanton of Clinton. Several of the most ornamental were used as platforms to the chimneys, and can be plainly seen to-day.

homely, of course, and the rector's grace was far from perfunctory; but we may rest assured that the unpretentious company, seated on benches around the rough pine table, partook of their humble meal with thankfulness of heart. After this the company parted—the females to the housewifery and needlework that were regarded as the sole essential accomplishments of young women, even of a daughter of a college president, and Jacob to his academic duties.

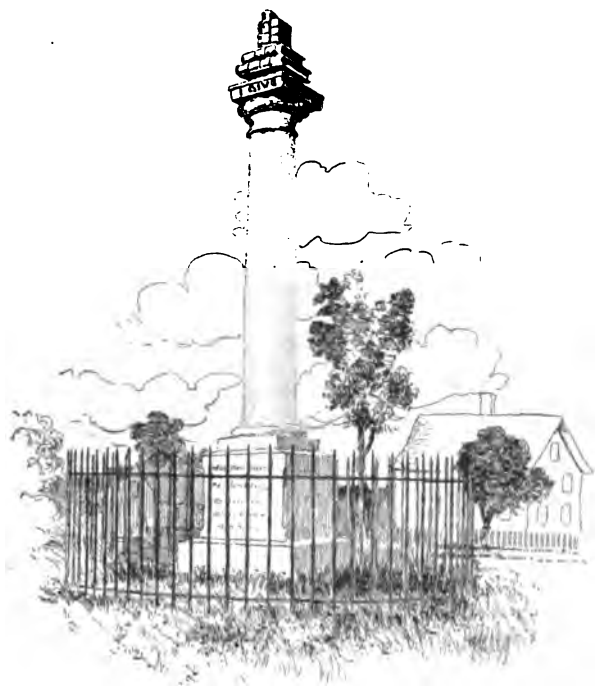
The first recitations of Yale University were held in the great front room of the Kenilworth parsonage, with the hum of the loom and the whir of the spinning wheel mingling gently with the peaceful cadences of Rector Pierson, as, from the stiff-backed panelled chair which is even now preserved in the Chittenden library, he led his youthful charge through all the pleasant fields of learning. This chair, which has since creditably acquitted itself at many a Yale commencement, is hardly in keeping with the quiet and genial personality that we associate with Rector Pierson's name, and is more suggestive of the studies which at that early day formed the major part of the college curriculum. The spirit of the place in fact was dominantly theological,—perhaps a fortunate circumstance for Heminway, who had already announced his intention of entering the ministry, and at least harmonious with the rigorous doctrines afterwards enforced by him during his East Haven pastorate. According to the terms of the agreement which Abraham Pierson assumed under his rectorship, he bound himself to instruct the students in theological divinity; and we gain an interesting glimpse of the horror with which the Connecticut clergyman viewed the

new doctrines that had gained some headway in the other colonies, in the admonition that he should teach no other theological system than that laid down by the trustees. There was no apprehension on the score of Rector Pierson's orthodoxy; but the clause was inserted probably as a precaution for the future, the necessity of which was evidenced a few years later, when a duly elected president of Yale went over to the English church. Heminway was also required to recite weekly the assembly catechism in Latin and Ames's "Theological Theses;" and many of the other studies as-



CONGREGATIONAL MEETING-HOUSE ON KENILWORTH GREEN.

sumed a theological turn. The Greek text-book was the New Testament; and before graduating the undergraduate was obliged to go through the Psalter in Hebrew. There were studies, however, of a more worldly turn. Five or six orations of Cicero and six books of Virgil were indispensable to the bachelor's degree; natural science was studied from the rector's own text-book; and the young man was also required to wade through the labyrinthine subtleties of Peter Ramus's logic. It is gratifying too to see, in those days when the larger part of the colonies was unexplored wilderness, this early education taking a practical turn; for



MONUMENT ON KENILWORTH GREEN.

among the regular studies were mathematics and surveying. With all these subjects to engage his mind, we may be sure that Rector Pierson found plenty for the young man to do. Those were the days when students were not afraid to study, and teachers were not afraid to teach; and it may be assumed that when the hour came for evening prayers, the time had not been spent in vain.

And probably the relaxation that followed, when the whole household gathered again in the old kitchen before the spacious fireplace and added much profitable talk to the zest of their hard cider and hickory nuts, was not unwelcome to Jacob Heminway's wearied mind. There were great doings in the colonies in those days; and probably Rector Pierson and his pupil—for Mistress Pierson and her daughters, of course, were expected only to listen—found many interesting subjects to discuss. Queen Anne ascended the throne a few weeks after

Heminway became a member of Rector Pierson's household; and already there were rumors of the European convulsion that was to follow soon—a bad piece of news for the American colonies, for they were bound to be involved. Perhaps the minds of rector and pupil reverted to the Rev. Cotton Mather, and his holy crusade against the Massachusetts witches. Connecticut had had her own witches and hangings of witches, and these too were talked of.* But there were now no wrinkled old women astride broomsticks flying over Kenilworth town, and no invisible spectres with invisible "instruments of torture" to terrify the souls and bodies of old and young—except those that were now working havoc

in the imaginations of the mistresses and masters Pierson, listening with open ears as the whole matter, circumstantial evidence and all, was canvassed by the unperturbed rector and his pupil.

Bedtime came earlier to the original Yale man than to his benighted successors; and it was long before midnight, the conventional retiring hour of the present generation, that Jacob Heminway received the tallow dip from the hands of Mistress Abigail and began to mount the narrow stairs towards his room. His sleeping quarters on the second floor of the Kenilworth parsonage with its sloping walls, plastered with straw clay, and its many-paned windows, not too securely fastened against the cold night air, were also hardly to be compared with the luxurious apartments of the present day. There were no onyx fireplaces with great crackling logs in

* See article on "Witchcraft in Connecticut," by Professor Charles H. Levermore, in the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* for July, 1892.

this eighteenth century predecessor of Vanderbilt Hall. Perhaps the kind hearted and motherly rector's wife had attempted to banish Jack Frost from the snowy sheets with her persuasive warming pan, or had quietly deposited a hot brick where it would come within convenient reach of the feet of the undergraduate body of Yale; but in any circumstances the safe course for young Heminway was to undress with all possible despatch, jump into bed, roll the old homespun blankets about his shivering form and bid defiance, like the hardy Puritan he was, to the rigors of an early New England winter's night. He slept well, of course, even though a snowstorm coming up in the night might find its way through the numerous cracks in the ceiling or under the window sash and cover his bed with a whiter mantel than Mistress Abigail's sheets. We may be sure he did not mind inconveniences of this kind, nor did he hesitate to spring from beneath the warm coverlets at the first peep of dawn. There was nothing jaded or heavy eyed about the young man as he appeared, at daybreak, for early morning prayers. Can every Yale man of the present generation, in this day of steam and porcelain baths, say the same?

Such was the probable routine during the six working days of the week. But the great and busy day at the little Kenilworth parish and at the embryo university was the Sabbath. It was then that Sir Jacob attired himself in the splendid apparel befitting his rank and astonished his simple preceptor and the Mistresses Pierson with his gorgeously belted coat, his exquisitely starched ruffs, his rows of gleaming gold and silver buttons, his large buckled boots, and his "great immaculate breeches." Very likely too he rode to and from the "meting-houes" on his slow going mare,—not so much as a matter of convenience, for the church was not twenty rods distant from Rector Pierson's house, but merely as another way of emphasizing

his social importance. The Pierson damsels, too, enjoyed certain privileges by virtue of their father's position; and we may be sure that they added a touch or two of finery to the usually sedate costume of the Puritan maid, and that when they responded to the beating of Master Griswold's drum—for it was not until 1703 that this martial summons gave place to the wondrous bell that was the marvel of all the surrounding towns—there was no member of her family of whom Mistress Pierson had reason to feel ashamed. Rector Pierson himself, in his long Geneva cloak, black skull cap and close fitting breeches, as he walked slowly up the aisle, gravely bowing right and left to the goodmen and goodwives of his flock, could hardly, one would imagine, suppress a smile of satisfaction at his large and well groomed family, settled on the very front bench,—another prerogative of the pastor's household. After the boys had been stationed out of harm's way on the pulpit stairs, where they were guarded by the vigilant eye of the tithingmen from such unpardonable breaches of discipline as cracking nuts or falling asleep, and the youngest children had been lulled



RECTOR PIERSON'S CHAIR.

to rest in the small wooden cage provided for that purpose, the services began. They were lengthy, of course—the opening prayer usually as long as a present day sermon; but everything was listened to with respectful attention, unaccompanied by that suppressed coughing and shuffling of feet with which the modern Yale man expresses his disapproval of ministerial prolixity. It is interesting to note, however, that one custom of those days is preserved at the present time; for when, late in the afternoon, the services finally reached an end, the whole congregation remained standing until the pastor had passed down the aisle and out into the open air, followed by its obeisances, almost Oriental in their profundity. The experiences of the day, however, were not at an end for Sir Jacob and his preceptor. Among the latter's university duties was the expounding of "practical divinity" on the Sabbath day—a program that might be varied by Heminway himself, who "repeated sermons."

It would be interesting, of course, to trace the history of Jacob Heminway during that momentous half year when he and his august preceptor comprised in themselves the beginning of Yale University; but the materials are not forthcoming. That Heminway was an apt and faithful scholar, and that he took advantage of the fact that he was receiving the undivided attention of so worthy a preceptor, are evident from the fact that he received his bachelor's degree in 1704, after two and a half years' study, when, according to the plan of the college, the minimum residence for such a degree was three years; and also from the fact that the time he spent with Rector Pierson was re-



STATUE OF RECTOR
PIERSON ON THE
COLLEGE CAMPUS.

garded as a sufficient preparation for the ministry, which he entered shortly after graduation. In after life, Jacob Heminway became a severe and orthodox theologian, well known for his opposition to anything new; and there is little question that he regarded his undergraduate career with all seriousness. We should surely like to know how he spent his spare time, what diversions he found in the old town of Kenilworth to engage his mind, whether he possessed any of those characteristics so distinctive of the modern college man. Of course, in this connection we are bound to remember the fact that Rector Pierson's family was chiefly comprised of six buxom girls—and that they were Puritan girls at that. We can easily imagine Heminway glancing over his Ames's "Theological Theses" at the comely figures of these circumspect young women, plodding away industriously at their spinning wheels or vigorously polishing up the old andirons, altogether oblivious of his half suppressed admiration. There were also many delightful nooks and walks beyond the old Kenilworth green; and it is hardly likely that Mistress Abigail Pierson, the rector's thrifty wife, cared to discourage any little attentions her daughters might receive from her husband's promising pupil. Probably Heminway, in his after life, looked back many times to the moonlight nights when he took one or two of his teacher's daughters under his protection, to and from some husking bee or wedding; and it is likely that he had fond recollections of the rustic bridge over the Indian River, upon which they lingered on their way home. On autumn afternoons, too, he assisted in the quest of the wild barberries that were afterwards trans-

formed by Mistress Abigail into the great, luscious "pyes," to say nothing of the jams religiously placed aside for winter's use.

Jacob had other ways to spend his time, however, than in innocent flirtations with the rector's daughters. The sunny expanse of Long Island Sound must have tempted him frequently during the long summer afternoons—that same Long Island Sound already celebrated in romance and mystic legends. The reappearance of that ghostly phantom ship, in which the Connecticut colonists so fondly believed, had not yet faded from the memory of living men; and the mind of Heminway, during his frequent sails along the indentations of the Connecticut coast, must have frequently reverted to the less ghostly Captain Kidd and his buried treasure. It was only a year or two since that worthy buccaneer had received the punishment that he had avoided so long; and in no part of the country was the news hailed more gladly than in the Connecticut towns. Heminway must have frequently sailed in and out among the Thimble Islands, reputed to be one of the favorite haunts of that superior rascal, in which the people had already begun to dig for his buried gold—and in which they have been digging ever since.

Then there were diversions of a more intellectual order. There were no large libraries in which Heminway could gratify his taste for reading, but he probably found means to supply the deficiency. Of the forty or so books formally presented to the college on that dramatic occasion at Branford, there was hardly anything that might be termed light reading; they were all, President Stiles tells us, works of theology; and it is hardly likely that the private library of Rector Pierson, inherited from his father, was more enlivening. The house, however, was situated upon the Boston coach road, and was for those days at least in close communication with the outside world. Those were

the days before the newspapers had gained any permanent foothold in the colonies; but it is not unlikely that a copy of some English journal, six months or a year out of date,—the *London Mercury* or the *Flying Post*.—may have fallen into Heminway's hands, telling of the great events transpiring in Europe. There were books, too, in the colonies, especially in Boston, and it is likely that Heminway may have smuggled many things worth reading into his little chamber in Rector Pierson's house. There were Englishmen then living or recently dead, who wrote things that we read to-day. Can we imagine, for example, a collegiate student, and a Puritan at that, passing through his academic course during the years 1702-4, without a copy of "Paradise Lost" at his side? Dryden, too, had been dead only a year or two when Heminway began his academic course; Addison was just beginning to shed his benign influence over the corrupt life and literature of his day; Swift had taken up his residence in Ireland, and was already meditating the "Tale of a Tub" and other mad



THE GRAVE OF JACOB HEMINWAY.

satires. There was no lack of profitable reading in those days; and Jacob Heminway must have been a remarkably sluggish young man, altogether unworthy the distinction of being the first student of Yale, if he confined his education to the learning of Kenilworth green. Perhaps the good rector may have raised objections to self-culture of this kind; but that is hardly likely. It was only a few years after Jacob Heminway left Kenilworth, indeed, that the library of the collegiate school became a highly representative institution. It was about 1714 that Dick Steele sent over a copy of his plays, that Sir Richard Blackmore donated several volumes of his poems, including the "Creation" and "King Arthur" and that such worldly productions as Dryden's "Juvenal," Garth's "Ovid" and "The Dispensary," Prior's Poems, Butler's "Hudibras," Gay's "Fables," the works of Du Bartas and of Chaucer, and even the productions of the playwrights, Ben Jonson, Wycherley, Rowe, Otway and Shakespeare found their way into the college library. It was not always recitation hour at Rector Pierson's house; and during many a summer afternoon Jacob Heminway must have sought the shelter of some kindly elm tree or haystack and tasted pleasures with which all the charms of Peter Ramus's *Dialecticæ Partitiones* or Ames's "Cases of Conscience" could hardly compare.

In studies and diversions of this kind the spring and summer of 1702 were quickly spent. In September a new era of the college began, and Heminway's preëminence as "solus the whole college" came to an end. At this time the first commencement was held privately in the house of the Rev. Samuel Buckingham, at Saybrook, when Nathaniel Chauncy and four other graduates of Harvard received the master's degree. At the same time seven young men presented themselves for the entrance examinations, and were added to the household group at the Kenilworth

parsonage. A few gifts, chiefly of land, were also received; and Mr. Daniel Hooker of Farmington, the son of the Rev. Thomas Hooker, was appointed a tutor. The students were at once arranged in three classes, the freshmen, sophomores and senior sophisters, and a well organized institution of learning at once began its work. It was not, however, plain sailing. These were troublous times in the colony, and the little collegiate school in Rector Pierson's house was one of the keenest sufferers. The travellers along the old coach road, who frequently stopped to gossip with the undergraduates, had many interesting things to tell. The war of the Spanish succession broke out shortly after Jacob Heminway began his studies at Kenilworth; and once again the Indians, instigated by the French, fell upon the helpless colonists. One morning came the news of the frightful massacre at Deerfield, — a signal for the suspension of all business and the arming of every available young man. During the long period of hostilities, the people of Connecticut had little time to think of the collegiate school. The colony was drained of men and money; and Connecticut was obliged not only to defend herself, but to send large requisitions to the neighboring colonies. Poor Mr. Pierson's flock also made things uncomfortable for him and his school. They had opposed his new undertaking from the start, and during the next few years insisted again and again that he leave the struggling institution to work out its own destiny. It was many years, nearly a century, before the college again experienced that quiet that had favored it during the summer of 1702; and we shall surely be no great losers if we leave Jacob Heminway at the door of Rector Pierson's house in September of that year, extending a welcoming hand to the seven young men who had come from different parts of the colony to join their fortunes with his own.



A VILLAGE IN RURAL FRANCE.

By Clifton Johnson.

Illustrated from photographs by the Author.

IT was a little old-fashioned place, La Chapelle by name, about twenty-five miles north of Paris. A friend had directed me to it,—and I was charmed from the first with its rustic simplicity; and when, instead of going to a hotel, I succeeded in making arrangements to board and

lodge in one of the village homes, I thought the situation could hardly be bettered.

I was domiciled in what had been, forty or fifty years before, the house of a country doctor. It was a large two-story building, plain and heavy in architecture, standing snug to the

street, and joining walls with neighboring houses on either side. From the highway its appearance was rather blank and forbidding; but pass through it to the other side, and there you found the lacking touch of homelikeness. From a vine-clad porch you looked out on a lawn in which were several flower beds and a cluster of trees. Slightly farther removed was the garden, subdivided into many neat little plots of vegetables and small fruits; and beyond the garden were the open fields.

The house was flanked with ponderous wings that in size almost rivalled the main structure. One of these had formerly been the doctor's barn, but now was used for odds and ends of storage. The doctor had been something of a farmer, and the barn was broad and big and had an expansive roof of mossy tiles. Access to it from the street was had by an arched and paved passage that went straight through the main building.

In the wing opposite the barn up one flight I had my room; and in its way this room was rather imposing. It was large and high and had a broad fireplace with a decorative mantel, and above the mantel a mirror built into the wall and surrounded with elaborately panelled woodwork. Some of the furniture was handsomely solid and interestingly aged; but the room as a whole showed plainly by its barrenness, its cracked ceiling and its stained and loosening wall paper that its aristocracy was of the far past. The pleasantest feature of my apartment was its one wide, high window which opened in halves



inward; and the window had a balustrade on which I liked to lean and look out on the grassy court and the dull-toned, wavy lines of the old tile roofs, and watch the people of the house who in their work now and then passed along the paving bordering the walls. The birds were always twittering and carolling in the near trees; the weather in the June days of my sojourn was tempered just right to make the indoor coolness grateful without being chilling; and altogether the quiet and retirement of the spot were soothing and delightful.

The house had a number of tenants, all humble villagers, and I came to be very well acquainted with some of them. One of these was a man who always wore a blue apron and whose

only work seemed to be weeding and hoeing in the garden and doing other small jobs about the place. Another was a black-capped, hardy old woman, who at our first meeting was at great pains to let me know her age. I did not comprehend her clearly until she stooped and wrote 81 with her finger in the dirt. Then she wanted to know how old I was.

Naturally, the person I saw most was my landlady. She, too, was elderly and black-capped; but she was thin and bent and did not carry her years as well as the other woman, and she had no pride in them to make her anxious I should know their exact number. She was a very painstaking body and tried to do everything she could for my comfort. Indeed, she tried too hard. I was gradually picking up a French vocabulary, but what I had at that time acquired did not go far when it came to carrying on an extended conversation. My landlady liked to talk and, worst of all, she insisted daily on finding out in detail what I wanted to eat. I could not make her understand that I did not much care and that she could bring what she chose. She must know about each individual thing—did I like it, or would I prefer something else?—and we always had a struggle with the language in making out my bill of fare.

Yet, in spite of all my blundering, I gained something of a reputation as a linguist, for I heard my landlady one day telling a companion that I knew French—"Oh, no, I was not just an ignorant foreigner!" I think the reason for this undeserved honor lay in the fact that when my landlady was rattling along in her conversational I made it a point to agree with her as nearly as I could. Most of her remarks were quite inconsequential, and it did not matter much what I said. I confined my answers, as a rule, to "Oui," and "Non," and made a guess at which was right. If my landlady stopped and looked sur-

prised, I hastily changed to the other word, and she would go on satisfied.

She lived in the second story of the main part of the house, and she brought my meals thence in a basket. From my window I would see her in her neat black cap come plodding along the path across the yard to the passage that led from without up to my room, then hear her slowly mounting the stairs and opening the creaking door. "Bon jour, monsieur," she says; and then follows a patter of small talk, to which I contribute with my occasional affirmations and negatives.

When she had finished spreading the cloth and putting on the dishes, she often groaned once or twice; but I do not know whether that was because she was ill or exhausted. Quite likely the latter, as it was no



small task to attend me, with all that carrying and stair-climbing.

For my noonday and evening meals, which were served in courses, she had to make several journeys. First came soup, and then followed meat, vegetables, dessert, etc. Bread was supplied in the form of a loaf that very much resembled a stout walking-stick in length and slenderness. In the morning I had only a cup of chocolate and one lone roll that was crust clear to the heart. This made what the French call their "first

breakfast;" and it is considered entirely sufficient until noon, when they have their "second breakfast," which is fairly substantial. But for a good square meal, from the English and American point of view, you have to wait until "dinner" in the evening. Still, this regimen is not at all unsatisfactory after one gets used to it; and the food everywhere in France is almost unfailingly well cooked and well served.

The village of La Chapelle lay on what had been an important highway

in the days anteceding the railroad; and the houses all gathered as close as they could to this old thoroughfare. There were no side streets worth mentioning; the hamlet extended in a single narrow line, and house crowded house as if each was intent on seeing all the passing traffic. There are no great coaches now, and no equestrians coming and going as in the old days; but there stand the houses just as they were built a century or more ago, elbowing each other in vain expectancy of the return of the ancient hurlyburly on the highway.

The village street was laid with rough paving-stones, over which the ponderous wheels of the loaded carts rumbled with a sug-



gestion of thunder and with a rude jolting that made the houses vibrate. The walks were paved in the same way, and it was like doing penance to travel over them. You had no comfort till you left the village, when the roads became macadam, and the walks either disappeared or gave place to narrow paths of dirt.

Round about the hamlet on every side were open, unfenced fields, intervening between it and other villages, of which there were several within easy walking distance. The houses never strayed into the fields and the fields never strayed into the villages. It was characteristic French country—wide, cultivated plains and a frequent dotting of snug farm hamlets, each so environed by trees that, as seen from the fields, it appeared to be built in a grove.

My village of course had its church, and it also had an open square called a "place," which seemed to be the more important of the two. The former was for religion, the latter for business and pleasure; and the French love recreation and buying and selling far more than sermons and devotions. They are Catholics almost universally, the exceptions being less than one in fifty; but I got the impression that the church was kept up more for the sake of ancestral custom than because the people cared for it. The adherence of many to the dominant faith is nominal rather than real, and most intelligent people dissent in private, at least, from many of the



church doctrines. But interest in the matter is languid. They feel that the church—some church—is valuable and necessary; and if, in their view, the Catholic Church is not actually working mischief, they will support it and say nothing.

The priests are nearly always the sons of farmers and trades people. They are rarely drawn from the more wealthy and cultured classes. Between the ages of twelve and twenty they attend a priests' school, and then for a year they are obliged to serve in the army. The army influence tends to counteract that of the period of schooling, and many retire from the ranks of soldiery to become ordinary civilians. Those who go on and take priestly orders and enter on their life work usually make their home with relatives. In case a priest has no convenient relatives, he is apt to live alone, save for the company of a single elderly servant. If, besides being alone, he is poor, he takes care of his own garden. Few priests have an



independent income, and the stipend from the government is only twenty dollars a month in ordinary villages, though to this must be added the proceeds of christenings, weddings and burials. The priests visit the sick and needy, and as a rule are charitable and benevolent. They confine themselves pretty closely to Catholic reading, their sermons are made on ancient theological models, and they are very unprogressive as a class. To me they seemed an uncanny lot, in their broad hats and long black robes, and I could not but think that their lives were narrow, their intelligence limited, and that they were so bound to an antiquated past as to be less and less fitted for leaders of men in the enlightened present.

La Chapelle's "place," the little open reserve or common, of which I made mention, was not like its English prototype, the village green; for it was not green at all, but a barren of trodden earth and rough paving. About half of it was shadowed by some rows of trees with tops clipped

off at the height of ten or twelve feet. On the "place" the children played; there, in the shade, on warm afternoons, the old women loitered with their knitting; there traveling tinkers and peddlers often stopped with their carts; and there was held the annual village fête.

The La Chapelle fête was in progress at the time of my arrival, and on the first evening of my stay I went to have a look at it. Several tents and wagons were stationed on the borders of the stumpy grove, lamps had been lit here

and there, and the people, their day's work done and dinners eaten, were beginning to congregate from the village homes. The children were the most eager of the attendants, and they came prepared to spend all their treasure of pennies, which they held tight clasped in their palms or, for greater safety, carried in tin boxes, where the coins rattled reassuringly until the last one was gone. Many bareheaded young women were present, a few white-capped matrons, all the lads and young men, and now and then an older man.

The merry-go-round with its double row of little wooden horses, its gold and tinsel and gay colors and its organ, that belched forth music unceasingly, was the great attraction for the children. The organ was played by a man who looked as if turning a crank and eliciting harmony by main strength was hot, hard work. The motive power of the merry-go-round itself was furnished by a man and a boy who walked around within

the circle of wooden steeds and pushed on the braces. The clumsy mechanism of all this made the roundabout decidedly prosaic to me; but the riders had the gift of forgetting accessories, and to them the whirl on the hobby horses was clearly airy and exhilarating.

A number of the adjoining tents were simple little booths for fancy wares, crockery and toys; but for the entertainment of the men there was a shooting gallery in charge of a young woman. She loaded the guns, and the men could shoot at bull's eyes or at clay pipes stuck up in various positions for the purpose, or at some whirling effigies. The marksmen popped away very perseveringly, though I could not see that they were

doing any great damage to either the bull's eyes or the other targets. One of the bull's eyes was reserved, and if you chose to try your skill on that you must pay an extra price; but, granting that you hazarded the amount charged and that your aim was true, you had the pleasure of having your prowess made known by a monkey, which, under the directions of the gallery keeper walked out from a cage behind the target and rang a bell. That duty attended to, he was pushed back behind the doors and a fresh target set up.

Late in the evening, after the small fry went home, there was to be an open-air dance on the common; but there was no knowing at what hour it would begin, and I did not wait to see

it. When I came away the booth that was attracting the greatest crowd was one where a woman was allowing the people to draw cards with numbers on them from a tin can. This was a lottery, and as near as I could understand, one of the numbers on every card was a prize winner. Your only difficulty was in selecting the lucky number. The most important drawing I saw made was a large doll. The woman who received it at once retired to the outskirts of the crowd and ran about among her friends showing her prize with great glee. As a whole, lucky numbers seemed scarce, but there was no lack of eagerness on the part of the ticket buyers.

So far as they can, the French live out of doors. They take their recreation, eat their meals and do their work in the open air to an extent that is astonishing to an Ameri-





can. All the hotels and restaurants had tables and seats on the street walks or under the trees in their yards, and even in private families it is more or less the custom to lunch on verandas and shadowed lawns. The outside adjuncts of the home are utilized, too, for a great variety of work, particularly by the women, who like to sit on the walks near their house doors in pleasant weather and do their sewing, get ready the vegetables for dinner and, in a small way, do their washing. Once I saw a little girl standing on a stool and

doing up her mother's hair in the public view, as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

I early adopted the ways of the people and, though I did not go to the length of combing my hair on the street, I loitered in the open air almost as much as any of them. On the day of my arrival, Madame, the landlady, had set an easy-chair out on the flagging by the porch and indicated that it was for me, and all through my stay I often occupied it in the mild evenings or in the heat of midday when it was too warm to be comfortable walking in the sun. It was very domestic there—the old woman, my housekeeper, and the other humble workers coming and going, a cat or

two wandering about, swallows soaring and occasionally dipping down and out of sight to their nests in the cavernous barn, songsters trilling in the trees, and sparrows scolding somewhere within hearing. At times the blue-aproned man appeared with a scythe and cut a few swaths of the grass which was growing tall and rank and hiding the flower beds. He found mowing sweltering work and he only did a little every day, and a good share of what he cut his wife carried off to the rabbit hutch in a shed at the rear of the premises.

Nearly every one in the village had a colony of rabbits in some dark nook about their homes. They were raised for eating, and many families kept them in preference to hens because they were less predatory and could be housed in the most meagre quarters. They required little care and thrived on the kitchen waste, and on grass and weeds brought from the fields, the waysides or the garden borders. Then, too, their skins were always salable to peddlers, who went about from door to door buying them at the rate of a cent or two apiece. Some of these peddlers carried the skins in a rack on their backs, others had little push carts. They bought both the skins of wild rabbits killed by sportsmen and those of the tame rabbits raised for domestic purposes, but the latter were larger and were worth the most. The former were in the main secured at the homes of the gentry. The deal, however, was made with the servants, who, if they chose to save the skins of the rabbits their masters brought in from the hunt, were at liberty to dispose of them as one of their perquisites.

The village street was the most interesting place in which to see the local life, especially the shadowed side in the afternoon. Some of the villagers brought out chairs, some sat on doorsteps or on the benches which every house had against the wall near the entrance. There were old women and quaint little white-capped babies, young women and middle aged women, and there were small boys and girls of all sizes running about or perhaps lying on the

rough paving-stones near their elders. The children were most numerous after school hours. Then you saw them in and about every doorway, with their dolls and picture books and other playthings, eating big pieces of bread, jumping ropes and doing all the thousand and one things that children delight in.

The toddlers whom I saw on the street were often in the charge of the grandmothers. One of these grandmotherly caretakers lived close by my lodging place. Her charge was a sturdy, rebellious little youngster, whose notions about the dangers of the street differed from hers materially. They were always having contests, and the grandmother's wrin-



kled, leathery face seemed sharpened by the anxiety of continual watching. She never looked in the youth's direction without telling him to do or not to do something, and usually that seemed to rouse his determination to go just contrary to her commands. But what made him maddest was to have her catch him unawares and with her apron wipe his nose. That never failed to set him kicking and squirming in great disgust.

I think, as a rule, the French are very fond of their children, and take excellent care of them. The only case of abuse I saw was one day when I met a thin, angular woman on the outskirts of the village with a small child in her arms and in front of her a weeping little girl whom she was driving toward the hamlet. The woman was screaming in a perfect torrent of scolding and she was cuffing the little girl about the head so hard as almost to knock her off her feet. Even this was not enough, and the woman kicked the girl and threw sticks at her. The baby in the woman's arms was crying loudly with fright, and the little girl was wailing too, as she staggered along, blinded by her tears and by her tousled hair, which had fallen over her face. They turned a corner and disappeared, but they left with me a distressing memory that lingered long and depressingly.

One evening I walked about a mile out from the village along a lonely road that led me past a reedy pond, where the frogs and other weird-voiced water-creatures were croaking. A little

farther on this music gave place to the song of a nightingale, which was thrilling the air with its varied melody from the borders of a grove which I had approached. My road kept on into the wood, and came to an end in a quiet forest dell, where was a low, tile-roofed shed—the La Chapelle washhouse. It was vacant at that hour, but the door was open, and I went in. A long, shallow basin of cemented brickwork occupied the middle of the structure, and through this flowed a little stream. On either side was space for a dozen kneeling women.

It was a pretty spot and a cool interior, but it was a whole mile from the village, and all that distance the women have trundled their barrows



of washing, winter and summer, from time immemorial. There was no stream nearer to the village than this, and for home use they depended on wells, whence they drew water in wooden buckets by pulling on a rope running over a wheel. A short time before there had been a project for bringing the water to every house in the village. The commune had money enough for the undertaking in its treasury; but when the measure was put to vote, it was defeated. They always had gone to the washhouse in the grove, and why should they not continue to go? After all, it was only a mile, and they would not spend money on a change which would confer so slight benefit.

Not every village possesses a washhouse, either near or far, and the women do the work beside the streams or ponds with no protection from wind or sun save that given by the lay of the land or by near trees. The washing apparatus usually includes a box to kneel in and keep the worker out of the mud, a paddle, a scrubbing brush, soap, and a bottle of ammonia to take out spots. In winter a kettle of hot water is brought also, into which the worker



now and then dips her numb hands to restore in some degree their warmth. The washing place has very real charms for the peasantry, and they have no desire to betake themselves to individual washtubs in the seclusion of their homes. The attraction lies in its sociability. It is the village newspaper. There you have all the local rumors, opinions and happenings. Custom, too, plays its part, and the women who get used to washing by the water side think they can wash in no other manner.

At one house where I was visiting



the mistress had travelled and imbibed some foreign ideas, and she tried to get her maid to wash handkerchiefs and other little articles indoors with a tub on a chair; but the maid declared it was impossible. The mistress insisted she would not have the maid running all the time to the washing place; and finally they compromised. The maid would do the washing at home, but she must take it out on the lawn back of the house and get down on her knees, or she was sure she never could do it at all. I remember seeing her, the day of my

visit, carry out her little tub and kneel before it on the grass; and I heard her crooning a peasant ditty as she scrubbed, apparently quite contented.

In the checkered fields about La Chapelle the farm work was going forward all day, and practically every day, from early dawn to late evening. The men did the heavier work, such as ploughing and carting, while the women, at this season, were mostly engaged in planting or in warfare with the weeds. Sometimes the laborers worked in family groups, sometimes singly. In one field you

might see a man ploughing or hoeing alone; in another there might be father, mother and children; in still another you would find half a dozen women moving in a martial line through a wheat field and cutting out the thistles. If it was the right time of day, you would see some men cutting for fodder a load of crimson clover, luscious and heavy, and just reaching its prime of ruddy, deep-colored bloom. Here is a potato field and a man and a boy busy planting. The man has a broad-tined hook which he jabs into the earth and opens a crack wide enough for the boy to toss in a potato. Then he drops the earth back into place and steps forward for another jab. The boy, with a big basket of potatoes suspended from his shoulder by a strap, walks backward, and the two do the work quite rapidly.

Asparagus was a favorite crop in this section, and there were sometimes acres in a single field. One such field which I noticed was in the care of two young women. They spent

their whole time there, Sundays and all, cutting the stalks for market and hoeing out the weeds. They cut the asparagus as soon as the heads began to show, and to get length of stalk dug down ten or twelve inches into the ground. A young man from a neighboring field sometimes came and helped the asparagus workers—or, more particularly, one of them. The girl whom he assisted, however, did not begin to keep up with the other girl as long as he stayed. The trouble seemed to be a mutual affection, with an accompaniment of fond looks and chatter and embraces;—and who ever knew lovers in one another's company to make haste!

When the mid-day Angelus rang all the field workers left their tasks, either to wend their way back to the village or to seek the nearest shade; and I saw nothing more idyllic in all my travels than some of the family groups—father, mother and children, and perhaps grandparents, lunching in the heat of the day under the trees among the open fields.



WAR.

By Charlotte W. Thurston.

IN glory's borrowed casque he struts across the stage,
With drum and trumpet and with bugle call,
With armor glittering where the red lights fall.

No more the martial music and the red lights' gauge;
Shattered the mask his hideous face concealed;
Now stands he here,—his loathsome shape revealed—
A mark for marvel of a future age.

OUR COUNTRY TOWNS.

By C. N. Hall.



IF the name of New England implies that this section of our land is especially a modern edition of Old England, the title is justified in at least one respect; New England, like her mother over sea, is the home of the ideal country town. We all know, either by observation or report, what a charm lingers about the old country towns of England, quiet and peaceful, tree embowered and velvet turfed, surrounded by wide farm lands and pervaded by a spirit of perfect restfulness, where life flows on unruffled and serene, apparently quite apart from and ignorant of the sordid tumult of the great world raging outside their scenes of social content and pastoral beauty.

While we lack the flavor of age, the dignity and interest with which time has invested these idyllic homes of England, we have nevertheless in our own New England many charming country towns, whose air breathes peace and content, and whose surroundings are all beautiful; beneath the shade of whose elms and maples life has a charm and study an attraction not found elsewhere. In these fortunate communities are found good schools, well supported churches, and an intelligent, moral and religious people, conservative, demanding all such features of modern progress as are really desirable, while at the same time looking out sharply for corporate expenses.

Into these cool and quiet country towns come every summer scores of city people, seeking change, fresh air and rest, their annual coming adding a brightness and variety to village life and putting many welcome dollars into the pockets of thrifty townspeople.

These summer resort towns may be situated near some attractive lake, beside some cool, winding river, or upon some sightly hilltop,

"Surveying miles of pleasant lands."

but, wherever situated, they become more and more with each succeeding year the favorite homes of summer visitors, who sometimes come in such numbers as to double the normal population of the town and form collectively a very important factor in its material prosperity.

There are other country towns in which, being favorably situated as to railroad facilities, some form of manufacturing has been established and in which a considerable laboring population is supported in thrift and comfort. These towns, which are in every way prosperous and progressive, are situated in the valleys and usually beside streams which supply cheap and convenient power. They are centres of trade for a large section of surrounding country, as their numerous and well stocked stores testify, and usually support several churches, first-class schools, a public library, and often a local branch of the Young Men's Christian Association. For such towns, as well as for those which have become favorites with city visitors, there is nothing but prosperity in the future, so long as prudence holds the tiller of town management.

This brings us to the consideration of a class of towns in which prudence has apparently lost control of the steering gear. These are towns apparently prosperous, but in reality debt-ridden and overtaxed; towns in which, for a number of years, expenses have exceeded income, and where but little added taxation is

needed to bring about the beginning of the end, in the shape of tax-burdened manufacturers seeking new fields, a gradual falling away in population, and at length a stranded town, with depreciated real estate, a heavy debt, and still higher taxes for those who remain.

As an instance, let us take the conditions actually existing to-day in a certain Connecticut town of about 4,000 inhabitants, 3,000 of whom live in the village or "Center," the remaining population being agricultural and distributed over a large area of farming country. A large mill in the village gives employment to many workers and the numerous stores supply a number of smaller towns adjoining. Many of the inhabitants are well-to-do, while comparatively few are wealthy, the population largely consisting of working men and women and more or less prosperous farmers. The "Grand List" of the town totals about \$2,000,000; there is a town debt of \$50,000; and the annual tax rate is .015—in addition to which residents of the village pay a fire district tax for street lighting and fire protection. The total annual expenditure of the town is:

For schools (including new buildings and repairs), \$10,000; for roads, bridges, etc., \$10,500; for care of town poor, \$4,000; for support of public buildings, \$1,500; for interest, \$2,000; for all other purposes, \$7,000.

Altogether the town thus expends about \$35,000 annually, and increases its indebtedness by about \$5,000 each year.

The town is not specially favored as a summer resort, and its people can never hope for any great income from that source. The manufacturing already established will stay unless driven out by over taxation; but there is no inducement for other manufacturers to settle there, and the home market for farm produce is limited. There is therefore no cause for anticipating any decided change in existing conditions; neither reason

to hope for a boom nor ground for fearing a collapse, so far as business conditions are concerned. The town, then, stands in the position of expending more than its income every year, and without the prospect of ever being able to clear off its constantly increasing indebtedness without a radical change in financial methods. This is not a right condition of affairs for an individual or a community to encourage; it must result badly in the end, and is demoralizing; the example of the town in living beyond its income and spending public moneys loosely and extravagantly extends insensibly to the individuals of the community, and looseness and extravagance prevail.

The question naturally suggests itself: "Why should such conditions exist in a community where Yankee thrift predominates, and where that old-time bulwark of conservatism, the New England town meeting, has its dwelling place?" There are two potent causes—corrupt politics and individual indifference to the duties of citizenship, and misconception of the law giving state aid to towns in the construction of gravel and macadam roads. The first of these causes is common enough in these days of "practical politics." The office of selectman (its very title expressing the one-time dignity of the position) has in many towns become a political perquisite, sought for by local politicians for the sake of the attendant patronage, increased salary and opportunities for gain. In those days when the New England town was indeed a little commonwealth and its typical system of civic administration was the best system then known, the selectman was in truth a selected man,—guardian of the town's interests, counsellor and helper to the poor and unfortunate, stern censor of the shiftless and immoral; his position one of much local honor and little pay. Then, too, the town meeting was an institution which every citizen felt obliged to live up to, and attendance

upon which was a part of the full duty of man. If the ultra-progressives wanted a new flagpole on the Green or an iron bridge across the river, a special town meeting must be called; if this happened in haying time, when farmers were very busy, the desired vote was sometimes carried through, but the victory was well known to be but temporary. As soon as possible another meeting was warned, the conservatives came out in full force, and the former vote was rescinded; then ensued a compromise, reducing the proposed length of the flagpole or substituting a new wooden bridge in place of the contemplated iron structure. Thus the ends of economy were reasonably maintained, while some progress was made. But when, ten years ago, many New England towns were seized with a great desire for elaborate public buildings and other improvements, the local politician saw his opportunity; public improvements involved the employment of labor by the town, and in many cases this employment of labor was so manipulated as to secure votes, to perpetuate the reign of the ruling party, and to reflect the selectman, who thus organized a "ring" and became himself a "boss," repeating in miniature the experiences of some corrupt city governments. The logical result was that public works were projected and carried on much beyond the necessities or financial ability of the towns, a heavy debt was incurred, and taxes became burdensome.

Just here was felt the effect of the law giving towns state aid in the construction of roads. The framers of this law could never have contemplated that poor towns, in their haste to avail themselves of its provisions, would appropriate more money than they could legitimately afford to do, nor that towns would construct more miles of expensive road than they could afterward maintain in proper repair. But this is just what was done in many cases. The state offered to duplicate the amount appropriated by

the town, and later offered to pay two-thirds the expense of cutting down hills and filling hollows. This naturally appealed strongly to towns desiring good roads, since the process of appropriating one thousand dollars and receiving the benefit of two or three thousand seemed very like the long sought philosopher's stone, a getting something from nothing. The result was a scramble on the part of many towns to get as much as possible out of the state treasury, forgetting their own growing liabilities and forgetting, too, that a depleted treasury must ultimately lead to the imposition of a state tax.

Good roads are desirable, and are beneficial to any community in which they exist; but, like any other blessing, good roads may be bought at too high a price. Good roads add much to the pleasure of the traveller and facilitate somewhat the delivery of crops at the market place or shipping point, although in this latter respect the value of expensive macadam or gravel over the ordinary country road of New England has been greatly exaggerated. Owing to the hilly nature of so many New England towns, gravel or stone roads can only be constructed and maintained along a few of the main thoroughfares, through the valleys, and are of comparatively little benefit to the farming community; never of sufficient benefit to warrant the increased taxation which their construction and maintenance have entailed.

For some years the term "good roads" has been a name to conjure with, and in many towns expensive roads have been constructed with state aid and under state supervision, where, with proper and available methods and material, fully adequate and perfectly satisfactory roads could have been built town-wise at less than one-third the cost of the road built by state aid. Former methods of road-making, supplemented by a heavy road roller owned by the town and administered with intelligence and

foresight, would, in many of our Connecticut towns, have trebled the mileage of good roads at less expense than has been incurred under the present system of state aid.

In many country towns, then, good roads have been bought too dear, and such towns are now paying the inevitable penalty of corporate extravagance. In many such towns the pendulum is now swinging back toward the opposite extreme of public economy to the verge of parsimony, an extreme as far from stability and as inimical to civic welfare as was the former point of undue expenditure. In many such towns the present tendency is to infuse a spirit of penuriousness into town management, depriving public schools of their needed and deserved support, allowing existing roads to fall into disrepair, and altogether making the town undesirable as a place of residence. Never was there greater need for the display of sound Yankee common sense than now, in these debt-burdened towns; and never greater need that all good citizens should unite to purge town management of partisan and corrupt politics. The crisis—for crisis it is to many towns—may be successfully met by increasing, rather than curtailing, the efficiency of public schools, by insisting upon correct business methods in all departments of town administration, by a revival of public spirit and patriotism, and by the selection of officials who shall seek to live *for* the town instead of studying to live *on* the town. Without such measures a certain degree of disaster awaits many of our rural communities.

As to the matter of improved roads and the relations of town and state in connection with road construction, the whole subject is still in its infancy. In the state of Massachusetts, it is estimated, there is annually expended the sum of about \$1,000,000 on good roads; in Connecticut, last year, about \$300,000 was spent. The greater part of this expenditure is upon methods

of construction largely experimental and in many cases plainly inadequate, and under crude financial theories. When a state shall have been thoroughly surveyed by expert road-makers, the varying soils of each locality taken into account, the differing needs of different localities considered, and the respective ability and responsibility of town and state adjusted on a correct basis, then, and not until then, such a state will be prepared to construct permanent roads in a rational manner; at present a great amount of money is expended without adequate result. But while the best method of securing good roads is still in doubt, there is no doubt whatever as to the desirability of good roads as indispensable factors in opening our country towns to city visitors and wealthy land buyers, and in promoting a needed and economic consolidation of district schools.

Another measure of relief, hardly to be hoped for as yet, but sure to come ultimately, is municipal ownership and management of privileges now enjoyed by private corporations. Many of these debt-burdened towns are supplied with light and water by local companies, chartered under the state law and deriving considerable revenue from their operations.

Such privileges, owned and wisely managed by the town, must infallibly prove a source of material tax reduction; and it seems inexplicable that a people so inherently thrifty as New Englanders should have so long allowed individuals to assume functions so plainly municipal in their nature and so evidently profitable in operation.

While many of our country towns are attractive and prosperous, and while in others prosperity and safety may be insured by better methods of management, there remains a class of country towns which seem doomed and beyond help. These are the hill towns of abandoned farms and constantly diminishing population. There are a number of such towns

whose present condition offers a strange and serious problem,—towns lying remote from any railroad or the possibility of a railroad, their farms, sterile and rocky, hardly paying for the labor involved in their cultivation, and in which it is almost impossible to raise by taxation a sufficient sum to keep highways and bridges in safe repair and maintain public schools. From these towns the young blood of the Yankee race has long since departed to more promising and pleasant fields of effort; the building where, fifty years ago, some long-headed descendant of the Pilgrims kept a country store and acquired a competence, is tumbling down; farm-houses show neglect and hard times, fields are overgrown with brush, and the district schoolhouses are dilapidated. As population diminishes and real estate consequently depreciates in value, taxation becomes more and more burdensome to those who remain, and schools and roads are more and more neglected with each succeeding year. These towns are the victims of their situation, and the future seems to hold for them but one hope,—that city people of wealth, who love solitude and the picturesque, may buy these neglected farms and make here their summer homes.

For such a purpose many of these towns seem to have been especially designed by nature. One of these towns in Connecticut has a decreasing population of less than 500, is about fifteen miles from the nearest mail station, and possesses a soil of unusual sterility and rockiness; but Nature, as if to make amends for denying favor to the farmer, has here prepared a spot to delight the artist and charm the world-weary soul. Situated upon a hilltop forever breathed upon by the purest airs of heaven, amid beautiful scenery, and surrounded by the most romantic and picturesque drives, this seems an ideal spot for the summer sojourner whose life is spent in scenes of business and activity.

It seems quite within the bounds of possibility that some time in the not far off future these sylvan picture galleries of New England will be appreciated at their true worth as quiet, health-giving and beautiful places of summer resort, and having been made sufficiently accessible by the electric road and telegraph, the problem of their future shall be successfully solved.

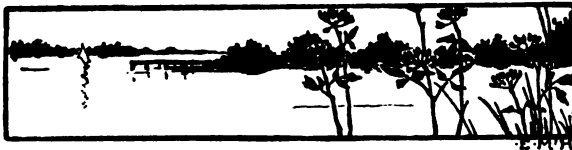
Apart from the hope that they may yet prove the salvation of our neglected hill towns, summer visitors play an important part in the welfare of New England's rural communities. They have so long summered in our borders that their annual coming and going seem a part of the procession of the seasons. As in the case of the birds, their times of arrival and departure are fixed in each locality; like the birds, too, while they differ in plumage and habits, their presence for a time makes life brighter. The old-fashioned country town, however beautiful appear its green turf and spreading elms, is socially narrow and intellectually barren until the summer visitor comes to widen its horizon. In many a town the coming of these summer guests has been responsible (however little the villagers know it or would acknowledge it) for the public library, the improvement of streets and lawns, the organization of a Monday Club, or a club of some sort, and the birth of a new era. The village life, where one meets every day the same people, looks every day upon the same scenes, engages every day in the same tasks or pleasures, and into which no happening out of the usual ever comes, is dull and narrowing, though productive sometimes of strong character and intense individuality. True, Miss Wilkins has demonstrated that such lives may contain much of hidden pathos and unheralded heroism; but the stage is, none the less, narrow and ill-set. Then come the city butterflies and the sight of people who, avoiding care and labor, seek only refreshment and

pleasure, the contact with culture and the breadth of mind which comes from mixing with the world have their effect in due time, soon or late, according to the community in which the seed is sown. Soon or late, the village, once like a pretty but untutored country maid, takes on the new aspect of the country maid, still beautiful, but trained and accomplished at some fashionable school; and the change is gratifying.

In the strictly rural districts, out among the farmers, the summer boarder has a more immediate effect. A city family, with one or two pretty daughters, need stay but a week at the old farmhouse before things begin to change; the front yard is closely clipped, the front fence is fixed up or, better yet, taken away bodily; loose ends are picked up all about the place; and in a little while two or three bright colored hammocks are strung up beneath the big maples. Then the two-seated wagon receives a shiny coat of paint, the team is better groomed, weeds and bushes beside the highway are cut down. The leaven is working well and will be felt throughout the neighborhood long

after the quite unintentional and unconscious missionaries have returned to their city homes.

Desirability as summer resorts, increased attention to the duties of citizenship, wise and honest administration of civic affairs, maintenance of the best possible public schools, along these lines our country towns must work out their own salvation, each in its own way. The day of little things is fast passing away. The small merchant, the small banker, the small contractor, the small manufacturer, are all becoming impossible; eventually the small community, self-dependent and self-governed, insensible to outside influences and indifferent to outside opinion, must also become impossible. To such of our country towns as keep abreast of the universal progress toward greater and better things shall come the prosperity of the future, while decay and obliteration await those communities which now unwisely waste their substance or, with equal unwisdom, fail to promote public education and to encourage every possible agency for the betterment of their people.



INDIAN SUMMER.

By Charles Hanson Towne.

UPON the face of one whose hour was nigh,
I saw the light of youth return once more;
So when God called the withered year to die,
Before her spirit passed, June's smile she wore.

THE CAUSE OF INDIAN FAMINES.

J. T. Sunderland.



ONE of the startling phenomena of our time is the frequency of famines in India. Only three years ago a famine of great magnitude and severity swept away several millions of the Indian people. To-day another, on a still larger scale, is devastating in a still more terrible manner that populous and interesting land. Nor are these instances unique. If we look back over the past, we find that seldom have half a dozen consecutive years passed during this century without serious famine conditions appearing somewhere within the bounds of the Indian peninsula. Such a state of things naturally awakens the sympathy of the world. But it ought to do much more. It ought to compel a far more careful inquiry than has yet been made as to the causes of the famines, with a view to ascertaining whether these causes can be removed or not, and thus whether such scourges as now visit India with such appalling frequency are or are not preventable. It is perhaps generally believed that famines in India are unavoidable, and that the causes which produce them are two, namely, failure of the periodic rains, and over-population. Let us see whether or not this belief is well founded.

1. Does the failure of the periodic rains of India necessitate famine? India is a large country. Out of its vast area (if we include Burmah) thirty-six states as large as the great state of New York might be carved. Within this area there is a great variety of climate, of soil, of amount of rainfall, and therefore of productivity. The great monsoon rains which

supply most of the moisture for India vary greatly from year to year. These rains of course man cannot control. If they are abundant over the whole land, the whole land has abundant crops. If they fail in parts, those parts have agricultural scarcity. Three things, however, should be remembered. One is, that there is never failure of water everywhere; when drought is severest in certain sections, other sections have plenty. The second is that India is a land where there is much irrigation, and easily might be much more; and wherever irrigation exists failure of rain does not necessarily mean failure of crops. The third thing to be remembered is that transportation is easy between all parts of the land. On two sides is the sea; navigable rivers and canals penetrate large sections; there is no extended area that does not have its railway. Thus food can readily be conveyed from areas of abundance to areas of scarcity. Under these circumstances it is easy to see that, even if we admit to the fullest extent the uncertainty of rains in many large areas of India, it does not follow that there need be famine or loss of life in those areas. Of course when the rains fail there will be more or less of local scarcity and hardship; but unless there are other causes at work, and very serious ones, besides failure of the periodic rains, there need not be starvation.

It should not be forgotten that the aggregate of rainfall in India, taking the country as a whole, is large. The heaviest recorded precipitation in the world is found here. The only difficulty is that of distribution; and even in the matter of distribution, India's mountains and rivers furnish such facilities as are seen in few other lands

of the world. Note her great mountain chains. Parallel with the coasts of the Arabian Sea and the Bay of Bengal extend the Western and the Eastern Ghats. Running across the peninsula are the Vindhya and the Satpura ranges. Stretching along the whole north for a distance of more than 1,500 miles are the mighty Himalayas, the highest mountain range and perhaps the greatest reservoir of snow and rain in the world. In the Himalayas rise the three great Indian rivers, the Indus, the Brahmaputra and the Ganges, each of which carries to the sea a volume of water that is enormous. The maximum discharge of the Ganges at flood is estimated as considerably more than that of the Nile and the Mississippi combined. All the other mountain ranges also give birth to important streams. Thus India has two sources of water supply on a large scale: one is her rains, which fall in abundance in many parts; the other her mountains, which send down numerous and in some cases vast rivers, to afford opportunities for almost limitless irrigation, as they travel on their long journeys to the sea. As a result, the agricultural possibilities of India are greater than those of almost any other country in the world.

Wherever in India water can be obtained for irrigation, crops are certain. From time immemorial there has been much irrigation. Since India came under the control of the British, the government has interested itself to some extent in promoting irrigation works. But unfortunately it has also been guilty of much neglect. Not only have important opportunities for supplying extensive areas with water for irrigation purposes been allowed to go unimproved, but irrigation canals and storage reservoirs that were constructed in earlier times have been permitted to fall into decay. An enormous amount of water goes to waste, that ought to be saved. Great numbers of new canals ought

to be dug; old canals ought to be reopened; canals now in use ought to be deepened and widened. In regions where water cannot be obtained for the supply of canals, more wells ought to be sunk, and old wells in many cases ought to be deepened. New tanks and reservoirs ought to be constructed, and old reservoirs ought to be enlarged, to store more adequately the surface water. In these ways the certainty of India's water supply and therefore the certainty and abundance of her food supply might be greatly increased.

But even under present conditions, with irrigation as imperfectly developed as it is now, India is one of the greatest of food-producing lands. No matter how severe the drought may be in some parts, in others there is always sufficient water and are therefore abundant crops; so that there is seldom or never a time when India as a whole does not contain food enough for all her people. Three years ago, when the famine was most severe, there was no difficulty in getting food, if one only had money to buy it with; and the same is true in the midst of the terrible famine that is prevailing at the present time. Thus it becomes evident that, if we would discover the causes of the periodic starvation of such vast numbers of the Indian people, we must look deeper than mere failure of the rains.

2. Are the famines of India caused by over-population? A very little study of the facts shows that they are not. The population of India is not so dense as in a number of the states of Europe which are prosperous, have no difficulty in supporting their people, and in which famines are never dreamed of. Nor is the birth rate high in India. It is less than in England, and much less than in Germany and several other continental countries. Indeed it is 75 per 1,000 less than the average birth rate of all Europe. India is not over-populated. As already pointed out, even under

present conditions she produces food enough for all her people. But if her agricultural possibilities were properly developed, she could easily support a greatly increased population. There are enormous areas of waste land that ought to be subdued and brought under cultivation. Lord Curzon's recent visit to Assam has called attention to the fact that in that province alone there are many millions of acres of such land now wholly unoccupied, largely because of unfavorable health conditions. But Mr. Cotton, the chief commissioner of Assam, who has made a careful study of the matter, urges that all that is necessary to make these great areas fit for habitation and cultivation is proper drainage. This is one large and important resource for increasing the agricultural productivity of India. Another, larger still, is the extension of irrigation in those regions where there is danger of lack of water. In these two ways alone all possible increase of population for a hundred years to come might easily be provided for.

But beyond this is another resource even greater. Indian agriculture is for the most part primitive and superficial. The Indian rayat is industrious and faithful, but he tills his soil according to methods that are two or three thousand years old. The result is, he raises crops which are only a fraction of what they would be with improved methods of tillage. Sir James Caird pointed out to the Indian government long ago that a single additional bushel an acre raised by the rayat would mean food for another 22,000,000 of people. But the addition of a bushel an acre is only the mere beginning of what might be done. Mr. A. O. Hume, long connected officially with the agriculture of India, declared that, "with proper manuring and proper tillage, every acre, broadly speaking, of the land in the country can be made to yield 30, 50 or 70 per cent more of every kind of crop than it at present produces."

Here is a resource that is practically inexhaustible. Add this to the other two named, and we see at once that the suggestion that population is outstripping agricultural possibilities, and that famines are inevitable for that reason, becomes hardly better than ludicrous.

What, then, is the cause of famines in India? The answer becomes clear and unmistakable as soon as one begins really to investigate. The cause of Indian famines is the extreme poverty of the Indian people—a poverty so severe that it keeps a majority of all on the very verge of suffering, even in years of plenty, and prevents them from laying up anything to tide them over years of scarcity. If their condition were such that in good years they could get a little ahead, then when the bad years came they could draw on that as a resource. This would not save them from hardship, but it would save them from starvation. But as things go, the vast majority have no such resource. Even in the best years they have all they can do to live and support their families in the barest possible way, without laying by a rupee for a rainy day. The result is, when their crops fail, they are helpless. For a while they manage to keep the wolf of famine from the door by selling their cow, if they have one, their plough bullock, such bits of simple furniture from their poor dwellings, or such cooking utensils, or such articles of clothing, as they can find a purchaser for at any price. Then, when the last thing is gone that can be exchanged for even an anna or a handful of millet, there is nothing left for them except to sit down in their desolate homes, or wander out into the fields, and die. This is the history of hundreds of thousands and millions of the Indian people in times of drought. If the poor sufferers are so fortunate as to be received by the government at the famine relief works, where in return for continuous hard labor they are supplied with the smallest amount of

food that will sustain life, the hardest of them survive until the rains come; then with depleted strength they go back to their stripped homes, and bare-handed, begin as best they can the task of raising a new crop and supporting such members of their families as are left alive.

Here, then, we have the real cause of famines in India. It is simply the extreme poverty of the Indian people, which keeps them living absolutely from hand to mouth, with no chance to make provision beforehand for any kind of contingency; so that, if such a disaster as the failure of a crop comes, they are at once undone. The truth is, the poverty of India is something that we can have little conception of unless we have actually seen it, as, alas, the writer of this paper has. Lest I should seem to exaggerate, let me cite some facts and figures from authorities that cannot be questioned.

Sir William Hunter, one of the most candid of writers, the distinguished historian of India, for many years at the head of the Indian Statistical Bureau, declared that 40,000,000 of the people of India are in the condition seldom or never to be able fully to satisfy their cravings of hunger. Mr. A. O. Hume, C. B., secretary to the government of India in the Agricultural Department, wrote in 1880: "Except in very good seasons, multitudes for months in every year cannot get sufficient food for themselves and their families." Sir Auckland Colvin, a finance minister of India, describes the taxpaying community as made up in the main of men "whose income at the best is barely sufficient to afford them the sustenance necessary to support life, living as they do upon the barest necessities of life." Sir Charles Elliott, chief commissioner of Assam, wrote in 1888: "I do not hesitate to say that half the agricultural population do not know from one year's end to another what it is to have a full

meal."† These statements would seem incredible, did they not come from men whose knowledge and character we cannot doubt and who could have no motive for exaggeration.

The extreme poverty of the Indian people may be seen by looking at another set of facts. Lord Cromer (then Major Baring), finance minister of India, said in his Budget speech of 1882: "It has been calculated that the average income per head of the population in India is not much more than 27 rupees a year; and although I am not prepared to pledge myself to the absolute accuracy of a calculation of this sort, it is sufficiently accurate to show the extreme poverty of the people." Other authorities have made estimates ranging all the way from 30 rupees down to as low as 20 rupees a year. A rupee is equal to about 28 cents in American money. Thus we see that the average sum upon which the people of India must subsist per year is from \$5.60 to \$8.40 per person. In other words, we have from \$28 to \$42 as the total average annual income of a family of five persons, out of which not only food, but clothing, education, medicine and all other expenses of the family must be provided. Is it any wonder that the Indian peasant can lay up nothing for a rainy day, and therefore that he finds starvation invariably staring him in the face if any disorder overtakes that little crop which is the only thing which stands between him and death?

In these figures and these quotations from officials of the Indian government, who are trained and careful men, and whose interest it is to understate and not to exaggerate, we have compressed the whole story of the cause of famines in India. The famines are not produced by excess of population. As we have seen, the population is far within the limit of what the country can easily sustain. They are not caused, otherwise than

* See *India*, April 20, 1900, page 194.

† See *India*, March 16, 1900, page 122.

indirectly, by failure of the rains. With irrigation, with plenty of food always in the country somewhere, and with ample facilities for communication and transportation, there is no reason why failure of rains should result in the loss of a single life. The real cause of Indian famines is *the extreme, the abject, the awful poverty of the Indian people.*

And now we come to the final, the deepest, the crucial questions of all. Why this terrible poverty? Is it necessary? Is there no remedy for it? What has produced it? India is a land rich in resources beyond most other lands in the world. It would seem as if her people ought to live in plenty, comfort and security, with ample and more than ample provision made in her many fat years against any possible lack in her few years of comparative leanness. Why does not the fatness of her fat years prevent suffering and starvation in the lean?

Fortunately, here too an answer is not difficult to find, when once we begin really to look for it. John Stuart Mill saw the answer plainly in his day. John Bright saw it in his. The real friends of India in England very generally see it now: The intelligent classes in India all see it. It is found in the simple fact that India is a subject land, ruled by a foreign Power, which keeps her tributary to itself, not only politically, but commercially, financially and industrially, and drains away her wealth in a steady stream that is all the while enriching the English people, and of course correspondingly impoverishing the helpless people of India. A farm may be naturally very rich, but let its products be carried away and consumed abroad, and let nothing be put back upon the soil, and no intelligent farmer will wonder if in two or three hundred years the farm becomes impoverished. The Indian people are much in the condition of such a farm. India is an orange which England got possession of by the sword, and holds firmly in her grasp by means of a big

army, and has long been industrially sucking. It is not strange if what is left after the sucking process has gone on all these years is not very life-sustaining to the Indian people.

Again and again has attention been called to the effects of this heavy and constant drain of wealth from India to England. Says Sir George Wingate, an experienced Anglo-Indian official: "Taxes spent in the country from which they are raised are totally different in their effect from taxes raised in one country and spent in another. In the former, the taxes collected from the population are again returned to the industrial classes. . . . But the case is wholly different when the taxes are not spent in the country from which they are raised. They (such taxes) constitute an absolute loss and extinction of the whole amount drawn from the taxed country, and might as well be thrown into the sea. Such is the nature of the tribute we have so long exacted from India. . . . From this explanation some faint conception may be found of the cruel, crushing effect of the tribute upon India. . . . The Indian tribute, whether weighed in the scales of justice, or viewed in the light of our own interest, will be found to be at variance with humanity, with common sense, and with the received maxims of economic science."* This drain from India has been going on and steadily increasing for more than two centuries. There is no country in the world that could endure such a steady loss of wealth without becoming impoverished.

How large is the tribute that India pays to England each year? This question is difficult to answer, because the streams through which the tribute flows are many, and constant efforts are made by the British and Indian governments to hide them out of sight. According to the official Indian Budget for 1899-1900, we find £22,024,500 to be the sum set down

* Quoted in *India*, March 16, 1900, page 122

as paid by the Indian government for "net expenditures in England charged on the revenues of the year, with the exchange added." This by no means covers all the money sent by India to England this year; but here alone we have the enormous sum of \$107,918,050. Says Mr. Alfred Webb, former president of the Indian National Congress, in the *British Friend* for April, 1900: "In charges for the Indian Office (in London), recruiting (in Great Britain, of soldiers to serve in India), civil and military pensions (to men now living in England who were formerly in the Indian Service), pay and allowance on furloughs (to persons in England), preparations in England for the military establishment in India, private remittances and consignments (from India to England), interest on the Indian debt (paid to parties in England), and interest on railways and other works (paid to shareholders in England), there is annually drawn from India and spent in the United Kingdom a sum calculated at from £25,000,000 to £30,000,000. In other words, India's regular tribute to England each year is somewhere between \$125,000,000 and \$150,000,000." In the *Westminster Gazette* of April 24, Mr. H. M. Hyndman estimates the sum taken out of India by way of economic tribute, on government account and for private remittances, during the past twenty-five years, as £500,000,000, or in American money, \$2,500,000,000.

And it is to be borne in mind that all this is *in addition* to the regular and very heavy *home* expenses of the *Indian government*. All this is a *foreign tribute*, paid to a nation on the other side of the globe, for the privilege of being a subject people. Is it any wonder that India is poor?

Where does all this enormous sum of tribute money come from? Of course, from the taxpaying Indian people. Who are the taxpaying Indian people? More than 90 per cent of them are the people who have already been described, who with their

utmost endeavors are able to obtain only the barest possible subsistence, who have to support families of five on incomes not amounting all told to more than thirty or forty dollars a year. These people, many of whom often go months at a time, even in reasonably good years, with only one full meal a day, are yet compelled to pay a tax of 500 per cent on imported salt, or 4,000 times its cost of manufacture if the salt is home made; and of their little crops they have to pay to the government as taxes from one-sixth to one-third of all they raise. The attention of both the Indian and the British governments has been called again and again to this excessive and crushing taxation, and every possible means has been tried to secure some amelioration, but without result. For many years the settled policy has been not to lessen the burden of taxation upon the peasant, but constantly to seek new pretexts and opportunities for increasing it.

Says Mr. Alfred Webb: "Under the old Hindu rule the government rent was generally fixed at one-sixth the gross produce. In Bengal where this rate still prevails, and in Northern India where one-fifth the gross produce is the rule, the people are comparatively prosperous. In the Central Provinces where famines most prevail, it is half the net produce (about one-third the gross produce) and every effort is made at recurring government valuations, to screw it up."

Says the *Indian Spectator* in its issue of February 25: "The destruction of the peasantry has been going on apace under British rule. Money lenders and the professional classes have dispossessed the hereditary class of peasant holders of their land, and turned them into day laborers on the soil which was theirs. These men are generally absentee landlords, carrying on their profession or trade in towns, and paying government revenue out of the profits of such trade or profession. . . . The dis-

possessed peasantry is on the verge of despair and would, we believe, welcome any chance that offered itself to change their lot, without much thought as to what the change might be."

Says Professor Murison in an article in the London *Morning Herald* of March 21: "It has got to be realized in Britain that it is on the backs of the hungry and debt-oppressed rayats that the British Indian Empire rests. Are we satisfied with the stability of the foundation? . . . The only possible solution of the problem is to deal with the rayat in a more considerate spirit, so as to leave him enough margin to accumulate those stores of grain which he used to accumulate and is so anxious to secure, in order to tide him over a scarcity or a famine. But the rayat is now at the end of his resources, and the government must restrict its expenditure and relax the oppressive land revenue. Otherwise more famine, and—what of the British Indian rule?"

Sir William Wedderburn, M. P., formerly judge of the High Court, Bombay, who has spent his whole life in the service of India, wrote in 1897: "The mass of the cultivators have no store of grain in their houses. They used to have. In the earlier days of my service (in India) every rayat, however poor, had an underground store of millet put away, enough to keep his family for a year or two. But these little stores are now impossible, being swept away by the bailiffs in execution of the decrees of the civil debt courts, which, to the destruction of the peasantry, we have set up on the English model in the rural districts. Nor are the rayats any better off as regards cash or credit. They not only possess nothing, but less than nothing, being for the most part hopelessly in debt to the money lender."* Perhaps no living man is more thoroughly acquainted with the

political, social and economic condition of India, or is a higher authority upon the same, than Mr. Romesh C. Dutt, a late president of the Indian National Congress. Speaking of the reason of the abject poverty of the Indian peasantry, in the *Fortnightly Review* for August, 1897, Mr. Dutt says: "The reason is not a want of frugality or of sobriety or of prudence. The Indian peasant is the most sober, the most frugal, the most prudent peasant upon the face of the earth. The reason is that at each settlement the rent payable by him is increased, and his capacity to save decreased. The reason is that with no savings of his own he goes (is compelled to go) to the money lender at every pressure, and our Civil Courts (the Civil Courts of India), with their hard and fast rules, only cast him deeper into the meshes of the grasping money lender. The reason is that in every petty dispute, civil and criminal, he is compelled to have recourse to distant and expensive law courts. The reason is that he has to pay many taxes in order to maintain England's Empire in Asia."*

It is such facts as these that show us what are the real causes of Indian famines. It has often been pointed out that the British government in India is the most expensive government in the world. The reason is, it is a government of foreigners. These foreigners, having it in their power to fix their own salaries, do not err on the side of making them too low. Having to exile themselves from their native land, they naturally want plenty of pay for it. Nearly all the higher officials throughout India are British. The civil service is nominally open to Indians; but it is hedged about with so many restrictions (among others, Indian young men being required to make the journey from India to London to take their examinations) that as a fact only one-fiftieth of the places in the service, and these generally the lowest

* "The Skeleton of the Jubilee Feast," *India*, February, 1897.

* See *India*, April 20, 1900, page 187.

and poorest, are occupied by Indians; although there are thousands of well educated and competent Indians who would be glad to get the places and who would fill them well if they were allowed. The amount of money which the Indian people are required to pay for the salaries of this great army of civil servants and appointed higher officials, and then, later, for pensions for the same, after they have served a given number of years in India, is enormous. That quite as good service could be obtained for the government at a small fraction of the present cost, by employing Indians (who much better understand the needs of the country) in three-fourths, if not nine-tenths, of these positions, is no doubt true. But that would not serve the purpose of England, who wants these fat offices for her sons. Hence poor Indian rayats must sweat and bleed and go hungry and, if need be, starve, that an ever growing number of Englishmen may have big salaries and big pensions. Of course much of the money paid for these salaries, and practically all paid for the pensions, goes permanently out of India.

The large military establishment that England maintains in India (of course primarily for the purpose of keeping the Indian people in subjection) is very costly, and is paid for out of the Indian taxes. Nor is the Indian army proper all the military expense that India is required to pay. During the century just closing the Indian and the Imperial governments have carried on wars in Afghanistan and other regions beyond the north-western frontier, involving a total expense of \$500,000,000. Who has paid this great sum? All but \$50,000,000 (one-tenth of the whole) has been charged to poor, overtaxed India.

It is said that England has done much for India, and conferred upon her substantial advantages. This is true; but in all cases India has paid the bills, and in many cases the ad-

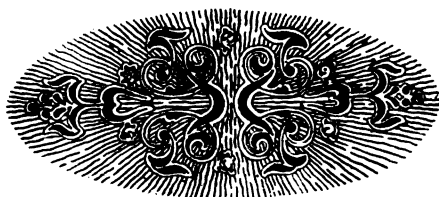
vantages have been small compared with the heavy cost. Much is said about education. How much does the Indian government spend annually for education? A little less than a penny per person of the population. Compare this with the enormous sums spent for military purposes; and then remember that the whole expenditure, whether for education or the army, comes from the pocket of the Indian taxpayer. We are pointed to the railways of India as a striking illustration of what England is doing for her dependency. Yes, whatever lack of money there may be for education, or for sanitary improvements, or for irrigation, or for other things which the people of India so earnestly desire and pray for, the Indian government always seems to have plenty for railways. Why? Because the railways of India help the English people to wealth. It is true that the Indian people make some use of them and derive certain advantages from them; but they also suffer from them certain very serious disadvantages. The railways have broken up many of the old industries of India, and thus have brought hardship and suffering to millions of the people; but they enrich the ruling nation, and they give her a firmer military grip upon her valuable dependency, and so money can always be found for them, whatever else suffers. If half the money that has been spent on railways had been spent for irrigation, droughts would today have little terror for the Indian people. What a commentary it is upon British management in India, that more than eight millions are spent on railways for every million spent on irrigation!

There is much talk in these days about the evils of monopolies. America stands appalled at the magnitude and tyranny of her Standard Oil Company. But the Standard Oil monopoly is a pygmy compared with England's monopoly in India. The world has no other such monopoly

as this. England holds not only the government, but virtually the commerce, the finance and the industries of 250,000,000 people in her hand, to shape them as she will, responsible to nobody but herself. She claims to manage Indian affairs with India's welfare in view. I believe that the Standard Oil Company makes a similar claim. The answer to make to both is, "By their fruits ye shall know them." The fact that at the end of two hundred years of commercial dominance, and of more than forty years of absolute political sway, we are confronted with such indescribable poverty of the people, and with famine after famine of such magnitude and severity as to make the world stand aghast, seems to prove beyond answer that England in all these years has not made the welfare of India her first aim, but has subordinated India's good to her own enrichment. We denounce ancient Rome for impoverishing Gaul and Egypt and Sicily and Palestine and her other conquered provinces, by draining away their wealth to enrich herself. We denounce Spain for robbing the New World in the same way. But England is doing exactly the same thing in India, and on a much larger scale; only she is doing it skilfully, adroitly, by modern and "enlightened" modes of procedure, under business and judicial forms, and with so many pretences of "governing India for her advantage, and enriching her by civilized methods" that the world has been largely blinded to what has been really going

on. But probe down through the surface of fine words and legal forms to what lies below, and we have the same hideous business that Rome and Spain were engaged in so long, and for which in the end they paid so dear. Called by its right name, what is this treatment of India by England? It is national parasitism. It is the stronger nation sucking the blood of the weaker. It is "imperialism!" "Imperialism" is just now a popular name, in Germany, in England, and unfortunately among some classes in America. American imperialists often point to India to illustrate the beneficence of British imperialism. This Indian famine tells us exactly how beneficent British imperialism has been and is, in the land where it has had the longest and freest opportunity to show its real quality and bear its real fruit.

A distinguished Englishman who has been a student of Indian affairs for twenty-five years, when asked the question, "What do these constantly recurring famines in India mean?" answered, "They mean that England has long been 'bleeding India white.'" A figure of speech could hardly be more true to the facts. I will close with another figure of speech, which is perhaps less startling. India is a cow. The cow of right belongs to the Indian people. But England has seized the cow, milks her, and carries off the cream, leaving behind only the skim milk. Is it strange, under these circumstances, that the Indian people starve?



OBERLIN COLLEGE.

By G. Frederick Wright.

A HARVARD College professor is largely responsible both for the name of Oberlin College and for the specific character of the Christian principles embodied in its organization. In 1832, Dr. Henry Ware, Jr., introduced to the American public the charming life of John Frederic Oberlin, who for sixty years (1767-1826) was pastor at Waldbach, a remote and almost inaccessible parish in the Ban de la Roche, among the Vosges Mountains. Here this remarkable man of high culture and social standing and of most comprehensive attainments spent his life in unremitted effort to raise to a high standard a neglected and semi-barbarous parish. In this he succeeded beyond all precedent. The attention of the rulers of the world was attracted to his work, and every inducement was offered to him to come out from his seclusion and participate in what are supposed to be broader fields of influence. But to these he turned a deaf ear. His highest ambition was satisfied in ministering to the wants of the poor and neglected, and nothing could draw him away from his beloved people.

The seal of Harvard College perpetuates the motives of its founders in the words "For Christ and the Church." With touching emphasis Henry Ware presents the career of John Frederic Oberlin as the most perfect attainable realization of the true spirit of Christ. We cannot forbear a quotation from his Introduction:



JOHN H. BARROWS,
PRESIDENT OF OBERLIN COLLEGE.

"When we see Oberlin refusing the posts of honor which awaited him in the polite settlements of France, and resolutely retreating from the confines of civilization, that he might devote himself to the lost sheep of the mountains, we should learn to be ashamed of that love of ease and personal indulgence which causes us to cling around the luxuries and comforts of

home, reluctant to sacrifice our early associations and attachments for the sake of ministering to the needy and preaching the gospel in by-places. The example of Oberlin may persuade us what a rich reward lies in those unfrequented paths, and how beautifully God compensates the disinterested laborer for sacrifices which a worldly mind would esteem insupportable. It is remarkable that

even Oberlin's fame (a reward which he never dreamt of obtaining) has been owing to his choice of a remote and obscure field of labor. It shows the power of active benevolence to change the humblest sphere into a place of distinction. What a rebuke to the toiling aspirants after fame, that while they anxiously spend life in vain endeavors to rise, this unambitious pastor, hidden in the mountains from public view, and with no object in life but the glory of God and the welfare of man, has snatched from them the very prize for which they were contending!"

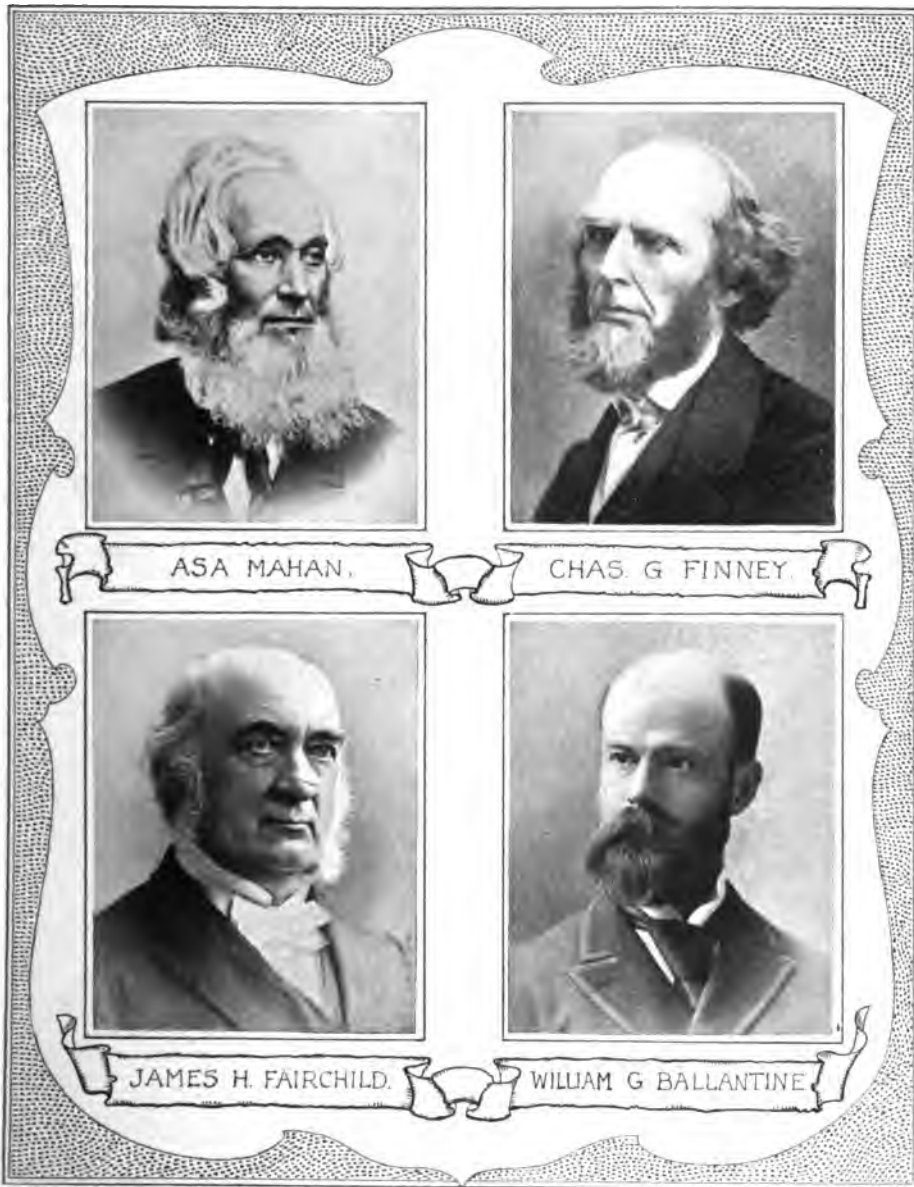
This story of the Waldbach pastor found a fruitful field of influence in the minds of two typical New Englanders, Rev. John J. Shipherd and Philo P. Stewart, both born in New York, it is true, but on the border of Vermont, and both receiving their early education together at an academy in Pawlet, in that state. In 1832 both were temporarily engaged in Christian labor in northern Ohio. In that year the "Life of Oberlin" fell into their hands and was perused with absorbing interest. In the spirit exemplified in the work of this noted philanthropist, they set about building up in the wilderness a centre of Christian influence which should reach outward into the rapidly growing population of the Mississippi valley. The location of their school and colony was determined by the generosity of a New Haven firm, Messrs. Street and Hughes, who contributed for the object several hundred acres of densely timbered land in Lorain county, about thirty miles west of Cleveland and twelve miles south of Lake Erie, which, though actually in the drainage basin of the St. Lawrence, was near enough the watershed of the Mississippi basin to serve all the practical purposes of their plans.

Thither these two indefatigable sons of New England gathered, from their acquaintances in the East and from families which had previously

moved from New England to that vicinity, a colony of devoted Christian people, animated by a like purpose with themselves, and ready to sacrifice everything for the accomplishment of the high ends had in view. The colonists pledged themselves to hold in possession no more property than they could profitably manage as faithful stewards of God, and to practise industry and economy, that they might have as much as possible to appropriate for the spread of the gospel.

Naturally, the early teachers and professors in the college came from New England homes and New England institutions of learning. The first teacher, Rev. Seth H. Waldo, was an accomplished classical scholar, recently graduated from Amherst College. James Dascomb, for forty-four years professor of chemistry and physiology, entered upon his duties in 1834, having just graduated from the medical department of Dartmouth College; while his wife, Marianne P. Dascomb, for forty-three years on the Ladies' Board of Managers, and for twenty years principal of the Woman's Department, was a graduate of the famous school for young ladies at Ipswich, Mass., presided over by Misses Zilpah P. Grant and Mary Lyon.

One of the first contributions towards the founding of Oberlin was the sum of \$450 from the students and teachers of Ipswich Academy. This was in 1834. Since that time New England gifts have continued to pour into the treasury of the college. Josiah and William C. Chapin of Providence, R. I., gave in their day large sums, as did Mr. Willard Sears of Boston, Mr. J. P. Williston of Northampton, who during the Rebellion gave \$200 a year to increase by that amount the salaries of ten professors; while the late William B. Spooner of Boston left \$100,000 in his will for Oberlin. In all, nearly half a million dollars have been contributed directly from New England, while a large share of the



PAST PRESIDENTS OF OBERLIN.

remaining \$1,500,000 came from givers of New England descent.

The first president, Asa Mahan, was indeed born in New York, but was of New England ancestry, while he himself graduated from Andover Seminary and had his first pastorate at Pittsford, Vt. With him there

came to Oberlin, at its great enlargement in 1835, a notable galaxy of professors, who were either of New England birth or New England education. John and Henry Cowles were both born in Connecticut, and were graduates of Yale College and Theological Seminary. Henry Cowles was



EARLY PROFESSORS.

one of the moulding influences at Oberlin, both as professor, editor of the *Oberlin Evangelist*, and author of an extensive series of commentaries from 1835 to his death in 1881. John Morgan, professor of New Testament language and literature from 1835 to 1881, though born in Ireland, came to New England in his infancy, and was a graduate of Williams College, in the class with Mark Hopkins and David Dudley Field,—a trio who maintained close personal friendship with each other to the day of their death. Before coming to Oberlin, Morgan was a teacher in Lane Seminary, another child of New England, presided over by Lyman Beecher and Calvin E. Stowe. The students in Lane Seminary were largely either of New England birth or New England extraction. The trustees of the seminary endeavored to suppress the discussion of the subject of slavery among the students, with the result that they rebelled in a body, and went up to Oberlin with Professor Morgan,



BALDWIN COTTAGE.

where they could enjoy free speech, and where colored people could have the same privileges of education as the whites. Only Henry Ward Beecher and two or three others were left at Lane Seminary, while Oberlin started off with a full equipment both of professors and students.

Accompanying this movement from Lane Seminary, the famous evangelist, Charles G. Finney was brought upon the scene at Oberlin in 1835. Finney was born in Connecticut, and after spending the most of the early part of his life in the frontier settlements of New York, returned to his native state for his education; and

later, at the beginning of his remarkable career as an evangelist, we find his theological opinions largely formed by the writings of Jonathan Edwards and the personal influence of N. W. Taylor of New Haven. Indeed, the Oberlin theology is but a slight modification of that which was systematized by these and other eminent



PETERS HALL.

New Englanders. In formulating his system in his early days as instructor at Oberlin, Finney had the assistance not only of the writings of these New England theologians, but also of numerous active and enterprising New England students, who had both received the ideas of the New England masters by inheritance and been confirmed in them by all their subsequent training in church, academy and college. The root of Oberlin theology is, that benevo-

ciate professor of intellectual and moral philosophy from 1842 to 1846.

A most important addition to the early influences of Oberlin was the advent of George N. Allen, who came from Mansfield, Mass., and graduated at Oberlin with the college class of 1838. Mr. Allen was a highly accomplished musician, having been a pupil of Lowell Mason. Through his influence the special opportunities for the promotion of musical culture afforded by the coeducation of the sexes on a



WARNER HALL.

lence is the sum of virtue; that love is the fulfilment of the law; that the good of being is the foundation of obligation; that the infliction of punishment is justified only on the ground that governments must seek to promote the greatest good of the greatest number, and that exemplary warnings to the disobedient are benevolent means for preventing the more serious evils of unchecked lawlessness. Much of the credit for the working out of this system belongs to William Cochran, who graduated with the class of 1839, and was asso-

large scale was utilized to the utmost, and Oberlin became from the outset one of the most important centres of musical education in the country. For more than twenty years Allen was professor of music, combining with it early the professorship of natural history. Since his death the development of the Conservatory of Music, under the leadership of Fenelon B. Rice, and the liberal endowment by Dr. Lucien C. Warner of New York (both New Englanders of second degree), have placed Oberlin at the head of the higher grade of musical schools in



FERDINAND V. HAYDEN.



JOHN WESLEY POWELL.

the country, with a corps of twenty-five accomplished professors and instructors, the most thoroughly equipped musical building in the world, a curriculum of four years in extent, and an attendance of nearly four hundred pupils. Of the earlier classes of students, the late John P. Morgan, some time organist of Trinity Church, New York; Smith Penfield, at present organist of the Broadway Tabernacle, New York; George Steele of Hartford, Conn., and Fred Pease of Ypsilanti, Mich., have won high distinction



ELISHA GRAY.

In speaking of the personnel of the professors, mention must next be made of President James H. Fairchild, who was born in Stockbridge, Mass., in 1817, but in early childhood removed with his parents to the vicinity of Oberlin, and was on the ground as a student at the opening of the school in 1834, since which he has maintained a continuous connection with it as student, professor, president, and professor *emeritus*, to

the present time.

Mention should also be made of the fact that the newly elected president, John Henry Barrows, though born at the West, is of New England descent, both of his parents having graduated at Oberlin in the first decade of its

existence; while his theological education and his first pastorates were in New England.

Space forbids further details concerning the founders and promoters of Oberlin. Enough, however, has been said to show that the college was born of New England ideas, and from the first has breathed a New England atmosphere. Indeed, the so-called West-



CHARLES MARTIN HALL.

ern Reserve, within whose bounds the college is situated, originally belonged to the state of Connecticut, since the charter of that colony gave it possession between certain parallels of latitude from sea to sea. In the final adjustment of conflicting interests at the close of the Revolutionary War, what are now the northeastern counties of Ohio were sold for the advantage of the mother state to settlers who naturally came in large part from New England; so that the Western Reserve is appropriately called New Connecticut.

It is worthy of record, also, that most of what are supposed by many to be specific peculiarities of Oberlin are distinctly traceable to New England influence. Among these may be mentioned the devotion of the college to the abolition of slavery and to the recognition of the rights of the col-

ored race. The antislavery position of Oberlin was fraught with most far-reaching results. General J. D. Cox has shown that the influence of Oberlin in propagating the antislavery sentiment during the first twenty-five years of its existence turned the scale in the western and northwestern states, so as to lead to the election of Lincoln, the civil war, and the subsequent abolition of slavery—an opinion which President Garfield emphatically indorsed. But the recognition of the rights of the colored man, not only to liberty, but to an education on equal terms with the whites, was forced upon the Oberlin colonists by their staunch New England supporters, especially by Arthur Tappan, through whose influence and liberal generosity Mahan and Finney and Morgan and the Lane Seminary students were enabled to come to Ober-

lin in 1835. This typical New England business man and reformer secured the first endowment of Oberlin upon the condition that colored students should have the same rights in the institution which the white students had. Tappan, though a merchant in New York at this time, was a native of Northampton, Mass., and most closely identified with New England interests, and was at the time the truest representative of all the New England philanthropic and reformatory movements.

Still another peculiarity of Oberlin was its admission of women to all the privileges of its instruction and of its degrees. The first women in the world to receive the degree of Bachelor of Arts in course were three classical graduates in 1841. They were Mary



TAPPAN WALK.

MRS. MARIANNE DASCOMB.



MRS. A. A. F. JOHNSTON

MISS HELEN M. SHAFER.

MRS. EMILY HUNTINGTON MILLER.

Hosford of Thetford, Vt., Elizabeth Smith Prawl, from New York City, and Mary Caroline Rudd, from Huntington, Conn. Later, Miss Rudd married Professor George N. Allen, to whom reference has been made, and was the mother of the late Professor Frederick Allen, at the head of the Greek department in Harvard University. With just pride it is mentioned that when the Harvard professor was at the head of the Greek School at Athens, his mother was accustomed to read the Greek paper, which was forwarded to her every week by her son.

The desire for higher education among the women of New England opened to Oberlin really its greatest opportunity; for the young women who wished to take a full classical

course, equal to that pursued by their brothers, found no school open to them anywhere else in the country. It is to be noted, however, that in most of the academies and preparatory schools of the time the girls were permitted to study side by side with the boys. This was noticeably the case at Pawlet Academy, where Shipherd and Stewart met in early life. The practicability of the coeducation of the sexes having been thus demonstrated on New England soil and amid the religious and social conditions of New England, it was natural that the founders of Oberlin should conclude that there was no reason for separating the boys and girls during their college course.

Miss Grant's school for girls at Ipswich, while setting a high ideal for

the education of girls, by no means offered the same facilities that were furnished the boys in the standard New England colleges, and she signally failed in securing such endowment as would give it permanence. It was during this delay in the appreciation of her efforts that the generous contribution already referred to was made to Oberlin by the Ipswich teachers and students. Neither did Mount Holyoke Seminary, founded two or three years later by Mary Lyon, more than partially meet the demands of this growing sentiment for the higher education of women. The opportunities offered at Oberlin, therefore, at once drew to the school from New England a large number of most enterprising and able young women, Lucy Stone, Antoinette L. Brown-Blackwell, Sarah Pearse-Parker being prominent among the number.

The position of Oberlin with reference to the education of women is one which has been attained through long experience and gradual growth. The admission of women to full privileges of college education was a part of the original plan of the projectors; and, as we have seen, there

were a number of young women who were ready to enter with the very earliest college classes. Oberlin is, therefore, not a college for young men, with its established traditions, to which young women are at length invited, but a college in which the traditions are entirely those which have grown up about a co-educational institution. As a result, the life of the young women who enter the college is so protected by a variety of customs and unwritten laws, as well as by a few college regulations, that parents can feel no hesitation in sending their daughters here. While the greatest freedom of opinion is permitted, the prevailing influences have always been, and are now, such as fully recognize the natural differences both of physical and of mental qualities distinguishing the sexes, and the diverse careers in the world which these differences necessitate. Under the more elastic elective system of later years, the mental differences are somewhat more manifest than they were in earlier days. The young women elect studies in language, literature, botany and chemistry in greater proportion than is done by the young men, and math-





THE CHAPEL.

ematics, philosophy and physical sciences in general in less proportion; while music in the Conservatory is almost wholly monopolized by them, the last catalogue of the Conservatory showing 382 women to 72 men.

The women graduates of Oberlin have the reputation of being able to adjust themselves with unusual facility to the conditions of life amidst which their lot is cast. They are found in exceptionally large numbers as teachers, not only in the public schools and higher educational institutions in the northern states, but in the schools of the colored people in the southern states and in missionary fields in all parts of the world. In missionary fields they are specially prominent in the Sandwich Islands, Japan, China, the Turkish Empire, India and South Africa.

A few statistics will shed some light upon the important and interesting question concerning the influence of higher education of women, especially of that obtained in the coeducational schools, upon marriage. From the Quinquennial Catalogue of 1895 we find that, from the opening of the college until 1880, the number of women graduating was 799, of whom 602, or 75 per cent, had

married; and that during the following ten years (1880-90) there were 333 women graduates, 208 of whom, or 62 per cent, had married. The facts concerning the writer's own class (of 1859) can be given more in detail. It consisted of 51 members, 30 of whom were women. At the fortieth reunion, in 1899, it was found that 21 (or 70 per cent) of the women had been married, 5 of them to classmates. Of the men, 20 had been married. Twenty-two of the 30 women (or 71 per cent) were still living, and the most of them in robust health, but only 11 of the 20 men (or 55 per cent) were living. The class also was represented by 75 children and 25 grandchildren. Forty-six of the children have been members of Oberlin College. Of the children of the class 48 were children of the women of the class.

The inferences from these statistics are easily drawn. First, a higher education of women does not lessen the number of marriages. Second, it does not diminish the length of life. The vitality of the women graduates is considerably in excess of that of the men. Third, the most important constituency of the college consists of the families of the graduates. In 1899, my class of 1859, consisting of 51 members, was represented by 153 persons, who had already sent back



SPEAR LIBRARY.

to the college a number of pupils almost equal to the original graduating class; while the grandchildren were still to be heard from.

Oberlin's influence in the contest for the abolition of slavery was largely due to the fact that it avoided the extremes of radicalism on the one hand, and on the other advanced as far as possible without completely breaking with party affiliations. The Oberlin leaders both remained in the church and continued to be adherents of one or other of the political parties. As we have seen, the commitment of the college to the anti-slavery movement was an afterthought in the minds of the founders, and was due largely to the influence of Arthur Tappan of New York City. It was he who sustained the Lane Seminary rebels in their anti-slavery positions in 1835. It was he who insisted that Oberlin should be opened to colored students as a prerequisite to an endowment which should induce President Finney to cast in his



JOHN M. LANGSTON.



JAMES MONROE.

lot with the colony. But Finney came not as an antislavery agitator, but as a preacher of righteousness in every line of human activity. After the casting vote had been given by Father Keep, committing the college to the policy of opening its doors to colored pupils, the change effected was not so much in an immediate influx of colored students as in the influx of a great wave of antislavery sentiment accompanying the advent of the Lane Seminary rebels. Soon after their arrival, Theodore D. Weld visited Oberlin, and for three solid weeks lectured upon the subject every evening to crowded audiences. The whole community was transformed into an electric bat-



THEODORE E. BURTON.



JAMES H. KYLE.

slaveholding wherever they could get a hearing. This they secured in multitudes of churches whose pulpits they could supply, while many of them devoted their entire vacations to lecturing upon the subject or to the distribution of antislavery literature. It was the long continued maintenance of such agencies of influence throughout the central, western and northwestern states that determined the election of 1860.

It was natural in 1844 that the Oberlin leaders should be unable to follow either the Whig or the Democratic party, but that they should cast their influence for the Liberty party, and their votes for James G. Birney; but in 1848 they were also influential in the support of the nominee of the Buffalo convention, and later, almost to a man, supported John P. Hale, John C. Fremont and Abraham Lincoln. The work of these earlier years is best told in the words of General J. D. Cox:

"The theological classes spent their vacations in preaching or antislavery lecturing, and whether preaching or lecturing the absorbing topic of the time was rarely absent from their thoughts or speech. The undergraduate classes in college were also men of more maturity than the average of such students in other colleges. They were nearly all poor, and many of them quite dependent upon their own exertions for support, and this class of students had to wait for advanced education till they could save the means to pay for it, or reach an age when they could make teaching in the common schools furnish the wherewithal to keep the wolf from the door in their alternate terms of study. The college terms were arranged to suit such students, who were a large majority of the whole, and the long vacation was placed



TALCOTT HALL.

in the winter for this reason. From the preparatory classes upward, and in both the collegiate and ladies' departments, all the hundreds of earnest young people who thronged here were already active workers in life. Each of them had his scores of younger minds upon whom for some months of the year he was impressing, not his own zeal for knowledge, but his own intense earnestness in the great public questions of reform. Every debating society formed in a country hamlet was a platform from which the politics of the country took shape, and where the men were formed and instructed who became delegates to nominating conventions and created the public sentiment which soon began to find its echo in Congress. It mattered little whether a representative was a Whig or a Democrat, it soon became apparent that there was a considerable number of districts in the Northwest where no man's reelection was safe if he defied or disappointed the rapidly growing antislavery sentiment of his constituents. It would be hard to overestimate the part in this work which was taken by Oberlin students. Remember that they were numbered by hundreds at an early day, and soon exceeded a thousand. Each autumn they swarmed from the college halls, and were not only to be found in the white schoolhouses dotted thick over northern Ohio, but they scattered westward and eastward, and even southward, and were a beneficent swarm, always appreciated as successful and earnest teachers, sometimes also hated and cursed as the supposed emissaries of a radical propaganda, but whether loved or hated, always pushing, debating, inquiring and agitating. This was not altogether because they meant to agitate, or fully understand the sort of



LYMAN B. HALL.



EDWARD I. BOSWORTH.



CHARLES B. MARTIN.



AZARIAH S. ROOT.



ALBERT A. WRIGHT.



GEORGE F. WRIGHT.



FREDERICK A. ANDEREGG.



HENRY C. KING.



ALBERT T. SWING.

MEMBERS OF THE PRESENT FACULTY.

influence they were exerting. It was better than that. They were young, intelligent men and women who were inspired by new views of life and human progress, and with the *naïveté* of children they talked about what interested them. It bubbled from their lips as naturally as their breath, and they could not refrain from it. They saw with prophetic instinct 'the good time coming,' and preached it most effectively by the constant exhibition of their faith in its advent. The number of students who took degrees in the ordinary college course was not large compared with other schools. By far the greater number came for a year or two, to supplement the common-school education and prepare for common-school teaching, from which they went back to the farm and the shop and to all the common avocations of life. The schoolmistresses became the wives of the most intelligent and active men in the little, growing communities of the West, and often did more than their husbands to mould the opinions of their neighbors through the subtle influence of earnest conscientiousness and intelligence, exerted quietly but persistently from day to day and from year to year."

When the civil war came, Oberlin students responded in numbers proportionate to their antislavery enthusiasm. A company of one hundred students volunteered under the first call, serving for three years. Thirty-one of these lost their lives in battle, seven by disease, and one by accident; while many more were disabled to a greater or less extent by wounds than by the impairment of their general health. Five hundred and ninety-seven of the alumni and former students were also known to have enlisted; while the first officers for colored troops were largely drawn from Oberlin students.

After the close of the civil war and the abolition of slavery, those who had but a superficial knowledge of the situation supposed that Oberlin's special career had come to an end. This was far from being the case. The demand for the immediate education of the Freedmen at once opened up a large sphere of influence immediately in line with its previous antislavery work; while the broad and comprehensive conception of Christian obligation illustrated in the life of John Frederic Oberlin, and cherished by

all the founders of the college, opened to it a field as wide as the world.

The leading position occupied by Oberlin in promoting the interests of temperance is a direct inheritance from New England,—the principle of total abstinence from alcoholic beverages having been born there, shortly before the beginning of Oberlin, through the active agency of such advocates as Lyman Beecher, George B. Cheever, and Dr. Charles Jewett of Connecticut. Beecher's celebrated six sermons on intemperance were published in 1826; while Cheever's sensational tract, "Inquire at Deacon Giles's Distillery," for which he was imprisoned in the Salem jail, was published the same year that Mahan, Finney and Morgan came to Oberlin. A son of the celebrated Dr. Jewett is at present a professor at Oberlin. For fifty years no saloon got foothold in the community, even though there was no prohibitory law. In these later years, largely through Oberlin's influence, the practical and successful local option laws of Ohio have been secured.

In the early days of the college an effort was made to provide manual labor for the students, and a considerable portion of the community abjured the use of meat and tea and coffee. But these practices were the results simply of individual action, and were by no means original. Andover had a manual labor department before Oberlin was thought of. Sylvester Graham had, some time before, aroused in New England a widespread opposition to the eating of meat. These views were adopted by the distinguished professor of medicine in Dartmouth Medical College, Dr. Mussey, and imparted by him to Dr. Dascomb, who began his lifelong work in Oberlin in 1834; while President Hitchcock of Amherst College had for some time been an ardent promoter of the alleged reform, and it is reported that Professor Park of Andover in his student days nearly starved himself to death on Graham-



LUCIEN C. WARNER.



PAUL D. CRAVATH.

arities as a university centre. The town is entirely made up of families who are attracted by the educational interests and who are dependent, in one way or another, upon the college for their livelihood. One of the most satisfactory

ite food. None of the Oberlin colonists went to any extremes in the matter of diet for which they could not find abundant example in New England, and the fad ran its course as rapidly in one place as in the other.

The outlook for Oberlin's career of influence at the beginning of the twentieth century is most encouraging. In the first place, the advantages of the location are as great as ever. The town is situated upon the most important main line of railroad travel between the East and the West, almost in the exact centre between the Atlantic Ocean and the Mississippi River. Being thirty miles from Cleveland, a city already of 400,000 inhabitants, it is near enough to get the advantages, with present means of communication, of such a metropolitan centre, at the same time far enough distant to retain its peculi-

effects of this condition of things is that the hours for public meetings and entertainments can be adjusted to the needs of the student population. Numerous popular lectures and concerts can begin at half-past six in the evening and close about the time they would have to begin in a city. Indeed, persons can come from Cleveland to Oberlin to attend musical recitals and get home earlier than they could from a similar occasion within the city limits. Thus the main original characteristics of the town are retained in the life of the community and the college; so that



JOHN G. W. COWLES.



AMZI D. BARBER.

its attractiveness as a place of residence to those who love plain living and high thinking is as great as it has ever been. Not only does the college continue in favor with its old constituency, consisting largely of former students and patrons scattered all over the world, but, as its merits become known, it is constantly adding a new constituency. An illustration of this is seen in two of the recent appointments.

The vacant chair of the presidency was most naturally filled by the election of John Henry Barrows, who, while not a graduate of the college, was connected with it by many peculiar ties. His father and mother were among the first graduates of the college, and he was a graduate of Olivet College, Michigan, which was founded by Mr. Shipherd after he had withdrawn in friendly feeling from Oberlin, that he might establish another college on similar foundations in a neighboring state. President Barrows's previous career has been unique, and such as in a remarkable degree fitted him to direct to still higher achievements the many and mighty forces centring at Oberlin. Educated in a coeducational college like that of which he is now the head, and imbued with the same religious fervor which has always characterized the place, his education had been completed in Yale and Andover and Europe, his experience enlarged in pastorates in Lawrence, Boston and Chicago, and his remarkable power of organization and influence with men exhibited in his conduct of the World's Parliament of Religions in connection with the Columbian Exposition; so that he is one of the most widely known college presidents in the world, and is able to bring to his work influences which will greatly enlarge the constituency of Oberlin, while he finds in the forces resident in the place exactly what he needs to enable him to round out his life's work. The effect of this junction of forces is already seen in the new

hope and inspiration pervading all departments of the college and community, in the generous gifts which are coming in for buildings and endowment, in the increased size of the freshman class, and in the hearty responses of welcome from the Oberlin graduates everywhere.

Scarcely second in interest to the appointment of Dr. Barrows has been the appointment of Dr. George Stockton Burroughs to the chair of Old Testament language and literature. When this chair became vacant, letters of highest commendation came by the same mail from two eminent scholars as diverse in their views relating to the Old Testament as Professor William Henry Green of Princeton and Professor Henry Preserved Smith, lately removed from Lane Seminary, most highly commending President Burroughs of Wabash College. Dr. Burroughs graduated from Princeton University and Theological Seminary, had served ten years in the ministry of both Congregational and Presbyterian churches, received the degree of Ph. D. in Semitic studies and the degree of D. D. from Princeton in 1884, and had been six years professor of Biblical literature in Amherst College, and seven years president of Wabash College. With this wide experience and broad preparation, coupled with great success as a teacher, he was glad in middle life to take up this most important position, that he might maintain the prominence which Oberlin has ever had in commending to the world those views of Scripture which are midway between the extreme conservatism of some of the older Confessions and the destructive radicalism of some of the higher critics.

The statistics of the college but imperfectly tell its story. Still they are worth something. To get their force it is necessary to remember that each unit in the total number of graduates represents an individual educated according to the New England college standard, and thoroughly possessed

with the consecration to the world's service which characterized the founders. Up to the present time the college graduates number: men, 1,973; women, 1,669; making a total of 3,642, while several times this number, although not graduating, stayed long enough thoroughly to imbibe the spirit of the place.

A large proportion of the graduates have become ministers of the gospel, teachers, or mothers, whose work it is difficult to tabulate. An unusual number of the ministers have been engaged in home missionary churches, while more than 200 have been foreign missionaries, 100 of them being still actively engaged in the work; and the teachers of the American Missionary Association among the negroes of the South have been chiefly Oberlin students. A partial roll of the missionaries includes the following: Mr. John P. Bardwell and Mr. and Mrs. S. G. Wright of the Ojibway Indians mission; Miss Frances Bates, Mr. and Mrs. W. E. Fay, Mr. H. D. Goodenough, Mr. B. F. Ousley, Mr. and Mrs. W. M. Stover, Mr. and Mrs. George Thompson and Mr. and Mrs. W. C. Wilcox of Africa; Miss Mary P. Dascomb of Brazil; Mr. W. S. Ament, Mr. and Mrs. I. J. Atwood, Mr. D. Clapp, Mr. and Mrs. M. B. Fuller, Miss S. F. Hinman, Mr. and Mrs. C. W. Price, Mr. and Mrs. M. L. Stimson, Mr. C. D. Tenney, Mr. J. B. Thompson, Mrs. Frances Wilder and son George of China; Mr. Isaac Allen, Mr. T. B. Penfield and Mr. Richard Winsor of India; Mr. G. E. Albrecht and Mr. and Mrs. C. A. Clark of Japan; Mr. and Mrs. I. M. Channon, Mr. and Mrs. Robert W. Logan, and Mr. and Mrs. F. M. Price of Micronesia; Mr. E. P. Church and Mr. and Mrs. John Leadingham of the Sandwich Islands; Mrs. Sarah B. Bradley of Siam, mother of Rev. Dan Bradley; and Mrs. Mary S. Labaree of Turkey.

Among the prominent missionary secretaries we may mention Dr. Judson Smith of the American Board,

Drs. M. E. Strieby, George Whipple, and Charles J. Ryder of the American Missionary Association; Dr. William B. Brown of the Congregational Church Building Society, and Dr. William Kincaid of the American Home Missionary Society.

Of the college presidents, the list includes James H. Fairchild of Oberlin College, Edward H. Fairchild and William G. Frost of Berea College, Kentucky; Edward H. Merrell of Ripon College, Wisconsin; William M. Brooks of Tabor College, Iowa; Thomas McClelland of Pacific University, Oregon; Cyrus G. Baldwin of Pomona College, California; E. M. Cravath of Fisk University, Tennessee; N. J. Morrison, first of Olivet College, Michigan, then of Drury College, Missouri; Edmund B. Fairfield of Hillsdale College, Michigan, and chancellor of the University of Nebraska; Miss Helen Shafer of Wellesley College, Mrs. Emily Huntington Miller, dean of the Woman's Department, Northwestern University, Illinois; and Mrs. A. A. F. Johnston, dean of the Woman's Department, Oberlin.

Among the professors in other colleges than Oberlin are William M. Barbour at Bangor, Yale and Montreal; William H. Ryder of the department of Greek at Andover; the late Frederick Allen, head of the department of Greek at Harvard; Misses Margaret E. Stratton (dean), Ellen A. Hayes, Elizabeth Morgan, Eugenia Morgan, Mary Monroe of Wellesley; Lottie Steele of Holyoke; Martha E. French and Ruth Hoppin of Smith; Mary P. Dascomb and Barbara Grant of Vassar; Mrs. Asa Lord, for many years at the head of the Institution for the Blind at Batavia, New York; Mrs. Sarah Cowles-Little, for many years director of the Institution for the Blind at Janesville, Wisconsin; Manual J. Drennan of Harvard and Vassar; L. F. Parker and S. J. Buck of Iowa College; Henry S. Bennett of Fisk University; Miss Harriet Keeler, assistant prin-

cial of the Central High School, and Dudley P. Allen of Western Reserve Medical College, Cleveland; William B. Chamberlain, G. H. Mead and E. T. Harper of Chicago; T. W. Hopkins of Chicago and Auburn; William W. Woodruff, lately at the head of the public school system of Pennsylvania; T. H. Robinson of Allegheny Theological Seminary, D. J. Snider of St. Louis, and George MacMillan of the University of Nebraska.

The list of graduates filling professional chairs in their alma mater is noteworthy. At the

risk of two or three duplications of names that appear elsewhere, there are to be mentioned J. H. Fairchild, Timothy B. Hudson, Charles H. Penfield, Judson Smith, Albert A. Wright, George N. Allen, Mrs. A. A. F. Johnston, James Monroe, Henry E. Peck, John M. Ellis, G. W. Shurtleff, Charles H. Churchill, H. C. King, J. R. Commons, A. S. Root, E. I. Bosworth, A. T. Swing, G. F. Wright, L. B. Hall, C. B. Martin, F. A. Anderegg and J. F. Peck.

In military affairs the list is headed by General J. D. Cox, the hero of Antietam and Franklin, who has also filled with honor the governor's chair in Ohio, been the Congressional representative from Cincinnati, was Secretary of the Interior under President Grant, and for many years dean of the Law School of Cincinnati, and who has won wide distinction as an author; General G. W. Shurtleff, one of the first to command colored troops in the War of the Rebellion; Generals P. C. Hayes and Henry L. Turner of Illinois, A. B. Nettleton of Minnesota; and Colonels S. F. Cooper of

Iowa and W. S. Metcalf of Kansas, the latter recently promoted in the Philippine Islands.

In the fields of science and invention are prominent the names of Hayden and Powell, so long at the head of the United States Geological Survey; Elisha Gray, recognized by scientific electricians as the discoverer of the principle of the telephone, and Charles M. Hall, the inventor of the present processes for the manufacture of aluminum.

Among lawyers, law-makers and

captains of industry stand prominent the names of Professor James Monroe, consul at Rio Janeiro during the Rebellion, and for twelve years representing the fourteenth district of Ohio in Congress; T. W. Burton, present chairman of the Congressional Committee on Rivers and Harbors; John M. Langston of Washington; James H. Kyle, for the second time elected senator from South Dakota; General P. C. Hayes, representative from Illinois; O. L. Spaulding and Gen-



DR. ALICE H. LUCE.
Newly Elected Dean of the Woman's Department.

eral A. B. Nettleton, who have filled with credit the position of Assistant Secretary of the Treasury at Washington; Willard Teller of Denver, Colorado; A. L. Barber, P. D. Cravath, and L. C. Warner of New York City; Judge J. E. Ingersoll and John G. W. Cowles of Cleveland; and Norton Finney of Milwaukee.

Among the prominent clergymen who have gone out from Oberlin may be mentioned Amzi D. Barber, Caleb E. Fisher, Stephen C. Leonard, Avery S. Walker, Martin K. Holbrook, A. Hastings Ross, Leroy Warren, J. L. Patton, John Safford,

Edmund R. Stiles, Dan P. Bradley, C. W. Hiatt, W. E. Barton and A. A. Berle.

Nor is the list of authors and literary men by any means insignificant. Systems of theology and numerous other books having continuous sale have been published by Presidents Finney, Mahan and Fairchild; several volumes upon the campaigns of the Rebellion by General J. D. Cox; extensive original contributions to science by W. D. Gunning, J. W. Powell, F. V. Hayden and G. F. Wright; while W. E. Barton, A. A. Berle, S. D. Cochran, J. F. Hudson, W. N. Hudson, William Kinsley, Denton J. Snider, J. B. T. Marsh, Henry Matson, C. C. Starbuck and John M. Williams have written on a variety of timely and important subjects; and the *Bibliotheca Sacra*, for forty years edited at Andover, has for the last seventeen years gone out from Oberlin.

Thus it appears that from the beginning to the present time Oberlin has been a New England community, dominated by New England ideas, disseminating New England theology, maintaining New England standards of college education, and promoting under exceptionally favorable conditions the most important New England reforms.

But at the outset its patronage, though largely from New England and from those of New England descent, was cosmopolitan, and has become more and more so to the present time. The catalogue for 1835 reported 61 from New England out of a total of 276; while it is probable that the larger portion of the remainder were of New England descent. The patronage from New England still remains considerable, notwithstanding the phenomenal growth of the colleges for women recently established in the East. The catalogue

for 1899-1900 reports 27 from Massachusetts, 17 from Connecticut, and 78 from New York, out of a total of 1,323. In all, 52 states, territories and foreign countries are represented in the attendance, less than half of the number being from Ohio.

When David Livingstone received his first quarter's salary, while waiting in London after his missionary appointment, he sent it to his brother Charles in Scotland, and told him to come to Oberlin and get an education. This he did, graduating in 1845, and rendering great assistance to his brother while English consul at Zanzibar, where he died in 1872. A few years ago Miss Barbara I. Buchanan of South Africa presented herself for admission to college. On inquiry it was found that she was a cousin of Florence Nightingale, and had come to Oberlin on her advice. Miss Nightingale's parents had contributed to the funds of Oberlin College in its early days, and so enlisted the interest of their daughter, which, as it thus appears, still continues. Miss Buchanan graduated in 1891 and is now a teacher in a school for young women in South Africa. It is not too much to say that one may expect to find an Oberlin student in almost every town in the United States and in almost every centre of missionary operations in foreign lands. The children and grandchildren of the earlier generations now form a large portion of the present generation of students; while the outside patronage is continually upon the increase. Already the handful of corn upon the top of the mountain has produced a fruitage which shakes like Lebanon. The future of such an educational centre is certainly fraught with highest significance for the welfare of mankind, and its whole history adds lustre to the reputation of its fostering mother amid the New England hills.



A LOST LOVE.

By Elvira Sydnor Miller.

SWEET love of other years, whose eyes,
From this old picture, smile on me,
Hast thou forgot in paradise
The happy days in Arcady?
Does not some seraph's minstrelsy
Recall those laughing hours of old,
Till thou dost sigh again to be
In regions where the air is gold?

In those fair gardens mid the skies,
Where bloom full many a flower and tree,
Dost thou regret, though grown more wise,
The happy days in Arcady,—
Those bright shores smiling by the sea,
Those fields unchilled by wintry cold,
Those soft strains blown o'er wold and lea,
In regions where the air is gold?

Here, where the saddened sunset dies
And autumn stills the birds' wild glee,
My heart recalls with tears and sighs
The happy days in Arcady.
Ah, but once more to walk with thee,
As when love's story once was told,
When blest as gods we wandered free
In regions where the air is gold!

With youth and love, alas, they flee,
Those happy days in Arcady;
But still new lips and eyes grow bold
In regions where the air is gold.

MY CASTLE.

By *W. Henry Winslow.*



SEVERAL years' grinding in an architect's office and a hurried flight through Europe had fitted me more or less for the profession—perhaps I should call it the business—which demands all of the world's available knowledge and the greater part of its accomplishments. I hired an upper room with a northern light and an attractive view, which cost nothing additional, unless it were in time, of which I had enough, and put up my sign. The view was of a group of girls also devoted to art, that of millinery; and as the pretty ones hovered near the window, it seemed to me a stupid world which denies them the same admiring deference which it professes for other artists.

After remodelling the baker Braunlofe's front door, adding a cusped canopy and numerous small diamond panes which, though difficult to wash, were a striking feature, I designed a classic monolith in memory of Deacon Little, the widow deciding upon a broken *half* column on the ground of economy. So satisfactory was the canopy that the baker thought he would rebuild his stable in the same style and give a Gothic touch, as he expressed it, to at least two of his new carts.

I was studying Pugin's valuable work to get some original ideas such as sometimes come from the stimulus of other minds; and not being altogether successful, I fell to wondering if some work of real importance would ever come in my way,—a public library or state house, for instance, or a castle, not a sham construction, but something of substantial masonry. It need not be as large as

Alnwick or Windsor Castle, yet it should be as solid and enduring. Of course there should be a massive donjon tower, which as we know gives the crowning touch to the castle, and there should not be too much glass to betray its juvenility. So many things were broken by those feudal fellows, that only such as mended themselves, like heads, were particularly called for. The roof of the tower would serve as a lookout with battlements for snugness, where one could walk on the leads and smoke a cigar as the sun sank below the horizon like a ball of fire.

I was pondering whether a portcullis might not fall on somebody's head by accident, and whether a moat might not be too inviting for cast-off shoes and medicine bottles, when there came two sharp knocks upon my door; and, dropping my feet from the table, stuffing my pipe into my pocket and seizing my T square, I cried out, "Come in!" and began to draw nothing in particular with all my might.

Although the door seemed to open as quick as thought, of course it didn't, because I remember thinking, "What if it should be a client?" and then snubbing my imagination by saying to myself, "It's pens or a stamp beggar." At any rate, a man of no particular age came into the room, with olive skin, dark hair growing upright like a musician's, and bright, black eyes, and, what was peculiar, the eyebrows, eyelids, mouth and the lines at the corner of the nose and mouth all sagged down, giving the face a saturnine expression. A scarlet scarf and ruby pin, white gaiters and an antique ring suggested easy circumstances.

"Mr. —, the architect?" said he,

bowing and taking off his hat, at the same time handing me his card, which I forgot to look at, though I had the presence of mind to acknowledge my own name and ask my visitor to take a chair, in which fortunately there happened to be no drawing-tacks. With nervous gesticulation and a foreign accent, he opened his business. He had been advised to see me, he said, by Mr. Todee, our principal real estate agent, through whom he had been buying a large country place, where he wished to build "a leetel chateau," and required my aid professionally. He referred me to Mr. Todee.

Had an East Indian uncle appeared, declaring me his heir, I couldn't have been more amazed. I knew that chateau is French for castle, and also that it may mean nothing more than a commonplace country house. Yet a country house was not to be sneezed at; and, gathering myself together, I asked what the material would be, whether brick or wood. Ignoring the cheaper substance, Dr. Montague—for so his card ran—observed that brick is not for gentlemen, a surprising yet not unpleasing generalization. Good heavens! The castle of my dreams, small but genuine—and the cost, did my client count it? What if my bubble should burst and leave only soap-suds behind! But he went on:

"I care not eef I am pleased, eighty-five, ninety, hundred thousand dollars. When will the plans be fineeshed?" I naming three or four weeks, he exclaimed: "Too long; I geeve you two weeks;" and hastily answering such questions as I could think of, he darted from my office as he had darted into it, but not without thrusting into my hand a thick envelope.

Truly a bewildering client! No need to pinch myself into identification; for were there not in my hand five hundred dollars, by way of retainer, as if I were a corporation counsellor? I concluded that it would be prudent

to communicate with Todee. The answer to the note I wrote was to this effect:

"I have yours of —, and have to say that Dr. Montague has been introduced to me by an esteemed Canadian correspondent. He is, I believe, of foreign extraction. He seems to have plenty of money, and paid cash for his land."

So then my client was responsible, and I had only to embody my architectural visions upon paper. Hardly had I got to work when he appeared again. He was already in the acute stage of the building fever. Never had I seen a better developed case. He insisted upon looking at everything I had done, and though plainly he could not understand my pencilings, he was in high spirits, assenting cheerfully to every word I said. Upon my sketching roughly my idea of the donjon tower with a flag flying on its summit and two figures peeping between the battlements at a dizzy height, he went into ecstasies and nearly swallowed his cigarette. But the most extraordinary thing was the way in which my experimental suggestions were first accepted and then capped by him. I soon found that his fancy for knight-errantry and feudality and mediævalism went far beyond mine. He became red in the face as he talked of Amadis de Gaul and the Cid and Monstrelet and Froissart and heaven knows what. When I asked if the castle were to have a moat, he said, "Certainly, and a drawbridge." I suggesting a portcullis, he assented, and urged that the doors should be of the thickest, and studded with nails. I said, "Banqueting hall?" and he added, "A music gallery and a barbican;" and so it went till I could have shouted, though I tried to look as much like a supreme court judge as possible, and slowly rubbed my eyeglass, thinking how Braunlofe had docked my canopy of its proper number of cusps after figuring the cost on the margin of his newspaper. Again on taking

his leave he pressed a thick envelope into my hand, though I mildly remonstrated, telling him nothing would be due me till my plans were finished; but he took no more notice of it than if he were one of those amiable genii of the "Arabian Nights," who daily presented their favorites with purses of gold.

Working as well as I knew how, my eagerness to realize my ideas being only equalled by that of the fiery doctor, I finally brought my plans to a point beyond which I was not able to go; and, the cost of foundations being settled, he insisted upon breaking ground without waiting for estimates of the other work. The site was a good one, a hillside with a southern exposure, and a wide sweep of meadow land stretching to the curving river. There was even a brook from the hills, which could be carried into the moat,—for a dry one my client would not hear of; and there was a stone quarry not too far off. We had so many stone masons working together that they almost touched elbows. The doctor urged night work; but this I opposed, valuing my sleep too much. As for him, he seemed never to rest, and from daylight until midnight there was not an hour when I was not liable to his visits, special messengers or letters. When he attended to his own professional business, I couldn't imagine.

It was plain from my instructions that there was to be a lady of the castle. Everything pointed to it, and I couldn't help wondering who she might be; but though I had given my client every opportunity to introduce the subject, he had kept silence. In fact, his reticence concerning his personal affairs was extraordinary. Early in the day he had warned me not to talk of our building, and the workmen were told that if they were known to do so they would be dismissed on the instant. As for the newspaper reporters, it was easy to guess that it was made worth their while not to write of our doings. But

I was soon to be enlightened as to the most personal of his interests.

Turning over my morning's mail, consisting largely of communications of beneficent discoveries relating to plumbing, heating and ventilation, I came upon a faint hued envelope, bearing an alphabetical tangle altogether feminine; and I opened it curiously. It was a request to call upon the writer on a matter of business. She apologized for taking a liberty, saying she would explain when she had the pleasure of seeing me. The signature was that of a stranger.

I was not long in appearing at the given address, a substantial private house in the neighboring town; and I found myself in a delicate morsel of a room, of which the prevailing color was pink. I heard the sweep of a dress, and saw a dainty little figure full of quick life like a bird, and with a bird's sweet tones. Evidently she thought I would recognize her name; but as I hesitated and stammered, she cleverly gave me to understand that it was she who was to be the *chatelaine* of the castle.

"How pleased I am to see you! I am so worried, I don't know what to do," she cried. "You must think it strange of me; but please don't mention to the doctor that I have spoken to you, for he is so nervous and so set in his ways that I would rather he shouldn't know of my consulting you. And then he always talks as if you were even more of a middle-aged man—I mean a man of the Middle Ages—than he,—a Gothic person; but you don't look it,—and I am so glad, for I am in difficulty. Please come with me."

Then she led me into a hall in the rear, separated from the front part of the house by a partition, filled with great packing cases, and thence by a narrow stairway into a huge cellar, extending under the whole house, which was also packed with cases, some of them partly open, and with machinery and apparatus such as one sees at mechanical ex-

hibitions. She turned to me with appealing eyes, and in a trembling voice asked what I thought of it.

"Every room in the house is just the same, except the dining-room," she continued, "all full of modern conveniences; and if you can only tell me what to do with them I shall be grateful to you forever." She unconsciously put her hand on my arm, and I wondered if it had the same delightful effect upon any one else. I asked what kind of conveniences she alluded to.

"Oh! every kind," she answered; "hot and cold water and steam things, and blowers, and door and window and blind openers, and shutters and fasteners, and patent washing machines, and magic shower baths, and Venus tubs and Corinthian wash-outs, automatic dampers, folding, sliding and rolling doors, chimney pots and smoke-jacks, roof tiles, and Morris things, and Wincrusta Lalton, or something like that, and that's all I remember; but there are many more of them—and new conveniences appear every day, and—oh! what shall I do?"

"But why do they come? Who sends them?" I asked.

She answered: "You see, I said something to my dressmaker about the doctor's castle, though I did not tell her where it is; but after that, when he was riding or walking, men would come suddenly from behind trees or at a turn of the road or around the corner of a house, and thrust cards and circulars at him, and though he threw them back, it made no difference, for others came, just the same. At last he told them to send their things here—that I liked them. He said to me that a feudal home was all he cared for; and as for conveniences, I could have all I wanted. I never dreamed that something would be coming all the time, so that now there is no room for anything more—unless I board somewhere. What can I do?"

I thought that it was well I had held *my* tongue concerning the castle; but I gave my mind to the lady's complaint—and it certainly appeared serious. It seemed so much like a practical joke played upon his *fiancée* by the doctor, that my allegiance to him began to waver. Was not the cause of distressed damsels ever sacred to the manly heart; and was it not my duty, even if interest pointed the other way, to squire this fair one who appealed to me? As I pondered, an idea came to me. I asked whether she could be comfortable if anything more were prevented from coming to the house, and she concluded that she could, if some of the smaller things were put into the attic and under the beds. So then I made my suggestion. She lived in the half of a double house, built by twin brothers, and surrounded by a garden and a pretty high brick wall. Since their time the garden had been divided by another wall, so that the dwellings stood back to back; each was separate from the other, and her aunt, a single woman, lived in the second house. There was a disused door between the two in the basement, and I decided that Miss Rose should enter and leave her house only through this, after locking her own entrances. I had three large red cards printed, with the word *hydrophobia* in solid black letters, which I posted upon the outside doors and the garden gate; and, trying to think what dogs are most inimical to human happiness, I remembered two great yellow Saint Bernards, which had lived so long upon their benevolent reputation as completely to refute it. I borrowed them and let them loose in the garden, hiring a lad to feed them lightly from the top of the wall.

The result was even more satisfactory than I had hoped, for after two or three days no more parcels nor cases came; and I, concluding that the fear of hydrophobia had

done its work, the dogs were returned, while the posters remained where they were. I promised Miss Rose that I would take away any of the practical inventions which could be used in the castle; and, as we had stopped more from coming, it wouldn't be difficult to dispose of the others within a year. So when I took my leave, I got such a hand pressure and bright-eyed glance as sent me away feeling like the tiptoe Mercury of the Uffizi.

Miss Rose was very anxious as to the heating of the castle, though the doctor seemed to care nothing about it; and soon I was fortunate enough to dispose of that matter in connection with some of the heating apparatus in her cellar. The next time I visited our building I found the doctor gesticulating excitedly to Mr. Stubbs, our contractor. He was reciting something from one of the knight-errantry books, which he knew by heart. He said:

"The enemy leaped upon the bridge in such haste that they tumbled over each other—"

"Just like my masons," observed Mr. Stubbs.

"The besieged flung down upon them stones, hot lime, boiling water, oil and lead."

"Well and good," said Mr. Stubbs.

"What I want to know," cried the doctor, turning sharply upon me, "is how they did it. How would they do it with our modern appliances?" and he paused for my reply. I was never quite sure how far he meant to go in his mediæval programme; but he was always serious, and to get on with him one must fall in with his mood. So, collecting myself, I answered:

"I should say they would use a No. 55 thirty-eight-inch pot Phoenix steam and hot water furnace"—I had seen one in the cellar—"with a stand-pipe, swivel bibcock, and sprinkler for hot water, a steam-power lift, and hopper-bellows for lime, a hydraulic ram, a blast for throwing stones, and

an automatic plumber for scattering lead."

"Order them at once," said the doctor; and Mr. Stubbs observed that hot water would come in handy for other purposes.

Another day my client was all for an oubliette sunk in the floor of the donjon; and he read very unpleasant passages from a folio about prisoners rotting in oubliettes and donjons, the very thought of which I knew would make poor Miss Rose shudder, to say nothing of having any such thing almost under her feet. Fortunately, I remembered the Burns refrigerative apparatus in her porch, and called the doctor's attention to the great improvements in cold storage, showing how the good preservation of a state prisoner, by means of iced currents, is compatible with the usual refrigerative conveniences, and is better for all concerned; and he decided upon a Burns cold blast refrigerated oubliette and lift. I hinted that prisoners might be inconvenient to come at, but he only answered:

"I want a castle of the Middle Ages, with all the constructive improvements of our own. Who wants conveniences?"

I thought of Miss Rose and her fear of complaining to him, and pitied her deeply; and I vowed to sacrifice some of the castle's most venerable features rather than that bright being should suffer. But there were more lurking conveniences in store for me, which came to my knowledge through some business I had with Mr. Stubbs; and this is the place for a word concerning that remarkable builder. He told every one that he was from the "State er Maine," and that he had never put in "a lowest bid," or brought in "a bill o' extries" in his life, and "never was highest, nither." But his proudest boast was that he was a practical man; and it can be imagined what his private views were of mediæval castles. Iron construction he despised, saying, "Wood and stun are good enough for me;" and in his

eyes its absence in our building was its one redeeming feature. "Anything that oughter be built can be built of wood and stun, if yer know how," was his maxim; and if it were objected that iron is sometimes cheaper, he would reply, "Cheapness be darned."

Wishing to see him, and hearing that he was probably at "his place," about a mile from the castle, I went through an old wood road, bearing marks of recent travel, and, following the direction given me, presently concluded that I had walked far enough; and yet not a house was to be seen. At last my eye rested upon a small sign fixed upon a tree, with a hand pointing the way. "Stubbs Station" was printed upon it; and I soon found myself at the foot of a little slope, flat on the top, and at the bottom surrounded by a thick circle of trees, through which the road wound; but, to my utter amazement, it led me to a little train of cars and a locomotive, in the form of a loop, with the space of a few feet between the end of the last car and the front of the locomotive.

As I came nearer I saw that cars and engine seemed to have sunk into the ground. Coming still closer, I found that, instead of sinking into the ground, the train had no wheels, but was raised a few inches above the ground. They were mostly passenger cars, and the blinds were down. The locomotive head-lantern had a lamp in it, and seemed to be in use; and a little smoke was coming from the stack. I peeped into the entrance to the enclosure made by the train, the cars of which, by the way, were connected by a covered passage; and, seeing another sign lettered "Stubbs Station; stop for refreshments," I walked within.

I found myself in a roughly octagonal enclosure, laid out as a vegetable and flower garden, and, of course, surrounded by the locomotive, the two freight and four passenger cars. On the latter were placards reading, respectively, Northern, Southern,

Eastern and Western Express. In the middle of the space was a small summer house with open sides, and under it a table on trestles, neatly covered with a white cloth. On one side of this sat a carrotty-haired, high-colored woman, Mrs. Stubbs, helping three boys of assorted sizes to a generous meal; and what was singular, they were all dressed in a dark blue uniform, and the woman and boys wore men's caps, with lettered bands upon them.

She smiled as she saw me, and, pointing toward the sign, said, "Plenty of time for refreshments, sir," while the children devoured me with their eyes, and their food with the appropriate organ. Her invitation was so hearty, and the sandwiches and sponge cake and coffee looked so very different from those of any railway station, that I was glad to accept her offer, after giving my name and hearing that her husband was expected soon; the luncheon proving to be as good as it looked.

She had a fine, artless way of disposing of her h's; and, coming from "Hingland" to America as a girl, she had never stirred from the neighborhood where I found her. "I need not tell *you*, sir," she said, "what a clever stone mason Stubbs is; and you may think it odd that he hasn't built himself a good stone house out of the quarry, instead of this; but he doesn't care as much for it as another who couldn't build one when he chose. This place was got to please me, for nothing suits me so well as journeying in cars; and there is no other way I can come so near it, and look after the family, as I can here. The train was fished out of the water after the railroad accident at Pigsbridge—which broke up the company, too, and the locomotive was sold for old iron. One day I said to Stubbs that I felt I could be happy in a train of cars, even if it never moved; and without saying a word he went off and bought these, and had them brought to this place, which he

owned, and moved our things into them. The locomotive makes a good cooking range, and is a warm steam heater in winter; and by a contrivance of Stubbs's it can be made to sound as if it were going. The freight cars hold our fuel, stores and ice chest. We sit in the drawing-room car, and the others we use for bedrooms, and we have a travelling library handy. When the rain beats against the windows at night, and our sleeping car rocks with the wind—for it's on springs—and the bell rings, and one of the boys cries 'All aboard for San Francisco,' or 'for South America,' just as we turn in, I feel, sir, as snug as Robinson Crusoe in his fortress after he had drawn in his ladder."

"Speaking of Robinson Crusoe," said I, "may I ask what all these foot-prints mean?—and I see marks of wheels and horses' hoofs, and here is a great deal of freight, though your freighting facilities cannot be very good."

Smiling again, and showing her wholesome teeth, she told me that the cases I saw were all marked for Dr. Montague, and so they thought he must have had something to do with their coming here, though why he sent them to their place they couldn't tell. "He's that highty-tighty, Stubbs daren't say anything to him," she added.

After waiting some time for Mr. Stubbs, and concluding that it was not worth while to wait longer, I took my leave, and, returning by the road I had come, soon lost sight of the "Station."

The next day, upon going to my office, I heard voices within. One, which I recognized, was that of an agitated woman; and, surely, those were my assistant's, Mr. Penn's, high pitched tones. Entering, I knocked at the closed door of my private room, and in a moment turned the handle and found a scene of confusion which suggested—heaven knows what!

The fair Rose, red as her floral prototype, half reclined upon my couch. Penn was pressing water in an inky tumbler upon her, and apparently fanning her with a small drawing-board; but I had only eyes at first for his dress, which consisted of a Japanese helmet with a grinning visor, a steel breastplate tied on with window cord, knickerbockers, striped stockings and low shoes. Near him was a broken fencing foil. The chairs were upset, an inkstand was emptied upon my desk, and the table had edged itself into the extreme corner of the room, as if in terror.

I don't know what I said, but I must have asked for an explanation, for Mr. Penn began with, "The lady came to see you," and "He did this," and "He said that," until I cried, "Who is it? Who said it?" and then it came out that Dr. Montague was the man, and by degrees I heard the whole story.

Miss Rose had, for the first time, called to see me, and, declining to wait in the private office, seated herself in the corner behind the open outer door, reading a book she had with her. As she read, Mr. Penn being in the inner room, who should appear but my client, carrying a hand-bag? Darting in, as was his way, never seeing his *fiancée*, he shut the door of the inner office, and was eager to know where I was; but Penn couldn't tell him. Thereupon, the doctor at once began to scold and complain to him, saying I had betrayed his confidence, making a fool of him, putting things into his building which didn't belong there, which nobody ever heard of in a castle, and which he didn't want. There must be something going on between the contractor and myself, and he'd like to know whose house it was, his or mine. Penn was taken by surprise, the doctor being usually a model of politeness; but he replied that there must be some mistake; that if he would talk with me it would surely be explained: notwithstanding which the doctor went on, not paying

much attention to what was said to him, until, his eye falling upon some armor and foils upon the wall, he stopped as suddenly as he had begun, and asked Penn if he were a fencer. Yes, Penn said, he fenced a little. "Very well, fence with me," said the doctor, "and put on one of those breastplates instead of a pad, and I will have the other." My amazed draughtsman didn't know what to do. Naturally, he didn't care to engage in such a fencing match; but he was ready to distract the doctor's mind from his grievances, and afraid of angering him more—and it would be easy to bring the fencing to an end. So the armor and foils were taken down, and breastplates and helmets fastened on, and at it they went; but it was singular fencing. At first the doctor thrust and parried in the usual manner; but he grew more and more excited, and not only thrust, but cut with his foil as if it were a sabre, and struck Penn some stinging blows on the arms. Then he rained down his strokes wherever and whenever he could, with startling cries, as is the manner of foreign fencers. Suddenly his foil snapped, and, as his antagonist congratulated himself that this would end matters, what did the doctor do but seize an Indian sword of wood, which had made part of a trophy of arms on my walls! Penn's foil was a good one, and, it being longer than the sword, he was able to keep off the doctor until, as they edged around the room, he slipped, falling partly under the table—when down came the heavy weapon with a resounding thwack, but, fortunately, upon the oaken top above. At this moment the door opened, and Miss Rose, with a scream, flew to the doctor; but he, starting like a sleep-walker awakened, pushed her from him, rushed from the room and downstairs, mounted his horse and clattered down the empty street, leaving his bag behind him.

I could not make anything of this; neither could Penn; but when he had

gone upon an errand I devised for him, Miss Rose, having a little recovered from her fright, told me that again she found herself in trouble. The last time Dr. Montague had come to the house he had spent all his time comparing the marks upon bills he had with him with those on the cases in her cellar, saying he could not find what he wanted. "He asked if any of them had been moved; and when he heard you had moved some of them, he was angry; and when I explained that you had done it to please me, he said that you and I were leagued together against him; and—and—I can't tell you what—things no gentleman should say;" and with this the tears came.

I begged her to let me be of use in any way I could, saying that it was only a question of money between myself and the doctor, but with her it was altogether different. Would she not let me be, say, a kind of second cousin to her?—and I took her hand, which lay in her lap very temptingly. At this she smiled faintly through her tears, like a lunar rainbow beaming through mist, and gently drew her hand away. I entreated her to tell me if I could do nothing; and at last she promised that, if there were anything for me to do, I should hear from her. With this I had to be content; and so at last I handed her into her carriage.

This was to be a day of surprises, for no sooner had she gone than Mr. Stubbs came—whom we did not see very often in the office. "What's this doctor of yours up to now?" he said, wiping his face with a great silk handkerchief. "I met him on the road, tearing along as if he had bust his b'iler, his horse white with lather. But what I wanted to say is this: You know we've finished the *donejohn*, and we're pretty well along with the other towers that ain't done, and the walk 'round the walls is finished. The old man has been hurrying us all the time—and now, what d'yer think he's done? Saturday night he told my stone-layers to wait after hours; and

when I'd gone home, he offered 'em extra wages to put on armor such as the play actors wear when they have their tin and pasteboard fights, and drill and march for him. He got all the poorest hands, of course, and he makes 'em keep guard on the walls, and run at a swivel contrivance with spears, which hits 'em tremendous whacks if they don't strike it square; and he's all for hifalutin chivalry tactics, and says he's going to have tilting in the yard and other athletic shines. He's got a flag with his coat and arms on it on the *donejohn* derrick. If he likes playing soldier, well and good; but I told him my work and his fun wouldn't go together if his job was ever to be finished. I asked him if he couldn't do his drilling in the evening, after working hours; and he up and told me to go to the devil—and so I came to you."

"What do you make of the doctor?" I asked, trying to keep my countenance.

"He's a keen one, sir," said Stubbs. "He's learnt all there is to learn about stone-laying, and if the beds and wedging ain't up to the mark, he knows it as soon as I do; and he's a terror on figgering. But he's more techy and high-strung than he was, and if them travelling agents for building inventions don't look out they'll get more than they like. They're always after him, and now they're after me, too, with their cases and boxes that litter up all my place. But what are you going to do about the workin' and drillin'?"

I decided that Mr. Stubbs should meet me at the castle on a certain evening, about the time the men knocked off work, and when the doctor was almost sure to be there, that we might together settle the question, which otherwise threatened trouble. The evening came, and Mr. Stubbs with it. It was one of a thousand. The full moon rose in the east like the ghost of a big balloon in a sky of dull rose and purple, while the ruddy sun, seeming to be of equal

size, was setting, leaving behind it a dazzling streak the color of blood. As we came near the castle, it grew dark, and its black mass, with the towers and the higher donjon, with the flapping flag, palely lighted by the moon, loomed up against the sky like a theatre scene. I could hardly believe it was real, still less that it was my own building. From within the walls there came a strong light, as if a fire were kindled in the courtyard; and Mr. Stubbs cried out:

"By jiggers! If there ain't the doctor, sojering on top of the gate tower!"

Sure enough, we made out a dark figure, with something shining on its head, strongly outlined against the glare of light. "He's got men with torches down there," said Mr. Stubbs, "so as he can boss the drillin' in the court;" and just then the wind brought to us a scuffling of feet and words of command.

I think we were both a little dazed by this spectacle, for we stood still on the slope where we were, as if waiting for something, and we held our breath when beside the dark figure two others rose up, as if they came through a trapdoor; and, suddenly, they were all struggling together. Then the light behind the walls faded and flickered and went out, so that we could no longer see what was going on, though we heard loud exclamations, and began to run toward the castle as fast as we could. When we got there all was confusion. Knots of men, some of them in a fantastic uniform and with spears, were standing about, all talking together. In the court torches were smoking on the ground, and a carriage and two horses stood in a corner, four strangers being grouped about it. Within lay Dr. Montague, in armor, except for his head, and wearing my missing breastplate, but motionless, and apparently unconscious.

"What is the matter? What has happened?" I exclaimed; and one of the four men, a pleasant, decided

looking person, wearing gold spectacles, replied:

"This gentleman, Dr. Montague, had been more than once a patient of mine in Canada. Between whiles he is like other people, and, of course, under no restraint. This is about the time when a crisis was to be looked for, and, hearing of this castle and the doings of a gentleman in armor, I was pretty sure it was he, and that I was needed. His idea has always been to play the part of a baron of the olden days. He recognized my men here, who called themselves agents for certain building materials, and became very violent, attacking them with his sword. Unfortunately, in the struggle he fell, and, I judge, struck his head against a rivet in his iron head-pot, making a wound, and probably causing his insensibility. While he remains as he is, we had best take him away."

There was nothing for me to do but satisfy myself that the legal papers which were shown me were genuine, one of the men being the sheriff of the court, acting on the requisition of the judge. By this time the moon was high, and flying scud swept over it, while a thousand crickets filled the air with their interminable chorus. The masquerading workmen, after considerable talk with Mr. Stubbs, had gone their way, he following them; and as the carriage rumbled quickly out of sight, I rubbed my eyes to make sure that my castle, at least, was standing substantially in its place, a reality.

Loyalty to a demented *fiancée* is a questionable virtue. At any rate, this was the conclusion to which Miss Rose was led, by force of circumstances—not, I admit, without some assistance, nor yet without grateful remembrance of the Quixotic doctor, who had so strangely brought us to-

gether, and who, by the by, after the fencing bout in my office, handsomely sent a check for a considerable amount to Mr. Penn. The bag left there by him contained, among other papers, a legal deed of gift, executed at a date when he was held to be of sound mind, conveying the castle to Miss Rose—now my wife. Our united income naturally proved too small to maintain a feudal household; and while she found the building too mediæval for her taste, its conveniences were altogether too much for both of us.

We had an elephant on our hands, but, after all, a valuable elephant, as Mr. Stubbs showed us. He said "Polly was beginning to be tired of bein' in the cars all the time." He thought it "would be good to hev a mixture of the old times and the new, the snorin' and the snortin' times." His plan was to live cosily in the gatehouse or bar-bican of the castle, of whose masonry he was justly proud, and taking advantage of the widespread curiosity, increased since the doctor's taking off by newspaper paragraphs, show it for a consideration to all comers, arranging excursion parties for the purpose. In short, he offered us a rent such as more than satisfied my wife's modest dreams of affluence, and finally, with her permission, he has converted part of the building into a mediæval inn, whose rooms, I hear, are always in demand.

As its designer I have become, rather to my surprise, a local celebrity; and my wife and I have made up our minds that to enjoy thoroughly a castle of one's own, it must have cost the owner nothing to build, it must bring in a good income, and one mustn't be forced to live in it. I observe that Queen Victoria, the Emperor of Austria, William of Germany and other castle proprietors of the old world coincide with us.



ON CHENOWITH'S RUN.

By Madison Cawein.

I THOUGHT of the road through the glen,
With its hawk's nest high in the pine;
With its rock, where the fox had his den,
'Mid tangles of sumach and vine,
Where she swore to be mine.

I thought of the creek and its banks,
Now glooming and gleaming with sun;
The rustic bridge builded of planks,
The bridge over Chenowith's Run,
Where I wooed her and won.

I thought of the house in the lane,
With its pinks and its sweet mignonette;
Its fence and the gate with its chain,
And the porch where the roses hung wet,
Where I kissed her and met.

Then I thought of the family graves,
Walled rudely with stone, in the West,
Where the sorrowful cedar-tree waves,
And the wind is a spirit distressed,
Where they laid her to rest.

And my soul oyerbrimmed with despair.
Oh, the life of the town and the mart!
How I longed, how I longed to be there,
Away from the struggle and smart,
By her and my heart!

By her and my heart in the West,—
Laid sadly together as one,—
On her grave for a moment to rest,
Far away from the noise and the sun,
On Chenowith's Run!



Methuen

Massachusetts

By Charles F. Oliphant.

THE topographical mind is not found at every desk in the schoolroom. For delinquents a pedagogical device like the one now before the writer may have been useful. It is called the "Monitor's Instructor; or A System of Practical Geography of the United States of America," and was printed in Wilmington, January, 1804, by William Black. In the preface, the author, James Iddings, says: "Unpracticed in poetry in a great degree, he has ventured thereupon, in the present undertaking, supposing it to be, in the general, rather more taking with youth than prose; and though not of the most flowery cast, it will, he hopes, answer the end." Here is an extract from this quaint book:

"American (our native) streams
Shall first awhile become our themes,
Both lakes and rivers, great and small,
Which in the Atlantic Ocean fall;
One gen'ral method we'll retain,
Glance over all—then turn again,
And separately, one by one,
Describe them all before we're done."

Having named in verse the tracts bordering upon the Mystic and the Ipswich rivers, the author goes on:

"The next we find upon this tract,
The crooked river Merrimack,
Doth chief within New Hampshire rise,
And part in Massachusetts lies.

If towards this river's source we go,
There's Westborough, and Marlborough;
Though Merrimack more waters claim,
None necessary here to name.
Near Cokachock and to the west
The town Andover is express'd.
Another town lies north still more;
Methuan, on the northern shore."

No other reference to the subject of this article is made by our geographical muse, who narrowly escapes the distinction of spelling the name correctly.

If any circumstance can relieve the dark prospect of the war in South Africa, it is the probability that the oft printed name of one of the British generals there engaged will familiarize the public with that of a beautiful New England town. In how many different orthographies the postal clerks manage to recognize the destination of our letters one cannot undertake to say. These spellings range from "Metun" to "Matthewing," with strong leanings to Metuchen and Wrentham. The possession of a unique geographical designation (for it has never been disputed that we are the only and original Methuen) saves us from the necessity of warning the public against "worthless imitations, advertised to be just as good" as we. Nor is it permitted any stranger to correct our pronunciation of the name. It matters not whether *Meth-wen* is truer to traditional English usage;

we say *Methu-en*, without a care whether the teeth press the tongue into a precise *u* or let the vowel ooze in its "trooly rooral" fashion.

When the Merrimac River began its accommodating detour to the eastward in order to furnish Nashua, Lowell and Lawrence with much needed water power, the tract enclosed in this loop must have been what the little boy would call "a good place for Indians." The practised eye of the relic-hunter discovers now their flint fiascoes in ploughed fields,

sites for our buildings and ballast for our roads.

When all things were prepared, the white man came. Settling at Haverhill, descendants of the traditional "two brothers who came over in three ships," and landed either at Portsmouth, Newbury or Salem, spread along the north bank of the winding river, disputing with aboriginal proprietors the question of eminent domain. If Hannah Dustin and her captors on their way to Penacook near Concord, New Hamp-



CENTRAL PLACE, METHUEN. CLUBHOUSE ON THE RIGHT.

and the remains of a fish weir are pointed out on the Spicket which flows through Methuen from the north and finds the Merrimac just below the duck bridge in Lawrence. But long, very long, before then, at that interesting period when the north pole was seeking us rather than we the north pole, the titanic implements of the ice god were scraping and filling in the foundations for our town. Not a little of the charm of its landscape, not a little of the comfort of its drives, is due to the drumlins and moraines which furnish

shire, kept the north bank of the Merrimac, as is reported, they must needs have traversed Methuen from end to end. There were few recorded depredations from the Indians in the early history of the town. Whether due to their considerate treatment by the whites or to the "imperfection of the record," the only occurrence resembling a massacre appears to have been the killing of a boy by thievish redskins near the junction of the Howe and Slough roads. The former of these roads is one of the oldest thoroughfares with-



THE OLD FRYE TAVERN, MEETING-HOUSE HILL.

in the town. south from Haverhill the likeliest spots were gradually cleared of timber and connected by bridle-paths and narrow cart-roads.

As settlers multiplied, there began to be talk at evening time before the fire, more especially on Sabbath days after meeting, about a separation from Haverhill. In 1723 Joshua Swan and twenty-six others petitioned that town "to set off fifty or sixty acres of land southwest of Bear Meadow together with a piece lying on a hill commonly called Meeting-House Hill, in times passed reserved by our forefathers for the use of the min-

istry, which might in hard times make a convenient parsonage, if, by the blessing of God, the gospel might flourish amongst us, and we grow so prosperous as to be able to maintain and carry on the gospel ministry amongst us."

The discerning will not fail to recognize in this initial movement looking to the formation of a town that the gospel ministry is "plowed into the soil of history."

Nowadays towns have their churches; then churches had their towns. The petition of 1723 was unsuccessful. Two years later (1725) another petition, sent this time to the General Court at Boston, pray-



THE STEPHEN BARKER PLACE.

ing that they would separate a township from Haverhill, pro-



THE NEVINS ESTATE.



THE SOLDIERS' MONUMENT.

cured the following act of legislation:

"Whereas the west part of the town of Haverhill is competently filled with inhabitants who labor under great difficulties by their remoteness from the place of public worship . . . be it enacted that the west part of Haverhill, etc., be and hereby is set off and constituted a separate township by the name of Methuen. . . . Provided that the inhabitants of the said town of Methuen do within the space of three years from the publication of this act, erect and finish a suitable house for the public worship of God and procure and settle a learned and ortho-

dox minister of good conversation . . . and that they set apart a lot of two hundred acres of land in some convenient place for the use of the ministry, and a lot of fifty acres for the use of a school, whereupon they shall be discharged from any further payments for the main-



THE NEVINS MEMORIAL LIBRARY.

tenance of the ministry in Haverhill."

How the town got its name is not perfectly clear. There is no reason to doubt that it was chosen by Governor Dummer, but whether as a token of respect for Lord Methuen or to commemorate a region of that name in Scotland familiar to him may never be ascertained. In the cabinet of the boudoir at Corsham Court, the home of the present Lord Paul Methuen, is

a miniature of Paul Methuen, Esq., of Bradford, 1604. His father, John Methuen, left Scotland during the persecutions, and was considerably treated by Elizabeth, who took him under her protection, "presenting him to valuable ecclesiastical preferments in the county of Somerset." John Methuen died in 1606. Paul's son Anthony

was prebendary of Wells and Lichfield, and vicar of Frome from 1609 to 1640. His second son Anthony was the ancestor of Paul Methuen, for whom this town is supposed to have been named.

In 1703 a famous treaty between England and Portugal was negotiated by Paul's father, the Right Honorable John Methuen. By this treaty Englishmen drank cheaper port wine and

the Portuguese wore cheaper dresses. The son of John Methuen, Sir Paul, was prominent in English politics and a privy councillor. One Doctor Doran alludes to him in the following anecdote:

"In the reign of George II, there lived a Wiltshire gentleman named Paul Methuen, who had a passion for reading the weary, dreary novels of his time. Queen Caroline loved to rally him on his weakness, and one

day asked him what he had been last reading. 'May it please your majesty,' said Paul, 'I have been reading a poor book on a poor subject, the Kings and Queens of England.'"

The latter part of Sir Paul's life was passed in strict retirement. His memory and that of his father are preserved by the following inscription in Westminster Abbey:

"Near this Place lies the Body of JOHN METHUEN Esq.^r who died abroad in the Service of his Country Anno Dni 1706.

"And also that of his Son SIR PAUL METHUEN Knight of the Bath who died April 11th 1757 In the 85th year of his Age."

At an early Methuen town meeting it was voted: "That the Selectmen should have power to agree with an athadoxt minester to serve in the work of the ministry for the year en-



A CORNER IN THE LIBRARY.

sewing and not to exceed five and forty pounds and find the minister his diat." It is to be presumed (human nature remaining the same) that the minister's orthodoxy was inferred by the Selectmen from their ability to "agree with" him. On October 29, 1729, described in the town records as a "day of solemn fasting and prayer," sedate men and women threaded their way from Bradford, from Amesbury, from Haverhill and Andover from scattered homes about town, to organize a church in the new meeting-house.

There was much in the scene that must have been very like the Indian summer of to-day. Over meadows, forests, fields, there lay the same purple haze,—breezes at once cool and warm, fanned cheeks flushed with expectation. The oaks hung out their bronze shields, maples here and there held up a flaming torch, over the skirts of the forest the birches flung their lace. Now and again a clearing appeared, a humble roof, a patch of late vegetables, purpled by the bite of early frosts; ears of stripped corn hung by their husks under the eaves, and festoons of drying apples over a sunny porch. In the fields were stacks of unhusked corn, inverted cornucopias of the generous year, with yellow pumpkins strewn about

their mouths, as if the cup of plenty had run over in the filling. Cattle, unyoked and unexploited that day, patiently chewed and blinked beside the bars. There was the odor of dead leaves heaped along the hollows in great banks of fading color, incense of "a wayside sacrament," which few perhaps among the hardy and practical folk of that

day had either time to celebrate or taste to enjoy. Along their converging paths these earnest men and women came to the house, one year old, on Meeting-House Hill, where until 1706 all town meetings as well as meetings for worship were held.

Properly speaking, October 29, 1729, was a fast day, preparatory to the ordination of Rev. Christopher Sargent, which occurred a week later. A sermon was preached and the church was "gathered" at the call of the Rev. Samuel Phillips, of Andover, twenty-one persons consenting to the covenant:

"We whose names are hereunto subscribed, apprehending ourselves called of God to enter into the church-state of the Gospel, do first of all confess ourselves unworthy of so great privileges and favors, and admire that free and rich grace of His, which triumphs over so great unworthiness, and then, with an humble reliance on the aids of grace therein promised for



IN THE GROUNDS OF THE NEVINS
MEMORIAL.



STEVENS STREET. CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH ON THE LEFT.

them that, in a sense of their inability to do any good thing, do humbly wait on Him for all. . . . We desire and intend, and with dependence on His promise and powerful grace, we engage to walk together as a church of the Lord Jesus Christ in the faith and order of the Gospel so far as we shall have the same revealed to us, conscientiously attending the public worship of God, the sacraments of the New Testament, the discipline of His kingdom, and all His holy institutions in communion one with another, and watchfully avoiding sinful stumbling-blocks and contentions as becomes a people whom the Lord has bound up in the bundle of life. . . . And all this we do, flying to the blood of the everlasting covenant for the pardon of our many errors, and praying that the glorious Lord, who is the great Shepherd, would prepare and strengthen us to every good work, to do His will, working in us that which

is well pleasing in His sight, to whom be glory forever and ever. Amen."

Few more beautiful documents, it is safe to say, can be found in the an-



ASA MESSER.



THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.

nals of early New England. It was a covenant, not a creed, a symbol of life, not a test of belief. Imagination sees in the back of the meeting-house that day, here and there, a "praying Indian." Outside, the blue jay and the crow disputed a favorite perch. Within, the people's hearts were fixed.

It must be recorded, however, that "sinful contentions" were not so watchfully avoided as it was intended they should be. In the Rev. Christopher Sargent's handwriting may be read an entry for 1733, that "at a church meeting, a charge being made against Thomas S. of profane and sinful language in saying that Deacon ——— was a cursed, deceitful fellow as goes upon the earth, that he lived a h—l upon earth with him, that he was the devilishest cursed fellow that ever God made, or in words to this purpose," etc., it was voted that the offender repent and confess his fault. Thomas repented and confessed and the church forgave him. That, at

least, was good. Mr. Sargent lived out his entire life with the people, and his body, "branded with the marks" of his Master's service for fifty-three years, was laid under the pine needles on Meeting-House Hill.

A second parish, known as "The North Church of Methuen," was set off in 1735. The town of Salem, New Hampshire, grew out of this ecclesiastical partition. April 16, 1766, a third or West Parish was set off, which, after the incorporation of Salem, New Hampshire, was known as "The Second Church in Methuen." In 1832 this church was reabsorbed by the

original congregation. It was not until the second decade of the present century that other denominations grew out of the differences in faith and practice which by that time had become irreconcilable within the older body. In 1815 the Baptist Church was organized and became afterwards for a time the largest congregation in town. The Universalists followed in 1824, and a Methodist Church in 1838; in 1878 St. Thomas's Episcopal Church was organized, and a Primitive Methodist Church in 1888. Within a few years the Roman Catholic congregation previously worshipping in the Town Hall has built a suitable edifice on the corner of Park Street and Broadway. Besides the churches, there are upwards of twenty-five fraternal and social organizations now existing.

The triumphal progress of General Lafayette from Boston to the New Hampshire capital in 1825 suggests some reference to the roads of this region in the early part of the present

century. In the days of the beginning of the city of Lowell, much merchandise went from there to Concord and back by the Merrimac River. Locks carried the small flatboats around the falls and rapids. When the water was high, oxen were occasionally used to tow. Each boat had a crew of three men, one to steer, two to make the boat go. Oars were used with the current; against it, the boat was propelled with poles, the two men putting their padded shoulders against the ends of the poles and walking aft. In replacing the poles the adverse current was an advantage, carrying the ends of the poles rapidly to the bottom and fixing them there without loss of headway. When proceeding down stream, opposite conditions offered corresponding advantage to the use of oars. At Chelmsford, near Lowell, water was taken from the Concord River for the canal to Boston.

The so-called Concord turnpike had been built in or about the year 1806. This road left the Merrimac at Hooksett, struck about due south over the hills, via Derry, Salem, New Hampshire and Methuen Village, to the Andover bridge. An older road took a more southwesterly direction over the hill in the rear of the present residence of James Ingalls, and led to a ferry across the Merrimac about half a mile above the Lawrence dam. The prestige of the new thoroughfare north of Derry, New Hampshire, continued about thirty years, when travel north of that town was

diverted to the new, pretentious and really fine "Mammoth Road." Mr. Daniel Morrison, who drove a stage between Methuen and Andover during the eventful years from 1844 to 1849, tells me that on one afternoon in 1837, while working near the Mammoth Road, he counted seven passing stage coaches on the new thoroughfare. The road was called the "Mammoth," one of its projectors told Mr. Morrison, "to kill all the other roads." It seems that such was its effect.

General Lafayette went over the older Concord turnpike. It was on the morning of June 21, 1825, that he left Boston. "There were," says the old journal of Josiah Quincy, who rode beside Lafayette in one of them, "three open barouches, each drawn by four horses, those attached to the General's carriage being perfectly



THE LA FARGE WINDOW IN THE CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH.



THE EDWARD F. SEARLES ESTATE.

white animals of noble appearance. I rode at the left of Lafayette, and Colonel Davis had the front seat to himself. The carriages following us contained George Washington, Lafayette and others of the suite. We were accompanied by outriders, and for a part of the way at least by a detachment of cavalry. We left the city through throngs of people which almost stopped the streets, and at every town and every crossroad we were received by new throngs pressing upon us to salute the guest of the nation. We made short stops for the babies to be kissed (by proxy or otherwise) and for the men (those who could get near the barouche) to take the General by the hand. . . . As we were approaching Andover, Lafayette said: 'Now tell me all about this place and for what it is remarkable.' I gave him several local incidents, describing especially the Theological Seminary, etc. The General treasured the hints, and in his speech made the happiest allusion to that sacred hill. On my return through

the town, I met an old gentleman who, though not connected with the institution, was deeply interested in its honor and success. 'I was really surprised,' he said to me, 'at the particular and accurate knowledge that General Lafayette possessed in regard to our Theological Seminary. I always knew that in the religious world it was an object of great concern; but I never supposed that in the courts and camps of Europe so much interest was taken in the condition and prospects of this institution.' . . . Methuen was the last town in Massachusetts where we stopped to receive the homage of the people. Soon after we reached the state line, where we gave up our guest to the authorities of New Hampshire. Lafayette embraced his two companions at parting. To me his last words were: 'Remember, we must meet again in France'; and, so saying, he kissed me upon both cheeks. 'If Lafayette had kissed me,' said an enthusiastic lady of my acquaintance, 'depend upon it, I

would never have washed my face again as long as I lived.' " *"

On the morning of this halcyon day of June, 1825, the people of Methuen gathered in large numbers to play their part in the programme. Mothers, with their babies to be kissed by the lips which touched the hand of Marie Antoinette during the mob at Versailles, were there, and so were the fathers and their sons, with young men and maidens, old men and children. Self-appointed sentinels from the ranks craned their necks in the direction of Andover, and now and then gave out a false alarm of the approach of the three barouches. At length a great cry went up, "There they come!" Sure enough, a cloud of dust could be plainly seen, half a mile away, with many signs of commotion in that direction. The girls put their hands to their back-hair, the men to their neckties and waistcoats, mothers gave a last touch to infant noses and forelocks, attitudes were struck, and resolutions were formed by more than one onlooker to be the finest figure upon which French eyes would rest that day. The dust and commotion grew nearer. The procession was advancing more rapidly

* "Figures of the Past," by Josiah Quincy.



TORCH COLUMNS ON THE SEARLES ESTATE.

than had been anticipated. Suddenly in a screaming panic, the crowd scamper in all directions to make way for—*Major Osgood's bull!* The animal had gained what Lafayette had fought for, liberty, and, not being a Christian, was using it "as an occasion for the flesh." The distinguished party did not, however, fail to arrive,

and was later entertained at a dinner, for which a pig was roasted by one of our women.

At the time of the projection of "the New City" (Lawrence), the stage for Andover, which had been making two trips a day, left Methuen at 6 A. M., took passengers and mail from the train in Andover at about eight, and reached Methuen on the



A BIT OF THE WALL AT PINE LODGE, THE RESIDENCE OF EDWARD F. SEARLES.

return trip at nine A. M. The second round trip began at four in the afternoon, returning in time to allow the horses to be put up about seven. In May, 1845, ground was broken by the Essex Company near the Andover Bridge Company's bridge. On account of increased travel, three and afterwards five daily

ready connection between all points roundabout. The Manchester and Lawrence Railroad was finished in 1849, with Methuen for its last station, a mile and a half from the Lawrence terminal.

"There is in every country town
A schoolhouse and a church;
There are two men of great renown,
The parson with his awful frown,
And he who wields the birch.
O birch, how hast thou made to roar
Such lads as in affairs of lore
Were with bad mem'ries blest!"

Where the schoolhouse stood, or whether there was one at the beginning, is uncertain. There is less

doubt that the wielders of the birch were for a long time of one sex. In 1749 the town voted "to appoint a committee to agree with schoolmistresses and appoint convenient places for them to meet in." A pleasant committee to serve on, there are signs that it has never quite gone out of date, though it is not at present appointed by the town. The districting of the school population was accomplished in 1775, a number of schoolhouses being built that year for £29 each. In the same year the sum appropriated for schools was £30; in 1876, \$8,000; in 1899, \$23,000. In 1775 there was a total population of about 1,300, with two hundred and fifty-two polls. It is now estimated that there are in the neighborhood of 7,000 residents within the town, with more polls than there were people a hundred years ago. Then Methuen was a group of farms. It is now, though politically distinct, more or



CHIME TOWER ON
THE SEARLES
ESTATE.



trips were made, until the railroad was diverted northward to the sandy bank of the Merrimac on the south side. The two dollars per week toll which the driver had paid to the Bridge Company had been increased in 1846 to three dollars. Upon the bending of the railroad our stages ran only to Lawrence, and were later discontinued altogether. At present, electric cars at intervals of twenty minutes before and ten minutes after noon give

less identified commercially and socially with Lawrence, to which it is contiguous, city and village appearing to the eye of a stranger as one large community of 65,000 people. Indeed it has never been quite agreed whether Lawrence is a part of Methuen or Methuen a part of Lawrence. Geographically the former is true, for fifty years ago the city, most of it, was carved out of the town; but when our friends from abroad sit for half a day in the station at Boston, "waiting for a train to Methuen," we are apt to concede that, in the timetable, Methuen is spelled L-a-w-r-e-n-c-e. A leading citizen once averred in town meeting: "The man that does not know where Methuen is is a d-eclared a-gnostic."

Going back to the troubled years of revolutionary history,—on September 20, 1774, the town, "taking into serious consideration the state of public affairs," appointed a committee of fifteen to consult and advise with similar committees from other towns that "no encroachments are not made on our Constitutional Rights and Liberties, that we may enjoy the blessings we have left in peace and not be deprived of them from any quarter." In the following month the first military company was organized: "Whereas military Exercise hath been much neglected we the subscribers being the first company in Methuen

Do Covenant and engage to from our selves in to a Bodey in order to Larn the manual Exercise To be Subegat To Such Officers as the Comptrey shall chuse by Voat in all constutenal marshes according to our Chattaers." This company consisted of forty-five men, and among the few things certainly known about them is that the spelling-book formed no part of their *impedimenta*!

James Ingalls, Jonathan Swan and John Huse were appointed by the town the next spring to instruct the committee of fifteen previously alluded to as to the service demanded of them by reason of British aggression. Fifteen days afterwards four companies of minutemen marched toward Lexington to join "the embattled farmers" who fired "the shot



THE NEW ORGAN HALL.



A CORNER IN THE METHUEN ORGAN WORKS.

heard around the world." These companies comprised 156 men, or *three-fifths of the entire polls of the town*. No other proof is needed of that flaming patriotism which discouraged England and by its success at home kindled in long suffering France the conflagration in which, from a burning throne, Liberty itself caught fire and fell into the common ruin.

A single company of forty-seven men under the brave Captain John Davis fought at Bunker Hill, losing three men, two of wounds, one killed outright. The surgery of that day is illustrated by a story still told of the experience of one of the wounded whose leg required amputation. After the first operation, the bone protruding, a second was made with similarly abortive results. From

a third attempt the poor man died.

For the civil war Methuen furnished 325 men, a surplus of 51 over all demands. On Memorial Days the fifty living veterans of Post 100 G. A. R. carry with solemn pride the flag that all defended bravely in that never-to-be-forgotten struggle. An appropriate monument, the gift of Mr. Charles H. Tenney, commemorates "the soldiers and sailors who fought in defence of the Union." At the dedication of this monument, on a beautiful summer day in 1889, the writer remembers an incident which, because of its genuine and unobtrusive wit, he has often wished to write down. The marshal of the procession on that occasion was the late Henry C. Nevins, whose untimely death a few years later



EXHIBITION ORGAN IN METHUEN ORGAN WORKS.



THE ENTRANCE TO GREY COURT.

was deeply mourned by the entire community. He was superbly mounted, sat his horse finely, and was directly in front of the orator of the day, listening to every word with that attentive urbanity so characteristic of him. Whether the speaker lost for a moment the thread of his discourse, or was led by sympathy with his mounted auditor to speak of an avocation which both ardently loved, he at all events referred in glowing terms to horticulture, adding with a gesture directed at Mr. Nevins: "I appeal to Marshal Nevins to say if I

am stating too strongly its charm?" Lifting his tile and bowing low, with an eye fixed upon the speaker, the marshal replied, with the quotation: "It is magnificent, Colonel, *but it is not war!*" With some embarrassment the orator recovered his theme and went on afterwards without digressing.

It was at about this period that Methuen began to receive at the hands of a few generous citizens the artistic adornments which make it already quite unique among towns of its size and importance. The Memorial Hall and Library erected upon spacious grounds by the family of David Nevins contains about 14,000 volumes of well

chosen books with many rare and costly prints and paintings. Three life-size portraits of members of the family, by Hubert Herkomer, hang in the book-room. The hall seating about 500 is at present the best in town. The man in whose memory it stands was during his life the business chief of the community. In 1864 he bought the cotton mill property erected in 1812 by Haverhill men at a point then known as Spicket Falls, now the industrial centre of the town. The first mill, burnt in 1818, was rebuilt and bought



GREY COURT, THE ESTATE OF CHARLES H. TENNEY.

by the Methuen Company in 1821, and is profitably operated under the same name at the present time. Wherever "Methuen duck" has been read upon the wings of our birds of com-



METHODIST CHURCH.

merce (and what port in the world has not seen it) or upon the flies of circus tents, the town's famous industry has been represented. The skill with which we have woven sailcloth has made the lives of sailor men more safe, lessening at the same time the cost of the teas, coffees, spices and "W. I. goods" consumed at home. The mill was also famous for its ticking. In war time more profitable lines of goods were substituted. In the rear of the Memorial Hall repose the bodies of David Nevins and Mrs. Nevins, and that of their son David Nevins, who died abroad in 1898. The spot is marked by an elaborate bronze angel by the sculptor Moretti.

A memorial window in the Congregational Church is visited year-



THE CATHOLIC CHURCH.

ly by many hundreds of strangers. Shortly after the death, in 1892, of Mr. Henry C. Nevins, his widow erected an apse and window to his memory. The apse, with its rich furniture, was designed by Messrs. Heins and LaFarge of New York. The window is the work of the celebrated artist, Mr. John LaFarge, and is regarded as one of the finest windows in existence. About two years elapsed between the beginning and

the completion of the memorial. Its cost is supposed to have exceeded fifty thousand dollars. The church also re-



FIRE DEPARTMENT BUILDING.

ceived from Mrs. Nevins a communion service of silver and gold. In a letter which the artist has written, replying to a request for such hints as he might wish to give for the understanding of his work, he says:

"I meant to represent the Resurrection of our Lord, but in my *feelings* as far as I could express them. In a word, I wished to symbolize, or express, or typify the whole idea of the Resurrection, the rising, passing into another life by death, through gloom and darkness, and the clouds of the present, into the less obscured presence of our sole object, God and his light and full satisfaction. It is the expression of a hopeful certitude."

Only a Christian man could have wrought this miracle in glass. Admirable as is the skill and patience with which ten thousand pieces of a most refractory medium have been united with the apparent fluency of oil, wonderful as is the texture, the reflected light, the glory of pure color, the subtle gradations of shade in the draperies, the translucence of the deep tones and the opalescent hues above, nothing is so wonderful as the spiritual insight it reveals and the enduring impression which is produced by it. It deserves to be called an Artist's Sermon on the Resurrection.

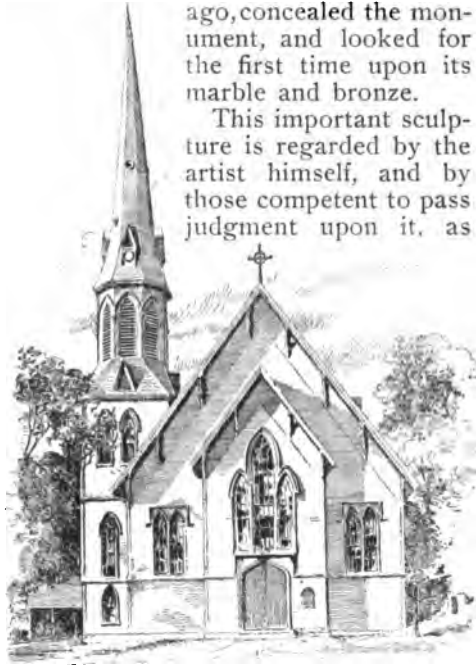
Grey Court, the stately home of Mr. Charles H. Tenney, attracts much attention, the massive house overlooking a vast territory, including the five great manufacturing cities of the Merrimac Valley.

Visitors to Methuen often remark its English look. Fine granite walls abound, the finest and most extensive surrounding Pine Lodge, the home of Mr. Edward F. Searles. On an elevation within the same grounds is a classical granite tower of large proportions containing the chime-clock which marks each quarter hour with a bit of silvery melody. Among the many unique features of Pine Lodge are two granite pillars sixty feet high

supporting bronze tripods of pure Grecian design surmounted by torches, which burn, upon occasion, immense jets of gas. Opposite these stands the Washington Monument. On the morning of February 22, 1900, amid driving rain, the people of Methuen missed the familiar house and swaddling bands which had, since its erection by Mr. Searles two years

ago, concealed the monument, and looked for the first time upon its marble and bronze.

This important sculpture is regarded by the artist himself, and by those competent to pass judgment upon it, as



BAPTIST CHURCH.

the masterpiece of Thomas Ball. In his "My Threescore Years and Ten," Mr. Ball tells with enthusiasm as artless as it is contagious how the coveted commission came to him to complete his *chef d'œuvre*. At the age of eighty-three he now has the pleasure of seeing the enshrinement of his own genius with that of his hero in a lovely vale in the heart of New England, not too far from the elm in Cambridge where General Washington took command of the continental army.

With its majestic size and finished execution, the monument suggests as

descriptive of itself a phrase once used in connection with the Taj Mahal: "A thing designed by Titans and executed by jewellers." Surmounting the pedestal of Carrara marble is the heroic figure of the Father of his country. The standing posture is rendered graceful by the advance of the right foot and the extension of the hand as if in benediction, while the ample folds of a military cloak fall from the shoulders backward to the feet. Niches on each face of the pedestal are occupied by bronze busts of Lafayette, Greene, Knox and Lincoln. The effect of these embellishments is cameo-like in refinement of proportion and delicate execution. About the spreading base at the four angles sit symbolic figures in bronze, "Oppression," "Revolution," "Victory" and "Cincinnatus." Between these are eagles with extended wings, adding unity to the composition, together with a strong patriotic accent. As a whole, the monument is unsurpassed by any work of its kind in the country and richly deserves the admiration it daily receives. Some time, however, must still elapse before its landscape setting will be complete.

Those who remember the famous Music Hall organ of the last generation, and the noon concerts when it was exhibited to large audiences by players like Willcox, Lang, Mrs. Frohock, and George W. Morgan, will feel a thrill of satisfaction in the thought that it is to be installed in a specially constructed music hall within this town. Its noble caryatids supporting lofty pipes of tin formed a front whose majestic proportions seemed to the writer in his boyhood to quench the player or reduce him to a mere body-servant of the incarnate Soul of Music.* In the Methuen Organ Company's works, adjacent to the new Organ Hall, some of the finest instruments of the country have been

recently built, one of the most noteworthy being the memorial organ in Grace Episcopal Church in San Francisco.

Methuen has among its various institutions a chapter of the Daughters of the Revolution and a Historical Society in flourishing condition. The president of the latter, Hon. Joseph Sidney Howe, himself a lineal descendant of one of the principal founders of the town, wrote for its 150th anniversary in 1876 a historical sketch which for exact knowledge continues to be, outside of the town records, the best available source of information about the early days.

The home of the descendants of Stephen Barker, Esq., on the road to Lowell, near what is now called Glen Forest, is shown in an illustration. It was Stephen Barker who drew up the papers, led the petitions, and presided over the councils of the earliest Methuen. That he was a man of probity and influence is evident from the town's records.

Two men born in Methuen have achieved renown within the bounds of New England. Nathaniel Peaslee Sargent, son of Rev. Christopher Sargent, became chief justice of Massachusetts in 1790, having at that time been upon the bench of the Superior Court for fifteen years. He died one year after his appointment as chief justice.

Rev. Asa Messer, who was born in the garrison house, recently destroyed, near the Merrimac River, in the east part of the town, in 1769, graduated at Brown University in 1790. Having occupied in that institution chairs of languages, mathematics and natural philosophy successively, he became in 1802 its president, remaining in that office for twenty-five years. He died in 1836.

While the citizenship of Methuen has always been worthy, the town seems to have sent out few men of distinguished abilities in the councils of the state or nation, a circumstance

*It is interesting to note that the case of the great organ was made by Herter Brothers of New York, with which firm the present owner was long connected.

which may be in part accounted for by the fact that she is not what is reckoned in Essex County—"the most historical county of the United States"—an *old* town. For nearly a hundred years, other communities had been raising, from stock imported in part from the best manhood of England, families preserving traditions of wealth, learning and honor in public affairs. It was not until a century had elapsed that the farmers along the north bank of the Merrimac west of Haverhill acquired their autonomy. It is probably true that the academy town, the seaport and the commercial centre have advantages as nurseries of greatness. Methuen has not the advantage of being either of these. She has, nevertheless, lived her long and useful life with self-respect and honor. Her town meetings have been characterized by order, intelligence and, in the main, a progressive spirit. There are few better roads in the state than hers; her water works are ample and excellent; and her manufacturers and merchants are men of weight and character. In every emergency she has fulfilled her part with generous patriotism. She does not wish to annex Lawrence nor to be a part of any greater city. Her schools, under able superintendence and instruction, are well supported and, upon the completion of a fine high school, the gift of Mr. E. F. Searles, will be as well

housed as those of any town of corresponding importance.

At the present time, besides the mills of the Methuen Company, there are factories where yarn and woollen goods are made, one for the manufacture of hats, one for knitted fabrics, and a few smaller industries. The shoe business, at one time largely carried on, is now entirely discontinued. That Methuen will become again an important manufacturing town seems improbable. As a place of residence it already possesses many attractions; and, should certain far-reaching projects be realized, chaste bits of landscape and architecture will so abound as to present unusual claims upon lovers of the beautiful.

About ten years ago a Village Improvement Society was organized upon lines suggested by the late well known promoter of such enterprises, Hon. Birdsey G. Northrop, who twice addressed the citizens. This movement has recently received fresh impetus and reorganization through the enthusiasm principally of the younger ladies.

Under an arrangement not wholly satisfactory to all, by which its post office is connected as a sub-station with that of Lawrence, Methuen is now making up its mind whether or no it enjoys the somewhat unexpected blessing of a free delivery of the mails.



EXILE.

By *Emery Pottle.*

A HOMELESS Lear in tattered rags of pomp,
Spent with the passion of an exiled king,
The Autumn wanders o'er the rain-swept moor,
To mock the vanished pageantry of Spring.

THE NATURAL HISTORY OF A STATE.

By Raymond L. Bridgman.



IF the United States were an oyster its natural history would doubtless have been written with the erudition and fascination which are so conspicuous in the scientific unfolding of Nature's ways. Since it is a nation its history has not been written after the method of natural science. Yet we are to suppose that in the operation of natural law there has been no break between the oyster-material stage of prehistoric life and the mind-organized stage of the United States at present. Both stages, if our science is correct, are on the same line of progress from a remote beginning toward an end which we can now only imagine. But the United States is a very large subject for treatment as a specimen in the study of natural history; and we may be permitted, in its stead, to take one of the states, for that is surely complicated enough.

If we compare the several states of the Union, as specimens of natural history, with their organs for protection and progress, we shall conclude that the Commonwealth of Massachusetts is the most fruitful for study. It is probably the most highly organized of all the states; and it is also the case, as another reason for selecting Massachusetts, that the later states have copied largely from the earlier, particularly from Massachusetts, whereas the Bay state has worked out its own organic structure by its internal forces acting according to their wisdom in their environment. Its history, therefore, as a specimen of political growth under natural history laws, promises abundant returns, and has both scientific

importance and dramatic entertainment.

The inorganic stuff out of which a body politic has been evolved is persons, taken as individual atoms. We make the prodigious jump to them from primeval fire-mist at the beginning of our study. Whether or not the mental development of the atoms of the body politic, as well as the physical, in 1620, was equal to the mind-power of the average man to-day is not pertinent. Equal or unequal, we start with nothing except the unorganized personal atoms which are to be developed into as highly organized a political body as exists on earth.

Political growth in Massachusetts began at two points—Plymouth and Massachusetts Bay. In the case of Plymouth, we have a few atoms of political world-stuff, before they landed, signing the compact in the cabin of the *Mayflower*, declaring that they "covenant and combine" themselves together "into a civil body politic." In the case of Massachusetts Bay, we have no such formal process, but only a beginning by a commercial enterprise. The distinction between the two did not develop politically to be as significant as it seemed to be at the outset. In a few years the business corporation had become a genuine body politic, and in a generation the two bodies were merged in one. As it was the colony at Massachusetts Bay which absorbed the other, our study in the natural history of Massachusetts may well begin at Boston in 1630.

So we note that Massachusetts began as a commercial company, chartered in England. A body politic, as we understand it to-day, is a unit. It acts; hence it has will. It acts as it

is moved to act; hence it has emotions. It is moved according as it understands; hence it has intellect. Still further, it acts by the organs it has empowered to act, or by its executive department; it is moved by what it knows, and it knows what it does know by means of its eyes and ears, which are the committees of its legislative branch or officials directed to report to the legislature.

But Massachusetts, in 1630, was far below this organic stage of development. It was a business corporation. Some stockholders were in England, hoping to make money out of their investment in the New World. Other stockholders came over to run the affairs of the company on the spot. Four times a year all of the stockholders in the country were expected to attend the general assembly, which was called the Great and General Court, and were voters in it. Their governor was their presiding officer, and the governor, his assistants and the stockholders sat together in one body. They had authority to elect officers and to make laws for the plantation of Massachusetts Bay. This was the crude form of the political organism which appeared first in Boston. The stockholders of the company were all church members, and they constituted the general body of freemen who were entitled to vote. It was purely a business matter; the political idea had not developed into a recognizable form. All of the legislative and judicial functions, and many of the executive, were reposed in the General Court.

But with the evolution of ideas and the growth of the colony, the unity of business and politics soon became broken up,—differentiated, the Darwinians would say. The General Court, instead of continuing as a meeting of all the stockholders, became a representative body as early as 1634. No more than two delegates could be elected from a town. They still sat as one body,—

the governor and his assistants and the representatives of the people; and the governor and his eighteen assistants were elected by the stockholders. But the forces of political evolution were at work in this protoplasmic organism; and in 1644 came the fissure between the governor and the assistants on one side and the delegates on the other, like the fissure when one primitive cell develops into two. A dispute over a pig ended in the decision that the delegates were properly a separate class from the governor and his assistants; and the two bodies sat separately ever afterward, thus giving us the imperfect original of the present senate and house of representatives, each with a negative on the other. As before, only church members were allowed to vote for the election of delegates; and so the church had temporal power. By this time the General Court was already, by internal growth and necessity, a political body as well as a business one, though the transformation was no more definitely marked than that from a boy to a man.

At first the colony had no judiciary and no courts, any more than the Standard Oil Company has a judiciary department for its internal benefit. The General Court was court enough for all the people, for their misdemeanors and litigation. But as early as 1639 inferior courts were established,—the county court, the strangers' court, and so on. These courts increased in number until a general system was in operation throughout the colony.

Under the first charter, which permitted the election of the governor by the stockholders, the colony lived until 1686. Then came the revolutionary era of Andros and of the second charter, which took the right of election from the people and made the governor an appointee of the crown. This practice continued from 1692 to 1774, when, for reasons beyond his control, the king ceased to

appoint the governors of Massachusetts. The system of courts was swept away by Andros also.

Thus the political body of Massachusetts, to the time of the Revolution, had its head, or chief executive, which was put upon it by the king, and its General Court of deputies, which was the real representative of the people. Then came the transition period. The real organic nature of the state asserted itself. Massachusetts, sovereign except as it yielded some of its jurisdiction to the larger organism of which it was a part, adopted its new constitution in 1780, under which, with amendments, it now lives. In this constitution, for the first time, we find the full development of the legislative branch. The senate is established and is called by its present name, and thus the differentiation of the legislature into two branches is complete. The governor's council is retained as a part of the executive department. The judicial system is evolved perfectly as an independent organ of the political body; and so that stage in the development of Massachusetts is reached and passed which gives it the full complement of organs, lacking which a government is defective, and exceeding which the body has a superfluity.

But the constitution of 1780 was by no means perfect. All the available intellect of the body politic went into the making of it; but what man writes as a constitution may be radically different from the real constitution, just as a boy's written list of rules for the preservation of his health may be totally different from an adequate expression of the hygienic principles which will preserve his physical well-being.

So the organism went on with its evolution. The people saw that their written constitution was partly out of harmony with their environment. In 1821 occurred some important changes. The metropolis of the state was growing. It had become too large for town meetings; yet the town

meeting government was the only form provided by the constitution. Boston's interests demanded a less cumbersome and less dangerous way of conducting public affairs; and so one of the first nine amendments to the constitution (all of which were adopted by the people in 1821) provided a way of establishing city governments for large towns. Another of the nine prescribed the steps whereby the constitution itself might be amended. The remaining seven were of minor importance, having regard to the natural history of the state as a political body.

From this time forward, all of the changes made in the constitution have been in matters of detail. All of the essential organs were given to the body when the constitution was adopted. Since it was physically impossible for the people to meet in one place, they must meet by their representatives, or the legislature. Thus the body had its organ of intelligence and its means of declaring its will. In the executive department (with the local executives of counties and towns subordinate to state law and being, at the same time, the means of enforcing that law), it had its organ for carrying out its will. In the judiciary, it had its means of applying its general principles to concrete cases. Having, then, the organs for learning facts and truth, for expressing its will and for applying that will, no other organs were possible than those which pertain to one of these three departments. From the adoption of the constitution, therefore, all development must be in the nature of further refinement and of complexity of organs for the service of the political body.

But this creature, having its development by natural law as really as a gasteropod or megalosaurus, with persons for its constituent atoms, with its common judgment as its one guide for action, and with the will of a majority of its representatives as the will of the whole, has other lines of de-

velopment than those of its external organs. Its character changes with the years. It may have a higher average of intelligence; at least, it may have more intelligence regarding itself as a unit of political existence. It has developed a more refined sense of justice. It has adapted its laws more and more for the protection of the weak and for the subservience of the strong to the good of the whole body. It has developed in character, as a person develops.

This mental and moral development, however, in the unchanging sequence of evolution from nebulous fire-mist to modern man, is as difficult to note and to describe as is the mental and moral development of any of the individual atoms of which the political body is composed. Not only has this organism a keener moral sense than formerly, not only has it a wider understanding of its own nature, but it has a quicker æsthetic sense. It has higher ideals of art, of architecture, of music, and of the relation of its parts to itself as a whole than it had halfway down from its beginning. It is a different body from what it was a hundred years ago, and the changes now in progress will make it different a hundred years hence from what it is now.

Only as these changes in character in the past have taken effect in the laws and in the new organs of the political body is there a record upon which to proceed. That record is more abundant in recent years than in our early history, and it is none the less interesting because it is the record of an abstract personality and not of one flesh-and-blood man. We cannot speak of the state as we speak of John, the man; but the fault is in us, not in the state, if its history fails to be as interesting as the life of John, either in his growth in character or in his contests and rivalries with other men. The growth of the state as an organism, with character, opinions, purposes, loves and hates, is none the

less a fact than the life of a man, though it cannot be seen or handled in any one concrete presence.

The state, as we have already seen, has its full complement of essential organs. Its character has been refined by the struggles and trials of the years. Year by year, as it has declared its will, it has enlarged the means of justice. It has taken special care of its weaker parts. It has multiplied the avenues for money-making. It has increased its wealth immensely. It has afforded all just opportunity for new departures in enterprise, and has, with such foresight as it has possessed, protected its business faculties and developed them. It has watched carefully over the training of its children. It has guaranteed perfect freedom of religious belief. But these changes are all in the mental and moral parts, not in the physical or organic.

But a new era is unfolding. Our political person is developing new organs which promise to affect its character greatly. They foretell a time when the individual atoms within the jurisdiction of the state will have a far closer vital connection than now with the living body of which they are now supposed technically to be a part. In its present stage the state protects, educates, taxes and punishes its members as it will, but those members do not pursue their daily activity as constituent atoms of the state, save in a moral and civil sense. Industrially, they are working for themselves, or for a great industrial combination in which they are atomic parts, which exists under the protection of the state, but is not organically a part of the state. But look, now, at the new organs which the state is developing, and see the way in which more and more of the people come to be in the service of the people directly. These new organs are composed of certain men set apart by the will of the whole people to protect the whole people and to secure for them progress in the struggle of

life and justice at the hands of their fellows.

First of these new organs was the state board of education, established in 1837, in order to promote a roundly developed intellect for the political body. Next was the state board of agriculture, established in 1852, in order that science, enterprise and co-operation might stimulate to the full a leading occupation of the people. Following these precedents, over thirty of these executive organs have been established for the service and protection of the people. They have been created in the departments of public charities, savings banks, fisheries, insurance, labor, railroads, public health, business corporations, public lands and harbors, prisons, the civil service, pharmacy, gas and electric lighting, the settlement of disputes between labor and capital, dentistry, state highways, metropolitan parks and sewerage and in other fields.

They are all a part of the executive department and are refinements of its working, as the political body, responding to its needs, has put forth new organs. It is as if the body were gifted with the power of putting forth a new arm when occasion requires. The organ is not of a new kind, but it is a new organ of an established kind, serving a new purpose of protection and of aggression, which has developed with the changed life of the people. Were there no railroads, no savings banks, no insurance companies, no artificial lighting, then the state would need no organs of self-defence and of progress in these fields. But it is not easy to conceive of a civilized people, of compact municipal life, who are not without organic needs in matters of public health, public charities and other public concerns inherent in the very fact of political existence. These executive organs increase the efficiency of the body and point to further development.

Side by side with the putting forth

of new organs goes another fact in the natural history of this body politic. It is the great increase in the number of persons who have vital, official connection with the body in their industrial or professional activity. These new organs are made of persons. They must have their places of work. Those places must be in state offices. An excellent idea of the progress of a hundred years can be had by comparing the old state house at the head of State Street in Boston with the enlarged structure which crowns Beacon Hill. Not denying that the new state house suffers from gross waste of space and that it might have been planned with far more convenience, compactness and beauty, it remains true that there has been an exceeding increase in the number of state offices which would have necessitated a very large state house, and that the tendency is still toward further enlargement. This tendency asserts itself in spite of a constant and active prejudice against it on the part of all the people, which is promoted and voiced by the public men of the state and by the press of both political parties protesting against the creation of any additional organs for the service of the people. The old state house would hardly fill the space left for a driveway under the new one. A hundred people serve the state now where one did when the constitution was adopted, and the thought of the people turns more than ever, and often against their deliberate judgment, to the unpopular but necessary organs which they have created as the means of defence and of progress in the active years which are foreseen when the strife shall wax yet hotter between corporate wealth and exploited people.

How far shall the people go in creating new organs? What new functions must be assumed by the political body? It is not to be presumed that this body has reached its growth, or its organic development,

in the very short time it has flourished since it was a mere germ, and that the centuries as they stretch forward to 2000 A. D., 3000 A. D., 5000 A. D., 10000 A. D., and so on (each year with its state elections, each two years with its congressional voting, each four years with the choice of a national president, to say nothing of our international acts and relations when the republic of nations will be recognized under international law, with the universal reign of peace) will still see this body politic of Massachusetts with no more organs than it has now, and those organs acting in a ceaseless repetition of present functions. Our natural history is certainly not destined to consummation at this stage of development, nor is it reasonable to suppose that the lines from the past do not extend into the future.

Indeed, the near future seems to reveal new functions for existing organs, functions which promise to be of much practical consequence to the individual atoms of our political body. Men are already thinking of them. More than one man, speaking in public, has already raised the question whether the state of Massachusetts has not the best existing illustration of the political organs which will so act as to solve the great problem of regulation of industrial monopoly. Men look at the organs to regulate the railroads and other public service companies. They see the principles which were laid down by the Massachusetts corporation acts of 1894 and by their extension in later years. They see the power which the railroad commission has over the railroads, to compel the roads to serve the public at rates which shall give to the stockholders ample dividends at current rates of interest, and yet which shall make the roads truly the servants of the public, not their masters. They ask: "Why do not these principles and these methods of action apply to all states and to the nation? Why cannot interstate com-

merce be brought under these rules? Why should we not extend this system to all monopolies which exist by virtue of law, and make the body politic, as a living organism, the master of all the activities which it creates and protects?" This line of development is already gaining its supporters among thinking men, men who are thinking for themselves and for the public, not for the stockholders of the monopolies. A field seems to be open for the putting forth of new arms for the body, or for giving wider scope and greater strength to existing arms.

Danger exists that these arms may be paralyzed, or be made to work for the pecuniary profit of the monopolies, not of the body itself. It is true that in Massachusetts there has been repeated suspicion that the commissions were under the manipulation of the corporations over which they have control. The danger is real, whether the fact of such manipulation has existed or not. But it has its remedy in constant watchfulness by the people and in sharp complaint when subservience to the corporations is suspected for plausible reasons. Such complaint in Massachusetts has already made some commissions more susceptible to public opinion.

If the conflict must come between the political body as a whole and those who would control its organs for their private enrichment and for the exploitation of the public, then the sooner the issue is joined and clearly stated the sooner will the inevitable conclusion be reached. With popular government by an intelligent and fairly honest people, there can be no doubt of the result. Monopolies may fool the people for a while; the money power may persuade them for a time that it is for the benefit of the workingmen that the monopolists shall be excessively rich in order to furnish the workers with steady employment at such wages as the monopolists choose to give; but with the agitation and discussion of a republic.

the people will at last come into the full possession of their own powers. The will of the people will rule the body of the people, and the organs of the body will obey the popular will.

As we look to the future to anticipate the development of new organs, or new activity of present organs, we see a promise of alleviation of present weaknesses and of healing of present sore spots in the body. How far the industrial atoms will have permanent vital connection with the body, and so will always be in a position to receive nourishment from it and have strength and opportunity to render an equivalent service to it, thereby perpetuating the condition as one of stable existence and growth and obviating periods of depression and idleness, we may not be able to forecast now. But we do now recognize the fact that more such atoms than ever before already enjoy such connection, and that the growth of the body is ever toward a more perfect assimilation of its atoms. When the atom is cut off from its vital industrial connection, then it is industrially dead, and it can survive only as it feeds upon past accumulations or as the body supplies it with food for which it is not able to give an equivalent. With complete assimilation of all atoms to the body, then suffering from being cut off is neither a present nor a threatened danger. The temptation which ends in vice and crime will be, to that extent, removed. Still further, since the greatest industrial suffering in modern times has come not from causes in nature, but from causes in man, due to the unregulated and ignorant operations of conflicting interests in hot pursuit of the almighty dollar, it is quite conceivable that, with the increased knowledge of financial laws and of industrial conditions which the future promises to bring, the political body may so regulate its own activities as to avoid the cycles of

booms and depressions which mark the present progress of the business world. Its ups and downs will depend more on seasons and harvests than upon issues of currency or cycles of wild speculation or a glut of markets because of excessive and unregulated activity of manufacturers.

To one who is not familiar with the facts, it must be a surprise to see how much progress is made every year toward a higher standard of political activity and toward more ideal justice between the different classes of citizens. The immensity and the complexity of the state's interests are evidently only poorly appreciated by the public, or there would not be so much popular indifference to what is done by the legislature or so much ill-informed comment upon the measures and men under the gilded dome.

While no one can rightly pose as a prophet, it is not presumption to hold that the progress which is evident now before our eyes, year by year (as the acts of the body politic by its representatives are gathered into the Blue Book), is toward some goal. Nor is it presumption to hold that that goal is a perfected political organism in which law shall be supreme for the administration of justice, in which mercy too has her perfect work, and in which the fitness of each part to all the others shall result in the highest activity, productiveness and stability of the whole, with perfect health and prosperity of every individual atom. We are justified in predicting a perfect body, and however exalted may be our ideal, that will be the standard toward which we strive; and the higher the ideal, the greater will be our desire to attain it and the more systematic and unceasing will be our effort. But all this growth and effort will be in the line of development from the past, as we have traced it thus far in the natural history of the Commonwealth of Massachusetts.

THE CANDIDATE.

By Minna Irving.

WHERE flags were flying and drums were rolled
To the torch's flare and the bonfire's flame,
He heard the cheers that were not for him,
And drank the dregs of the cup of fame.
Sore of heart in the throng he stood,
Broken bubbles his dreams of state,
Bankrupt all of his golden hopes;
A beaten man was the candidate.

Where lights were burning in amber globes,
And crimson blossoms perfumed the air,
He leaned to look in her violet eyes,
And left a kiss on her silken hair;
A little white hand stole into his,
From lips of roses he learned his fate,
And he thought no more of the day's defeat,
For a happy man was the candidate.



NANTUCKET.

By Arthur Ketchum.

ADRIFT in taintless seas she dreaming lies,
The island city, time-worn now, and gray.
Her dark wharves ruinous, where once there lay
Tall ships, at rest from far-sea industries.
The busy hand of trade no longer plies
Within her streets. In quiet court and way
The grass has crept—and sun and shadows play
Beneath her elms, in changing traceries;
The years have claimed her theirs, and the still peace
Of wind and sun and mist, blown thick and white,
Has folded her. The voices of the seas,
Through many a soft, bright day and brooding night
Have wrought her silence, wide as they, and deep;
And dreaming of the past, she waits—asleep.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

ONE wonders often at the silences of history. The arguments from silence, however, are very dangerous arguments. Not a few of the German New Testament critics have reared great edifices of theory upon the assumption that if Apollos or Timothy or somebody had or had not done so or so, Paul would surely have spoken of it, which he does not; and the edifices have often tumbled within a decade.

In an investigation, the results of which were published in the first two numbers of the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* (September and October, 1889), of the much mooted question whether the great English patriot, John Hampden, ever came to New England, we found that in all the great mass of the letters of Roger Williams,—who was the intimate personal friend of Milton, Vane and the other Puritan leaders in England, and who himself arrived in England on a mission from Rhode Island just as all his English friends were plunged into grief by the fall of Hampden at Chalgrove,—there was not a single reference which would show knowledge on his part that such a man as Hampden ever lived.

In our Editor's Table for October, 1894, we discussed the history of John Cotton's farewell sermon, "God's Promise to His Plantation," to Winthrop's company at Southampton in 1630—which sermon had just been reprinted among the Old South leaflets. When the little company of Pilgrims sailed from Delfthaven in 1620, their departure attracted very little attention, for they were a few humble folk; yet Robinson's farewell sermon to them has always been preserved as one of our classics. When Winthrop's great colony, which num-

bered many wealthy and influential men, sailed from Southampton in 1630, it was a matter of national moment; and John Cotton, who came to Southampton to preach the farewell sermon, was perhaps the leading Puritan divine in England. The sermon was at once printed in London; a second edition was soon called for; and by and by it was reprinted in Boston. Yet in our own time its very existence had become almost absolutely forgotten. The fact that such a farewell sermon was preached was not so much as mentioned by Bancroft or any historian of the United States, by Palfrey or any historian of New England, by Barry or any historian of Massachusetts.

Noteworthy, too, are the mistakes which creep into history about little things, simple and well known matters, concerning which error would seem to be impossible. It is a story told, we think, of Sir Walter Raleigh, that while writing his great *History of the World* he overheard two men discussing some simple question about what happened at some near time and place, with which both were familiar and equally familiar. Upon this simple matter, where difference of opinion would seem impossible, they were in sharp disagreement; and the great man said—if it was not Raleigh, it was somebody else—that if this simple matter could not be simply settled by these intelligent eyewitnesses, there was indeed slight hope that he could write a history of the world without errors in plenty.

We have just come upon a curious illustration of this ease with which error concerning a very simple matter creeps into history. One would say surely that there was no likelihood of doubt or difficulty as to the

date when Robert Fulton made his first voyage up the Hudson on the *Clermont*. The event was a conspicuous and dramatic one. The interest in it was very great. Crowds gathered at New York to see the new steamboat sail; crowds watched her all along the way; and multitudes of accounts were written by eyewitnesses and others. Yet on investigation we have found that the date of this famous event is given in the histories variously, and always incorrectly; in no case have we found the date given as critical investigation at first hand shows it to have been. The record of our search, to which we were prompted by a discovery of the strange discrepancies, will be of interest to those, at least, who have worked out similar problems.

Several of the lives of Fulton are detailed and full of dates; yet in no one of them is the date of this central event in his life stated, one biographer only guessing at it—and guessing wrongly. The general histories of the United States for the most part simply mention the year, sometimes the month; McMaster names the day—and names it wrongly—August 7. The school histories make only general mention; Montgomery, who is specific, is wrong—naming August 11. Every history of New York City and every history of New York State which we have consulted is wrong; and the cyclopedias and biographical dictionaries, where they give the date at all, are uniformly—or rather variously—wrong.

The article on Fulton in the *Cyclopedia of American Biography* was written by John Fiske, who says: "Early in the spring of 1807 the boat that was to navigate the Hudson and establish the system of steam navigation was completed at a ship-yard on the East River. The engine was put in later, and on August 11, 1807, the *Clermont* steamed up the Hudson to Albany, the voyage occupying thirty-two hours. During the autumn of 1807 the *Clermont* was run as a

packet between New York and Albany." The statement in the *National Cyclopaedia of American Biography* and in *Lamb's Biographical Dictionary of the United States* is the same. *Lossing's Cyclopaedia of United States History* says it was in September; but this is not remarkable, as this cyclopaedia seldom deviates into correctness. *Appleton's* and *Johnson's cyclopedias* do not give the date. *Chambers* says August 11.

The two histories of the United States which cover this period in fullest detail are those by Henry Adams and McMaster. Mr. Adams, commenting, of course, upon the great significance of Fulton's invention, and citing Judge Story's report of his efforts and difficulties, does not state the date of the *Clermont* experiment. McMaster, who enters into the whole matter much more fully than Adams, says:

"The little craft moved from her wharf at one o'clock on the afternoon of August 7, 1807, and began the longest and most memorable voyage which up to that hour had been made by steam. She traversed the one hundred and fifty miles between New York and Albany in thirty-two hours."

Ellis H. Roberts, in his history of the State of New York in the "American Commonwealths" series, also tells us that the date was August 7. Mary L. Booth and William L. Stone, in their histories of the City of New York, both say the same. In the great *Memorial History of the City of New York*, edited by James Grant Wilson, which (vol. iii.) devotes many pages to Fulton's experiment, we read: "The day of the first sailing of the *Clermont* has been variously given, but it was probably on Monday, August 11, 1807,"—August 11, 1807, as matter of fact, not being Monday. Mrs. Martha J. Lamb, in her history, contents herself with saying that it was "one bright midsummer's day"; we shall, therefore, in the light of our experience with the other

books, believe, until we find first-hand testimony on the point, that it was cloudy.

Perhaps the completest survey of the various early experiments in steam navigation is that by Admiral George H. Preble in his "History of the Origin and Development of Steam Navigation," in which, of course, Fulton and the *Clermont* receive full and conspicuous attention. A mistake about a date is certainly not so surprising as the amazing statement that "Fulton died in London, England"; but the date of the sailing of the *Clermont* from New York to Albany is given as "the 7th of August, 1807, just three years to a day after Fulton's experiments with the 'Nautilus' on the Seine." Fulton's own letter to the *American Citizen*, giving his account of the trip, is incorporated, but without date. There is also given—and this proves important in the inquiry—a letter to the *British Naval Chronicle*, dated September 8, 1807, from a gentleman of South Carolina, who was one of the passengers on board the *Clermont* on her first trip, and who says: "On the morning of the 19th of August, Edward P. Livingston, Esq., and myself were honored with an invitation from the Chancellor and Mr. Fulton to proceed with them to Albany in trying the first experiment up the River Hudson in the steamboat. She was then lying off Clermont, the seat of the Chancellor, where she had arrived in twenty-four hours from New York. Precisely at thirteen minutes past nine o'clock A. M. the engine was put in motion; and we arrived at Albany about five P. M."

Before noticing the references in the biographies of Fulton, we will here give the two letters by Fulton himself, in which he gives accounts of the trip. The first is to the editor of the *American Citizen* of New York, written on the afternoon of his arrival in New York on the return trip from Albany; the second, to his friend, Joel Barlow, the poet.

To the Editor of the American Citizen:

SIR:—I arrived this afternoon at four o'clock in the steamboat from Albany. As the success of my experiment gives me great hope that such boats may be rendered of great importance to my country, to prevent erroneous opinions and give some satisfaction to the friends of useful improvements, you will have the goodness to publish the following statement of facts:

I left New York on Monday at one o'clock and arrived at Clermont, the seat of Chancellor Livingston, at one o'clock on Tuesday; time, twenty-four hours; distance, one hundred and ten miles. On Wednesday I departed from the Chancellor's at nine in the morning, and arrived at Albany at five in the afternoon; distance, forty miles; time, eight hours. The sum of this is one hundred and fifty miles in thirty-two hours, equal to near five miles an hour.

On Thursday, at nine o'clock in the morning, I left Albany, and arrived at the Chancellor's at six in the evening. I started from thence at seven, and arrived at New York on Friday at four in the afternoon; time, thirty hours; space run through, one hundred and fifty miles, equal to five miles an hour. Throughout my whole way, both going and returning, the wind was ahead. No advantage could be derived from my sails. The whole has therefore been performed by the power of the steam-engine.

ROBERT FULTON.

To Joel Barlow:

My steamboat voyage to Albany and back has turned out rather more favorably than I had calculated. The distance from New York to Albany is one hundred and fifty miles. I ran it up in thirty-two hours, and down in thirty. I had a light breeze against me the whole way, both going and coming; and the voyage has been performed wholly by the power of the steam-engine. I overtook many sloops and schooners beating to windward, and parted with them as if they had been to anchor.

The power of propelling boats by steam is now fully proved. The morning I left New York, there were not perhaps thirty persons in the city who believed that the boat would ever move one mile an hour or be of the least utility; and, while we were putting off from the wharf, which was crowded with spectators, I heard a number of sarcastic remarks. This is the way in which ignorant men compliment what they call philosophers and projectors.

Having employed much time, money, and zeal in accomplishing this work, it gives me, as it will you, great pleasure to see it answer my expectations. It will give a cheap and quick conveyance to the mer-

chandise on the Mississippi, Missouri, and other great rivers, which are now laying open their treasures to the enterprise of our countrymen; and, although the prospect of personal emolument has been some inducement to me, yet I feel infinitely more pleasure in reflecting on the immense advantage my country will derive from the invention, etc.

The letter to the *American Citizen* we find generally printed without date. In Reigart's and Knox's lives of Fulton the date is printed, September 15, 1807,—which is ridiculously wrong and quite inexplicable. The letter to Joel Barlow we have never found dated; and in Todd's Life of Barlow we find it preceded by the remarkable statement: "We can imagine with what pleasure he read, in the spring (!) of 1807, this letter from Fulton."

The first Life of Fulton was that by his friend, Cadwallader D. Colden, published in 1817, from which the subsequent biographers have largely drawn, the biography by Reigart being the merest plagiarism from it. This is what Colden says concerning the sailing of the *Clermont*: "In the spring of 1807 the first Fulton boat built in this country was launched from the ship-yards of Charles Brown on the East River. The engine from England was placed on board of her. In August she was completed, and was moved by her machinery from her birthplace to the Jersey shore. Mr. Livingston and Mr. Fulton had invited many of their friends to witness the first trial. Among them were our learned associates [of the Literary and Philosophical Society of New York], Doctor Mitchell and Doctor McNeven, to whom we are indebted for some account of what passed on that occasion. . . . This boat, which was called the *Clermont*, soon after sailed from the dock near the state prison for Albany. It is announced in the newspapers of that date [date not mentioned] that the boat built by Messrs. Livingston and Fulton with a view to

the navigation of the Mississippi River from New Orleans upwards, would depart in the afternoon."

Colden publishes Fulton's two letters, but without date. Reigart simply reproduces Colden's account, but in publishing Fulton's two letters gives that to the *American Citizen*, as we have stated, the date of September 15. He also gives a letter, written in 1856, from H. Freeland, who as a boy witnessed the passing of the *Clermont* on her first trip, from the bluff opposite Poughkeepsie, and who, describing the event, says, "It was in the early autumn of the year 1807."

Renwick, the author of the Life of Fulton in Sparks's American Biography, is indefinite, simply saying: "The vessel was finished and fitted with her machinery in August, 1807. The experimental excursion was forthwith made, at which a number of gentlemen of science and intelligence were present. Within a few days from the time of the first experiment with the steamboat the voyage was undertaken in it to Albany."

Thomas W. Knox, in his Life of Fulton, says: "The date of the departure on this memorable trip is differently given by several writers, but the weight of evidence is in favor of Monday, August 11." He then proceeds to copy Fulton's letter to the *American Citizen*, giving it the date of September 15, as in Reigart. A little further on he prints a letter from Fulton to Chancellor Livingston—which he says is now (1886) in the keeping of Clermont Livingston, the grandson of Chancellor Livingston—dated "New York, Saturday, the 28th of August, 1807," in which Fulton says: "On Saturday I wrote you that I arrived here on Friday at four o'clock, which made my voyage from Albany exactly thirty hours." Mr. Knox speaks of this letter as "descriptive of the first voyage of the *Clermont* from Albany," which it doubtless was; but the date given is clearly wrong, either as written by Fulton or as copied. The 28th of August, 1807, was not Satur-

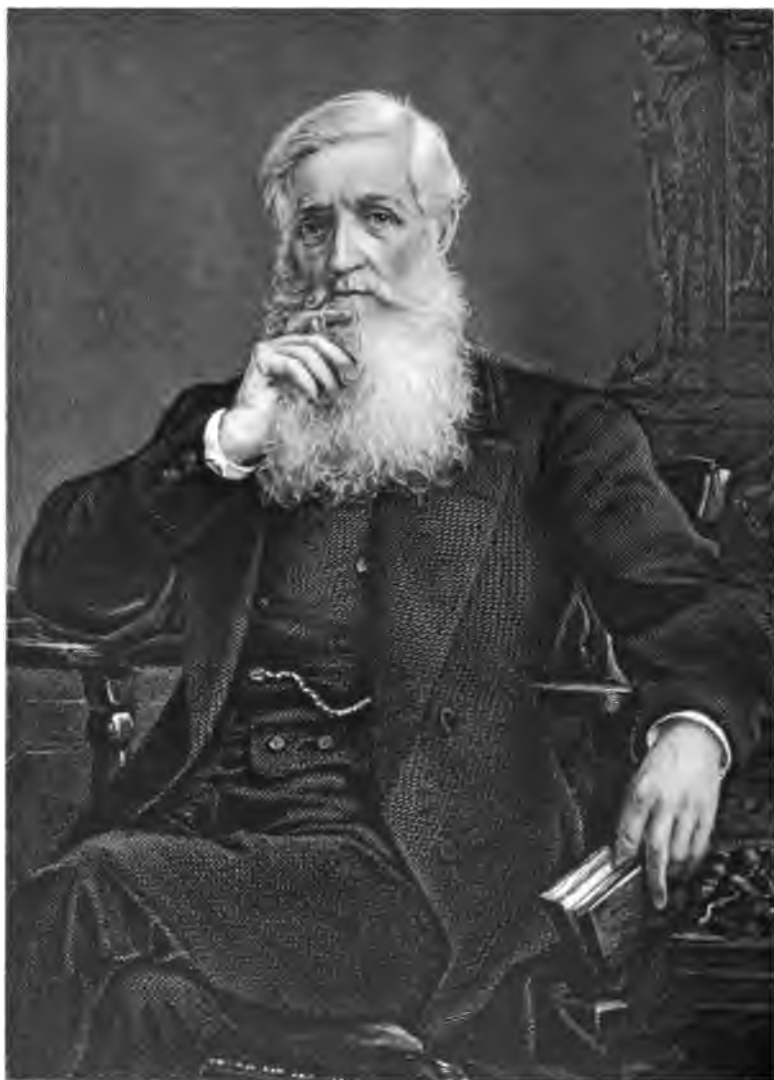
day; Saturday was the 20th. The preceding Saturday was the 22nd—and Friday was the 21st; yet the "weight of evidence" accepted by Mr. Knox showed that the Friday on which Fulton arrived in New York on the return trip was the same week in which August 11 fell.

Robert H. Thurston, in his *Life of Fulton*, says: "The *Clermont* was begun in the winter of 1806-07, and launched in the spring. The machinery was at once put on board, and in August, 1807, the craft was ready for the trial trip. The boat was promptly started on her proposed trip to Albany, and made the run with perfect success. Fulton's own account is as follows." Here he gives Fulton's two letters; but he prints them without date—perhaps struck by the inconsistency of the date of the letter to the *American Citizen*, as printed by Reigart (September 15), with two items which he immediately cites. The *American Citizen* of August 17, 1807, he tells us, says: "Mr. Fulton's ingenious steamboat, invented with a view to the navigation of the Mississippi, from New Orleans upward, sails to-day from the North River, near State's Prison, to Albany. The velocity of the steamboat is calculated at four miles an hour." This item, as indicated, especially the last sentence, which assumes that the velocity of the boat is yet to be tested, relates apparently to the boat's first or trial trip. If copied correctly, and if the boat sailed as thus announced, August 17, instead of August 11, would appear to be the true date. The probability is strengthened by the fact that August 17, 1807, was Monday, and August 11 was not; and Fulton says in his letter to the *American Citizen*, "I left New York on Monday." In either case the date of Fulton's letter, as printed by Reigart, would be proved mistaken. The second item given by Thurston is an advertisement copied from the *Albany Gazette*: "September 2, 1807. The North River steamboat will leave

Pauler's' Hook Ferry [now Jersey City] on Friday, the 4th of September, at nine in the morning, and arrive at Albany on Saturday at nine in the afternoon." This clearly relates to one of the *Clermont's* regular trips as a packet after her successful trial trip; and it also proves Reigart's date of Fulton's letter incorrect.

Thus the current authorities. At this point, and in truth at a considerably earlier one, the inquirer becomes impatient and decides to go to headquarters—the New York newspapers of the time. The files of the *Evening Post* are at hand; and the matter is quickly settled. The issue of Saturday, August 22, prints Fulton's letter to the *American Citizen*, just as given in the biographies, but with the date of August 20. Here, by the persistent fatality, is a mistake at the very second link in the chain! It clearly should be August 21,—the letter itself showing that it was written Friday afternoon. Our New York friends who have access to the files of the *American Citizen* can find whether the mistake is in the *Citizen* or was made by the *Post* in copying. The preceding Monday, which Fulton tells us was the day of the sailing from New York, was August 17; and the date of the departure from Clermont, the second day afterwards, was thus August 19,—as stated by the South Carolina gentleman quoted by Preble. Everything now falls into order.

How Fulton's letter ever came to be printed in the books with the date of September 15, instead of August 20, is a mystery. How Livingston, personally conversant with all, should have said September instead of August, is a mystery. How the dates of August 7 and August 11 crept into the books, the latter gradually becoming the favorite, is a mystery. But however it was, let us all now know that the day when Fulton first sailed up the Hudson on the *Clermont* was Monday, August 17, 1807.



GEORGE BANCROFT.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

OCTOBER, 1900.

VOL. XXIII. No. 2.

EARLY TRAFFIC ON THE CONNECTICUT RIVER.

By Collins G. Burnham.



WEDNESDAY, June 21, 1899, was a memorable day in the history of the Connecticut River. The thousands who thronged its banks or watched from the bridges that span its broad flood that summer day saw an ensign never before spread to the river breezes. At the bow of a river steamer floated proudly the President's flag. The river was the highway over which the chief executive of the nation passed from the welcome of Holyoke and the commencement celebrations of Mount Holyoke and Smith to the welcome of Springfield.

The Connecticut River has been the highway for many travellers in the days that are past, and over its waters many crafts have sped bearing their varied freight up and down the

valley. It is the purpose of this article to recall some of the early events of river navigation and traffic. For many years there was a fleet of various crafts on the river above tide water, that with oar or sail or steam made its way far up the narrowing valley, where the shadows of the hills of New Hampshire darken the river in the morning and those of Vermont in the afternoon. The Connecticut has been navigated above tide water more than any other New England stream. In its valley parts of four states are embraced; and the fertile intervals that stretch along its banks and the wooded hills that guard them invited the settler. The river was an important highway for two hundred years.

The Spaniard is now given the honor of the discovery of the Connecticut River. Estevan Gomez, in 1525, followed the coast from Labrador to Florida, and discovered it. Others have claimed the honor. The Dutch put forward pretensions and claimed the territory of Connecticut on the ground of discovery of the river and first settlement on its banks. The English accorded the honor to "Mr. Winslow of Plymouth," who, they affirmed, went there when "the Dutch had neither trading house nor any pretence to a foot of land there." William Bradford, however, acknowledges that the Dutch informed the

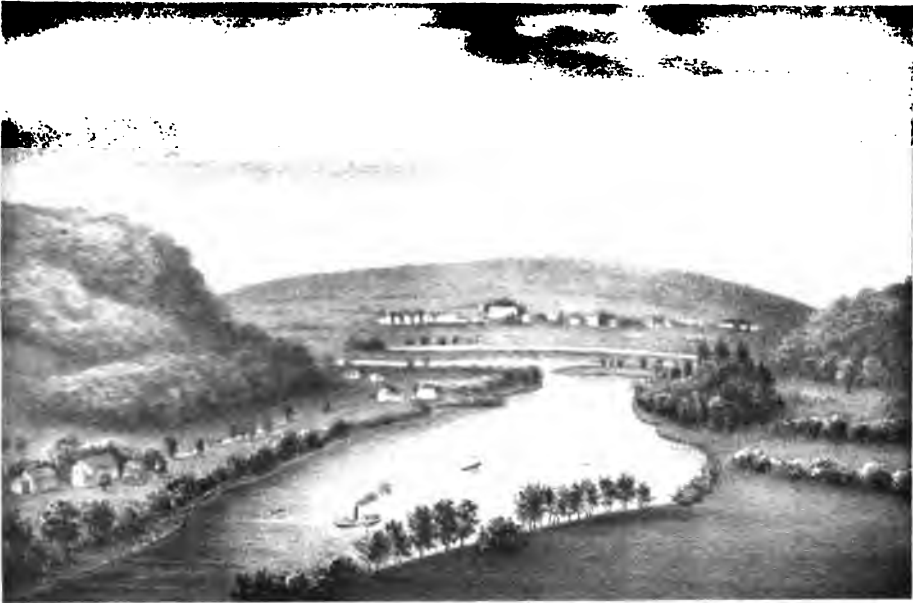
English about the river country and urged them to settle it. Several years before the Pilgrims landed at Plymouth the Dutch had sailed up the river and named it "Fresh River" and drawn it on their maps.

The *Restless*, Adrien Block's little vessel, built at New Amsterdam to replace one that was burned, was the first white man's vessel to sail up the Connecticut River. When the English became interested in the valley, the white man's sails were more frequently seen. The little bark, *Blessing*, owned by John Winthrop, Jr., entered the river in 1632. The year 1633 may be taken as the date of the opening of the river to navigation. That year the Dutch built their trading house at Hartford, and the men of Plymouth built theirs and gained the first move in the struggle with the Dutch for supremacy in the valley. Since that eventful season, the white man's craft, small or large, propelled by oar, sail or steam, has annually stemmed its current. The *Bachelor* was a vessel that made early voyages to the river. Governor Winthrop of Boston mentions it in a

letter (1636) to his son at Saybrook, and also mentions a lighter, a pinnace and a shallop, which were bound for the river. William Pynchon of Springfield had a shallop which he kept below the Enfield Falls, where he had a warehouse. A little fleet was gathering for the use of the colonists in the development of trade or in the exigencies of war.

One of the warlike enterprises in which the river fleet was employed was during the first great struggle of the valley plantations with the natives. The position of the white men on the river was an exposed one. They were cut off from the other colonies by a vast stretch of forest and by a greater stretch of sea. The Pequots began their depredations early in the spring of 1636. They beset the fort at Saybrook, and, although the attack failed, it caused the imperilled settlers "much fear and astonishment to see their bould attempts in the face of danger." The English had some scores to settle with the Pequots which later might have issued in conflict, but this was a struggle for the existence of their set-





AN OLD VIEW OF THE CONNECTICUT RIVER AT MOUNT TOM.

Reproduced from Professor Hitchcock's "Sketch of the Scenery of Massachusetts," published in 1842

tlements. They faced the crisis bravely and fitted out an expedition to invade the stronghold of their foe. John Mason was in command. In his "Brief History of the Pequot War," Mason reports that his force "shipped in one Pink, one Pinnacle and one Shallop." This last boat belonged to William Pynchon. The progress of this fleet down the river was retarded by some of the vessels getting aground several times, experiences which made the friendly Indians, who accompanied the expedition, impatient, "not being wanted to such things with their small canoes."

The undertaking was a desperate and a bold one. The homes of the settlers were left almost defenceless while they by river and sea and forest trail sought the stronghold of the enemy. The victory was a decisive one. The Pequots met the terrible fate they planned to visit upon the settlements, and Captain Mason was the hero of the valley. The Rev. Thomas Prince wrote: "In my Contemplations of the Divine Providence towards the People of *New England*,

I have often thought what a special Favour it was, that there came over with the first Settlers of Plymouth and Connecticut Colonies, which in those times were especially exposed to the superior Power of the Barbarians round about them, two brave Englishmen bred to arms in the Dutch Netherlands, viz., Capt. Miles Standish of Plymouth, and Capt. John Mason of Connecticut, Gentlemen of tried Valour, Military Skill and Conduct."

The colonists in the Connecticut Valley turned their attention early to shipbuilding. Trade could not follow the Indian trails from the bay to the valley, as some of the first settlers did on the long journey to their new home. The water highway invited the building of crafts suited to navigate it. Transportation on the river presented some special problems. These received attention from the beginning. Lion Gardiner, a native of Scotland, an officer who served in Holland, came to Boston in 1635, and was engaged by John Winthrop, Jr., to construct the fort at Saybrook, which when finished he commanded



THE CONNECTICUT RIVER AT HADLEY.

From Professor Hitchcock's "Sketch of the Scenery of Massachusetts."

for a while. He gave attention to this matter, and when a Dutch ship carpenter came to Saybrook, he wrote to the governor of the river: "I doe intend to set the Dutchman to make a Dutch smacke sayle, which shall carry 30 or 40 tun of goods, and not draw 3 foote and a halfe of water, princepully to transport goods and passengers up the river in safety." The problem of river transportation for Springfield was made more difficult because of the falls at Enfield. The Indian canoes could pass them in safety, and in time the Springfield builders had learned to construct flat-boats with which they ran the falls.

The Connecticut Colony early adopted a policy of encouragement of shipbuilding. One of the earliest legislative acts in this direction (1642) aimed at "the better furnishing the River with cordage towards the rigging of Shippes." It enjoined persons having hemp seed to sow it or sell it to others "within the River, that they may soe the same." Compulsory planting for the benefit of shipping this was. The owners of a

new ship at Wethersfield were given "liberty" to get a shipload of pipe staves for the first cargo. A cargo at the cost of production was practical encouragement to shipowners, although they did not term it a subsidy.

There were not many vessels owned on the river in the seventeenth century. From official records of 1680, we learn that at Saybrook there were two small sloops, whose tonnage is not given; at Lyme there was a ketch of seventy tons; at Middletown a ship of seventy tons; and at Hartford a ship of ninety tons. Vessels that traded on the river came chiefly from Boston and New York and took the valley products to the former port. Hartford was one of the principal ports of the Connecticut Colony at this time.

Shipbuilding increased with the growth of the river communities in the eighteenth century. The river towns held their interest in this industry for a long period, although not so favorably situated for its prosecution as many other New England communities. The Connecticut could not rival the Kennebec. At various

points from its mouth to the second series of falls, vessels have been built and industries connected with shipbuilding have flourished. At Windsor, Longmeadow, Springfield and Chicopee there has been shipbuilding. The Windsor historian records the cost of the dinner when a brigantine was launched at that place. A twenty-pound feast honored the fair *Peggy's* introduction to the river. Samuel Colton, a Longmeadow merchant of the eighteenth century, built his own vessels. They were not *Great Easterns*, for they must pass Enfield Falls at the spring or autumn freshets, but good substantial craft in which Longmeadow exports of staves, hoop lumber and tobacco could find a market. In the present century steamboats for river service were built at Longmeadow and Springfield. Chicopee built a schooner in 1749, probably the first schooner built in fresh waters in New England.

The river has made contributions to the American navy. In 1775 Essex built a twenty-four gun ship, the *Oliver Cromwell*,—a good name for a ship intended to battle for the freedom of the colonies. A paragraph, which in deference to the literary supremacy of Boston

was called a "Bostonian paragraph," appeared in a paper of the time, describing in grandiloquent terms the important event of the launching of another war vessel, in 1799, at Chatham, which bore the name of the *Connecticut*. From "the gazing thousands," the "peal of Federalism" burst forth as the stout ship glided into the water:

"While shad and salmon feel the patriot glow,
And throng in numerous shoals the watery way.
And sturgeon from the depths below,
Leap up her matchless beauty to survey."

There are two smaller crafts much

N^o. One —

This certifies, that

Mr. Michael Bullis Proprietor of
SHARE N^o One of the Locks and Canals
on that part of Connecticut River, which
lies between the mouth of Chickopee Ri-

ver, so called, in Springfield, and the mouth of Stony
brook so called, in South-Hadley, in the county of Hamp-
shire; which share is transferrable by assignment on
the back of this certificate, the same being signed and sealed
by such Proprietor, and acknowledged before some Justice of
the Peace, and recorded at length by the Clerk of the Pro-
prietors, in a book kept for that purpose.

In testimony whereof, the seal of the Corporation is here-
unto affixed the 27th day of December, in the Year of our
LORD, 1805

Thomas Wright } President of the Corporation.
Adam Wadsworth }
Proprietor's Clerk.

used on the river that should be mentioned. The first is the canoe. The red navigators paddled up and down the river in it on their errands of trade or hunting or war. It was an important vehicle to dwellers by the river, whether white men or red men. State roads did not stretch their hardened surface along its banks. The stream was a highway whose course needed not to be blazed on forest trees, that the white man might not miss his way. The Springfield free-men made the canoe the subject of legislation. The records show restrictions against felling "canoe trees"

canoe fleet in home waters. Public safety demanded that the Indian should not possess the white man's gun or boat. These local regulations reflect the general laws of the Bay Colony. Many Springfield settlers had farms on the west side of the river, and the canoe was especially valuable upon a stream which at this point was not spanned by a bridge till the white man had lived more than a century and a half upon its banks. Considerations of public convenience and safety led the Springfield legislator to make minute regulations regarding a craft so useful to him.

Adm. Nelson
Shipton

Mr. *Oliver Barrett & Co*
DUPLICATE Receipt—Nums. *110*
To Proprietors of Locks and Canals, at *South-Hadley*,

Date.		Dol.	Cents.
<i>June 6. 1792</i>	To toll for <i>11 1/2</i> tons of Merchandize, at seventy-five cents.	<i>8</i>	<i>62 1/2</i>
	To toll for thousand feet of boards, at seventy-five cents.		
	To toll for plank and square timber, equal to thousand feet of boards, at seventy-five cents.		
	To toll for other lumber equal to thousand feet of boards, at seventy-five cents.	<i>2</i>	<i>00</i>
	To toll for tonnage. <i>on two boats</i>	<i>10</i>	<i>62 1/2</i>
	Total,		

Received payment for the Proprietors,
Toll Gatherer.

I consent to the quantity as above estimated, *I will pay the above sum of*
Ten Dollars & sixty two 1/2 Cents on Demand
paid by Leonard: Note
Oliver Barrett & Co

A RECEIPT FOR TOLL.

within the bounds of the plantation without general consent. An order passed in February, 1638, gave liberty to any inhabitant to cut a tree for a canoe, but the same order forbids him to sell it beyond the bounds of the town until it was five years old. These local regulations were not dead letters upon the municipal statute books. Fines were imposed for violating them, and we may read the names of delinquent inhabitants. Ancient Agawam intended to keep its

On one memorable occasion the canoe played an important part in the history of Hartford and Windsor. The year following the Pequot war came the famine. During the period of hostilities but little planting was done. "What we plant is before our doors; little anywhere else." These words from a letter sent to William Pynchon tell a pathetic story. Fear of the lurking savage with tomahawk and scalping knife kept the terrorized planter close to the protecting walls

West Springfield June 2. 0

DAILY LINE.

THE STEAM-BOAT
BLANCHARD,



HAVING convenient accommodations for passengers and light freight, will leave Springfield for Hartford, every morning (Sundays excepted) at 7 o'clock, and arrive in Hartford about half past ten—will leave Hartford a quarter before 2 o'clock P.M. and arrive in Springfield about 7 o'clock.

For passage or freight apply in Springfield, to Col Russell at the Hampden Coffee House—J. Smith, at the Franklin Hotel—Thaddeus C. Eaton, at the Village Hotel, or Jeremy Warriner, at the Eagle Tavern. In Hartford, apply to Chapin & Northam, and D. Goodale June 16, 1830. 112

THE STEAM-BOAT
VERMONT,



HAVING been much improved in her size and speed, will ply DAILY between Springfield and Hartford—leaving Springfield, from the foot of Howard-street, at 1-4 past 7 o'clock, A. M. and Hartford at 2 P. M.

Passengers can be sure of arriving at Hartford and Springfield at the proper hours, the Vermont having the power to ascend the Falls at Enfield, when the Canal is out of order, in equally as quick time as when passing through the Canal—the Vermont will therefore lose no trip.

Particular attention will be paid to PASSENGERS.

Carrriages will be provided at Mosley's Coffee House, to bring passengers from the Hill, and also at the landing of the boat to convey passengers to the Hill and other parts of the Village, free of extra charge.

The boat will leave precisely at 1-4 past 7 o'clock; all freight must be on board by 7 o'clock.

For Passage or Freight apply at the Boat or at the store of MONTECOU, HUNT & CO. 1-4 past 6 o'clock, way. June 16, 1830. 112

PIPER, SELIG AND
J. R. SELIG

ADVERTISEMENTS IN
THE SPRINGFIELD "RE-
PUBLICAN" OF THE
RIVER STEAMBOATS.

of his log house or the stockade. A severe winter killed much of the stock and exhausted the scanty harvest. The heavy expense of the war made a great drain upon the finances of the colony. The spring of 1638 found the people in distress. Mason adds a paragraph to his "Brief History of the Pequot War," concerning their hard condition, to relieve which he and two others were implored by the General Court of Connecticut "to

try what Providence would for their relief." They found relief at Pocumtuck (Deerfield); and "the Indians brought down to Hartford and Windsor Fifty Canoes laden with Corn at one time. Never was the like to this Day." Corn still grows on Deerfield meadows, but the red man and the canoe fleet have vanished forever.

The flatboat is the second of the smaller craft used on the river. Freight was conveyed from Springfield to Warehouse Point chiefly in canoes and flatboats. There are frequent entries of credits in Major John Pynchon's books against the names of certain Springfield men for "a voyage down y^e falls." Fourpence per bushel was generally

paid them for taking grain down the river. Names familiar in the history of Springfield have such credits to their accounts. A statue stands in the public square to the memory of one of these men, who could take a boat over Enfield Falls; but the gun on his shoulder shows that Miles Morgan was more soldier than river man. Joseph Parsons, a trader in furs, was another skilful boatman, who could pilot a boat over the falls.

of the Locks and canals at White River Falls shall amount to the above. Provided also that no freighter or boatman shall be entitled to any reduction of tolls, unless he shall make a reasonable reduction in his prices and contracts for carrying freight, the abatement to be at least as much as the above abatement in the tolls applicable to such freight.

Alexander Thompson }
John Peter }
John Wright }
Mills }
Mills }
Mills }

SIGNATURES OF DIRECTORS OF THE SEVERAL CANALS.

This trip was not without hazard. William Pynchon wrote to his good friend, Governor Winthrop, and reported that the Lord was pleased "to mingle some afflictions with his mercies for the last Wednesday 2 of our town going down River with a cano laden with Corne & other goods were cast away." But although canoes were "so uncertain" that they called them "naughty" and passed orders that seem to regard them as culprits to be punished for their misdeeds, the Springfield mer-

with greater detail in the publication of a Granite State antiquarian society.* Perhaps we should not call a boat just large enough to hold a man, some rude machinery and a little wood a steamboat. Such a diminutive craft propelled by steam Captain Samuel Morey operated on the Connecticut River near the close of the last century. The river has the honor at least of an experiment in the application of steam to the movement of boats, if we do not dignify the Morey craft with the term "steamboat."



THE ENTRANCE OF THE ENFIELD CANAL AT WINDSOR LOCKS.

chant does not refer to them when he piously hopes the Lord will help them "to labor for more weanedness from the empty creatures that are so uncertain."

Who invented the steamboat? We do not attempt to answer the question, but wish to recall the claim to this honor of one who lived by the Connecticut and tested his invention on its waters. His story was told over forty years ago by one who in boyhood saw the wonderful craft, and more recently has been recounted

The fur trade supplied a large proportion of the exports of the valley in the seventeenth century. The English were attracted to this region not alone by the fertility of the soil, but by the prospects of a remunerative trade with the natives. "Trading cloth," the product of English looms, could be profitably exchanged for the skins of beaver, otter, mink and other spoils of the Indians' skill in hunting. Trade was the leading influence with

* See also Preble's "History of Steam Navigation," page 29.



THE CONNECTICUT RIVER AT SOUTH HADLEY, SHOWING A PORTION OF THE OLD CANAL DAM.

the Plymouth people when they began to turn attention to the valley. They had "need to looke out wher they could advantage them selves to help them out of their ingagements." Thus the Pilgrim trading house preceded the house of the settler on the bank of the "Long River." The Dutch built their "House of Good Hope" at Hartford with the same vision of gain from the pelt of the furry denizen of forest and stream. The agricultural possibilities of the fertile valley attracted the actual home-makers; but all could appreciate the value of fur. The leader of the Springfield settlers was a trader. William Pynchon had extensive dealings with the Indians. He had the franchise of the fur trade in the vicinity of Springfield. He paid "the publicque" for the privilege either by a tax upon each beaver skin bought or by an annual gross tax.

The colonies regarded the fur trade as a state franchise. The Bay Colony affirmed this position,

with a formal "whereas,"—that the trade of furs with the Indians properly belonged to the commonwealth and not to individuals. It farmed the trade as a means of revenue, and enacted laws to protect those to whom the franchise was sold. In the control of individual action it went as far as to enact that "no person of the



A GLIMPSE OF THE CANAL AT SOUTH HADLEY.



TURNER'S FALLS.

Bay" should trade outside its limits with the Indians.

Springfield was the centre of the fur trade of the river; and this trade was in the hands of the Pynchons, father and son, for many years. Major Pynchon sublet the franchise to others, who sold him their furs at a price agreed upon each season, and he furnished them with trading cloth and wampum and whatever other goods they needed in their dealings with the Indians. On his ledger appear credits to Thomas Cooper, chiefly for furs, to the amount of 386 pounds one shilling and sixpence. At the foot of this account is the infrequent statement that the balance is against the merchant: "So rests due to Tho. Cooper 27-00-00."

The furs were made up into bundles and packed in hogsheads to be shipped. A few, however, were shipped in bundles. John Pynchon packed for England in six years (1652-1657) forty-seven hogsheads of

beaver. There were 8,992 skins, and they weighed 13,139 pounds. Skins of the otter, mink, muskrat, sable, fox and raccoon are also mentioned. Moose skins were sent away in numbers which indicate that this huge animal must have been abundant at that time in some parts of the valley. The Dutch who hoped to control the fur trade of the Connecticut revenged themselves occasionally upon the English. "The 6 hh^d & Moose skins sent Mr. Garret Oct 8 1653 were taken by y^e Dutch & all lost." There were some risks which Mr. Pynchon had to take when his furs were sent across the Atlantic.

There were other exports. The fertile soil repaid the planter with abundant harvests. The valley was the western grain field for the less fertile eastern colonies. Statements of "Corne sent to Boston" show that Springfield produced a considerable surplus. In the spring and summer of 1654, shipments to the amount of

1,827 bushels of wheat and pease are recorded. Mr. Pyncheon shipped at one time 153 bushels of wheat for Pastor Moxon, whose salary like that of New England clergymen in those early times was stated in pounds sterling and paid in bushels; and a grave and judicial parish committee annually consulted with him to determine how the value of the payments should be expressed in terms of the pastoral call.

The articles exported from Springfield represent the exports of the valley. The Springfield merchant "freighted" on the ship *Desire* as part of one cargo twenty "barrells of

it form items in the list of goods shipped from the valley. There is less frequent mention of hops and soap. The Connecticut Valley tobacco began to find a market abroad. In 1673 a hogshead of the Indian plant and "259 rowls ditto" go to Newfoundland from the Springfield merchant's warehouse. The reply of the governor and council of Connecticut to questions sent from England in 1680 states that "the comodities of the country are Wheat, Peas, Ry. Barley, Indian corn and Porck, Beif. Wool, Hemp, Flax, Cyder, Perry, and Tar, deal boards, Pipe Staves, Horses." Most of the surplus products

were transported to Boston and there bartered for clothing, we are informed. Small quantities went to the West Indies, and "there bartered for suger, cotton wool, rumme, and some money." Now and then vessels went to Madeira and Fayal to barter their cargoes for wine. These statements cover the trade of the whole of Connecticut.

Perhaps Springfield drank its own "cyder" and "perry" and rode its own horses, as none of these are mentioned in the list of its exports; but merchant Pyncheon "Recd by a Cow sent to y^e Bay" four pounds. His vessels made voyages to the West Indies and Newfoundland.

The traffic on the river was once burdened by a tax imposed upon certain articles of export; and the colonies of Connecticut and Massachusetts became involved in a serious controversy over the matter. In 1644 the colony of Connecticut purchased the fort at the mouth of the river, together with a rather uncer-



THE CANAL AT TURNER'S FALLS.

flower" and fourteen "barrells of porke." An entry, "Voyedge Dr to provisions," shows that flour, pork and codfish were staple articles of diet on board the *Sea Flower* on a trip to "the Barbados." The crew of the *Desire* had some beef and bread in addition to the "barrells of porke," but the codfish is not mentioned as a delectable variant of the monotony of salt beef and pork. As one considers the possibilities of a bill of fare from these "provisions," he can but conclude that the men who sailed out of the river were more liable to scurvy than to gout.

The forests yielded tar. Barrels of

tain territorial jurisdiction claimed by Mr. George Fenwick, the founder of Saybrook. To pay him, it was agreed that he should receive for a period of ten years a tax upon certain specified articles of export "passed by water down the river" and an internal revenue tax upon cows, horses and hogs. Springfield was within the jurisdiction of Massachusetts Bay; but the Connecticut Colony claimed the right to collect this export tax upon the

affirmed: "Itt is y^e minde of this house y^t none of ours should pay any import to any of Connecticut jurisdiction in relation to y^e passing through any part of Conecticut River." The battle was on.

We need not follow all the steps of this controversy, from the decided expression of "y^e minde of this house" on the part of Massachusetts and the appeal of Connecticut to the arbitration of the United Colonies to the



THE CONNECTICUT RIVER AT BELLOWS FALLS.

goods of Massachusetts merchants as well as upon those of its own. Springfield's right of free access to the sea was at stake. It brought a commercial crisis. "I think no man will dwell here to be brought under such payments," Mr. Pyncheon wrote to Governor Winthrop. He declined to enter his goods, and promptly appealed to headquarters on Trimountain. The Bay Colony as promptly took the part of its western child, and in a clear voice the General Court

final sharp measure of retaliation that closed it. A dispute that at various stages of its argument called in question the charter of one colony and the constitution of the United Colonies, that involved the taxation of one colony for the purchase of a piece of property for another, and the right of people living on the upper waters of a river to free access to the sea, had elements of seriousness in it. Massachusetts advanced one argument that lifted the question into one



THE CANAL AT BELLOWS FALLS.

of international importance. She argued on the principles of common law that the right of way went with the possession of an estate. This was another form of presenting the issue of the right of a people inhabiting the upper waters of a river to its navigation to the sea. Years later the United States contended for the free navigation of the Mississippi, which Spain, holding its outlet, denied, on the ground that the right of access to the sea belonged to the people living upon the upper waters of a river. We could wish that the controversy had received a more dignified method of settlement; but perhaps no other form would have shown more quickly the injustice of one colony controlling a natural highway like the Connecticut River, and imposing a tariff to pay for a purchase of its own upon a sister colony, who must use that highway in order to reach the sea.

Near the close of the last century the inhabitants of the valley felt the need of cheaper and quicker river transportation. *Canal* became the

watchword along the river outposts. Companies were chartered to render the river navigable around some of its greatest obstructions. The first of these was known as "The Proprietors of the Locks and Canals on the Connecticut River." The name of John Worthington of Springfield heads the list of petitioners for the charter, which was granted February 23, 1792. Its work was to build locks and canals around South Hadley Falls and Turner's Falls. Two years later the company was divided, and the work at Turner's was conducted by "The Proprietors of the Upper Locks and Canals on Connecticut River." A half sheet marked "Diary of Survey" has these entries: "May 21 Began survey at Head of Falls;" "July 3 Went to Miller's"—a former name for Turner's Falls. This was a preliminary look at the double work by Christopher Colles in 1792. Canal traffic began on our river and in this country in the season of 1795, when the South Hadley Canal was opened. The earliest duplicate toll receipt now to



THE CONNECTICUT RIVER AT WHITE RIVER JUNCTION.

be seen, No. 118, bears the date of June 6, 1795.

The amount of tolls received the first year was \$3,109.45. This canal was about two and one-half miles long, and had in its final shape (plan of 1847) eight locks. The system included also an artificial channel on the west side of the river past Wilimansett rapids. The canal at Turner's Falls was three miles long, and had (plan of 1838) ten locks. The Bellows Falls Canal was a short one, with nine locks. The division of the original corporation and changes of plans after work was commenced delayed the completion of the Upper Canal. It was not opened so early as Dr. Holland surmises in his "History of Western Massachusetts." The work had so far advanced that the superintendent was authorized to allow rafts to enter while the water was high in the spring of 1790. They could then pass "nearly to the lower part of the canal." Under date of October 29, 1800, a Deerfield man wrote in his diary: "I went over to New City [*i. e.*, Montague City] and saw the first boats that ever went up the canal." The first toll-gatherer

was appointed for the season of 1801. The author of "A Descriptive Sketch of the Present State of Vermont" (London, 1797) foresaw in the completion of the canal at Bellows Falls "a water communication with the River Thames—a glorious prospect for both countries and a source of commerce and wealth to draw still closer between them the ties of amity." We cannot affirm when this canal was opened, but the "glorious prospect" was a vain imagining.

The canal projects at these points were large undertakings for the times. There were no precedent towpaths to follow, no experience in this country in canal building to guide in this pioneer work. At each fall it was necessary to erect a dam to check the mighty volume of the river, and at points to hew a channel through the solid rock. There were mistakes and changes of plans that made the work expensive, especially at South Hadley. Over \$81,000 were paid as assessments on the shares, and the canal had been in operation ten years before a dollar was returned as dividends to the stockholders. The state aided this costly enterprise by author-

izing that olden-time method of raising money, the lottery.

An evidence of the want of experience in the construction of canals is seen in the contrivance used at South Hadley until 1805 for passing boats and rafts from the one level of this canal to the other. The seal shows it. The figure of an inclined plane, the car with the loaded boat upon it, the words "Sic transit," and the mention of a platform—probably at the head of the inclined plane—are all the information the records give of this machine. Dr. Holland's description of this method is probably the most reliable we have: "At the top of the inclined plane were two large water wheels, one on either side of the canal which furnished, by the aid of the water of the canal, the power for elevating the car, and for balancing and controlling its descent." The seal seems to agree with this rendering of "Sic transit."

Foreign capital was interested in these canal enterprises in Massachusetts. The "Dutch houses," as they are known, owned one-quarter of the original proprietary rights of the two canals. When the division of the original corporation was made, their interests were transferred to the South Hadley Canal, and they owned more than half the shares. Let us give them mention here, for they received little glory and no gain from their investment. Their names are Stadnitski and Son, P. and C. Van Eeghen, N. and I. Van Staphorst and Hubbard, Ten Cate and Vollenhoven. They were merchant firms of Amsterdam. Beneficent Dutchmen! It was theirs to be assessed, to pour out their gold without return, and finally to be sold out at public auction, because they did not meet the sixteenth assessment made in ten years! They paid in assessments \$153 on a share and received at a forced sale \$80 a share. The stock was bought mostly by the other shareholders. The next year the first dividend was declared.

There are a few names prominent

in this first canal enterprise that should be mentioned. John Worthington, whose name heads the list of petitioners for a charter, was a well known Springfield lawyer. He was the first president of the company. Jonathan Dwight, one of the first directors, was a Springfield merchant, with large business interests in various parts of the state. John Williams of Deerfield rendered efficient aid to the proprietors in the legislature, and his previous interest in river transportation naturally led him to embark in this new venture. The first superintendent was Benjamin Prescott of Northampton. His salary was thirty-six pounds per month. Appreciation of "the ingenuity and talents of Mr. Prescott" is recorded when the works "are in such forwardness" as to render "any great extra expense for a superintendent" unnecessary. He became superintendent of the Armory at Springfield. The successful operation of the South Hadley Canal was due to Ariel Cooley of Chicopee more than to any one else. He made the improvements (1804-5) that abolished the inclined plane. He built a new dam and deepened the canal. Under his contract for operating and caring for the canal, it became profitable to the owners and to himself.

The Enfield Canal came last, although early thought of as a part of the system of river improvement. It was opened November 18, 1829. The event was celebrated. The *Vermont*, with a party of Hartford and Springfield gentlemen on board, passed through the canal each way. The *Blanchard* brought a party from Hartford to the foot of the canal. Citizens of the two towns greeted and congratulated each other that by the removal of the natural barrier they were made neighbors. This is the longest of our river canals—six miles. Besides these four, there are two smaller and less important canals, one at Water Queechy, the other at White River.

With the advent of the steamboat above Hartford, river navigation entered its last stage of development before the railroad came to supersede flatboats, sloops, steamboats and canals. The possibilities of steam on the Connecticut above tide water were foreseen as early as 1824, and a report made upon it to an association of Hartford gentlemen interested in the improvement of navigation above that place. The first steamboat to pass above tide water was the *Barnet*. It was built in 1826 at New York for the Connecticut River Company, and arrived at Hartford, November 14. The first attempt to ascend Enfield Falls did not succeed. At the second trial, with the help of pole men, the falls were passed, and the *Barnet* arrived at Springfield about four o'clock in the afternoon,—“where,” wrote Samuel Bowles in his paper, “she was greeted by our citizens with every demonstration of gladness.” The trip up river was made in a leisurely way. It was a triumphal progress. The people flocked to the river banks to see so novel a sight. Men and boys fired their muskets and followed the boat; cannon roared and church bells pealed a welcome, as the adventurous craft approached a village; and when guns, cannon and bells were silent, the event was further celebrated by a collation, and toasts were drank and speeches made. The *Barnet* arrived at Bellows Falls on Tuesday, December 12. There was formal speech of welcome and response by the president of the Connecticut River Company. There has been some confusion regarding the date and extent of this memorable trip of the *Barnet*. In the “Papers and Proceedings” of the Connecticut Valley Historical Society, it is confused with a trip made three years later by another boat. At the banquet at Bellows Falls one of the toasts was, “The town of Barnet—may she speedily be gratified with a sight of her first born;” but the little steamer never reached the town whose name

it bore. No steamer from the tide water of the Connecticut ever reached Barnet, Vermont. The *Barnet* could not conquer Enfield Falls with sufficient ease to make it useful in carrying passengers above that point, and dropped out of up-river navigation.

The next boat to quicken interest in river traffic hailed from Springfield. It was built (1828) by Thomas Blanchard, and bore his name. Mr. Blanchard was interested in river navigation, and built several boats at Springfield. He also opened the Kennebec River to navigation above tide water. The *Ticonic* made its first trip from Gardiner to Waterville on June 5, 1832.

The *Blanchard* may be taken as a typical river boat. Its keel measured sixty feet; the breadth of beam was twelve feet, which the guards and flooring extending over the sides increased to a total width of nineteen and a half feet. The boat had “a handsome cabin,” ten feet by twenty-four feet, divided into two compartments, with a promenade deck over it. Four boilers, each fifteen feet long and one foot in diameter, generated steam for this river leviathan.

The first trip of the *Blanchard* to Hartford is thus reported: “Marine Intelligence Extra—Cleared from Howard St. Landing, Tuesday October 9, Steam-boat Blanchard for Hartford and a market. Cargo principally *live stock* (30 or 40 passengers), wine, porter, crackers, cheese, etc.” The ability of this boat to run Enfield Falls and make regular trips gave an impetus to river navigation, and a fleet began to gather at the port of Springfield. The *Vermont* and *Massachusetts* were Blanchard boats. Several firms engaged in passenger and freight transportation.

It was the hope that steam navigation could be established to Barnet, Vermont. The valley needed quick transportation to a market. Hartford feared the rivalry of New Haven with its canal to Northampton and a

proposed extension of it up the Connecticut and Passumpsic Valleys to Lake Memphremagog. By the operation of the Erie Canal it was feared that the products of the valley could not compete in the markets of New York with those of the extensive, cheap and fruitful lands of the then western states. Such influences led to the building of Enfield Canal and improvements in the river channel at other points and to renewed efforts to extend steamboat navigation northward. In August, 1829, a second attempt to prove the river navigable by steamboats was made by the *Vermont*. The towns above Bellows Falls watched the progress of the boat with deep interest. The *Vermont* passed through the canal at Bellows Falls, which the *Barnet* could not do. In the middle of August it was plying between Charlestown, N. H., and Bellows Falls, while Windsor (Vt.) people were anxious to know if the boat could get to them. It was not till the middle of October and the completion of improvements of the bar at the mouth of Little Sugar River, that Windsor was reached and the well remembered form of welcome of ringing bells and firing cannon and banquet was received by Captain Blanchard. The locks at Water Queechy were too narrow to admit the *Vermont*, and Windsor marks practically the limit of the trip.

The next boat to attempt a voyage to gain the north pole of river navigation, *Barnet*, was the *John Ledyard*. It was built to pass all the locks existing between Hartford and Wells River. It was a small boat, drawing only "upwards of two feet" of water. The name of this boat perpetuates the remembrance of the feat of John Ledyard, the American traveller, who severed his connection with Dartmouth College by floating down the river to Hartford in a canoe made from the trunk of a pine tree. The *Ledyard* steamed nearer the desired haven than any other boat. Wells

River was the "farthest north" of its trip. A bar in the river just above that point stayed its progress. The voyage was made in June, 1831. We take our leave of Captain Nutt by quoting the last stanza of a poem celebrating his arrival in those northern waters:

"It's gone! it's gone! the day is past,
And night's dark shade is o'er us cast,
And farther, farther, farther still,
The steamboat's winding through the vale.
The bells ring out their farewell peal,
The cannons roar o'er hill, through dale;
We'll hail the day when Captain Nutt
Sailed up our fair Connecticut."

In the season of 1831 steamboat navigation here reached its climax. The Connecticut Valley Steamboat Company began its operations that season. In April it advertised a line of freight pole boats to run from Wells River to Hartford until its fleet of steamboats, which was building, was put on the route. It adopted the plan of building light draught boats and operating them between the canals. There were five reaches over which the boats were to ply. The first was between Hartford and South Hadley Canal; the second ended at Turner's Falls; Bellows Falls was the end of the third; the fourth extended to Water Queechy, and Wells River was the terminus of the last one. The company had a fleet of six steamboats. Three of these were built respectively on the "reach" upon which each was destined to run. The *Adam Duncan* was built at White River; the *David Porter* at Hartland (Vt.); and the *William Holmes* at Bellows Falls. The other half of the fleet was built on the first "reach"—the *William Hall* at Hartford, the *John Ledyard* at Springfield, and the *Ariel Cooley* below the falls at South Hadley. The *David Porter* cost the least of any boat of this fleet, \$4,737.29; and the *William Holmes* the most, \$4,943.61. The steamboat service extended itself gradually up river during the season as the different boats were completed. By midsummer there was

"regular and certain" steamboat navigation to Greenfield. In November the arrival during the same week at Bellows Falls of the *William Holmes* from Turner's Falls and the *David Porter* from Queechy is chronicled. The *Adam Duncan* furnished the last link of the "connected line" operated by the Valley Company. Down and up each boat steamed on its "reach," receiving and giving a convoy of flat-boats to be hastened to its destination. The shadows of mountain and forest fell across its course. Village church spires stood as milestones to mark the more important stages of its journey; and farm buildings clustering near the river bank measured the lesser divisions. The shrill whistle awoke the echoes and called the people to the landing place. The "river people" had realized their dream; steam navigation of "the fair Connecticut," about which there had been so many conventions and resolutions and petitions and anxieties, was accomplished far into the interior.

The Connecticut Valley Steamboat Company was not successful in its operations. A year's experience developed unforeseen obstacles. The river needed further "improvement." The small steamers on the northern reaches were not successful. Freight rates were high. The company closed the season of 1831 with a balance against it and an assessment on its shares, and with no prospect of the immediate development of a paying business. The Springfield stockholders were dissatisfied and withdrew. The company failed. A toast in honor of one of its steamers, given at a Fourth of July celebration, may embalm the memory of the company, its struggles, hopes and defeat: "The steamer *David Porter*, a gallant little barque—she has fought the good fight, maugre the opposers of steam navigation, and now let us say amen."

Steamboat navigation did not fail with the failure of the Valley Com-

pany. While this company was testing its ability to carry out its large plans, local companies were busy. Springfield had its fleet at this time—the *Blanchard*, the *Vermont*, the *Massachusetts* and, later, the *Phoenix*, the *Hampden*, the *Agawam* and the *Greenfield*. During the first week of February, 1842, the river opened for navigation. Charles Dickens came to Springfield from Worcester by rail on his way to Hartford. The steamer *Massachusetts* was ready to make its first trip of the season that day, and had the honor of receiving on board this distinguished writer. His experience on the Connecticut River is described in his "American Notes": "It rained all day as I once thought it never did rain anywhere but in the Highlands of Scotland. The river was full of floating blocks of ice, which were constantly crunching and cracking under us; and the depth of water, in the course we took to avoid the larger masses carried down in the middle of the river by the current, did not exceed a few inches. Nevertheless, we moved onward dexterously; and being well wrapped up, bade defiance to the weather, and enjoyed the journey. . . . After two hours and a half of this odd travelling (including a stoppage at a small town, where we were saluted by a gun considerably bigger than our own chimney), we reached Hartford."

Not many now living were witnesses of the old times on the river. A white-haired man may be found who as a boy saw the *Barnet*, or recalls the glories of some river port like Cheapside. One may tell you of the joke of the flatboat men who beguiled simple boys into looking over the bow of the boat as it went over the rapids to see the silver rock. They saw the silver rock and were drenched in its spray as the boat like a mighty hammer struck it. The reading of this may revive memories of a trip between Hartford and Springfield over the falls or through the canal, or the sight of a sloop with

its sails filled by the south wind going gayly up the river, or voices of river men shouting to each other as they guided their rafts down stream, or canal taverns where the boatmen refreshed themselves from labors past and prepared themselves for future tasks with liberal glasses of the spirits that formed so large a part of the imports of the valley.

Shall there be a return of traffic to the river? Shall boats be received within the sheltering arms of new

locks and canals, to be lifted over Enfield Falls? Mother Springfield and her fair city children, Holyoke and Chicopee, with her goodly town children, who are "seated" on the river, remember the former benefits of river transportation and are asking, "Why not a new canal?" Dollars, dynamite, dredging and drawbridges can make possible a new channel to the tide waters, the vanished fleet will return,

"And glad hearts welcome back again
Her white sails from the sea."

A MILLIONAIRE MAID.

By Minna Irving.

SHE'S a dream of silk and chiffon,
She's a being to adore,
As she floats to flute and viol,
O'er the polished ball-room floor;
For the stars above her cradle
Made her tall and fair of face,
And the languid lilies lent her
All their white and queenly grace.

Dainty trifles strew her chamber,
Programs, trinkets, jewels, gloves,
Piles of pink and perfumed billets
From a score of fleeting loves.
She was born to downy pillows,
Music, mirth and petted ease,
Plumes and pearls to deck her beauty,
Dresses from across the seas.

But she is not always dancing,
And she is not always gay.
To the couch of pain and sorrow
I have watched her steal away;
In the dark and narrow places,
Where the sunlight never comes,
I have heard her softly singing,
Like an angel of the slums.

Many a sick and dying soldier
Breathes a blessing on her head,
Watching for the dewy roses
That she leaves beside his bed.
Since her *début* I have wooed her
With a lover's patient art—
Children of the alleys, teach me
How to win her girlish heart!

THE WARD BOSS.

By Agnes B. Poor.



HE Reverend Cecil Brigham, rector of St. Ambrose's in Cambridge, delicately exhaled the smoke of his cigar before the fire, and then faintly sighed. The cigar was of the finest flower of Cuba; the fire was bright and sparkling. A lovely landscape hung over it, and the room was a pretty one throughout, with white curtains looped back to show stands of flowering plants, and a great bowl of roses on the table. It might have been a lady's morning room, but for the presence of a big official looking open desk, with papers bulging from every pigeonhole, and a table piled with an accumulation of newspapers. Nor were the daintily bound books in the low bookcase such as a lady's taste would choose, even though they were chiefly the poets of many tongues,—Burns elbowing Byron, and Gustave Nadaud between Beranger and Chamisso. It could hardly be the rector's sanctum, though his slender, well knit, erect form, close-shaven face with pale olive skin, dark eyes and finely drawn lips and the faultless freshness and precision of his dress were so much in harmony with the surroundings. Far less so were the shorter, stouter figure, the ruddy face with twinkling gray eyes and restless lips, of the man who sat opposite to him. But a certain careless air of possession, even more than the old coat or lounging attitude, at once marked the latter as at home.

"Well, old fellow!" he said in cheery tones, "this is pleasant. It's a good while since we've met—to call it meeting—and I didn't expect it would be here."

"Yes," said the other, with some irrepressible feeling in his well modulated voice, "I have not seen much of you since you moved into town; but I've not forgotten our old days together at the Cambridge High."

"Twenty—yes, it's twenty years since we graduated."

"It isn't possible!"

"Seems a long way to look back, doesn't it? Well—well—well—we've had our good times together. And so the poor old Cimmerians are going to have a meeting? That's a good thing; ought to have had it before. I'm heartily glad to hear it."

"We thought it would be a pleasant occasion," said the other slowly and as if carefully choosing his words. "Allan Beckford is here from Chili, and Harry Phipps from India, and we are looking up all the members. We all felt we couldn't leave you out—"

"Why, I should think not! Dear—dear—don't you remember the supper in Beckford's room, and the speeches after it? They haven't forgotten my speech, I guess. I'll touch up their memories a little about it when it comes my turn to speak."

"And we thought it best," went on his old schoolmate, "that I should give you a verbal invitation,—though you'll get your printed one in time. We thought you might not quite understand."

"Oh, no fear of that! I'll be on hand, you'd better believe! I've hardly met one of 'em for years, except Torrey and Jasper,—and Jasper lives out West, you know; but I've had more or less business with Torrey, of course."

"Well—I was going to say that there are one or two little things—"

ahem—that we were going to arrange beforehand—a sort of program laid out for the speeches, and so forth—”

“Yes—yes—yes! Well, put me in anywhere. I don’t mind—early or late, just as it suits.”

“And we thought,” went on the other, pursuing his previously prepared speech with more effort than he had anticipated, “that it would be just as well if you didn’t speak at all.”

“Indeed!”

“Yes—we’ve all of us the kindest feelings toward you; but you see—you see, most of us belong to the Reform Club, and we thought it would hardly do to have our names appear in connection with yours on such an occasion. We can’t expect to keep it private, you know. I shall have to speak, of course, and I may take the opportunity to give my views on public matters—so may some of the others—and it would seem incongruous—”

“Then perhaps you want me to refuse the invitation altogether,” said the other, in a voice that had lost its pitch by a semitone or so.

“Oh, come now, Glidden, pray don’t think that! We should all be very sorry to leave you out, or hurt your feelings in any way. Your mere name among the guests will not attract much attention.”

“No—perhaps less, on the whole, than if you left it out. Nobody could suppose I was dead. It’s in the papers too often for that.”

“You will come, then?”

“Oh, yes, I’ll come; and don’t be scared about the speech. It shall be postponed to a more fitting occasion. They’ll lose the cream of the spread, that’s all.”

“Thank you,” said the clergyman with an air of relief and seeming inclined to rise. But his host laid a hand on his arm.

“Come, come! Don’t run away like this. You’ve done your errand. Surely you can find something pleasanter to talk about.”

“Why, I don’t know what I can say,” said the guest, a more natural air breaking through his reserve. “I don’t suppose it would do any good. I am very sorry, Glidden, that our old friendship has dropped,—and the cause. You were the brightest of us all. I didn’t think you’d come to—”

“Come to what?”

“Why, if I must say it, making your living out of manipulating the politics of the city.”

“I thought that you were always preaching up the need of taking an interest in politics.”

“As for legitimate influence, I should be far from condemning any one for exercising that, even if he might not agree with me. But do you mean to tell me that all your business is of that description, or that you get no more than your salary?”

“No, indeed, I don’t mean to tell you anything,” said Glidden with a little twitch about his lips, as if he were trying to keep from laughing. “I’m not in the confessional.”

“I don’t want to say anything personal, but I think it is generally allowed that the condition of our municipal politics is disgraceful. The lower classes, under the leadership of venal demagogues—”

“Pitch into the demagogues all you like, but spare the lower classes, ‘the bone and sinew of our land.’ Wasn’t there something like that in one of your own speeches?”

“I only wish to see them under intelligent leadership, instead of being at the beck and call of the highest bidder. If we can induce a better order of men to assume political positions—”

“Ah, that indeed! Better try it.”

“We are trying it. There’s your present member of Congress, our old schoolmate, Torrey. You must acknowledge that his nomination was fairly forced on your convention by the influence of the reformers, working through the independent press.”

"Torrey's a very good fellow. We get on very well together."

"Naturally, he does not wish to make himself disagreeable; but if you come to our dinner, you will, I think, hear him express very decidedly his convictions of the necessity of a thorough and unsparing purification—"

"Come, come, Cis!" said Glidden, now laughing heartily, "I wouldn't get up Torrey's speech for him. He never was very clever, Dick Torrey, but I guess he can do better for himself than that. Come, now, don't get mad. If I've said anything to hurt your feelings, I'm sorry, and I know you're willing to say the same. We won't forget old times for a trifle like this."

Brigham took the offered hand. He had expressed himself in public very strongly on the necessity of bringing public criminals to a sense of their misdeeds by a cessation of social intercourse; and here was one of the biggest sinners of them all, and an unrepentant one, the man who was popularly supposed to embody all the corruption of the city; but face to face and hand to hand it was impossible to put his principles into practice. The remembrance of bygone days was very strong upon him; and so, too, was the influence which in those days had made it impossible for any of the boys to keep up a quarrel with Tom Glidden. The hand clasp became a strong grasp, and they parted in silence.

Cecil Brigham went on his way dissatisfied, he knew not why, with himself, and trying to shift the dissatisfaction on to the other party. "Tom Glidden used to be such a good-natured, clever fellow!—and to waste himself on this! If he would only come and hear me, now!" But here he faltered, knowing how impossible it was that "Boss Glidden" should ever enter the sacred precincts of the Reform Club, however convenient its members might sometimes find his assistance.

So much disturbed was he, that he chose to walk home and work off his irritation by exercise in the cold night air. By the time he reached the old Longwood Bridge, a route he chose for its greater quiet and seclusion, all around was very silent and lonely. The water was still as a mirror, and the stars burned above and below with all their wintry snap and sparkle. All that was ugly or mean about the old wooden structure by day had vanished, and the scattered lights from the houses among the thick leafless trees on either bank gave a magical suggestion of peace and shelter. No creature was in sight till, as he neared the draw in the middle of the bridge, he saw a figure behind one of the posts at its further end. A woman was sitting on a heavy beam at its foot, crouching so close in her corner that, had she been a man, she might not have been seen at all. But an occasional light flaw of wind, that hardly rippled the waters far below, fluttered the folds of her shabby skirt and the frowzy fringe of the torn shawl which she had wrapped tight about her head and under her chin.

It was, Brigham thought, a clear call of clerical duty to say something to this solitary woman, who could not, of course, be there for any proper purpose. But by what action could he follow it up? It might be a case of destitution; but it was against his principles to give in the street without making inquiries. Perhaps she was drunk—he was not a sufficiently close observer to perceive that the tense compression of her figure did not indicate it, in which event a policeman ought to be called; but there was no one within sight or hearing, and there might not be a policeman within a mile. He wished he had walked straight on; but as he had paused a moment while making these reflections, it would not do now to go on without saying something.

"Why are you here?" he asked in clear, commanding tones.

"None of your business," replied the woman, in an odd, unmodulated voice without a particle of character or accent,—such as is so often heard on American shores from those born to use a tongue foreign to their race.

The response was not encouraging, and he might have gone no further, but as she looked at him in the dim lamplight he recognized Ellen Mulligan, who had lived with his family a year ago as chambermaid. And he was shocked and sorry, remembering how the fresh faced, willing, though awkward girl of a year ago, who had smiled and sung over her work, had by degrees grown careless and lazy and sullen, until his wife had said after she had gone that it was a relief to get her out of the house. He knew Isabel had tried early and late to train her. To be sure, Isabel's training had been rather in the line of neatness and dexterity in her work than in any deeper qualities of head or heart.

"Why, Ellen!" he exclaimed, "I am very sorry to find you like this!"

Ellen shrugged her shoulders as if his feelings were a matter of indifference to her.

"Mrs. Brigham would be so sorry," he continued.

Not even a gesture replied to this.

"Where do your friends live?" he asked, intending to swallow his principles to the extent of handing her a car fare to any locality she might indicate. But the girl, suddenly throwing back the shawl from her head, looked at him with a face so repulsive, with so impudent a leer, that he recoiled. He looked back to the Longwood shore, and saw what looked like the shadow of a man, himself concealed, flickering in the light of the lamp,—probably an associate of this woman, who might be placed there as the decoy for a gang of thieves. He remembered hearing of one or two recent robberies in this neighborhood. At any rate, he could do her no good under such circumstances, and he felt himself entitled

to pass on. His footsteps rang hollow from the draw, more sharply for a moment on the pavement beyond, and then died away on the ear.

Tom Glidden, more unpleasantly excited by the interview with his old friend than he had shown, tried in vain to forget the sensation over a favorite book, and concluded that a walk would be better. He, too, chose the route by Longwood, because, as long as he was going out, he might as well go out to Cambridge, sleep there, and save time by seeing a man there on business in the morning; and this was a near and pleasant way to his mother's little house, in one of the small cross streets on the confines of the "Port." A room was always ready for him there, and he carried a latch-key. His mother and sister were plain, old-fashioned people, leading a quiet life among a few old friends, with evening lectures and sewing societies for their diversion. The son and brother was never seen and rarely mentioned in their select little circle. They took in no daily paper, and skipped the occasional allusions to him in the weekly religious journal which was their authority; but they well knew that his course of life was not considered a creditable one by those whose opinions they respected. To beg him to alter his ways would have been to propose the curtailment of their modest but sufficient income, of which he contributed full three-quarters; and they went on accepting his help with something of the feeling which leads a mistress to retain a cook of whom she has good reason for wishing to be rid, because she does not know where otherwise her next dinner is to come from. Glidden well knew that they were ashamed of him, and their mutual intercourse was limited to the discussion of the most trivial details of daily life; but it was more necessary to him than it was to them, for they were the only women of any refine-

ment with whom he ever came into contact. Marriage was not a possibility to him. He could never hope to meet a lady on equal terms. Torrey and he might exchange platform courtesies, but Mrs. Torrey was as far removed above him as an empress. Brigham and he might clasp hands when the remembrance of boyish days was strong, but he had no chance of so much as entering the presence of Brigham's Isabel; and though a man of strictly moral life, and never the worse for liquor, he knew that he loomed before the imagination of the reformers as reeling home every night to a harem.

Before he reached the bridge he had regained his usual easy good humor. "Cissy Brigham," he thought, "always was a dear, good, little softy—never fit for any trade but the parson's. He's made a fool of himself going into politics; and fools of his friends, too, for I rather think"—with a chuckle—"this will be Master Torrey's last term."

His soliloquy was interrupted by the sight of a tall figure on the top of the drawbridge; and he drew back into the shade, unwilling to renew their colloquy. "I'll let him get well ahead," he thought. "Oh, there he goes, and fast enough, too. Wonder if he saw me! What's that down on the bridge? A dog? No! Why, it's a woman! Good God!"

As soon as the sound of Brigham's footsteps had ceased the girl had sprung up as if she were stifling, her face frightfully contorted. It was not from any design that she had given the reverend gentlemen the look which had shocked him; it was only an effort to keep back an outburst which might have frightened him more. She could not help it if her heavily moulded features were as hard to modulate to graceful sorrow as the coarse fibre of her voice.

She had been waiting a moment to do what she came to do, because the starry water looked so icy cold; and

she knew that in a few moments she would feel so chilled and stiff that the water would look tempting compared to that thin nipping air. But such a meeting with a familiar presence stung her into courage at once. She looked around, but saw no one. She clambered heavily upon the railing and stood poised there a moment while she pinioned her arms in her shawl, so as not to prolong the death agony by any useless struggle. Just as she swayed over toward the water some one caught her from behind. Tom Glidden had rushed forward and dragged her down upon the bridge with a force that brought them both to the ground.

"There, there!" he said quietly, as he rose and helped her up and shook the dirt from her dress, "I wouldn't be in such a hurry."

"Let me go!"

"No—no—that won't do. Come, my dear, just come along with me." He had one hand in his now, and his other arm was round her waist, urging her back to the shore he had left. But her other hand was free, and in a moment she had wrenched herself round, and struck him a blow in the face that made him stagger.

"Let me alone!"

"Why, this ain't a place to let you alone in. Now, look here; I'm stronger than you are; it's no use fighting. Come along with me and get out of the wind. Why, you're half frozen; I guess you're stiff with the cold, and that made you about tumble over;—only you hadn't any right to be up there, you know. There, there, come along;"—and as she still hung heavily back: "I wouldn't make a fuss. A policeman may be along any time now, and you don't want to go to the station house, you know. Ah! I thought so; you be a good girl, and you sha'n't, I promise you;"—and changing his tone from threatening to coaxing, as the case seemed to require, he drew her along.

As they entered the city streets and met scattering passengers she quick-

ened her pace and put on a more natural manner. "Not drunk, anyhow," thought her conductor, his opinion confirmed by a tentative sniff. But she was evidently tired, and the walk was a very long and weary one for both, till he reached his own lodgings and led her in and up the stairs and turned the latch-key in his door, which he locked as soon as they had entered, and put the key in his pocket, "for she may dodge me yet," he thought. But she was quiet while he placed her on the sofa and turned on the gas, and with one thrust of the poker at the great lump of soft coal in the grate, brought out a dozen dancing tongues of flame. "Best not give her any brandy," he thought; "she's not used to it, or she'd have had some already, and this ain't a time to begin;"—and he bustled about to make some hot tea for her, an easy matter in his bachelor quarters, while she looked on, too much astonished to protest, and he meanwhile stole a glance at her. She was young, and might have passed muster well enough in the cheerful, well dressed crowd of servant girls thronging to mass of an early Sunday morning; but now she looked forlorn, without a ray of grace or beauty to throw the color of romance over the bare, ugly, common tragedy of her story. Glidden troubled himself with no fine drawn speculations as to the proportion of passion to sentiment in love, so called, he only thanked his stars that her troublesome sex had no votes for him to bother himself about. The kettle bubbled cheerily, and he brought her a cup and forced a few swallows of tea down her throat; and she groaned heavily, as a faint sense of warmth began to steal over her ice-cold frame.

"There—you feel a little better, don't you?"

"I don't know."

"Oh, yes, you do! There—take some more." She took a sip or two, and then began to move restlessly

about, as if reviving life were painful.

"You'd better have let me be."

"Why, what's the matter?"

"I've lost—everything."

"Well, you've come near it, certainly; but you shouldn't have been in such a hurry. While there's life there's hope, you know."

"You don't know—you're not a woman;" and she began to sob feebly.

"That's true; but I shouldn't wonder if I could guess a little how you feel. I suppose you've lost your character. Well, I've lost mine; but still, life's sweet;"—drawing in a long breath of the warm, flower-scented air. "Let's see if we can't find anything left for you. You don't drink, I fancy? No? Well, that goes a great way. Oh, you mustn't throw up the sponge yet! Now, just tell me who he is, and let me see if I don't know him;" and as she hesitated: "You needn't mind me,—I'm Tom Glidden."

An expression came over the girl's face such as a savage might wear on discovering the idol of his tribe to be not only a powerful but a beneficent being; and she muttered a word or two with mechanical obedience.

"Tim Larey? Oh, yes, I know Tim well enough. And you are? Ellen Mulligan? Oh, that's all right. He's got no wife; and he isn't a bad fellow."

"He swore at me," sobbed the girl, now beginning to feel that her complaints might yet find an earthly hearer, "and asked me how he thought he was going to keep a woman and her brat; but I shouldn't have minded that so much if he hadn't laughed at me. I couldn't get the sound of that out of my ears. I'll never get over it—never!"

"Oh, yes, you will! Perhaps he was—well, not quite himself, you know; I don't think he's often so. Let's give him another chance." He stepped to his speaking-tube and, like a knight of old romance,

"He blew both loud and shrill,
And whistled thrice for his little foot
page,
Whose name was English Will;"

and in a moment that jewel of messengers was at the door and had received a few hurried orders in a low tone.

"And now, Ellen, you just step into my room and fix yourself up a bit; you'll find everything there."

"I ain't always like this," said the girl, slowly stretching her cramped limbs as she rose. "I've got nice clothes in my trunk at my boarding-house, and the key of it with me here. It seemed too bad to spoil any of 'em, and I thought the other girls might have 'em."

"A very proper feeling," said her host; "but you'll be wearing 'em yourself yet,—see if you don't. Use anything you want to; and don't spare my perfume bottles. Try which you like best."

A few moments after Ellen had closed the inner door behind her there came a low, uncertain tap at the outer one, which opened to admit a broad shouldered, low hung Irishman, with some of his "good clothes" hastily thrust on. He had been there before with others, and had been sufficiently impressed with the splendors around, which, though "the people" paid for them, were regarded by them as the right and proper thing for "the people's friend." But, seen by himself, they were overpowering, and he stood planted, the "shy Iberian," all over, without a twinkle of the merry Celt about him.

"Ah, Tim, glad to see you! Sit down—sit down—take a chair and sit down, won't you?"

"Thank ye, sir," said the visitor, lowering himself with apparent effort into the proffered chair.

"That's right; take a cigar—take it—take it. I've had a friend smoking here just now,—and 'twill do you good; settle your head;" and as the guest, unused to cigars, blinked awk-

wardly over it: "I take a great interest in you, Tim."

"Thank ye, sir,—thank ye."

"I've had my eye on you for a long time. I've found you useful once or twice."

"Yes, sir. I don't want to be bragging about myself, but I will say that last spring—"

"Yes—yes—I haven't forgotten it; though I didn't forget it then, you know."

"No, sir, indeed not. I've always said you were an honorable gentleman."

"Much obliged to you for the compliment," said Glidden, laughing; "I'd like to pitch you against my friend who was here an hour ago,"—and as the man looked puzzled, "I may have to call on you again soon."

"Any time, sir."

"I suppose you'd like a regular place?"

"I'd be thankful to get one, indeed," said the man, but with less pleasure in his looks than bewilderment; for the slow current of his ideas could not keep up with these rapid developments.

"There's the street-sweeping department,—there'll be a vacancy in the head man's place in this district in a day or two, and I think a word from me would go a good way as to who was to get it—" and as a touch of eagerness dawned on his hearer's dazed face, "but—I'll be very particular whom I put in."

"I'm sure," gasped Tim, "if there was any way I knew how to please your honor—"

"Why, you do know. Look sharp after your men, and bring 'em up to the mark when they're needed, of course." A look of cunning intelligence woke in the man's eyes. "Then there's other things: I expect all my head men to be men of good character, always sober, at the saloons most especially, and family men, with a decent residence to hail from. Are you single?"—with a quick look at Larey, who found it hard to meet. "If

there's any young woman you have in view, now's the time to say so;" and as the man was still silent, "I think you know a Miss Ellen Mulligan?"

A sudden flash of illumination came over Larey's hard features, as if a match had been struck on them. "Sir!" he burst out, "if that young woman's been complaining of me to you,—it's lies she's been telling, first and last."

"She hasn't been complaining," said Glidden. "You may tell me the story of your acquaintance with her yourself; only, if you expect me to believe it, you'll have to jump into the Charles River to prove it; she did."

The man's ruddy face turned white. There was silence in the room for a moment, broken by another and more assured tap on the door, which Glidden hastened to fling open.

"Good evening—good evening, Father Nagle!"—with a deferential bow. "I must apologize most sincerely for bringing you out at this time of night."

"I'll give you credit for a good reason," said the newcomer, laughing. He was a stout, hearty man, whose fiftieth birthday passed had given him the privilege of wearing the pleasant smile and speech with which ecclesiastics of his faith are wont to cheer the downhill of life. Though from his parish came Glidden's main support, his "solid South," never to be broken, a mutual prudence made them hold but little intercourse on matters political; but an acquaintance formed in other ways had ripened into friendship.

"This is Mr. Timothy Larey, father; you may have seen him in church."

"Not lately, I'm sorry to say," said Father Nagle, with an attractive smile.

"Well—it's to be hoped he'll be more constant now, as he's thinking of matrimony."

"I'm glad to hear it," said the

priest; "it's what I'm always preaching to the young men of my flock, as you'd know, Mr. Glidden, if you were only one of 'em."

"Well, and if ever I do marry, Father Nagle, you shall find me a nice little wife out of your church; they make the best, I've always said. But that's not the point now. If a man's gone and led a girl astray, he's bound to make it up to her."

"Most surely," said the clergyman, seriously.

"You hear what Father Nagle says, Tim. Now, I pulled that girl—Ellen Mulligan—down from the rail of Longwood Bridge an hour or so ago. You know what sent her there. I don't believe she's a bad one, or she wouldn't have been so ready to take that way out of it. Can you look me in the face and tell me she was when you first met her? Well, then, you are ready, I presume, to make it up to her as far as you can. If you don't—I won't give much for your chance in this world or the next."

"I'm sure, sir—anything you or his reverence think proper—"

"Very well; Miss Mulligan's here, in the next room; and here's his reverence. We'll have the wedding over before you leave the house, hey, Father Nagle?"

"But he hasn't a license," said Father Nagle in a low tone.

"Not a bit of it; but what of that? I'll pay the fines, if any are called for."

"But they're not prepared!"

"Oh, well, let 'em prepare—do their confessing and all that, afterward. It's a matter of life and death; you can stretch a point?"—and as the clergyman looked acquiescence, "All right! Hello, Will! You'll do for another witness." And then, opening his bedroom door, he ushered in Miss Mulligan. His quick eye discerned in a moment that she had taken advantage of the facilities he had given her to arrange her dress as well as she could, showing that, as he put it, "she meant to have another try

at it;" and the more to heighten the effect, he handed her, with a bow, the roses from his table, which he had been hastily arranging, and then led her up to the bridegroom, whose appearance was less worthy of the occasion.

"*Gloria patri, et filio, et spiritui sancto!*" rang through the room with no uncertain sound from the lips of Father Nagle, who loomed up, as it were, a head above his former height; and the pair sank at once upon their knees. They got through the service very well with a few hints from him, and the end came before they expected it. "*Vade in pace*—there, go in peace, my children, go in peace!"—and the priest wiped his forehead.

"I'm very happy to congratulate you," said Glidden, shaking their hands. "And now, Larey, you take your wife home to her old boarding-house for the night; and mind you call for her bright and early and get your papers at the City Hall, and step round with a friend or two to Father Nagle's, so that he can certify that they're all right; and then come to my office,—and no dawdling about it, look out for that. You're as legally married as they make it already. Be a good husband, and keep a good home over her head. And you, Mrs. Larey, I'm very sure you'll make him comfortable. Good-by, and good luck to you"—and he thrust something into the hand of each as he shook them again.

"Thank you, sir," said Larey, very quietly. His wife said nothing; and they shuffled out of the room. There was a moment's silence after the door closed.

"Well—well—here's a job! Thank you for coming in the nick of time, Father Nagle. Have a glass of wine? You must need it. I wouldn't have called you out so late, except for a good work, you know."

"I hope," said the priest, as he sipped his Chateau Mouton, "that it is a good work. I am afraid he may pay it off on her, when he gets the

chance. He doesn't look a promising case."

"What else could I do? Let her drown? And what's the use of picking her up, just to let her go again? I'll see her nights, standing on that rail, often enough, as it is. No, I'll keep an eye on him and you must, too; and if he goes to the bad,—why, at least, she's a respectable married woman now; and that goes a great way with your people. No more? Well, then I'll do myself the honor of seeing you home."

"Too bad!" exclaimed Cecil Brigham, as he dropped the *Sunday Herald* on his dressing room floor. He was not in the habit of taking in Sunday papers, but in his eagerness for some special intelligence he had borrowed the sheet from an accommodating neighbor who was not a parishioner.

"What's too bad?" asked his wife, who was basting the ruffles into her best black silk blouse.

"Why, I see the Fiftieth District have thrown over Torrey. I mean, he's lost the nomination for Congress. They've put in some low fellow or other by a unanimous vote. It's Glidden's work—he ought to be ashamed of himself! It's almost enough to make me vote the other ticket!"

"Dear me!" cried Mrs. Brigham, horrified at this extravagance of speech. "What a pity you didn't send Mr. Glidden a copy of your last speech!"

"It wouldn't do him any good. He's an utterly venal politician. He's got the district under his control, by nothing in this world, of course, but sheer bribery. Well—it's getting late, and I must be off for church. Please send that paper back to Mr. Mudie, with my thanks. I don't want to see him; I wish I hadn't asked him for it."

The Rector did not know—how should he—one great cause of the triumphant success of Mr. Torrey's opponent in the nominating con-

vention, a success repeated in a few months at the polls. But every married woman in Father's Nagle's parish knew it; for every husband had been sent out, with no excuse allowed, and with the certain knowledge that if Mr. Glidden's man did not get in he himself would be held solely responsible.

The walk through the fresh air of early spring to church, and the beautiful words of the service, restored Brigham's composure, and only enough dissatisfaction remained to

lend an additional shade of pathos to his fine voice, always so much admired by his female flock. Never had it sounded sweeter in their ears than when he read his text: "A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way, and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. But a certain Samaritan, when he journeyed, came that way, and when he saw him he had compassion on him."



THE MAN AT THE PLOUGH.

By Zitella Cocke.

THE son of penury and toil,
To hard task-work he gave his day,
Far from the world's benumbing sway,
Unsullied by its stain and soil.

It was not his to know the great,
Or with the rich their joys to share;
He took from Nature's hand his fare,
Nor looked beyond his low estate.

For she, with mother-love and ken,
To him a dearer boon had sent,
The larger dowry of content,
Denied to souls of sordid men;

And added to his daily wage
Such largess from her treasures fair
In earth and sky and light and air
As gave him goodly heritage;

And knighted him her nobleman,
With lifted brow and lordly tread,
And mind aloof from fear and dread,
Unshamed by worldly scorn or ban.

He felt the soul of common things ;
The mystic life within the clod
To him spoke as the voice of God,
More than the majesty of kings.

The sunlight on the distant hill,
The field-flower coarse and commonplace,
The wayside wilding's rustic grace,
The whispered music of the rill,

The throstle's song, the evening star
That cheered him with her friendly beam,
Filled him with joy wealth did not dream
And peace man could not make nor mar.

Nurtured by such high ministry,
He envied not the rich man's purse,
Nor knew the weariness and curse
Of luxury's satiety ;

Nor yet the thrall of greed and gain,
As he who down the stony grooves
Of trade, with urgent footstep moves,
And eyes distraught with care and pain ;

But walked with labor as his friend,
The pitying angel, who did wait
For outcast man, at Eden's gate,
With comforting of large amend ;

And found the lowly path she trod,
But sped him to the victor's goal,
And stood, a white, unwrinkled soul,
Before the great white throne of God !



THE HOMES AND HAUNTS OF GEORGE BANCROFT.

By Alfred S. Roe.

WORCESTER, Massachusetts, was the birthplace of George Bancroft; and here, in her Rural Cemetery, his body rests. America's first historian was just a promising infant, not quite three months old, when the nineteenth century began; for it was October 3, 1800, that to the Rev. Aaron Bancroft and his wife, Lucretia Chandler, was born their eighth child and fourth son, George, whose name any Worcester schoolboy will readily proclaim the most famous in the city's annals. Five more children were yet to be added to that ministerial household, making a good baker's dozen, by no means a rare number in those earlier days; indeed, Mrs. Bancroft herself was one of seventeen children born to her father, Judge John Chandler, though her mother, his second wife, bore only thirteen.

The house in which the pastor of Worcester's Second Parish then resided was located quite a distance from his church towards the northwest on what is now Salisbury Street. For many years its chief claim to fame was the fact that its walls first heard the infant cries of the famous diplomat and writer, and it was ever a show place to visitors. Bancroft himself remembered it with pleasure, and he had planned to spend the ninetieth anniversary of his birth in the room where his mother had suffered for him, but illness prevented. Very recently, late in 1898, the encroachment of modern buildings demanded

its destruction. Perhaps in this centennial year the several historical and patriotic societies of Worcester will unite in placing upon its site an enduring memorial of the old house and its occupants.

The home into which George Bancroft was born was one characteristic of New England in those times. Honesty, frugality, industry and scholarship had no more devoted exponents than this household afforded. Its genial and respected head had come



GEORGE BANCROFT'S BIRTHPLACE.

to the town in 1783 as a possible successor to the Rev. Thaddeus Macarty over the First Parish, till then the only religious organization in Worcester. While the young preacher was particularly pleasing to many of his hearers, his liberality in doctrine rendered him unsatisfactory to others, and the proposition to settle him, made in town meeting in 1784, was voted down. A secession followed, and in 1786, February 1, the Rev. Aaron Bancroft was ordained and began a pastorate to terminate



AARON BANCROFT.

only with his death, more than fifty years afterwards. At first called the Second Parish, the church is now known as the First Unitarian Society.

The blood which this clergyman transmitted to his children was drawn from most excellent sources. The Bancrofts of Reading had long borne an honorable part in Church and State, and by marriage had been joined to other equally respected families. Thomas Bancroft, the second of the name in America, had married Elizabeth, daughter of Michael Metcalf, the first schoolmaster in Dedham. Their descendant, Aaron, was a student in Harvard College when the war of the Revolution began, and it was in one of his sophomore vacations that the alarm at Lexington brought him, gun in hand, to the scene of action. He was a participant in the battle of Bunker Hill; and it was a strange stroke of fortune which brought him, filled with true American zeal for independence, to wed, just a little later, a daughter of one of the most noted Tories ever in Massachusetts.

For many years Worcester had possessed no more important family than that of the Chandlers. Their landed holdings embraced almost everything that was worth owning. Together with allied families they constituted a large part of social Worcester. No one name appeared so many times as a pew-holder in the town's

only church afterwards called the Old South, as that of John Chandler. Sitting just north of the pulpit, he had long been the pastor's right hand man. The assessed valuation of his estates, made soon after his departure from America, was well towards a million of dollars, thus making him by far the wealthiest man in the community. Yet when Britain, after the Revolution, called for a statement of loyalists' losses, he presented as his the modest sum of less than eighteen thousand pounds. He was the third John Chandler to be called Judge, and he had enjoyed about all the honors that his fellow-citizens could confer. Honest and honorable in all his conduct, he nevertheless saw his duty by the side of King George, rather than with his fellow-citizens; so, followed by sons and relatives, he turned his back upon his home and went into banishment, surviving the separation twenty-five years; for it was not till September 26, 1800, at the age of eighty years, in the city of London, that his spirit took its flight and his body was borne away for burial to Islington, the "Merry Islington" of John Gilpin renown, by no means so merry to those loved ones in the western world whom a mistaken



MRS. AARON BANCROFT.



JOHN CHANDLER.

sense of duty had driven the father to forsake. Only seven days later the daughter whom he had left a laughing child was to bring forth a son, a large part of whose life work was to be the recital of the story which this quarter-century exile had helped to make. The lapse of a hundred years has not wholly effaced the pity which thousands felt and feel for that gentleman whose life was so pure and whose dealings so honorable, in his British home, that he was known as the Honest Refugee.

John Chandler was twice married, his second wife being Mary, daughter of Sheriff Charles Church of Bristol, Rhode Island, and thus a granddaughter of Captain Benjamin Church of King Philip's War fame. The wife of Captain Church was Alice Southworth, a granddaughter of Governor William Bradford's second wife. Mrs. Chandler's eleventh child was Lucretia, afterwards to be the wife of Aaron Bancroft. She was only ten years old when her father went into voluntary exile; and what a task was left to the worse than widowed mother to perform in rearing her children! Yet she carried them through the war, dying at the age of sixty-four, in 1783. An older half-

brother, Clark, was the town clerk of Worcester whose finger marks are still conspicuous on a page of the ancient records where, under compulsion, he thus erased certain entries obnoxious to the patriots of 1774.

To a family with such antecedents the young soldier from Lexington and Bunker Hill allied himself, October 26, 1786. There was no settled minister in the First Parish at the time; but whether for this reason or not, the marriage was performed by a member of his own congregation, the Hon. Joseph Allen, then county clerk, and later the father of Judge Charles Allen of Free Soil note. The office of pastor of the new society was no sinecure. Worship was begun in the courthouse and continued there till the building, in 1792, of the



THE OLD CHURCH, IN WHICH BANCROFT COMMENCED HIS MINISTRATIONS.

edifice* only recently torn away, located on what was then called Back, later Summer Street. Nominally, his salary was \$500; but he very soon relinquished one-third of it to help towards erecting the church. Even the two-thirds did not always come direct, for the minister frequently re-

*The old church, for many years a schoolhouse, was destroyed in May, 1892, to make way for a new street, Heardsleigh. It, too, was a centenarian; but age and associations availed to bring only thirty dollars for the entire structure.



MRS. JOHN DAVIS.

ceived his stipend in the shape of bills which he must himself collect, taking as compensation whatever the farmer or mechanic had to give and at his own valuation; very often the whole obligation to be forgiven on account of the manifest poverty of the family. To eke out his scanty fare, the minister was compelled to cultivate a farm, working thereon as diligently as any laborer; yet he was expected to give able sermons before critical audiences,—nor was he found wanting. His published addresses and sermons are models of their kind, and a volume of the latter, sent to ex-President John Adams, drew from him the comment, "It is a chain of diamonds set in links of gold." His life of Washington, published in 1807, was the second biography of the first President, worthy of mention; and there is little doubt that the historian inherited his literary instinct from the clergyman. He was small of stature, but of great dignity. His countenance indicated benevolence, and lighted easily with the most benignant of smiles. He made many friends and

no enemies. He was one of the last of Worcester citizens to wear a cocked hat and old-fashioned small-clothes. His wife was tall and slender, dark complexioned and having keen black eyes. For more than fifty years they lived and toiled together. Mrs. Bancroft's death, April 27, 1839, was followed by that of her husband on the 19th of the next August. So affected was the aged man by his loss that it is said "he had no wish to survive, and went to his room to linger and to die."

Worcester people, anxious to show their places of note, will tell visitors that Dr. Aaron Bancroft began house-keeping in the old Judge Chandler home, once located on the southeast corner of Main and Mechanics streets, and that there, before his barred doors, a very few months after his

marriage, he refused lodgment to the men of Shays's Rebellion. His next residence was where the late Hon. John S. C. Knowlton lived, now the site of the State Armory, where Grove leads off from Salisbury Street. Thence he removed to the ancient house on Salisbury Street, where his son George was born; and finally he lived for many years on Main Street, now numbered from 207 to 217, where stands the Gilman block.

His study was a little edifice attached to the north side of the larger structure, having connection with the same and also directly with the street. After Dr. Bancroft's death this deteriorated through a candy and fruit store into a barber's shop.

Henry Bancroft, the firstborn, was twenty-two years old when Ann, the youngest of the family, in 1809, came into the world; Henry, John and Thomas were seafaring men, and the first named was sailing master of one



MRS. SARAH BARNARD.



THE OLD COMMON SCHOOLHOUSE.

A sketch from memory by Major F. G. Stiles.

of Commodore McDonough's vessels, on Lake Champlain, September 11, 1814, when his brother George was a very youthful collegian in Cambridge. He died in 1817; John died at sea in 1821; Thomas survived till 1877; the oldest daughter, Eliza, became the wife of Governor and Senator John Davis of Worcester, being the mother of John C. Bancroft Davis of Washington, long prominent in diplomatic circles; Hon. Horace Davis of California, and Andrew McFarland Davis of Cambridge; Mary died unmarried in 1844; Jane married Leonato Gherardi, an Italian teacher in the Round Hill School at Northampton, and thereby was the mother of Rear Admiral Bancroft Gherardi of the United States Navy; Lucretia, in middle life, after years of teaching school, became the wife of Welcome Farnum, a prominent manufacturer of the Blackstone Valley, and her body lies in the same enclosure with those of her parents; Sarah, as Mrs. John R. Blake, lived

in Brattleboro, Vt., while Ann, the youngest, was married to Professor Thomas R. Ingalls, a graduate of West Point, class of 1822, then a teacher in Louisiana College at Jackson. Only six of the thirteen children survived their mother.

Located, in point of birth, near the middle of this long line, the historian was wont to ascribe his many days, among other causes, to this fact, saying that as a rule the vitality of people thus born exceeded that of the older and younger children.

Curiously, Thomas, the sixth child, died in his eighty-first year; while Jane Gherardi, the seventh and thus the very middle one, died in 1839 aged forty-one years. As she died in Louisiana of yellow fever, her death might not impair the force of the rule.

In 1883 died the Rev. George Allen, who had been heard to say, "When I was eight years old I saw George Bancroft christened in his



STEPHEN SALISBURY.



THE SALISBURY MANSION.



PHILLIPS EXETER ACADEMY IN BANCROFT'S TIME.

father's church, the old one on Summer Street. It was October 5, 1800, the first Sunday after the baby's birth, and Judge Edward Bangs held him in his arms as the father sprinkled his child with water." Possibly the last of Worcester's childhood contemporaries of Bancroft, Mrs. Sarah (Bigelow) Barnard, passed away the fourth day of last April, in her 100th year. Born December 23, 1800, her life reached well into 1900. A native of the old township, her parentage also being of the oldest and best, she could not remember when she first heard Aaron Bancroft preach. He it was who christened her and,

later, performed for her and John Barnard their marriage ceremony. She recalled vividly to the very end the far off days when she and the century were young, and naturally followed with pride the career of her distinguished childhood friend. The latter was ever precocious, and it is on record that, when he was only six years old, his father referred to him a ques-

tion in Roman history over which the great chief justice, Theophilus Parsons, and a friend were disputing. There is no irreverence in thinking here of that scriptural incident where the parents had found their son in the Temple, sitting in the midst of the doctors, "And all that heard him were astonished at his understanding and answers."

It requires no great stretch of imagination to fancy the children of the town's North End meeting at what is now Lincoln Square and together wending their way along sparsely settled Main Street to the Old Common schoolhouse, one of the ten similar



HARVARD COLLEGE IN 1823.

structures built by the town in 1800 at an average cost of \$250 each. Among the masters who here held official sway was William Harrington, after whom the corner opposite the City Hall has since been called. On account of a wooden appendage, his devoted pupils sometimes referred to him as "Peg Leg." Men by no means the oldest in Worcester have been heard to say with considerable pride, "My father went to school with George Bancroft." The older Ste-

while proceeding to introduce himself was assured that it was quite unnecessary. In substance Mr. Bancroft said that he could give Mr. Tuckerman information as to the latter's antecedents, for he had been a playmate of Tuckerman's cousin, Stephen Salisbury, in Worcester. "I was a wild boy, and your aunt, Mrs. Salisbury, didn't like me. She was ever fearful that I would get her son into bad ways, and still more alarmed lest some day I should be the cause of his



ROUND HILL.

"I used to come up here in my younger days to see my friends Cogswell and Bancroft at Round Hill."—EDWARD EVERETT.

phen Salisbury, two years Bancroft's senior, doubtless joined the party as it passed by the stately Salisbury mansion, then more than thirty years old; though, on the word of the historian himself, Madam Salisbury did not hold the lad in high esteem, ever fearful that the minister's son, proverbially wild, would get her youthful Stephen into trouble. Charles K. Tuckerman tells the story of calling on the aged historian in his Washington home as late as 1891, and

being brought home dead. There was a river or piece of water near Worcester, where I used to beguile young Salisbury, and having constructed a rude sort of raft, he and I would pass a good deal of our play-time in aquatic amusements, not by any means unattended with danger. Madam's remonstrances were all in vain, and she was more and more confirmed in the opinion that I was a 'wild, bad boy.' However, nothing beyond an occasional wetting ever oc-



BANCROFT'S SPRINGFIELD HOME.

curred,—yet I never rose in her estimation, and a 'wild boy' I continued to be up to manhood."

The Worcester of to-day wonders where that perilous water was. Could it be definitely located, with its effect upon Bancroft and Salisbury in mind, it may be doubted whether it would be hailed as from "Helicon's harmonious springs," or as having the fabled qualities that Ponce de Leon hoped to find in Florida. Few people living remember Stephen Salisbury, Sr., save as an affable and very dignified old gentleman, who died full of years in 1884; but in their minds many have followed him and his companion as they stole away to the near-by mill pond, or possibly to the more remote North pond,—in any event forgetful of the parental injunction heard at the end as well as at the beginning of the century, "Don't go near the water!"

However, the boyish friends were soon compelled to separate. Though Worcester had long possessed her Latin Grammar School, it was not up to the college preparatory standard; so young Salisbury was sent to Leicester Academy, and Bancroft, who had received the groundings of Latin from a friend of his father, was packed off to Phillips Exeter, there to become the

academy's brightest star, and in 1883 to speak at her centennial celebration. The limited income of his father necessitated his going as a beneficiary pupil; and it is stated that he was not averse to any honorable work which would help in paying his way. No tuition was charged at Exeter till January 1, 1812, and then it was only twelve dollars per year. It is possible that this want of funds was the prime cause of the fact, which is stated, that he did not visit his home during his Exeter course. When

he had been there perhaps a year, Rev. Nathan Parker of Portsmouth, a friend of his father, who had visited the academy, wrote to the Worcester divine concerning him: "I was surprised at the intelligence with which he conversed and the maturity of mind which he discovered." At that time he was the youngest, save three, in the academy.



THE BOSTON HOME OF BANCROFT.

Principal Abbott observed that he was a fine lad and that he had the stamina of a distinguished man. In 1870, through gratitude at the instruction received here and possibly with a memory of his own privations, he established a liberal scholarship at Exeter. The boy Bancroft is said to have excelled especially in declamation, and the records show that in 1812 he won the four dollar prize for distinguishing himself in "construing and parsing the Greek and Latin Languages." He was also a member of the Washington Whites, a military company of the school, which flourished particularly during the war with England.



GEORGE BANCROFT AT 54.

most noted teachers in Germany, making such rapid and varied attainments that before he was twenty years old he was honored with the degree of doctor of philosophy. The mere enumeration of his scholastic and po-

of the brilliant boy who had recited to him four years earlier. The gentlemen who supplied the means for this foreign work did so with the understanding that his services were to be at the call of Harvard if desired. In Harvard also, in later years, Mr. Bancroft established a scholarship.

In 1818 this Worcester youth became a student at the University of Göttingen, studying under the

While still lacking something of thirteen full years, he became a freshman at Harvard, under the direction of President Kirkland, and four years later, in his seventeenth year, he was graduated, second in his class, with Caleb Cushing, eight months older, first. His early friend, Stephen Salisbury, was in the same year; and though he thus left college one of the youngest, he lived to be recorded as the oldest living graduate of Harvard. In the list of distinguished men who, in their college days, roomed in Massachusetts Hall, "George Bancroft, 1817," appears with others upon a corridor tablet. His Exeter reputation for scholarship attended him through his Cambridge life, and early fixed the attention of Tutor Edward Everett; so that when the latter, nearing the end of his own studies abroad, wrote back to his college recommending that some praiseworthy youth be sent to Germany against the time when his services would be needed at Harvard, it is probable that he mentioned the name



THE NEW YORK HOME.

litical honors fills almost half a column of the Harvard quinquennial. He continued his studies in Heidelberg and elsewhere; he travelled in Germany, France, Italy and Britain, meeting nearly every man known to fame, including Von Humboldt, Lafayette, Niebuhr, Bunsen, Goethe and Lord Byron. In later years he could claim as acquaintances and friends the Emperor William I, Bismarck, Prince Albert, Hallam, Peel, Palmerston and scores of other Europeans of note. His subsequent associate principal at Round Hill, Dr. J. G. Cogswell, wrote home, saying of Bancroft, "He is a most interesting youth and is to make one of our great men."

Scarcely past his majority, in 1822 he came back to America. It had been his father's hope and ambition that his college boy should be a preacher; and he did preach at least

once in Worcester, and in his father's church. There is a record of his having also preached in Portsmouth, N. H., but apparently he did not make a good impression. Possibly he was too scholarly, very likely artificial in manner. Critics said that his figures, though apt, were not edifying, and there was no desire to hear him a second time. As the work in Harvard for which he had been preparing himself so many years now opened, there was no call for him to beat the "drum ecclesiastick."

The very year of his return from Europe found him a tutor in Greek in his *alma mater*; and for this term, 1822-1823, the quinquennial records among the *tutores* the name *Georgius Bancroft*. Very likely, had his success as a teacher been greater, his term had been longer. We like to think of the great men of earth, that all have the Midas touch; but there

are exceptions, and Bancroft as a college tutor was one. He had little comprehension of the ways of freshmen, and disorder in his classes gave rise to cases of discipline, in some instances quite serious. One boy, suspended for expressions of disapproval at some ruling of the tutor, was sent by his father to Amherst for the remainder of his course. As the unruly freshman afterwards became the librarian of the American Antiquarian Society, he and his old-time teacher, also a member, must have buried animosities. Evidently German universities, with all their advantages, could not impart knowledge of human nature. Though Bancroft subsequently dedicated his volume of poems to the president of the college, it has been intimated that his relations with the latter were not entirely harmonious, which may account in part for the situation.

At this time he united with his late associate, Dr. J. G. Cogswell, who had been professor

Washington, D.C.
1625 H Street
October 24. 1876.
My dear Sir,
It would give me
great pleasure if you would
accept from me a copy of the
Hist. of the United States. I
accordingly write on the other
side of this sheet an order
for it to Messrs L.H. Brown &
Co. I am very truly yours
gratefully obliged Geo. Bancroft



GEORGE BANCROFT.

of mineralogy and geology, in establishing the Round Hill School at Northampton. Their prospectus bears the date of June 20, 1823. No such school ever had existed in America, and until present conditions are very much modified no such will exist again. At the same time the scale on which it was maintained drew an enviable array of names, subsequently known to fame. The aim to make gentlemen as well as scholars was certainly a most laudable one, but somehow the average American does not take to the Round Hill method. The sons of very rich people gathered there in satisfactory

numbers, but through lack of financial tact large sums of money were lost in the venture. The name of Worcester enters into the story only as a sort of halfway house where the Boston boys, going and returning, made a night's lodgment, till their voracious appetites and noise drove Landlord Samuel B. Thomas of the Exchange Coffee House to decline their patronage, saying that they not only ate everything that was in sight, but when they were supposed to be sleeping the sleep of innocence they would sally out into the common hall with outlandish yells for a pillow fight. He thought he



BANCROFT'S WASHINGTON HOME.

owed something to his regular guests, who complained bitterly. The most he would do was to furnish the boys a dinner as they passed through, and he was not anxious even for that. Thus the Round Hillers, in those pre-railroad times, had to make an all day's jaunt from Boston to Northampton, nearly one hundred miles. Though the lads were obliged to leave Boston at two o'clock in the morn-

ing, there was in them none of the Dotheboys Hall feeling which must have pervaded the Yorkshire stage as it departed from the Saracen's Head. The inside of their vehicle the boys never thought of occupying, but filled it with their boxes and baggage, while they mounted to the outside, whence they might better bestow upon those whom they met a taste of the conduct which had so outraged the heart of Mine Host Thomas of Worcester.

At Round Hill, as at Harvard, Mr. Bancroft's lack of knowledge of boyish nature, combined with the physical defect of near-sightedness, gave him no end of incident with his hopefuls. Few boys are born with any more respect for authority than they are compelled to exhibit, and the Round Hill lads soon found that their short-sighted and frequently abstracted instructor was in a measure



BANCROFT IN HIS LIBRARY AT WASHINGTON.

helpless before them. A writer in the *Educational Review* of April, 1891, says that dropping on all fours, they could easily crawl out of the room unobserved, while the wall back of Bancroft was bespattered with spitballs which irreverent juveniles had thrown in their efforts to see how near they could come to that well filled head and not hit it. Very likely the climax in this direction was reached when, on a drowsy autumnal afternoon, a

care fruit and flowers; but his loving boys were fond of fruit also, so much so that very little of his own raising reached the teacher's table. Hoping to secure the loyalty of his charges, he one day selected the three Georges in the class and invited them to accompany him to his garden, where they might take the peaches, then ripening, and pass them out to the other boys, who were to follow, but must remain outside the fence.



THE NEWPORT RESIDENCE.

"Bancroft has a pleasant cottage on the sea, with rocks and breakers right and left."—LONGFELLOW'S *Diary*, July 8, 1855.

Boston boy flung one-half of an over ripe muskmelon dangerously near the seat of authority,—so near that, striking the wall with a splash, its mushy matter was badly spattered over the always tidy apparel of the master. Immediately adopting the drop-and-crawl-out game, the lad was safely away before Mr. Bancroft ordered the door closed and, walking among his boys, received a truthful "No" to every inquiry, "Did you fling that melon at me?" Being a married man towards the end of the Round Hill venture, Mr. Bancroft lived in his own house and cultivated with some

Unfortunately for his reputation as a generous giver, the fruit that he selected was largely over ripe windfalls, which the insiders passed through the pickets to their friends without. They, disappointed at not getting the expected best, vented their wrath by throwing the soggy peaches back, pelting their teacher so thoroughly that he was obliged to take refuge in ignominious flight. Mr. Bancroft had not then realized how much Americans disliked any reference to the "Three Georges," nor did his pupils comprehend the depth of their depravity when they nicknamed

America's foremost writer, "The critur."

These relative failures indicate nothing except that every man cannot do equally well everything. Thus far the future historian had failed of his vocation. Here was a man of trip-hammer power and energy, capable of mastering and directing empires, trying to apply his vast attainments to the petty details of primary school life. No wonder he did not succeed. The hand which later founded the school whence come our Deweys and Sampsons, and directed the march of Taylor to the Rio Grande, was not fashioned for the humdrum tinkering of a watch. In 1830 he withdrew from the school, which soon after terminated.*

The year of his leaving Harvard, 1823, he issued from the University Press a volume of poems. The copyright was given in August, and his dedication to President Kirkland of Harvard was dated at Northampton in September. His native town appears in "Pictures of Rome, Worcester, July, 1823." The book itself is a modest one of seventy-seven pages, bound, as was largely the custom in those days, with stiff paper sides. The first poem, "Expectation," was

*The school was given up in the spring of 1833. In the ten years, Mr. Cogswell had lost \$20,000, but he never repented of his venture. The house occupied by Mr. Bancroft is now Rogers Hall of the Clarke Institute for Deaf Mutes. It was built early in the century by Thomas Shepherd, at a cost of more than \$12,000; the outside material being soapstone, sawed four inches thick, and iron clamped. Ox teams had drawn it from Middlefield, twenty-six miles away. At the same time, two brothers of Mr. Shepherd had built elegant mansions near by. In 1835, Mr. Bancroft sold his house and lot to Edward Church for \$55,000. Evidently he did not lose anything by his investment.

written in Paris in 1821. Evidently the writer is portrayed as he depicts the youth leaving home for travel and study, in the lines:

"'Twas then a youth bade home adieu;
And Hope was young and life was new,
When first he seized the pilgrim's wand
To roam the far, the foreign land."

One cannot help wondering whether the almost centenarian ever reflected on the answer to his prayer contained in the following words:

"My God, my Father! guard my youth,
Direct me in the paths of truth,
Thy watchful love around me spread,
And save from early death my head."

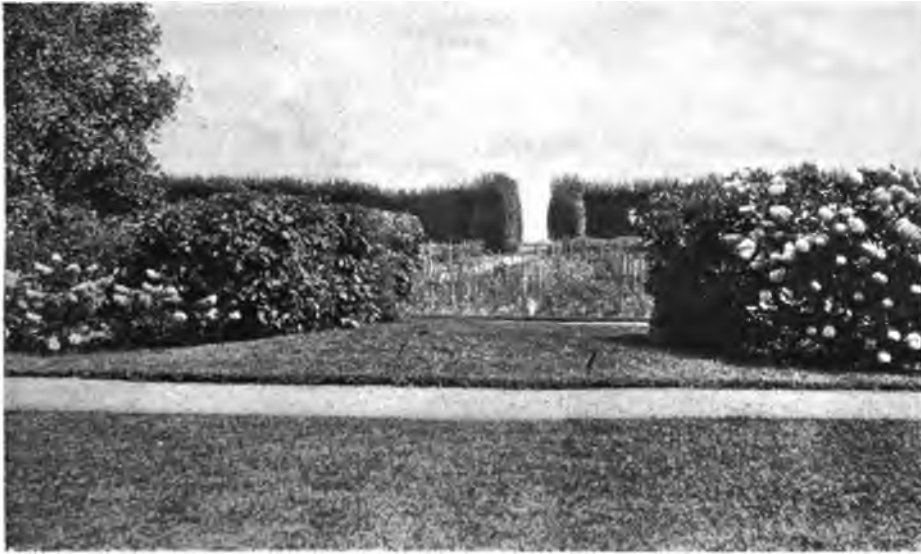


BANCROFT ON HORSEBACK.

"Switzerland" and all the poems except "Pictures of Rome," seemingly, were written abroad; and the volume is worthy of much higher esteem than that with which, in his later years, the writer regarded it. It was said that he had a standing offer of fifteen dollars for every copy that he could secure, anxious

to destroy all evidence of his early wooing of the muse of verse. To the historian's subsequent work, his poems bore much the same relation that "Morton's Hope" sustained to Motley's History of the Dutch Republic. It is not unworthy of mention that Motley was one of the illustrious Round Hill boys. A few copies of "Poems by George Bancroft" may still be found in Worcester; but, as far as known, no one is for sale even at the poet's price.

While a student in Göttingen, only eighteen years old, Bancroft resolved to write a history of the United States,



BANCROFT'S GARDEN AT HIS NEWPORT HOME.

and whatever he may have done in the interval, he always clung to his main purpose. How successfully he wrought the estimate in which his history is now held must be the answer. Though other strong and entertaining writers have appeared, no library is well equipped unless it possesses "Bancroft." The first volume was published in 1834, while its author was in Northampton; but it was not till fifty years later that he considered his task ended. The first volume was in its twenty-sixth edition, in 1876, when the centenary revision appeared. Like a vast cathedral, many changes and repairs were necessary long before the edifice was complete. If our American had written his preface to Volume I after Macaulay put forth his history, the critics would certainly have accused him of something akin to plagiarism; but "I have formed the design of writing

a history of the United States from the Discovery of the American Continent to the present time" was penned years before Britain's famous son began his Chapter I with, "I purpose to write the history of England from the accession of King James the Second to a period of time within the memory of men now living." The centenary edition and his later revised edition have many modifications of the earlier work, but his "present time" stopped at the adoption of the



BANCROFT'S BIRTHPLACE AS IT LOOKED WHEN HE SAW IT LAST.

Constitution. The self-imposed task was too great for even his long life. When asked his employment during the period of revision, he tersely replied, "Slaughtering adjectives."

George Bancroft was twice married; first, in 1827, to Miss Sarah H. Dwight, daughter of Jonathan Dwight, Jr., of Springfield. The family was one of the most noted in the Connecticut Valley, and the father had served in both branches of the Legislature, in the Governor's Council and in the Constitutional Convention of 1820. When Mr. and Mrs. Bancroft removed to Springfield in 1835, they resided at No. 49 Chestnut Street, in a house given them by Mr. Dwight. It is now the residence of ex-Lieutenant Governor William H. Haile. Mrs. Bancroft was the mother of two sons and two daughters; the former were graduated at Harvard and now reside, John C. in Boston and George in France. Both

boys had been primary pupils under Miss Marianne Ripley at Brook Farm. One daughter died in infancy and the other at the age of seventeen years. Mrs. Sarah Bancroft died June 26, 1837, aged thirty-four years; and the next year Mr. Bancroft found a second wife in Plymouth, in the person of Mrs. Elizabeth (Davis) Bliss. Her great-grandfather Davis had come from

England, but through her mother, a Morton, she laid hold on early Pilgrim ancestry. To them was born one daughter, who lived to be only five years old. Mrs. Bancroft continued a faithful companion till her death, March 15, 1886, in her eighty-third year.

The place of Bancroft's birth was ever interested in his political career, but usually in opposition. This may have been one reason for his alleged antipathy to his birthplace. As early as 1830, without his knowledge, he was elected to the lower branch of the Legislature from Northampton, but he declined to take his seat. The next year he refused an almost certain election to the State Senate, supposedly on account of his wife's strong Whig antecedents and predilections. His intense Democratic proclivities, with a strong letter on the currency question, written in President Jack-

son's day, secured for him, from Martin Van Buren, the collectorship of the port of Boston in 1838, a position in which he was succeeded in 1841 by his former fellow-townsmen, ex-Governor Levi Lincoln. While collector, in 1839, he found a place for Hawthorne as weigher and gauger. Never, before nor since, has one roof covered such an association of fact and fancy.



THE MONUMENT TO BANCROFT IN RURAL CEMETERY.

Bancroft joined the Republican party on its formation and enjoyed his subsequent appointments at its hands. His drift, however, was evident when in 1885 Washington celebrated the election of Grover Cleveland, in that his house was brilliantly illuminated and the marching Democrats cheered lustily in passing. Still, whatever his party, he always claimed to be opposed to slavery; and in 1837 Whittier wrote, "Among those who have been 'taking care' of the Legislature with myself, I would mention . . . George Bancroft of Springfield and a number of other abolitionists." Possibly, had he remained in Massachusetts he might have been found in the Free Soil ranks with Boutwell, Sumner and others.

His home in Boston was at the corner of Winthrop Place and Otis Street, in the old part of the city, a section that was so terribly fire swept in the great disaster of 1872. Here he remained till President James K. Polk sought him as a member of his cabinet. It is said that the Tennessean, thinking Bancroft a lawyer, at first offered him the attorney generalship, but learning his error, made him secretary of the navy. Before this, in 1844, he had been the Democratic standard bearer as the candidate for governor. Of course he was beaten, but he had the pleasant distinction of having received more votes than any previous Democratic candidate for the office, save one, viz., Marcus Morton, in 1842.

All this time the scriptural aphorism about a prophet and his own country was having a vivid application in his own Worcester. So Whiggish was the town, it had no use for even a distinguished son unless of its own way of thinking. During the Hard Cider campaign of 1840, the small but unterrified Democracy had arranged for a great county demonstration, but not in Worcester, where there was too much opposition. In remote Barre they were to assemble the clans, and Collector

Bancroft was to address them. Politics ran high in those days, and the Whigs were unwilling that the Democrats should have a successful meeting even in Barre, and so, after great effort, they secured Daniel Webster to speak to a monster Whig gathering at the same time and in the same town. The Worcester Light Infantry had just been divided on political lines, and the newly formed City Guards went as the escort for Webster, while the Light Infantry escorted Bancroft. More trouble came in Barre, for even Captain D. Waldo Lincoln of the Infantry went over to hear Webster, and his company came home captainless. Political foes rubbed their hands and exulted over the way they had done up Bancroft, whose speaking was nearly deserted for that of his more famous rival. The collector, we are told, with true Democratic simplicity, drove to the rally in a one horse chaise, while Webster made a grand progress with coach and four. "Ik Marvel" describes Bancroft's voice in speaking as a high falsetto and strident. Mr. Bancroft's Whig opponents always insisted that he was not sincere in his Democratic professions and stigmatized him as a "white-kid gloved and silk-stockinged Democrat"—a rather queer combination, but no more so than another name applied to him then, viz., "a Jackson Federalist."

Of the eighteen months of his secretaryship Mr. Bancroft left enduring memorials in the shape of the Annapolis Naval School, the improved Naval Observatory in Georgetown, the acquirement of California; and from his one month's holding of the war portfolio came the war with Mexico. As minister to Great Britain, succeeding his former teacher and patron, Edward Everett, he contributed to the lustre which has shone around the diplomacy of all of America's literary representatives. When, in 1849, the Whigs came into power again, he was superseded by Abbott Lawrence, a Massachusetts man; and

with vast stores of historical matter, acquired during these years abroad, he came back and made his home in New York City. For one year his address was No. 32 West Twenty-first Street, but thereafter, till 1869, the directory placed him at No. 17 of the same street. In the third story of this house the historian placed the literary gatherings of many years. He said to a gentleman in 1852 that he had chosen New York as a residence because he thought it pleasanter than all other places, but by his own collections he had made himself independent of the libraries of that or any other city, so far as his line of work was concerned. Donald G. Mitchell intimates that had Bancroft been less Democratically inclined he might have enjoyed his native Massachusetts more. At that time he possessed every work he could procure that bore on the history of the United States. His collection numbered then from twelve to fifteen thousand volumes. The library, nearly doubled in size, passed intact into the Lenox collection in New York, after Mr. Bancroft's death, for the sum of \$80,000. In those days he maintained the same careful regimen as to study and exercise which he pursued in later years. The morning was for work, the afternoon for diversion and physical drill, the evening for social converse, though his early rising demanded also early retiring.

Till after the war, Bancroft was scarcely heard of outside of his literary work, though his address at the semi-centennial of the New York Historical Society, November 20, 1854, was memorable. In 1865 he was selected to deliver before Congress the eulogy on Lincoln, a task which he accomplished with singular felicity. He had performed a similar duty in memory of President Jackson years before. As minister at the Court of Russia or at that of Berlin he served from 1867 to 1874, when at his own request he was relieved and came back to America,

thenceforth to make his home in Washington and Newport, Rhode Island. In the nation's capital he resided in a commodious double house, 1623 H Street, diagonally across from that in which Commodore Stephen Decatur had lived. Here he opened out again his wondrous store of books and settled down to the regular system of living for which he was noted. He selected his abode in Washington wisely, since there he could meet the most eminent people in America as well as all those of note who visited the country. At this home were met more cultured and famous people than at any other one house in the city. To his dinners came President Arthur, an honor not accorded to any other private citizen; and Mrs. President Cleveland was pleased to accord to him the same distinction. Congress gave him the privilege of the floor of both branches, an unprecedented honor. Never having held an elective office, he lived and died the foremost citizen in the republic. This pen picture is drawn by a Washington writer who saw Bancroft often: "Fancy a man slender in figure, of medium height, with a venerable covering of silvered hair and whiskers surrounding the thin classic face, soft blue eyes that had done service through the years and yet undimmed, and you see the patriarchal historian as he was in the later years of his life."

Few men have the means, if they have the inclination, to lead so regular and methodical a life. Out of bed seldom later than six o'clock, he was at his work for the most of the forenoon, yet claiming that three hundred words were a good day's task; then his horseback riding, which he kept up till his eighty-eighth year. In the capital he lingered till the tulips and hyacinths about his house had passed their bloom, and then, sometimes by the last of May, he hied away to Newport, where, on Bancroft Avenue, leading off from Bellevue, he had

erected a comfortable home. Between him and the sea there was nothing except the wealth of roses which it was his delight to cultivate and distribute to his many visitors. He purchased his lot as early as 1851, and was reckoned one of the oldest of the summer residents. After his death the place passed into the hands of daughters of the late John E. Fair of Nevada, and a more pretentious edifice has succeeded the Bancroft cottage. In Newport he was as much the respected and admired scholar as in Washington. For several years he had been a citizen of Rhode Island, and was such at the time of his death. When the frosts of October gave warning of approaching winter, he returned to his Washington residence.

Possibly it was the Barre incident, coupled with other real or fancied affronts, which drew from Bancroft the alleged vow that he would never set foot in his native town again. He certainly was here, however, in 1844, as the orator at a Democratic Fourth of July celebration, making the address in the First Baptist Church. On the same day the Whigs were also celebrating with flag presentation, speeches, dinner, etc. The Democrats dined in Brinley Hall. "A bad promise is better broken than kept;" and though quite forty years did intervene before he returned, there came a time when rancor died away and the inborn love of home asserted itself. In September's last week, 1886, he came back and once more walked the streets of Worcester, but not the old village, not the place of his boyhood and early manhood. Few whom he had known survived. His escort was composed of the sons of those who had started life with him. His nearly ninety years marked an impassable gulf. The Greens, Allens, Paines and others whom he had been wont to meet were on the other side; but their sons* and grandsons were

happy to do him honor. Most gladly did they go about the city with him, visiting her many points of interest, some of these drawing reminiscent remarks from the aged visitor. On leaving the building of the American Antiquarian Society and facing Court Hill, he exclaimed: "I saw a man in the pillory there when I was a boy. He had uttered some blasphemous words, and was punished in that way."

It was a melancholy errand which brought Bancroft to his native town. He sought a burial place for the body of his wife, and in Rural Cemetery, where so many of his kindred were already lying, he selected an isolated plat in which to lay the beloved remains, and where he too should eventually be placed. Just north of the lot is that of "Honest" John Davis, his brother-in-law; and quite near, a little to the northwest, is all that is mortal of the Salisburys whom he had known in earliest life. His visit came during Worcester's Festival of Music, and he there received an ovation which in a degree atoned for the slights of the fathers. He was seated in the front row of the west gallery in Mechanics Hall, when, during an intermission, the Hon. Edward L. Davis mounted the platform, announced the presence of the distinguished visitor, and proposed that all rise and greet him. He was obeyed to the letter, and no man was ever received more enthusiastically than the historian as he rose and bowed his acknowledgments.

Although there are not in his native city as many reminders of the great writer as might be wished or expected, there will never be any less. There is a Bancroft Street, and the slightly eminence, once a part of his father's farm, to the southwest of his birthplace has been named Bancroft Hill. Elegant homes are growing along Massachusetts Avenue, which, climbing this hill, Stephen Salisbury aims to make the Commonwealth Avenue of Worcester. Slowly, but surely, under the direction of the city's north end Mæcenæ, this later

* Samuel S. Green, Librarian of the City's Public Library, gave his entire time, during Mr. Bancroft's stay, to the latter's care and comfort, and was his guide about the streets and buildings of Worcester.

Murray Hill is developing beauties worthy of the name it bears. Possibly the generous projector may add to the castle-like structure which crowns the summit some permanent reminder of his father's playmate. In this hundredth year after his birth a private school, to be called The Bancroft, starts into being; and since February, 1889, a fine copy of the Berlin portrait by Richter has hung in the classical High School, a present from the Hon. Edward L. Davis.

Mr. Bancroft had been a member of the American Antiquarian Society, of which his father was one of the founders, from 1838, and after 1880 a vice-president. The boys of the city's Y. M. C. A., who are inclined to literature and debate, hold their meetings under the appellation of The Bancroft Club. But the grandest memorial of Worcester's most distinguished son is an intangible one of his own rearing. Recalling some of the struggles and privations of his own boyhood, he resolved to place in the hands of local trustees the sum of \$10,000, whose income should be awarded to meritorious boys and girls of the city who were anxious to pursue their studies in higher institutions. In memory of his father and mother, he directed that the gift should be known as the Aaron and Lucretia Bancroft Scholarship. The gift was made in 1886, and the income of \$400 was made over in 1887 to a Worcester boy then in Amherst College and now a professor there. In all, four young men and two young women have, thus far, enjoyed the benefits of the scholarship.

Lastly, Worcester has the body of George Bancroft. The longest life has an end, and when it comes, somehow it appears near its beginning. "Second childishness" brings back the scenes of long ago. As the man, bowed under the weight of four-score

years and ten, in his last illness received Robert C. Winthrop, he forgot who the latter really was, thinking him the brother, Francis, Bancroft's Harvard classmate, who had died in 1819, seventy-two years before. As he said, "Winthrop, I never thought to see you in this life," the caller had not the heart to undeceive him. When the last scene of all in this strange, eventful history had been acted, and "*Sans* everything" had been spoken, the weary frame came back to its own. The student, scholar, teacher, statesman, diplomat, orator and historian went the way of humanity January 17, 1891; and tenderly that which was mortal was rendered back to earth. Friends and relatives accompanied the remains from Washington, and in Worcester others were joined. Along with those who had loved the great man came such a profusion of flowers as few had ever seen. There were floral tributes from Chief Justice Fuller, Vice-President Morton, President Harrison, and a wreath from the Emperor of Germany. Amidst all the display, roses, the favorite flower of the departed, were conspicuous.

Through the winding paths of beautiful Rural Cemetery, on January 21, the procession took its wintry way. Past the narrow abodes of father, mother, brother and sisters, the Davises, Lincolns and Salisburys, the body was borne; and then, with the burial service of the Episcopal Church, it was lowered to its final home to await the resurrection. On the western side of the granite monument are these words:

"Historian of America, he made it the high purpose of a life which nearly spanned a century to show her part in the advancement of man, and from the rare resources of his genius, his learning and his labor to ennoble the story of her birth."

THE RED WOLF.

By Allen French.



THE age of myths is still with us; even I have assisted at the development of a legend. Here is its truth, which is as interesting, if not so strange, as its fiction.

I found myself once restless at our winter hunting lodge. Its pleasures seemed exhausted; I had tramped the region through. "Alaric," I said one evening to my guide, "I want to see the falls of the East Branch in winter. Let's go to Colgate's camp."

"Well," said Alaric. Of course, my wish was his. We got out the map and studied it. Alaric was singularly dense; he saw no easy way to go; he was vague on the country to be crossed; he had no definite idea as to directions and distances.

"Why," I finally cried, "you've crossed that country twenty times."

"But the snow," he objected.

"We'll spend one night at Raymond's on the way," I said. "That makes two easy trips of seven miles."

Alaric shrugged his shoulders. "All right," he replied, in his usual formula. "Suit yourself. I'll do just as you say."

A suspicion entered my mind. I tried an experiment. "Very well, then," I said, "we'll start to-morrow early; and if we find it hard work getting over the ridge of Traveller, we can turn aside a little from the path, and spend one night in Wood's old empty camp."

"No, sir!" said Alaric promptly. "I'll not sleep on Traveller Mountain in winter. Nothing will make me sleep in that camp again!"

"Again?" I asked. He had given himself into my hands. "I've got you now," I said. "I wonder why I never thought of you before? I've been on

the trail of the Red Wolf for two years, and no one was able to tell me the truth about him. Alaric, were you in Wood's camp that winter?"

"Yes," he said unwillingly.

"So all the men are not dead?"

"That's only a story," he said uncomfortably. "I'm alive, Bob Moran's alive, Easby's alive, Lewis is alive. Lots of us are alive," he finished defiantly.

"Well, tell me the story," I said; and seeing no way out of it, he began.

It seems that in that winter in the eighties there were twenty-two men in Wood's lumber camp, up on the side of Traveller Mountain. It was much the usual crowd, as Alaric recollects it. Some few were from the city, broken-down men turning in desperation to primitive life; but most of them were true backwoodsmen, and of these about one-half were Anglo-Saxon—Yankees or Provincemen—and the remainder French Canadians. Wood was a fair man and treated his crew well; they responded in kind and did good work. Before the snow was very deep he had many thousand feet of lumber stacked in his yards on the mountain side.

It was not until the middle of the winter that the camp had its first accident. There was something peculiar about it, noted even at the time. A gang of choppers were returning at evening along their path, when one of the men declared he saw a fox looking at them from among some bushes. The others were not interested, and went on, but he stopped to investigate. A half hour later, at the camp, he was missed, and men went with lanterns to find him. He was lying at the foot of a tree, a rotten branch from which had fallen and

stunned him. Men declared later that had Alaric, the best hunter of the camp, searched then, he would have found in the snow the tracks, not of a fox, but of a wolf. The injured man was too badly hurt to work more, and he went home on the next team that started for the settlements. That evening appeared in camp, from no one knew where, the man of the story.

The meal had been finished, the horses fed; cook, boss and teamsters had finished their evening's work. The evening circle had just been formed, to listen to a story. Steps were heard outside on the frozen snow, and the men waited. The steps approached the threshold; the door was pushed open, and a man entered the cabin. He was tall and gaunt; his face was lean, his jaws were long; his clothes hung loosely. He entered with a slouch. As he came into the light, the men noticed the red mustache, short, bristling chestnut hair, and the red fell that covered his hands. There was in his gait and bearing a suggestion of suppleness and strength, and Alaric says he noted at the moment the man's hardness. On one of the coldest nights of the year he wore neither mackinaw coat nor mittens.

The man gave no account of himself. He had heard, he merely said, that the crew had lost a man; he wished to ask for the place. Wood, glad of the substitute, presently engaged him. Would he have food? He needed none. Then he might stow his belongings where the injured man had slept among the rest, and fall into the circle.

The man hesitated, and looked about the cabin. As usual, the crew slept in two large bunks, one placed above the other. But it happened that Wood, originally intending to have a larger crew, had bestowed some single bunks about the camp. One of these, never occupied, was above the entrance, a narrow shelf projecting into the room, reached by

pegs driven into the wall. The man's eye fell upon it, and it seemed to please him. "If you don't mind," he said, in his hoarse, mongrel French, "I'll sleep there." There was no objection, so he clambered up and placed in the bunk his small pack of valuables. Then he came down and sat by the stove, to dry the snow that melted on his clothes.

Now the wit of the camp was a man of mark. He was a jolly little Yankee by the name of Dole, with an eye for characteristics as keen as his own axe. While the men were eyeing the stranger, Dole made a place beside himself on the bench. "Will the gentleman," he said, "will the Red Wolf take a seat with the rest of us?"

A laugh ran round the circle at the aptness of the name. The crew had disliked the man upon sight; his voice was harsh and disagreeable, his expression snarling and repellent. But the laugh ceased at once as the man turned upon Dole with the growl of a beast.

"Call no names," he said angrily, "to a man as good as yourself."

Dole answered good naturedly. "Sure," he said, "I beg your pardon."

The incident passed off, but the impression remained. The name also remained; it was too fit to be discarded. Though whenever they addressed him the crew used the man's name, Lemont, by themselves they called him the Red Wolf, or, in French, *Le Loup Rouge*. The man fell, in his own way, into the habits of the camp. The crew soon found him solitary and morose, eating little, saying little, working hard. He always went to work alone, either before or behind the others in the totem-path. His chopping gang got little from him. He worked independently, neither asking nor readily giving assistance. In the camp at night he sat solitary by the stove, outside the story-telling circle. He appeared unwilling to attract attention to himself. Of course this acted exactly as he had

not wished; the others watched him. Much information circulates about him—his ways of sitting, of walking, of working. I have gathered much that appears true,—unimportant details, trifling anecdotes that combine to give the impression of Lemont's wolfish peculiarities, his rasping voice, rapid, supple walk, long teeth and constant watchfulness. But it does not appear from any account that at the first he was regarded by the men as extraordinary. Perhaps he was a criminal; well, who cared? Fugitives from justice are frequent in the woods. But at the end of four days, on the return from the settlement of the teamster who had carried out the wounded man, the first mystery appeared.

It is two days' travel from Wood's camp to Patten. The night is spent at the East Branch House, a long day's journey distant. The teamster declared that neither had he met Lemont on the road, nor any one else. Where, then, had Lemont received the news that the camp lacked a man? Had he learned it at the East Branch House in the evening, nothing but the wings of the wind could have brought him to the camp so quickly. But the teamster further declared that Lemont had not been there. The men reasoned on the question by themselves, and found no answer. No one ventured to ask the man himself.

Here first appears the mark of the beast, wherefrom the lovers of weirdness begin to weave their tale. Alaric admits that from that moment the men began to whisper of the *loup-garou*, the werewolf. How else could this matter be explained? Did it not stand to reason that the injured axeman was decoyed by his fox—undoubtedly a wolf—under the dangerous branch that fell at the right instant? Then it would be easily possible for the animal, skulking around the camp, to make sure of the man's departure. Finally, of course, would the magic man-beast assume his hu-

man form and seek a place in the camp.

The story began in joke, and seemed to end as such. No one was serious about it; it was merely one of the caprices of the Frenchmen, ever ready with their tales of witchcraft. The discussion died down, and remained as a careless memory, to be spoken of only from time to time. The camp life went on without incident for a number of weeks. Lemont went steadily about his work, silent and enduring. The winter advanced; little by little the snow grew deep; the weather was equable and not severe. No further accident occurred, and every one was good natured. Dole, in fact, for a second time, grew too much so.

He took it into his head to joke about the werewolf story. Now, Anglo-Saxons are comparatively ignorant of that body of tradition, which more than elsewhere exists among the French. To begin with, the English belief in witchcraft is much weakened, while in France it is still strong. In the British Isles the folk tales of werewolves are vague compared with the vivid stories of the French peasantry. The Yankee is at a still greater remove. Dole did not conceive that any one could take the story in earnest. He knew nothing of the malevolence and cruelty, the nameless black aspersions, cast by the word. When it finally came into his mind to take up the story, he thought it a joke to drive it home, and for several days pretended, in rough pantomime, to shudder at the sight of the Red Wolf. Lemont did not appear to understand. Then Dole allowed his wit to run away with him.

"Now, gentlemen," said he suddenly one evening, to the circle, after his jokes had set the whole camp roaring with laughter, "the next number on our program is a performance by our French friend, Mr. Lemont, in the corner. Gentlemen, Mr. Lemont is our lightning change artist. He

will give us an example of how he can change from a man to a wolf, and all in the space of five seconds."

The camp was instantly sober. Some of the Frenchmen started to their feet, in apprehension at the deadly insult. Lemont himself leaped up, half crouched as for a spring, and for a moment gnashed upon Dole with fury. His passion was terrible; it seemed as if in the next instant he would attack; and men prepared to throw themselves between. Their presence restrained him; Lemont controlled himself; but his anger was too great for immediate quiet. He seized his hat and went to the door. There he turned back and gave his warning. "Dole," he said threateningly; "Dole, you wait!" Then he went out, leaving the crew feeling as if that half-minute had set them all face to face with murder.

Dole was soundly lectured by Wood, and by half of the Frenchmen present. In the morning he made a clumsy, good-humored apology to Lemont. The man received it sullenly, yet with some faint show of satisfaction. Wood and his Yankees declared that the incident was closed; that the man's manner would not allow him to be more gracious. But none of the Frenchmen believed that the matter was finished; the insult was too deep, the shame too public. Some of them even advised Dole to leave the camp. He would not, and his countrymen seconded him; they laughed at the idea. Nevertheless, a few days were sufficient to show that Lemont was entirely changed, and to disturb the camp by the feeling of impending danger.

Lemont began to watch Dole. Twenty times a day the Yankee turned to see the little inflamed eyes fixed on his face. The Wolf used no threats, even no words. Returning at night from his work, his first act would be to seek out Dole, and thence to bedtime watch him. In the morning, and at the noon meal in the woods, it was the same. The scru-

tiny was constant, beast-like. Under it Dole grew uneasy. It made him feel queer, he said. The other lumbermen became apprehensive of a foul attack. But at that Dole laughed. "I am strong enough to manage him," he averred.

The expectation of trouble increased when the Wolf changed his evening habit of sitting in the corner. The better to see Dole, he used to mount to his bed above the door, and remain with his head above the edge, watching. A glance from below would show the bristling hair, bared teeth and unwinking eyes. The spectacle was uncanny, and worked upon the men; no one cared to sit with his back to that unpleasant, threatening mask. As soon as Lemont's habit was once settled, the circle also habitually opened outward, that the men might feel the freer. Even then all were nervously conscious of the Wolf's presence. It grew to be a relief when at bedtime all the lights but one were put out. That light was shaded, and the head could no longer be seen.

At last came the end. One night, after midnight, the sleeping camp was aroused by a hideous scream. It was like the alarm of an Indian attack. Men sprang up, shouted, ran into one another, fell, and were bruised. It was black dark; the last light was out. Nearly a minute elapsed while the men were in confusion; and twice again, there in their midst, the dreadful scream was repeated; then, listening, all heard groans and horrid gaspings. Alaric, coming to his senses, groped his way to the night lamp, still warm, and lighted it. All saw, lying on the floor in the middle of the cabin, Dole dragged from his bed, with the Red Wolf throttling him to death. While all gazed for a moment, the Wolf looked around snarling at the light, but kept his place on his victim's breast. At last they rushed at him, but he leaped up, snatched the door open, and fled.

Pursuit was instant, but useless; Lemont disappeared in the night. By daylight Alaric followed his track for miles in the snow; but the evidences of speed and endurance were astonishing. Notice was sent to the sheriff, who came, examined, and did nothing. Dole's body was sent to his home, the sheriff went away, and the camp settled again into its ordinary life. On the fourth night after the tragedy the men sat down to their old-time story-telling circle. One of the men spoke the thought that was in his mind.

"Dole is dead," he said, "and we're all sorry. But isn't it a good thing not to have the Wolf watching us every minute from his bunk?"

There was a general assent, and all eyes turned naturally to the shelf above the door. Then they started up in fright; for the lolling head was there, glaring down upon them. There was immediate confusion. Some ran into the cook-room, crying that the *loup-garou* was among them. A few stood their ground, but feared to act. Before they could collect themselves, the tall, lean figure swung itself to the floor, stood a moment, holding in its hand the small bundle of valuables for which it had come, then a second time ran out into the night. No one pursued it.

At this point of the story enter contradictions which are difficult to reconcile. Alaric, with great earnestness, has protested that it was Lemont himself, and nothing else, that he saw in the bunk; further, he gives it as his opinion that no one further, man or beast, slept in the bunk while he was in the camp. But the popular version runs that it was a wolf's head which the men saw, and a great, gaunt wolf which leaped to the floor and ran away. Those who tell this also tell that on succeeding nights, by whatever mysterious means he came and went, the wolf, close hidden, slept in the bunk, and the men heard his breathing, but dared not disturb him. All agree, however, that from

that time appeared around the camp the tracks of a wolf, which when it was seen, proved to be a great, thin, red beast. The men declared that it was the Red Wolf himself.

That was the end of Wood's winter. A week more put the men in a panic. The wolf grew bolder and came closer; men feared to work alone. At last one declared that he had turned from his work just in time to see it crouching to attack him, and had only frightened it away with his axe. Wood sent Alaric out with his rifle. He could not find the wolf. Then the men rose in a body and said that they must go. Nothing could stop them; they went. They spread in the settlements the story of the wolf, and Wood could procure no more workmen. His winter's work was lost, and much money.

Alaric had got so far in his story, appeared about to go on, hesitated, and stopped. "That's all," he said.

"Oh, come, now!" I protested.

"What do you want?" he asked.

"Well, what became of Wood?"

"Well," he said, "I'm not so sure of the truth about Wood, myself. He tried to get men to go with him to get his lumber down to the river for the main drive. About a dozen men went with him, green men or roughs from the city. The men came back in a week; but Wood wasn't with them. They said they'd seen the wolf. They said that while the camp was empty he'd been sleeping in the bunk over the door. And Wood, they said, disappeared. That's all I know. Perhaps some of them killed him themselves, for the money he had."

"And the other men?" I asked.

"The cook," said Alaric desperately, as if meaning to finish an unpleasant matter, "joined Colgate's drive, and was drowned in the Hulling Machine. Four men went up the Wisatacook to join Raymond, and were lost in a snowstorm. Joe Bass was drowned in Pleasant River. Haskins was killed in the jam at Grindstone.

All this happened before the spring was finished."

"And so," I said, "the story went around that every one was to die that was with Wood that winter?"

"Yes, and die quick," said Alaric. "More men died in the fall. That made twelve men. My! I thought I'd have to go, too. But I haven't, so far."

"And the wolf?" I asked.

"Some hunting parties were on Traveller that summer," said Alaric. "They saw nothing of him. A party went up in the fall to hunt moose, and while they were there it snowed. That night the wolf walked right into their camp yard, then went away and howled for hours. Next day, they quit. Every winter, after the first snow, he comes. No one will lumber again on the Traveller. Wood's logs lie there still."

"Nevertheless," I said, "if we don't stay till dark, you'll cross the ridge with me?"

"Yes," said Alaric.

"All right," I answered. "To-morrow we'll start."

"And so," I said to Alaric, as on the second day of our journey we sat eating our luncheon, "here we are on Traveller. Where's your wolf?"

"Perhaps," said Alaric, "you don't believe there's any such a thing!"

"Why should I?" I asked.

"Look about," said Alaric, "and tell me what you see."

We were in a clearing on the ridge, fringed with great trees almost meeting above us. At two points, where the path entered and left, the openings in the trees showed us the surrounding country with its miles of forest. Behind us was "the mountain," Katahdin, snow capped. In front, in the flat land, appeared the white circle that marked frozen Bowlin, surrounded by green trees. Black-green were the pines and spruces in the distance, as if it were still summer. Within the clearing,

where I knew Alaric wished me to look, I saw nothing of importance.

"What do you mean?" I asked of him.

"What," he asked, "is this big heap of snow behind us?"

"Why," I cried, as I looked and saw the ends of tree trunks sticking from the snow, "it's a yard!"

"It's one of Wood's," said Alaric. "I helped to cut those logs myself. Now tell me. It is fifteen years since those trees were cut. Why have no more grown here?"

I looked again at the little space once cut and trampled clear by men and horses. "I suppose," I said, intending to be witty, "that the Red Wolf comes and pulls up the things that start to grow."

"Exactly," said Alaric soberly.

Now I noticed that through the clearing ran a path, crossing our line of march. It was narrow, but like the track of many deer. "See," I said to Alaric, "there must be good hunting here."

Alaric grunted. "There are no deer or caribou now on Traveller in winter. That's *his* path," he said.

Our meal was finished, and I went and examined the path. My gun I left with Alaric. This was no deer track surely, for I saw no mark of sharp hoofs. The many blurred impressions were of padded feet; and presently I found one clear print, like a St. Bernard's. I looked along the straight line as it disappeared among the trees.

"That's one of our tote-paths," called Alaric. "See if he's not kept it clear."

I began to be impressed. The path ran like a tunnel through the woods; like the yard, nothing had grown within it. A little light fell on it in one place; and suddenly, as I looked and wondered, through the sunbeams came an animal, trotting toward me.

I felt at the little axe in my belt, but drew instead my revolver. The animal was again in the shade, an in-

distinct form, coming steadily onward. Then, like a deer unalarmed, it came into the clearing, stopped, and looked at me—the Red Wolf!

The sun fell on him; I saw him clearly, perhaps at twenty yards. A memorable sight, a wolf in Maine! He was as the story describes him, red and gaunt and tall. The hair was thin and mangy; the eyes were small and bloodshot. His body was all bone and wire; his head was malice and cunning, with something of force. He looked at me with wicked eye, while I fingered my revolver, intending no slow aim, but a snap shot. A forty-four bullet, I thought, would trouble him.

But there came a roar from Alaric's gun, and the snow spurted up before the animal's feet in a long furrow. The beast whirled to run, and, startled, I missed him when I fired. He disappeared in a spruce thicket, and for a moment Alaric and I remained, like warships shelling the bushes. Then we followed a little way on his track. We had not touched him, and in silence we returned and took up our packs. We were half a mile on our road before Alaric spoke. Then he cast at me a rueful glance over his shoulder.

"I'm sorry," he said.

"You'd better be," I answered.

"Jest the same," he said in another minute, "now you know there's a wolf."

I made no reply, and we went on in silence until we reached the East Branch, and, skirting it a hundred yards northward, saw Colgate's camp across the ice. We crossed the frozen river, where the marks of feet were all on the western side. No print in the snow was a dozen feet from Colgate's bank. As we stood for a minute to mark the fact, Colgate himself came out of the cabin and hastened to greet us. We both knew him.

"There," he cried, "I wish every man in my crew were here to see somebody brave enough to travel on

the other side of the river. Did you come up the Telos road?"

"No," I answered, "over Traveller."

"Good!" he exclaimed. "You won't tell me that you have seen the wolf?"

"At twenty paces, but we missed him."

"Good again," cried Colgate, "even that you saw him. Come in to camp, come in. Stay as long as you please, free. You will cure some of the nonsense of my men. Here is Alaric of Wood's crew, not dead yet,—and both of you have seen the wolf, and live."

"Is the camp upset?" I asked.

Colgate sobered. "Seriously," he answered, "it is. I am losing my men. I am almost afraid that the crew will go back on me as Wood's did. Every night, beginning at nine, that animal howls for half an hour just within the woods across the river. The men are frightened. They're afraid that he'll come across here soon."

Now, according to belief, the water-courses which bound the territory of Traveller were supposed to be the limits of the wanderings of the wolf. Big Spring Brook on the south, therefore, and the East Branch on the east kept him from Colgate's camp. Colgate's understanding with his men had been that he was not to send them across the river except south of the brook, where his tote-road crossed to join the Telos. The men were thus safe from any ghostly violence, and for a time had worked with confidence. But now the nightly patrol of the wolf, just within the bushes opposite the camp, was breaking through their fortitude. Some had already left, and Colgate was expecting a complete desertion. He hinted presently that he would be glad if we could give him help. What could we do?—Trap—trap the wolf? Alaric looked doubtful.

I saw that evening a demoralized camp. The men, quite unconvinced

by Alaric's presence, or by our seeing the wolf unharmed, wagged their heads and told us to wait for death. There was no story telling, no singing, no joking; the men waited for nine o'clock. One of them sat with his watch in his hand. "Wet set our watches by him now," he said. As the minute approached, Colgate and Alaric and I went out upon the river bank and stood there.

"Nine o'clock," said Colgate. "Listen!"

From miles away, it seemed, came floating the long, sad cry. Alaric started and looked up the quiet mountain side. The howl came again. Alaric turned to Colgate.

"He's in Wood's camp?"

Colgate shrugged his shoulders, putting away his watch. "They say so. Now he's coming."

We listened. The next cry was nearer, and the next. I heard with great interest the cry of the wolf, famed through centuries. There, by the wild river, in the cold night, it seemed a voice of primitive nature, mysterious, boding. I did not wonder that the men in the cabin were afraid. Nearer it came, again and again. Then there was silence for perhaps three minutes. I looked at Colgate.

"Is this all?"

He was about to answer when from just across the narrow river the cry burst forth. I caught my breath, and Alaric his. Colgate was sympathetic. "It is scary," he said; and then, while again and again the howl was repeated, I felt as if every evil were promised to the doomed camp.

"This is overpowering," I said at last. "If I were chopping for you, I wouldn't wait for a second night. Shall I get my gun and shoot?"

"At random?" answered Colgate. "No."

We went back into the cabin and waited. The howling lasted in all about half an hour; I did not time it. Relief settled upon us when it was over. The men rose and walked

about, as if to limber stiffened joints. Then they went wearily to rest, their courage, although near its end, still good for a little while. But in the morning it snapped suddenly; and I was the cause.

"Come, Alaric," I said to him while we were waiting for breakfast, being ready before the frowzy heroes of the axe, "let's step across and see his tracks. It's day, you know."

He followed, but as we went we noticed that the men were congregated to watch us at the cabin door. When we returned, having found only marks to show where the wolf walked up and down, or squatted as he howled, the camp was in revolution.

"You did it," said Colgate to me. "I don't blame you; all they want is an excuse. They say that since you have gone over there just for nothing, the wolf will surely come over here. I'd pay big wages if they'd stay, but they're going out to-day, every one of them."

And, in fact, looking like men released, the men were packing their belongings. I had a thought of Columbus and his men as I stood upon a bench and delivered my forlornly boastful appeal. As if, I urged, there could be any chance for the wolf to cross the river when it was known that he had never yet dared to do so! People had been in his territory before, and would go again. Let the men work a week more, at double wages, and Alaric and I would bury the creature so deep that he would never rise again to trouble any one.

As I made the offer, I looked over the heads of the crew to Alaric at the door, and caught his eye. Unknown as I was among the men, my promise went for nothing; it was to Alaric, their own comrade, that they turned for confirmation. Colgate's fortunes hung on my guide's decision. As I hoped, the hunter and lover of adventure in him were too strong for superstition, and while they all waited for his word he squared his chest and nodded to me confidently. It was

not in his nature to forbear from swaggering a little, but the swagger finished the matter. The men were satisfied.

Oh! the weary hunting of that week! Colgate had several heavy traps; we sent out for more and got them quickly. Day after day, loaded with iron, we tramped in the snow and laid traps in the wolf-paths. Day, after day, carefully watching our back track, we hoped in vain for a shot at the wolf. For he followed us carefully, and scratched up each trap within three hours after it was first put down. Deadfalls were as useless; he sprung them by a paw inserted into the coop from behind. His cunning was prodigious; he outwitted us completely. With resolute patience, we set out day after day, only to find on each morrow that our work was in vain. Our position was uncomfortable in the camp itself; Colgate grew more and more unhappy, the men more frightened and unmanageable. But the wolf himself was the worst. Each night as he came to howl we thought we could read more triumph in his voice. Therefore on the sixth night, when the first howl came to our ears, every feeling gave way to the shame of our impotence. Alaric and I went out on the river bank and took what savage pleasure we could in wishing evil to the wolf. We listened to the end of his howling, then strained our ears to catch the sound of his retreat; but we could not.

"He's gone to his bunk," said Alaric sullenly. "He'll sleep better than we, I'm sure." The moon shone full on his discontented countenance.

"I wish we were there to meet him," I answered. Then we both started and looked at one another. The idea had come. But Alaric hastily turned away to escape my eye.

"Alaric," I said.

"I know," he answered. "But I don't want to. That camp—in the night!"

"By Jove," I cried, "if you won't, I'll go alone!"

He turned again reluctantly. "Then I must go," he said.

We laid our plans before we went to sleep.

The last day came, and we started out on our previous day's track as if to examine all our traps. But snow was falling heavily, and when we found the first trap sprung we did not even set it again, but turned back. Our ideas were fixed; the night was our time, not the day. Once or twice Alaric looked back on our track, and before we reached the river we waited twenty minutes behind trees for a pursuer. But it was useless, and we went back to the empty camp.

The cook looked in on us once as we loitered at the forge, which we found pleasanter than the men's cabin. We were idling with the tools. "Making silver bullets, eh?" he said. "Don't want us to know?" Alaric answered with a piece of wood, but the incident has become fixed in the later legend.

We passed the day wandering in and out among the buildings, talking little, sharpening hunting knives or cleaning and re-cleaning arms. Supper came at last, with its crowd of weary men from the woods. Colgate greeted us hopelessly; the men, at the approach of security, ironically. Little conversation passed at the meal; but when soon afterwards we began our final preparations, they watched us with much interest, and asked many questions. We answered them nothing, but with blankets for the cold, and carrying every deadly weapon in our equipment, started in the lessening storm a little before eight.

We went southward to Big Spring Brook, crossed to the gravel beds, and struck into the woods. There was little climbing at first, but much scrambling along the burnt land south of the brook. In the dark the work was severe, and for a while so slow that I despaired of results. But

the snow gradually ceased falling, the clouds broke, and the moon allowed us to make more rapid progress. We crossed the brook into the wolf's territory and climbed diagonally upwards towards the ridge above Wood's camp. An hour passed as we climbed steadily, and it approached nine.

"Are we near it yet?" I whispered Alaric.

"Not far," he answered, and climbed on. The woods grew thin around us, and I could see off over the landscape. Alaric ceased climbing and led me along the mountain side, then unexpectedly upon a shelf of rock whence we looked down upon a miniature camp, two hundred feet below.

It lay as if at our feet, little buildings partly ruined and fallen in. I saw the hovels for the horses, the blacksmith's shed, the storehouse and, biggest of all, the cabin with its cook-room. Here and there roofs yawned or sides sagged. That was Wood's camp. Far below wound the white ribbon of the East Branch. The scene was beautiful, but not to be dwelt upon, for as we gazed cautiously from the ledge, Alaric pointed. A dark figure emerged from the door of the main cabin, and stood in front of it. Clearly I saw the wolf raise its head and heard the first howl. Then it dropped its head and trotted into the bushes, going toward the river.

Slipping and sliding recklessly, we started for the camp. By the side of the ledge the mountain was steep; but we travelled the faster. Soon we got on to more level ground, and found roads,—old roads, but still clear. Alaric did not follow them, but sought the thickets, where the branches tilted the snow down our necks. From time to time we paused to listen to the distant howl that assured us of success, then again eagerly plunged onward. At the end of ten minutes I saw through the trees ahead of us the buildings of the clearing, and then soon we were at its

edge, peering at its snow-clad ruins. From below came the faint howl; the wolf was far away.

We were close to the entrance of the main cabin. Alaric drew me back; we circled, and crept among bushes until we were at the cook-room that joined the cabin at its rear. Its roof was low. Alaric mounted it from a stump, and I followed. We crawled along its shaking edge, and under the eaves of the main cabin found a crevice big enough to enter. Following him, I dropped into the dusky space, where moonbeams streaked the floor with light. We were in the upper of the two main bunks, opposite the door. It was full of drifted snow; but Alaric pushed aside with his feet the branches and poles that formed its bottom, and we slipped into the lower bunk, where no snow had entered and where deep shadow enfolded us completely. With our blankets half about us, but with arms free and rifles ready, we settled ourselves and waited. Alaric said, "Don't fire till I say!" and then left me in silence to study my surroundings.

This was the camp of the story. There was the stove where descriptions place it, now rusty and fallen down. There were the tables and benches; there the slung poles for drying clothes; there the boss's bunk. But there, most of all, was the bunk above the door, a shelf with boards around it; and to the lowest of the pegs that served as ladder led in the snow the tracks of the wolf. A broad moonbeam fell on the very space which he must cross. We should have light to shoot. Faint and far away the howling continued for a little while, then stopped. We listened; it was really finished.

"Will he come straight back?" I asked, "or will he hunt?"

"Wait," said Alaric. "Wait till midnight, if we must."

Minutes, then quarter-hours, passed. An hour, at last, we had been there, still on the alert, when Alaric touched me. It was coming.

I heard a snuffling in the air without, a shadow fell across the path by the threshold, and then the wolf appeared in the doorway.

The moon had changed position, yet there was still light which he must cross. A moment's excitement seized me, but passed. The wolf was a poor mark; he turned and looked back at his track, and we waited. Then he stepped in slowly, walked full in the light, deliberately yawned—was ever anything less ghostly?—and stood lazily at the foot of the ladder.

"Ready!" whispered Alaric. The wolf heard imperfectly, and stood fixed to listen. I sighted behind his shoulder. "Fire!"—and my muscles met the recoil of the gun. Through the light smoke I saw the beast leap straight upward and fall. I filled my barrel with a second's motion, but nothing more was needed. Pierced twice through from side to side, the lonely creature was dead.

* * * * *

It is curious to think of the coincidences by which the story of the wolf became so closely woven with that of Lemont the murderer. Its appear-

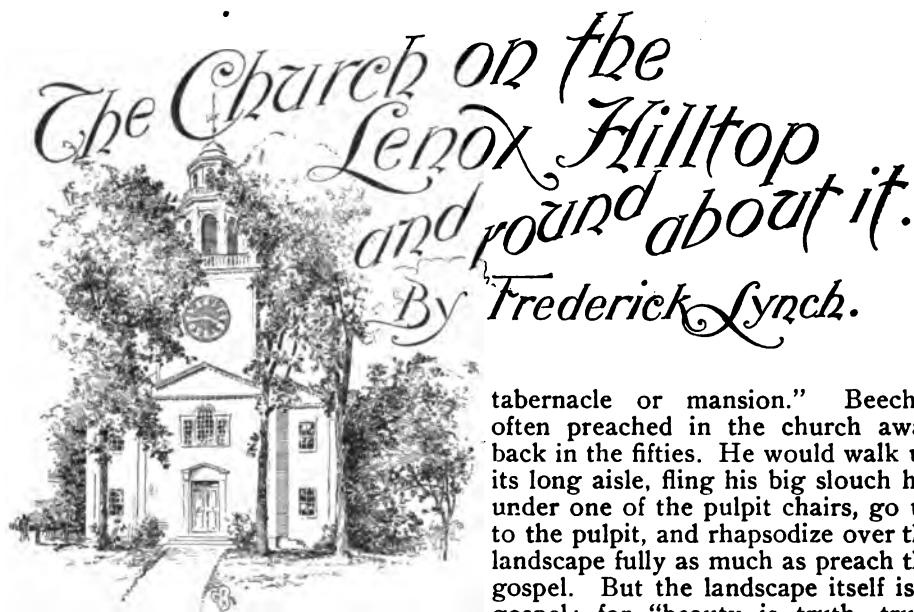
ance immediately upon his disappearance, its choice of Wood's camp and even Lemont's own bunk for a lair, its strange physique, habits and intelligence have combined with the peculiarities of Lemont and identified the two in the minds of lumbermen. For Maine, be it understood, accepts the legend absolutely. I heard last winter, in a logging camp, the story of the Red Wolf told to a shuddering crew. Myself, modestly unknown, I learned how "Alaric Rousseau, a-guidin' of a feller from New York"—alas that Boston has already lost her proper credit—hunted the weird beast on the mountain side, and finally shot it with silver bullets. The supernatural details of the affair, especially the description of how the werewolf took again at death its human form, disturbed my own sleep. Should the Society for Psychical Research ever take the story up, they will find in the woods of Maine plenty of men to swear to every incident. For myself, I acknowledge in the matter something approaching mystery, but in the interest of truth I write my version here.

FLOOD AND EBB.

By Clinton Scollard.

WHERE two stupendous arteries of trade
 Become a little space one thoroughfare,
 Day after day is the distracted air
 With deafening and continuous clamor weighed;
 Cars clash, gongs clamor, ponderous drays are swayed,
 And jostling crowds, that seem like puppets, dare
 The swirling vortex, meet and mingle there;—
 Thus is the whole a human maelstrom made.

But with the sweet intrusion of the night
 The currents slowly slacken, till the last
 Back-sweeping surge has died into a calm;
 Silence descends on pinions vague and vast;
 On earth is peace, and at their heavenly height
 The stars swing on in their eternal psalm.



IT crowns the hill. It commands eighteen miles of valley; while far beyond row upon row of purple mountains lose themselves in the mist. As one comes toward Lenox from any direction its white tower, with its gilded dome flashing in sunlight, is visible for many miles. Church doors may be closed and pews empty; but so long as that tower rises heavenward, the men of many villages have a silent witness for aspiration and for the presence of God. Former residents coming home to see the old place look first for the white tower; young men returning from college strain their eyes eagerly for first glimpses; we who love the church and worship within its walls point it out with pride when driving with our friends, as it comes into view from one of a hundred hills. It was when standing in the door of the church that Beecher said: "If in summer one stands in the door, and gazes upon the vast panorama, he might, without half of the Psalmist's devotion, prefer to stand in the door of the Lord's house, to a dwelling in tent,

tabernacle or mansion." Beecher often preached in the church away back in the fifties. He would walk up its long aisle, fling his big slouch hat under one of the pulpit chairs, go up to the pulpit, and rhapsodize over the landscape fully as much as preach the gospel. But the landscape itself is a gospel; for "beauty is truth, truth beauty," when beauty is rightly understood. When the door of the church is open one looks from the pulpit over a deep valley to a purple-crowned mountain glimmering in changing lights.

Beecher spent several summers here in Lenox. He rebuilt a farmhouse on a southeastern hill, overlooking an exquisite lake. Here "The Star Papers" were written, in 1854. They are interpretations of nature's mysteries by his poetic soul. Few things have since been written that show more insight into the heart of mountains, trees and skies. Where Beecher's humble house looked out on the beautiful Laurel Lake now stands the great mansion of John Sloane.

The church is rich in historic associations. Within its walls have worshipped many a man of far spread fame. The clock which for years reminded the quiet village of the passing hours was given by Fannie Kemble Butler. The clock had not the enduring quality of the time it marked, and has long been silent; but a new

one has just been put in by another friend of the church, Morris K. Jesup, whose turreted summer house lies close up to the churchyard, on the west. Many of the great writers who have made Lenox their home for a time sought this church's peace and inspiration. That trumpet-toned preacher of God's word, Richard Salter Storrs, here held many a summer audience under his spell; and here that prophet of liberty and spiritual enlargement, William Ellery Channing, made his last fervid plea for freedom. For here was given the address, "Emancipation in the West

I cannot soon forget the beautiful nature and the generous spirits with which I have been privileged to commune in the valley of the Housatonic."

The church in its interior is a typical New England meeting-house; the high, bare walls, with their two rows of small-paned windows, and running around the church the big galleries, holding as many people as the floor itself. In the old days there were square family pews; but they are gone. Gone also is the old high pulpit, from which in the past fell long, deep voiced sermons. In its place is



From Barber's Historical Collection.

LENOX IN 1840.

Indies." It was given before a great congregation of Berkshire farmers, men of virile mind, of intelligent comprehension, with an inbred passion for freedom. The words of the introduction have been passed down to the children of Berkshire as a common heritage:

"I dedicate this address to the men and women of Berkshire. I have found so much to delight me in the magnificent scenery of this region, in its peaceful and prosperous villages, and in the rare intelligence and virtues of the friends whose hospitality I have here enjoyed, that I desire to connect this little work with this spot.

a beautiful modern pulpit of oak, given by one of the village daughters in memory of ancestors who worshipped there affectionately through many years. Our ancestors built meeting-houses wherein might be preached the word of God, and not vaulted churches for God's worship. They made a partial mistake. Some churches are to-day also making mistakes that build only for anthem and stately liturgy.

Yet in the simplicity of this church on the hill there is beauty. The lines fall in pleasing curves, on either side, and the white woodwork is chaste and clean. And if the light streaming



THE OLD CHURCH ON THE HILL.

in from western suns is not softened and mellowed by tinted windows, it is the bright pure light of mountain tops, and comes from gorgeous sunset skies which sometimes themselves seem as windows to this old temple. When a rose window was talked of, to go in behind the pulpit, it was feared it would be incongruous with the puritan simplicity of the house. But now that it is in, it is as a red rose against the white robes of a bride.

The pulpit has been filled with a long line of worthies. For over fifty years Samuel Shepherd, D. D., a mighty man of God, preached a virile gospel from this throne. None of your weaklings, he, but a mighty man of valor. Broad shouldered, strong, with stentorian voice, he roared over the doom of sinners; and yet, with a tender pathos, he pictured the beauties of heaven. And with a love surpassing the love of woman he loved his people. He preached his fiftieth anniversary sermon in 1845, so enough time has intervened to invest him with at least some slight romance. He was a graduate of Yale College and well versed in the learning of his day. His sermons are full

of erudition. They are marked by the intensity of an older day, though lacking the breadth and independent outlook of the sermons of our day. When I read these sermons I sometimes fear lest as we gain in breadth and rationality we lose in intensity and force. His gospel was an individualistic gospel, but it moved the wills of men with tremendous power. When this

good man, a student fresh from Yale College, was ordained over the church in Lenox, so great were the crowds of farmers who came driving from all directions over the hills that the ordination services were held out on the hill in the open air. What a temple the hillside made, with the overarching heaven and great sur-



SAMUEL SHEPHERD, D. D.



THE INTERIOR OF THE OLD CHURCH.

rounding walls of everlasting mountains! Many an eye surely wandered that day from the preacher to the silver lake sleeping in the valley, with the green hills outlined against the blue beyond. But it must have been magnificent to hear the choral strains of old "Dundee" rising to heaven mingled with the songs of wondering birds and the murmuring of mountain pines. Many those whom he married, and in their old age laid away in the churchyard. He himself rests these many years from his labors, sleeping a few feet from the church door. Here a large monument marks his grave, with the most fitting lines imaginable cut into the granite: "Remember the words which I spoke unto you while I was yet with you."

His Lenox was not the Lenox of to-day. On every southern hillside, with protecting walls of forest to the north, stood an ample farmhouse. The valleys were luxuriant with corn

and waving grain. Town meeting day found the old town house—which is still standing and still in use—full



CHARLES H. PARKHURST, D. D.



FANNIE KEMBLE BUTLER.

of as fine a set of New England farmers as any town could boast. Eloquence was the rule, not the exception. It was the shire town in those days, and many a noted lawyer first found his voice in the dim precincts of the old town house. Here the meetings are still held; but it is chiefly another type of citizen and one of another race who rises to have his annual say. Only a few of the old freeholders remain to mourn the loss of their brothers and lament the incoming of alien men of alien ideas. But I am not so sure but that we shall find, when the alien is alien no longer and the children have taken their places as Americans, that larger ideas will prevail than even the fathers cherished.

In the good Dr. Shepherd's days, too, the old church was filled, floor and gallery, with a body of sturdy yeomen, whose intellectual and doctrinal feast was the Sunday sermon. Now most of the yeomen are gone. Some remain,—and good strong

minded men they are; but the pews are filled by villagers, and agents of the great estates, with their bright boys and girls; while summer sees many strange faces in the pews, from week to week.

Where in the good doctor's day one standing on the steps saw the wood-colored farmhouses and the ploughed fields, now one sees great marble villas and modern colonial mansions, from whose broad verandas green velvet lawns roll off to be lost in parks and English gardens. Some of these estates—such a one as W. D. Sloane's—covers the ground of ten of the farms of these older days.

The church is fortunate in possessing carefully kept records dating back to 1771, when Samuel Munson was pastor. These records contain a minute and accurate history of all the actions of the church. They are written in the hands of the pastors themselves, and make intensely interesting reading. They are largely occupied with ecclesiastical trials. For all complaints against members were settled by trial at the communion services of the church. Never a communion went by but that some member was tried for drunkenness, swearing, quarrelling, or adultery; and



THE OLD COURTHOUSE.



THE CURTIS HOTEL.

heresy trials and excommunications—for heretical beliefs were common. Let him who believes that there is more wickedness and drunkenness to-day read these records and he will change his mind. It is our hope that these closely written pages of Samuel Munson's and Samuel Shepherd's may soon be deciphered and put into legible type. The pages show how the same problems persist, and how the questions of to-day were oftener than we think burning questions of yesterday. We may laugh when we read the following account of the excommunication of James Guthrie; yet men are being excommunicated to-day for holding the same views:

"Sept 20th 1783. Received a Complaint against James Guthrie, by John Stoughton, dated 21st Nov 1783 Complaining against s^d Guthrie for embracing the herisy of universal salvation. After the Ch had attended to this matter at several meetings were unanimously of opinion that the complaint was just; and voted he should be excommunicated in a proper time & manner for herisy, for holding that all rational beings will finally be happy; and thus denying the future endless punishment of the wicked after s^d Guthrie had been twice warned to attend public worship; there to receive admonition for his herisy.

But he refused to appear. And the sentence of excommunication against him was made public (by vote of the ch) 2^d May 1784."

Dr. Edmund K. Alden of foreign mission fame was pastor for a term of years. The old people remember him now with tearful affection. A more striking combination of heartless theology and heart-

ful life never existed. Sundays he preached of a hell to which God consigned His careless children; and week days he took the



WILLIAM O. CURTIS.

children of men upon his knees and blessed them, regardless of their state. He preached a God who could consign unnumbered heathen to the limbo of forgetfulness and death,



LENOX FROM THE FOOT OF "BALD HEAD."

while he himself would not knowingly step upon a worm. He eloquently persuaded his people to worship the sternest Judge and King, while he went among them a loving friend and father. In sorrows he sorrowed with them as one who had hope; their burdens he took upon his own shoulders and led them into the fields of peace.

His theology is forgotten; his love remains a sweetening influence down to these later days.

A greater contrast cannot be imagined than that between Dr. Alden and that virile reformer, Dr. Charles H. Parkhurst. Dr. Parkhurst came here a young man, not long out of the schools. With a personality in itself striking and strong, it soon made itself even more strongly felt through vigorous pulpit address. Dr. Alden had

moved his hearers to tears from week to week, through the pathos that welled up through his words. The young Parkhurst shot epigrams and brilliant, burning words in all directions. The habit of denunciation was not so marked in him then as now; there was little to call it forth; but as one good old worshipper of the now famous doctor remarked, "they

often went home with their ears tingling." Parkhurst came just in time to find the tide of society immigration setting in this direction from New York for the summer. In this company were many well known Presbyterian elders. They soon carried the preacher off to New York, that they might sit weekly at his feet. Park-

hurst made history here, as he has more recently done in New York. He changed the creed; and, as must always happen, some who had rooted their lives in the intricate mazes of the old creed, could not at once adjust themselves to the new. It was natural; but the new creed was written — and it is now quite orthodox enough to suit all tastes. Parkhurst infused a virile spirit into the community, and stamped himself indelibly upon all Christian



A GLIMPSE OF LANIER HILL.

hearts. He was succeeded by Dr. R. DeWitt Mallory, who still resides in the village, leading in all uplifting movements. After him came Edward Day, for eight years of scholarly ministrations to the church.*

* The present pastor, the writer of this article, came from seven years' training in Yale University and two years' service at New Haven under Dr. T. T. Munger, to whose school of thought he belongs. — Ed.



LENOX FROM THE CHURCH TOWER.

The church stands 1280 feet above the sea. From the tower, which has a balcony around its top, one can look for many miles. To the north lies Greylock—twenty miles away; but so clear is this mountain air that the tower on its rocky head is often easily seen by our clear-eyed youth. To the east the view is broken by the huge October Mountain, which in October days is one mass of burning gold and brown, as the western sun hits squarely its gorgeously tinted leaves. To the south the eye ascends step by step over lines of purple, floating mountains to the broad top of the Sheffield Dome. Along the west the Richmond hills make a great rock wall for the valley, sheltering it from the stormy blast. Yet through the gaps wind enough comes in the winter to keep all comfortably cool. Indeed, the winds move continually about Lenox,—in the summer gently fanning the resting peoples; in the winter howling sometimes with demoniac rage and piling up the snow drifts for the exercise of reluctant boys.

But the eye soon returns from the mountains, over the lake and the broad green valley, dotted with villas, to the village churchyard, where the forefathers of the hamlet sleep. Close up by the church are the old lichen-covered stones, with winged angel-heads cut in them, or else the weeping willow. It is as if these saints of older days wished to lie close to the church they loved. Many a quaint inscription, embodying some sweet sentiment, some pious wish or some word of warning to the young and heedless, is cut into the gray and moss-

covered stones. Further out, as the stones change from the plain slabs to the newer monuments, the view begins to open to the south—the same view as that from the church tower, only of lesser range. The living use this churchyard even more than the dead; for here come all the passers through the village to look out over the wonderful valley.

No wonder Fannie Kemble wanted to be buried here. She haunted it while alive, and in these beautiful words asked to be here put to rest: "I will not rise to trouble any one if they will let me sleep there. I will ask only to be permitted, once in a while, to raise my head, and look out upon this glorious scene." Poor soul! she sleeps in distant soil, among the lowlands, far from the hills she loved; for she did love these Lenox hills. For many years she rode horseback up and down them. At her home on the Stockbridge road, overlooking the Laurel Lake, she entertained many famous actors, authors and singers of her day. Her name is forever linked with Berkshire, and the older people still tell stories of her Shakespeare readings in the old courthouse.

Turning now, on our tower, to the



HAWTHORNE'S LENOX HOME.



THE HAWTHORNE PINES.

south, near the soldiers' monument yonder, was the famous Sedgwick school for young women. But what gives the place abiding interest is the fact that here Catherine Sedgwick lived and wrote. Who now reads Catherine Sedgwick? Who could even name her novels? Yet in her day she was not uncommonly named in the same breath

with Cooper, and was at one time read widely both at home and across the sea. Her home became a widely known literary centre in its day, and here she gathered about her the thinkers and the doers and the enthusiasts. It was no infrequent thing in those days to see world-wide celebrities walking these quiet streets. Indeed, it is not uncommon to-day; for

during the summer great statesmen, financiers and writers linger in our lovely village and visit our palatial homes.

Over yonder by the Stockbridge Bowl lived for two or three years Nathaniel Hawthorne. The house was a little red farmhouse. It was burned some years ago, and now not even the cellar is left. But its loca-

Monument Mountain. This mountain has been immortalized by Bryant in his poem bearing the name of the mountain. In this poem he has not only enshrined the pathetic Indian legend, but has mirrored the beauty of the mountains in imperishable verse. Bryant lived for several years in Great Barrington. The country seat was in Lenox, and the poet rode

back and forth on business connected with the courts, for he was then practising law. The road is a highway of beauty; and it was on these quiet horseback journeys that many of the



LAUREL LAKE FROM THE
WESTINGHOUSE
GROUNDS.

tion was a poet's paradise—the sunny southern slope of a green-clad hill running down to the glimmering Lake

Mahkeenac, beyond which rose the blue Stockbridge hills. Here Hawthorne wrote the "House of Seven Gables," and made notes for other books. Here, doubtless, he would have remained but for the severity of the winters and the distance from Boston. He was a silent man, having little to say to any one; appearing in the village for his mails—and then off again for his lonely house on the hillside.

Looking on over Hawthorne's place, one sees the bold outlines of



LAKE MAHKEENAC.

great lines of later poems were born in the poet's mind.

Just beyond the hill that rolls down beyond Lake Mahkeenac lies Stockbridge. Stockbridge and Lenox are often indistinguishable. Many estates extend into both townships. Indeed, one fine thing here is the way people speak of "Berkshire," rather than of their own little town. For we are all one,—with one set of traditions and cherishing the same ideals.

There in Stockbridge lived and



LAKE MAHKEENAC FROM "SHADOW BROOK."

preached Jonathan Edwards. The house in which the wonderful treatise on the Will was written has just been demolished. There he preached a theology of great severity and lived a life with all the sweetness of a little child's. Sundays he portrayed futures too lurid even for devils, and Mondays he walked by the lake, thinking, as he picked the blue gentians and played with the children, of the love and benevolence of God. Slowly men have come to know in Berkshire and the rest of the world that it is in the gentians and the eyes of children, and not in proof texts and logic, that the great Father most reveals himself.

Not far south, in Great Barrington, lived and preached for many years Samuel Hopkins of theological fame; of literary fame, also,—for he is the hero of Mrs. Stowe's novel, "The Minister's Wooing." From Edwards to Hopkins there was a gradual humanizing of theology; but Dr. Hopkins's central thought remained that of everything being done for

God's glory. His great doctrine of disinterested benevolence ruled New England thought for many years. In common parlance it took the form of willingness to be damned for the glory of God. Dr. Munger, in his new life of Bushnell, tells this good story of Dr. John Lord's answer to this question: "The last appearance of the doctrine in public was at a Congregational Council, called to ordain the late Dr. John Lord, well known as a lecturer and writer on history. In the course of the examination, which had been somewhat harassing, a surviving Hopkinsian asked the candidate, using the rough and popular form of the question, if he was willing to be damned for the glory of God. The reply was that personally he was not, but he was willing the Council should be."

As one comes back from Stockbridge toward Lenox one passes the summer homes of the Fields. Here for many summers the sons have come back to the old home place. On

the hill Henry M. Field, the editor, has kept hospitable home through the summers and entertained many eminent men. Matthew Arnold made a stay in Stockbridge during his American visit and was unstinted in the praise of the beauty of Berkshire.

If now we go to the north side of the tower, Greylock first meets us. At its foot sleeps Williamstown, quiet, shaded, classic. Over the college Mark Hopkins, a Berkshire boy, presided through a long, rich life. It is a proud boast for any town that she sends out, as Williamstown does year after year, choice youth to be leaders and thinkers and teachers of men.

To the northeast of Greylock is North Adams, a city famed for its industries rather than its men. Yet here in the Congregational Church two of the leaders of the religious

thought of our day preached for several years, Washington Gladden and T. T. Munger.

Coming down the valley we find Adams, with its huge mills, lying under the very shadow of Greylock. The footpath up the mountain leaves Adams, and is traversed constantly through the summer by eager climbers. Greylock is the highest mountain in Massachusetts (3500 feet high); and from its summit Berkshire lies unrolled as in a panorama.

Still coming south, six miles to the north of us is Pittsfield, still somewhat of a summer resort, although fast growing too busy for a resting place.

Now come back from Pittsfield toward Lenox, and we pass Holmesdale, the summer home for a while of Oliver Wendell Holmes. It stands on



OCTOBER MOUNTAIN.



"SHADOW BROOK," ANSON PHELPS STOKES'S VILLA.



MORRIS K. JESUP'S VILLA.



GIRARD FOSTER'S VILLA.



WILLIAM SLOANE'S VILLA, "ELM COURT."



JOHN SLOANE'S VILLA.

the level plains, with the surrounding mountains well in sight. On the place are many of those big trees which Dr. Holmes was so fond of measuring; and in the middle of one of his fields stands the great pine, which has been woven into literature. It was in these quiet summers here that Dr. Holmes wrote much that has made him famous. But like his noted friend, Hawthorne, he found Berkshire too far from Boston, and so moved to the east.

Not far from here Herman Melville lived and wrote. Few of the readers of this article recognize the name; yet his was a romantic life—first a sailor, then a prisoner at Taipei,

then a novelist. He published almost a score of volumes; in all, including one book of poems.

We go to the south side of the tower again; and the village lies at our feet. But how changed from the village of a few years ago. Then the small business centre of the surrounding farms; now a collection of magnificent summer houses, the streets filled with splendid turn-outs—everything from the phaeton, with Shetland pony, to the coach and four. Where Gideon Smith farmed it for years stands Cook's great colonial villa. To the left is Charles Lanier's beautiful house, crowning a high hill with acres of velvet lawns. Beyond



THE GOLF LINKS.

is W. D. Sloane's place, "Elmcourt," with its hundreds of acres, adjoining Bishop's great estate. Here Mr. Bishop had constructed a winding drive from Lake Mahkeenac to his house opposite Mr. Sloane's. It roams, as at its own sweet will, through long stretches of cool, deep woods. Beyond "Elmcourt" is the great Westinghouse estate, with its white marble roads and five fountains flashing rainbow colors in the summer sun. The white house looks out over the Laurel Lake with its wooded shores and encircling shaggy hills. Coming back a little way, we see Girard Foster's great marble villa with its tall white pillars. It sits embowered in grassy lawns, with green pine forests for a background, and is terraced from the

front with marble far down the sloping hill. Over to the left is John Sloane's great house, with its yellow tower overlooking the Housatonic Valley and that gem of waters, the Laurel Lake; the view extending further down to where the slender, white spire of the Lee Congregational Church pierces the blue. Beyond that is the broad Tyringham



TRINITY CHURCH.

Valley, where Richard Watson Gilder writes poetry and reads manuscripts for *The Century*.

Turning toward the southwest, we come to Anson Phelps Stokes's great gray stone villa, with its red-tiled roof, the estate stretching around a green hillside for no small part of a mile. Standing on the broad porches of this great palace, one looks directly down on the beautiful Lake Mahkeenac. It was near this place, "Shadow Brook" (the name taken from Hawthorne's "Tanglewood Tales"—for this brook is said by some to be the brook in the stories), that Hawthorne had his humble home.

As the eye comes back to the church, it traverses John E. Parsons's great estate of Stonover—an entrancing park of winding roads through dreamy dells and restful woods. Nearer still and just beyond the churchyard are the famous golf links. Here are acres upon acres of velvet turf; but I know of only one other place where the player lifts his eyes to such exquisite visions of valley, lake and mountain. Here large tournaments are played, and every day golfers are besprinkled over the broad stretch of green. Back of the church rise the Woolsey Woods, stretching far up over the mountain. Through these dense pine forests, with their frequent clusters of white birch, runs the Woolsey drive, a vast cathedral aisle through the temple of the woods. Well up near the top of the mountain stood the old Woolsey house, one of the oldest of the Lenox mansions, but recently torn down. To this house there used to come large parties in the older days; and its fame was spread far and wide as a place of hospitality and as commanding one of the finest views eye ever looked upon. There are no heaven-piercing peaks, no cascades of water; but there are soft-tinted mountains floating in mist, and velvet lawns rolling across the valley, and lakes that flash back the sun, and palaces which seem to have risen out

of the earth, so fitly do they harmonize with all. We took a famous Englishman to the site of the old house; and he said: "Nowhere in places that I know is there a more beautiful combination of art and nature. I seem to be looking at one of the pictures of those dreamy landscapes which the old artists used to paint, with marble palaces and gardens and blue mountains behind." Looking over this valley, one may not unfitly call Berkshire the Lake Region of America. There is not so much water as there is in Westmoreland, but the similarity of the mountains is often spoken of.

No modern society novel is now quite perfect unless it brings its hero and heroine to Lenox for a season. Mrs. Harrison has given us a pretty little picture of Lenox life in one of her stories; and Mr. Warner devotes a chapter of "A Little Journey in the World" to Lenox. Yet it must be confessed that the reputation which the place has, in the eyes of the world at large, as a place of gayety and abandonment, is an unearned one, due mostly to the society news of the daily papers and the rhetorical exaggerations of guidebooks. A quieter, more sedate summer place it would be hard to find. People who come here for the festive whirl of Bar Harbor go away disappointed. They find little opportunity to dance; they find few lavish assemblies or dinners; they find little of the exhibition of New York society life of which they have read in newspaper and novels. What they do find is a number of families leisurely resting and enjoying the summer about as they please. One of the great charms of modern Lenox is its freedom from social obligations. The dinners are apt to be somewhat informal; the balls are few; the day is apt to be spent on the golf links or in driving; the calls are made at almost any time of day, and in almost any costume. The men meet on the capacious piazza of the Club House or at the hotel. The home life in

many of the great houses is very quiet and beautiful. The talk is not all gossip, as some books would have us believe. The driving is not altogether for the display of horses, but for the enjoyment of the unsurpassed landscapes and the free delight of outdoor life. The favorite drive of tourists and newly married couples is through Berkshire. There is no place in Europe or America where there are more varied or beautiful drives. One may drive every day of a month and every time take a new road. The same landscape flashes into view from a hundred points, and is new with each new turn. The landscape under the leaden sky of to-day is a changed picture under the blue sky of to-morrow or the gorgeous sunset sky of evening; and October transmutes the green valleys and hillsides of summer into gold.

There used to be in Lenox boat parades and flower parades and tub parades; but these have given place to the quieter life of the luxurious home. But last autumn the horse show was revived with marked success.

Through the winter when the snow lies deep and the winds rage, most of the great houses are closed, and the village settles down to its own diversion. Then come the church suppers and the meetings of the Fortnightly Club in the cosy library rooms. For Lenox has one of the best selected libraries in the state. Lecturers come from New York and Boston and speak of great things in the Sedgwick Hall or in the parish houses or the parsonages of the village. Thus the village whiles away the long winter, with interest and profit, in unbroken quiet, except when at Christmas time the city folk come up for three weeks of country winter life. Then the great houses are ablaze with light, and dinners are given, and the streets are merry with the jingle of sleigh-bells and with the red of gay

sleighing costumes and with white furs.

This thought of winter reminds us that it is time we went down from our high tower. In going from the church down the steep hill of Zion to the village centre we pass the house of our Berkshire senator, Thomas Post, the trusted counsellor of all this region, and come to the handsome parsonage of the church, recently built on the site of the old brick parsonage that Dr. Parkhurst shovelled out of the snow through successive winters. Few Congregational churches in Massachusetts have so fine a home for their minister; perhaps the finest of them all is the manse of the Congregational Church in Great Barrington.

But the Episcopal rectory in Lenox is for beauty and comfort unsurpassed. It stands by the beautiful stone church and parish house. The church is visited by pilgrims from far and wide; for few cities can boast churches of greater beauty. The little Episcopal Church at Stockbridge is a gem of architecture, richly furnished, yet chaste and dignified, with some exquisite windows. At the Lenox Episcopal Church in the summer one can see more wealth represented than in any other church in the land, lest it be Trinity in Newport. This church is presided over by the Rev. Harold Arrowsmith, a generous hearted, broad minded man. The sumptuous colonial structure, the Curtis Hotel, is the centre of the summer life. For many years a village inn, then the favorite resort of famous writers, statesmen and actors, as Lenox became known. It is now filled largely by friends of the surrounding cottagers. Perhaps no villager has been more widely known in his day than William O. Curtis, who for many successive summers welcomed his returning friends. For he was the friend of all—and half the character of the house was in him. It is the most

homelike hotel in the country. Happy is he who can enter and sit by the big fire and rest, while that prince of landlords, the present William D. Curtis, tells some of his inimitable

stories. It is the stories that can be told by such as he, men rooted in the Lenox soil, that are necessary to supplement what any of the rest of us can say.

ROBERT BARTLETT, A FORGOTTEN TRANSCENDENTALIST.

By Charles S. Fobes.



THE literatures of all countries have certain elements in common; but every nation imparts something of its own characteristics both to the matter and the style of its production. As the nation changes, these change also. Italy could not sing the songs of Scotland; the dreamy Hindoo could not understand the rugged strength of Russia and Sweden. England at the close of the nineteenth century would be impatient with the literary style of Chesterfield and "Sir Charles Grandison." From necessity, due to the conditions of its settlement, the early literature of this country was religious and political. There was no leisure for purely literary work; the spoken words and written lines carried a purpose, the purpose of bettering the political conditions and of leading to higher spiritual conditions. Any literary labor of a kind different from this would naturally partake largely of the plan and style dominant in the mother country. It was nearly the fourth decade of this century before there was developed a disposition to put aside imitations and to exhibit an independence in literature as well as in government. In 1833 De Tocqueville wrote:

"America has hitherto produced very few writers of distinction; it possesses no great historian and not a single eminent poet. The inhabitants of that country look upon literature, properly so called, with a kind of disapprobation. The spirit of the Americans is averse to general ideas; it does not seek theoretical discoveries. When a traveller goes into a bookseller's shop in the United States and examines the American books upon the shelves, the number of works appears very great. He will first find a multitude of elementary treatises, destined to teach the rudiments of human knowledge. Most of the books are written in Europe; the Americans reprint them, adapting them to their own use. Next comes an enormous quantity of religious works, Bibles, sermons, edifying anecdotes, controversial divinity, and reports of charitable societies; lastly appears the long catalogue of political pamphlets."

A few years later all this was changed. The people were developing. It was in the air that some change was at hand. Community of thought was bringing the thinkers together. The Transcendental movement was about to be born. Men since famous in American literature were giving promise of that which they were to accomplish later.

September 19, 1836, there met at the house of George Ripley some of those kindred spirits. This was the first meeting of the Symposium, as the club was then called which afterwards became the famous Transcendental Club and which continued un-

der various names until 1850. Its membership numbered sixteen and consisted of George Ripley, Bronson Alcott, Ralph Waldo Emerson, Converse Francis, Frederick Henry Hedge, James Freeman Clark, Cyrus A. Bartol, Margaret Fuller, Elizabeth P. Peabody, William Henry Channing, Theodore Parker, John S. Dwight, Jones Very, Henry D. Thoreau, Caleb Stetson and Robert Bartlett, the subject of this paper. When the *Dial* appeared, these were all yet young. Alcott was the oldest, forty, Emerson was thirty-seven, Margaret Fuller and Theodore Parker thirty, Thoreau twenty-three, while Bartlett was the youngest, about twenty.

In his life of Margaret Fuller, Colonel Higginson says: "The most striking illustration of the literary purpose of the Transcendental movement is not to be found in the early writings of Emerson, but in a remarkable address given at Cambridge by a young man, Robert Bartlett, of Plymouth, Mass., whose career was cut short by death after he had given promise of important service. In 1839 in his Master of Arts oration he took for his theme the phrase, 'No good possible but shall one day be real.'" After quoting from the oration, Colonel Higginson continues: "These words were like a trumpet call to myself and others, half a dozen years later; and nothing of Emerson's ever touched us more deeply." As one of the pioneers in the Transcendental movement and as a friend and associate of those who later became eminent, a short sketch of the life of Robert Bartlett may possess some little interest for some outside his immediate family.

Robert Bartlett was of Pilgrim descent. His father and mother, although not closely related, were both descendants of Robert Bartlett, who came here in the *Anne* in 1623. His father was Captain Isaac Bartlett, who within the memory of some now living commanded the good brig *Hannah* of Plymouth, when that place

was doing business with and importing largely from the West Indies, Cadiz, Rotterdam and Cronstadt. Robert was born in Plymouth, October 8, 1817, and his sister Rebecca in 1819. Other children had died in infancy. These two, of nearly the same age, were similar in their tastes and confided most fully in each other. Their strong mutual affection reminds one of the tender ties which existed between Charles and Mary Lamb. One who knew both of them intimately says of Rebecca: "She was like her brother. Of all the women I have ever met she had the strongest mind and one capable of the highest cultivation." She died a little more than a year before her brother, having suffered long from consumption. Robert was educated at the public schools, and both he and his sister were precocious children. In the class book of the class of 1836 he tells the story of his early life in this graphic way:

"Into what course of life I should have been led, had things taken their usual order with me, is doubtful. I might have been acquainted with the sea, which most of my ancestors had pursued before me. I, however, very early manifested such an aversion from all voluntary motion of my physical organization, such a stupidity in comprehending the uses and modes of all mechanical engines and operations, that it was considered a settled matter by those in authority over me that navigation or manufactures were not my forte. I was accordingly left in peace in the Plymouth high school and among my books, to both of which I had shown some attachment, until I gradually found myself fitting and fitted for college. This portion of my life was marked by no extraordinary events or accidents, but was by no means unimportant in its bearings upon the formation and development of my inner self. A rather peculiar train of (in themselves) trivial circumstances, during this time, seemed to add immense power to certain very unhappy propensities, which I had not then the sense to discern and which the earnest efforts of my later life have not yet corrected. In the high school at Plymouth grew within me, by a process which there is not the slightest difficulty in imagining, a mighty disposition not *duly to appreciate* (for every man's right and solemn duty to thus much

I still maintain) but altogether to *overestimate* myself and to communicate my false judgments to every carping fool I came across. A strong inclination I had somewhere acquired to sneer at my fellow creatures found here ample materials for its indulgence and growth. I had, moreover, from the beginning, been possessed with an all ruling passion for dispute, and the picking up of certain extraordinary and ultra notions in religion and politics helped beyond measure to add to my sins in this particular. I have spoken of these odious tendencies in my early character, not because they were by any means the all-prevailing ones, or from an affectation of sincerity in confessing my own faults, but simply because they are of use toward explaining what, though I trust they are not the most important, are yet the most striking in my Cambridge history. In fact, I am doubtful whether to a tolerably acute observer of life anything more than a knowledge of the peculiarities, as well as the consummate ignorance of the whole human race and especially of students, in which I entered college is necessary, in order to attain a complete idea of the principal external events and mental phenomena which have attended my four years' residence in the university. I at first met with difficulties enough to satisfy me of the existence of some pretty essential wrongs within, and considerably more than a year ago I set earnestly about a thorough religious reform, in which I have since been active. My life thenceforth has been more peaceful, happy and, I trust, better suited to the high use for which it was given me.

"In leaving college my subjects of regret and of self-complacency are as follows: viz., I lament, first, the indulgence of a disposition fiercely to espouse and defend hastily formed opinions of men, and of religious and political subjects; second, in upholding in thought, word or deed a silly rebellion at the end of my sophomore year; third, the not beginning earlier to live for the fit object of life. I am happy to possess: first, diligent habits and a tolerable learning acquired in college; second, considerable benevolence and sympathy for and interest in my fellow men; third and chiefly, a deep reverence for and, I trust, an eternally inflexible faith in Jesus Christ as a Master and Saviour. To the defence of the primitive Christian faith from its open enemies and its more dangerous corrupters, and to the extension of its dominions in the hearts of men, I cheerfully devote myself as to an object worthy a thousand lives like the present, and shall within a year or two commence those studies which will enable me to do more toward effecting it."

In stature Robert Bartlett was of medium height and of good presence. His features were large; the mouth was homely but strong; his eyes were dark and brilliant, but not piercing; there was always a sad expression about them, which in this respect suggested the familiar looks of Edwin Booth. He was quite sensitive as to his personal appearance. While tutor he was known as "Bobbie Bartlett" and the students were able to annoy him exceedingly and make him very nervous by apparently watching his feet, which were large. Bartlett commanded the students' respect while tutor, because of his ability; but he was never popular. He was one of the proctors, and as a member of the parietal board undoubtedly did his duty, but without suavity or that sympathy with the enthusiasms and sports of youth which would attach pupils to him. In his conversation he showed a good natured animation, earnestness and clear decision. His earnestness not only characterized his work in the college, but it led him to be interested in political and religious questions. He was an ardent abolitionist, and was thoroughly alive to the most advanced modern thought. His mind was intensely active, and he was interested in the deepest questions of religion. As undergraduate, as student in the Divinity School, and as tutor, he showed himself a student in the best sense of the word. The records of the library at Harvard show what books he read in the years he was there. These were many, and a list of them shows that they were all for study and reference; not a half dozen in all those years were of a character which would be read for temporary pleasure or recreation. He delighted in all the Latin authors, in the works of the German philosophers, and later he read many of the works of Swedenborg. One who remembers him well says: "He did not seem to care for general information, but delighted in a thorough knowledge of out of the way matters." A

vigorous constitution enabled him to work continually, but constant work and other causes led to an early development of pulmonary troubles. Some of his classmates recall his memory with affection and great esteem. They present him in a light rather more favorable than that in which he presents himself in the class book. One of them says of him:

"Robert stood high in the esteem of his classmates without exception, and not of his classmates only, but of the officers of the college as well. He easily led the class in scholarship, graduating with first honors. No one of us thought of competing with him for the first part, although we had ambitious and severely studious scholars. It was said of him that he came to college determined to take the first part, and some had the impression that he sacrificed his life to this great ambition. He seemed to have an iron constitution. As I was crossing the college yard one day on my daily walk, he was standing in the doorway of Hollis. I said, 'Come, Bartlett, take a walk with me.' He answered that he was not fond of walking. 'But do you never walk for your health?' 'Never,' he replied, with an emphatic smile, adding that he never did anything for his health, never was sick in his life, never had an ache nor a pain. 'What,' I rejoined, 'not a headache?' 'No,' he laughingly responded, 'not a headache.' The next time I distinctly remember talking with him was when I met him after our graduation, coming down the stairway of Divinity Hall, looking pale and thin, so unlike the strong, muscular and vigorous frame of earlier days. With amazement I asked him, 'What is the matter? Have you not been well?' He then told me of his illness. Not many months from then I heard of him ill at his uncle's in Stroudwater, and went out from Portland to see him. He was confined to his room with what seemed plainly pulmonary consumption; but he was cheerful and resigned."

Another, who was among his few intimates, writes:

"It was my privilege to know Robert Bartlett quite intimately during the four years we were fellow students at Harvard. We had opposite tastes and ambitions. We differed widely in our views touching the many moral, social, religious and political questions which engage the attention of young men when they begin to think, and we were wont to discuss them warmly, but

we always agreed to disagree, and the friendship and respect we entertained for each other were never disturbed by these differences. Bartlett came to college, as I thought, well equipped for his work. He had been well prepared by his teachers. His mind was bright, strong and receptive, his reasoning faculties were well developed and he had his mind under such control that he reached conclusions in his arguments easily and accurately. He was studious in his habits and, having great capacity for work, soon reached a high position in his class. He was regarded as one of its ablest members when he graduated. He delighted in metaphysical discussion and disputation. As his knowledge of books was extensive, he could fortify and illustrate his arguments by ample authority. I remember how often and how completely he would 'pose' us at times.

"Bartlett had a very religious nature, but I do not think his *religiosity* shaped itself into creed in the early days of college life. He had got over the scepticism which Lord Bacon tells us comes from little knowledge, and was reaching those crystallized opinions which this great man also tells us proceed from larger information. He early reached the stage where he believed without unbelief. Equipped with a strong and healthy mind, and impelled by conscientious convictions of duty, his future seemed to us assured. His moral nature was as healthy as his intellectual nature. His heart was warm and loving; and I do not believe he ever entertained a mean, low or degrading thought. Few of his classmates knew him well enough to understand or appreciate him, for, without being unsocial, he avoided a large acquaintance, apparently contented with a small circle of friends. When he felt well and was in good spirits, he was good company, for he had sense of humor and a ready wit."

After graduation Bartlett taught the high school at Plymouth for a short time, but was registered the year following as a resident graduate at the university. In 1837 he entered the theological school, where he continued his studies until 1840. During the years while he was in the college and in the theological school he corresponded regularly and chiefly with his sister Rebecca. As previously stated, between these two there always existed a very strong bond of sympathy and a feeling of the most unreserved confidence. Many of the letters now found bear as the date

only that of the month and the day. As postage was then an item to be considered, letters were forwarded by friends or were sent in the trunk with the clothing as it was sent home for washing and repair. Consequently there are no postal marks by which to determine the year, and this must be decided from internal evidence. Through all the correspondence which has been found there runs a vein of religious feeling. There is also something of the mystical, a quality which attracted him to Emerson, and caused him later to look with favor upon the writings of Swedenborg. In 1838 Rebecca was in ill health and began to show symptoms of the disease from which she shortly after died. She had made a visit to Halifax, thinking it might prove beneficial. On September 26 of that year, after her return, Robert writes her of the advantages to be gained by such a trip by one in her condition, and continues:

"Are you not beginning to feel that the great thing is, that, if we be strong and pure in spirit, we can bear all things and do all things? You are beginning to see that life is a school, and that every event is a trial of character and that it has an end and object, and that is to make us strong, holier and more godly. It is the greatest thing we have to thank God for, when he has so enlightened us as to make us see this. I feel that it binds us closer together than anything, this union in our desire for holiness."

Encouraging her as to health he says: "Despair is one of the greatest crimes we can be guilty of. Every trial is soon over, and if we have borne it well for that short time we have gained something which is never over. Virtue is eternal." These sentences, uttered with a buoyant ring, tell of victory even in the midst of seeming defeat.

In the November following he was unable to join the family in the Thanksgiving dinner. There is a

pathetic touch of mother love, as well as a reminder of the ways of traveling only a little more than fifty years ago, revealed by a letter from Rebecca to Robert, under date of December 1, 1838: "We expected you home even to the very last minute, notwithstanding what you wrote. Mother even kept the teakettle on until after the last stage got in." After describing the day she says: "Mine was a still, lonely, but happy Thanksgiving. I enjoyed it because I expected nothing more than I could find within myself and those around me. I long to get away from this world of care and trouble at times. This I know to be wickedness. I feel that it requires more courage to live than to die. I sometimes know not what to do. This 'Learn to know thyself' is a hard study for me."

In reply Robert tells how dull Thanksgiving was to him; but there was one bright spot in it, the "dining with Rev. Dr. Ware, Jr." Then he writes affectionately, but with much of the preacher in his tone: "You have come to see that there are resources in your own spirit for all things. If we look to these and obey always the spirit's voice, we shall have enough to do and have enough life in every day. Many of your trials I know and have and give way to too often. Often I am doing the weak and foolish thing and feel broken down and an outcast from God. We must take care against despairing, however low we fall or however weak we feel. You look out of the window at the awful and still firmament and the cold, bright stars. Think when you do it there is something in *you* which takes hold on the farthest of those stars. It is the Soul of your soul. It gives you life and being, and it makes the worlds. Listen to that. Do not hear what your own will says to you, but do what that inmost soul tells you. That is life, peace, heaven."

His correspondence was not confined to the family, nor did all his let-

ters carry the tone of those addressed to his sister. His hatred of slavery made him no lover of the South, while his fondness for books and love of study made Cambridge dear to him. After graduation one in the class before him (1835) had been recommended for a position in some southern city by Edward Everett, then governor of Massachusetts. The probability was that he would fail to secure it, and the governor requested Bartlett to acquaint his friend of the facts which his letters contained. Bartlett writes him of these and tells him he hopes he will not succeed, for should he go, he says, 'I think it will be almost impossible for you to conceive of the desolation of heart that will come over you when you should find yourself for years or for life exiled from this society, on the whole *the best the world affords* (considering, I mean, what it promises to be), and living where bowie knives black vomit, Church of England, alligators and slaveholders most do congregate. With the best light and helps, the soul is low, meagre and bad enough. Falstaff after he had been thrown into the Thames in a basket of dirty clothes, 'rammed in with foul shirts and smocks, socks, foul stockings and greasy napkins,' remarks of himself that he has a sort of 'alacrity in sinking.' So has the soul. For the soul's sake, let us not spontaneously jump into the basket."

The year 1839 was a most important one in the life of Robert Bartlett. In this year he delivered that oration which has made him remembered by a few at least outside his family. In those days Commencement was at the opening of the college year, and not at its close, as now. It was a red-letter day for many miles around. Then sparsely settled, what is now Massachusetts Avenue was lined with tents and booths. It was a gala day. There is something to be said in favor of the old time selected for this day. It shows a kindly love for the alma mater, when he who has finished his

studies within her walls is willing and glad to come back for a short time and contribute his part to the general interest of that great day in all college history. It brings him also into slight touch with one class more.

Bartlett had been out of college for three years and was to deliver his Master of Arts oration. To properly prepare this, he was obliged to do hard work and was ready to make great personal sacrifice. Under date of June 28, 1839, he writes Rebecca:

"You must tell father and mother that I have an English oration to deliver next Commencement, at the end of the vacation, and it is important that I should do the best I possibly can. I have been working on it, but I cannot finish it here this term. I must have time for stillness and study in the vacation. They must consent to my stopping here for a fortnight or so. It is a hard sacrifice for me, as hard as it is for all of you, but I know it is for the best. I must be here among my books and books not mine, which it is impossible for me to obtain in Plymouth. Here, too, I can occasionally in vacation go into the college library. If father and mother feel how important it is that I should do well, I am sure they will be willing. They must write me about it. The term ends July 19, which is Friday. I shall want to stay here until about Monday, August 5, perhaps a little time after that. If you can leave to go to Westbrook about that time, I shall be exceedingly glad to go with you. I think it will be better for me on several accounts not to be in Plymouth any considerable time next vacation. I do not want my mind disturbed and bothered by being there with E. C. W. until after my oration is over."

In this same letter he mentions the prospect of obtaining a tutorship, to which he was soon elected, and says: "I am a fair candidate for that tutorship, but I can tell nothing about it until the end of the term probably. The salary will be worth to me about seven hundred dollars. I am very anxious to get it on many accounts. When I think of being away from home and from all my friends in Plymouth, and staying here among my books and papers next vacation, I shrink from it. But it had best be so. I must be a scholar and cannot

live for my affections and social pleasures."

After he became tutor, his time was spent a little more outside the college walls, and he associated more with men than he had before. His letters in 1840 tell a little of what he saw of life in the Transcendental group at Concord. About this time he became engaged to a lady then a resident of Plymouth, Miss Elizabeth Crowell White, the E. C. W. to whom he referred in a letter already quoted. For some reasons known only to themselves, the engagement was of very short duration. The knowledge of this fact is necessary in order to understand allusions which he makes in some of his correspondence. He writes:

"I got back from Concord yesterday evening. I have had a very delightful time. I stopped with Mr. Alcott. You can hardly conceive of a more paradisaical spot than he has. He is working too like a true hero; he has refuted all the predictions his friends made, who were afraid that he would not thrive in the details of business. Mr. Alcott inquired about you and spoke of having read a letter of yours to Mrs. Emerson, with which he seemed pleased. It was that in which you wrote to her of my experiences in connection with Elizabeth White; and the mention of it led to some conversation about the matter. I talked with him just as freely as I would to anybody on earth. You always feel like talking so to him after you know him. His home is about a mile from Mr. Emerson's. We had a meeting for conversation there Sunday evening, and Mr. Alcott talked, but not very well for him. We had a talk at Mr. Emerson's on Saturday evening. Mr. Bradford and Mr. Briggs were there." Referring to Emerson, he says: "You must beware how you are carried away by his poetry, his wit, his rich fancy and his high prophetic tone of authority, and led into an indiscriminating admiration and acceptance of his teaching. The beautiful mysticism and spiritualism of the man, the mild, exciting doctrine of the hidden relations of the soul and nature, and above all his great primal doctrine of the Divinity indwelling, permeating, possessing every human soul, all this you will hear with great delight. No exaltation of the soul in respect to its heavenly birth and nature and its final destiny, no glorification of it in this way, no apotheosis of the soul thus viewed can be extravagant; and I am

sure none can go beyond the old Christian saints or the Christian Scriptures. God, the Father, and the Son come and dwell with the true soul; we are to be made partakers of the Divine Nature. We bear God about with us, says one of the old saints. But in reading these matters in the way they are brought out by such a man as Emerson, you must never forget that men of all his mystic and spiritual insight, of all his genius, of all his eloquence, of all his piety, and at the same time of vastly more learning, more experimental knowledge of men and compass of view, have come to wholly opposite religious views."

While Elizabeth White was ill with consumption and was confined to her bed, Robert Bartlett was brought home to die from the same disease. In the fall of 1843 both of them passed to the other life. Letters from relatives of Miss White lead to think that in these last weeks the interest of each in the other was renewed. September 25, 1843, Robert Bartlett died, and he was buried in the cemetery at Plymouth. A monument to his memory was erected by the class of 1846 with this inscription:

"To Robert Bartlett, an alumnus of Harvard College, who obtained the highest place among his companions, by genius, by study and learning, always distinguished by every form of virtue, most devoted to religion, to truth and liberty, who sacredly discharged all the offices of life, the most excellent and dutiful son, the most deserving brother, the most faithful friend, for almost four years the learned, kind and careful instructor, hurried away by a hasty death; in consequence of distinguished kindness to themselves, the members of the class of 1846, the last who listened to his instruction, have erected this monument."

His letters reveal the honest purpose of the man, his high aims and his conscientious discharge of duty. His sister was his confidante, and to her he revealed himself more than to any other. He had his faults, but they injured himself only. How much he contributed to the *Dial*, the writer has not been able to ascertain. It is his oration which is of greatest interest; and with some extracts from this, this brief sketch will close. The topic was "The Hope of Literature," and he

used as a motto the phrase, "No good is possible but shall one day be made real."

"The reason refuses all help from the memory. Reason brings her monitions fresh each hour to the individual, each age to the race. Her truth is severe, shapeless and uncontained. We convert truth into fact, high principles and duties we enfold in myths, laws of the soul and ministries of nature we harden into enactments and personal agencies of gods. The reason affirms that the present and actual life of man is unnatural, is disease. All is jarring without and unrest within. It says man's natural state, wherein is health and peace, is the death of desire for happiness, the death of self, and a life all unto justice and love and worship. Our earthly faculties see this and instantly enshrine it in a history of the remotest time. We have learned and shall tell in our turn of paradise, of the golden age, and the preëxistence of the soul in heaven; of those times when man knew not racking tortures, nor war, nor hate. . . . So we envelop our truth in tradition and impersonate in the earliest of men the energies of our own prospective being. In the light of this truth I would consider some of the hopes and laws of literature.

"The hopes of literature discard experience, they ride over history. The heralds of truth and beauty and freedom to a savage and servile race draw from the chronicles of the past an assurance of victory. They look to the infinite soul within the human soul. They know that the truth, however buried, blackened and blurred over, yet lies somewhere in the heart of every man to whom they speak, of every iron-crowned tyrant and shaggy soldier and boor. These very fagot-bearers, these serried hosts that come out against truth, every man of them carries within his mailed breast the weapon which shall slay him. And therefore they must pass, unsubstantial as the faces and terrors of a dream. As the hopes of all philanthropy, so the hopes of all literature rest on the nature of man. . . . His essence is aspiration and tendency. He is 'partaker of the Divine Nature.' Therefore everything evil is vapor and appearance. All that is good shall be attained. Whatever ought to be is to be.

"The true philanthropist and scholar has hope in the unprivileged and unlearned mass of men, and this the more as his perception of spiritual laws is deeper. New beauty and truth, higher philosophy, better ethics, always appeal to the multitude. Shallow reasonings, superficial principles, calculations of interest and utilities have power over the leisurely, the educated, the purse-proud and aristocratic,

the noble, the traffickers, the priest. In every age abstract and universal truth makes her protest against establishments and systems and unions and utilities, to the toiling masses of humanity, and in their great brave heart she finds a home. It is said when there is tumult and revolution, when the people are most impulsive, then of all times the most abstract doctrines have affinity for their feelings. It is with nations as with individuals. In tranquil moods and peaceable times we are quite practical. Facts only and cool common sense are then in fashion. But let the winds of passion swell, and straightway men begin to generalize, to connect by remotest analogies, to express the most universal positions of reason in the most glowing figures of fancy. At the commencement of the French revolution, in the remotest villages every tongue was employed in echoing and enforcing the almost geometrical abstractions of the physiocratic politicians and economists. . . .

"Left to themselves, the masses may see something higher than the institutions and forms and symbols reared by the understanding; unphilosophic souls lie near to the spontaneous and universal reason. The many seek truth. The nobilities, the aristocracies, the schools, the church, seek exposition and defence of the established error. The scholar therefore will have a right reverence for this hard-handed many.

"The hopes of literature, then, rest on the nature of man,—and they are infinite. Her first law is that a man seek wisdom as ultimate, as the end of life. . . . *Now* a shallow philosophy goes about to look after the *uses* of religion and poetry. The woods wave and the waters roll for our traffic and carpentry. What Shakspeare or Milton may say of the meaning of hills and skies and stars to his soul is a conceit, delightful, useful if you will, but after all a conceit. Nay, and a slender and starveling theology too now tells that the *use* of holiness is unending pleasure. . . . The eye of the scholar opens on another heaven and another earth. The wide waters sparkle and roll that they overmaster his soul with awe and grandeur. He listens to the winds moving through the trees, and his own being upheaves and plays in unison with the breathings of the forest. And for this the woods and waters are made from age to age. . . . Thus to the true student of wisdom does nature become instinct with spirit, suffused with light. . . . There can never be a literature where genius and eloquence and piety give their energies to the petty utilities of the day and neighborhood. Learning among us must be honored, must dispose of litigation, must adjudicate or administer human governments. Eloquence frets its hour upon the superficial interests and brawls that make up the politics of the

masses; enthusiasm spills itself out in noisy frivolities. . . . Of necessity the pulpit is somewhat aloof from this whirl and frenzy; yet who is not complaining that the pulpit too is overborne, that to a measureless degree the pulpit expresses only the local, the accidental? Therefore we have no literature, because we desire none; because men of all professions will make wisdom an ornament, an appendage, a servant, a means.

"In Athens the doctrine of use was unknown. Here greatness, genius, grace were their own law and end. Song and art kindled into religion. Tragedies were performed in the temples and to the worship of the gods. Here truly was an *Ἑλλάς* *Ἑλλάδος*, a Greece of Greece; here was a people fired with ideas. And so the rugged majesty, the richness and stress of their poetry, their oratory, their art and their deeds stand in a pyramidal loneliness; and Miltiades, Æschylus, Sophocles, Socrates, their names are generalized into an immortal dialect of freedom and power and lofty wisdom.

"In mighty Rome, on the contrary, a sacerdotal caste severed religion from poetry and harmony. Her intense nationality, her pride of power, made greatness and genius subserve. Rome cherished no studies that would not serve policy, move factions and promote the peace. Her sons sought wisdom and philosophy as the ablest servants of patriotism. Her unenlivened populace crowded and shouted, 'that the Tiber trembled underneath its banks' around the gross splendors of the military triumph, and their drama was the fight of man with beast or the slaughter of gladiators. And so the grieved muses never would rest on that proud city; and she had not a native poetry or philosophy or art. Rome is but a unit in a mass of testimony to a truth, which reason sees before and above testimony, that philosophy will never live where it must expound the established. . . .

"The wildest storms graze only over the bosom of the ocean; go down a few rods, and throughout the depths is eternal sabbath. Let us have hope in those 'turbulent and pestilent agitators,' who, in unbolted language and bold deeds, unfold Truth, Justice, Love, who fight against the mercenary rage, the trade, the calculation that is scorching up the wisdom, no less than the righteousness of the land. Such men, oftentimes indeed unconsciously, are yet working into the heart of the people a living philosophy and faith, and so are the heralds of a new and enduring literature.

. . . It is held a test of sobriety and modest reverence, that one be content to write books about books and to think about other men's thoughts. Hence our writings are efflorescent. We have no literature, but only a thousand and a thousand glossaries and indexes and rehearsals of literature. . . .

"When Horace was affecting to make himself a Greek poet, the genius of his country, the shade of immortal Romulus, stood over him and forbade the perversion. Who shall persuade us to import no more philosophy from abroad, from countries where belief is not in the soul, but in the traditional, the authoritative, the extraneous? Is everything so sterile and pigmy here in New England that we must all, writers and readers, be forever replenishing ourselves with the mighty wonders of the old world? Is not the history of this people transcendent in the chronicles of the world for pure homogeneous sublimity and beauty and richness? Go down some ages of ages from this day, compress the years from the landing of the Pilgrims to the death of Washington into the same span as the first two centuries of Athens now fill in our memories. Will men then come hither from all regions of the globe, will the tomb of Washington, the rock of the Puritans, then become classic to the world? Will the living spirits of that remote time think with earnest interest and wonder of us, who have lived, as it will then seem, in the twilight of the same day with Puritanism and the leaders of Independence and the founders of an empire whose basis is a universal truth? . . . With their great names upon our lips, and their doctrines for our axioms, we bereave ourselves of a heritage in their spirit every day. Careless except to sound their names and continue their sins, we move amid, we handle, the rights and institutions which are the solemn monuments of their high thought, as sore-eyed Arabs now creep among the catacombs and obelisks' and eternal pyramids of Egypt. . . . We do not express the men and the miracles of our history in our social action, . . . and by consequence we do not outwrite them in poetry and art. We are looking abroad and back after a literature. Let us come and live, and know in living a high philosophy and faith; so shall we find now, here, the elements and in our own good souls the fire. Of every storied bay and cliff and plain we will make something infinitely nobler than Salamis or Marathon. . . . Unlike the world before us, our own age and land shall be classic to ourselves."

THE NAMELESS PICKANINNY.

By Frank H. Sweet.



S the thirteenth in a rapidly forming line of pickaninnies he had embarrassed his parents for a name; and while waiting for this crown of separation from a class, he had crawled sturdily through the cabin door to the warm, delightful sand, and had industriously and persistently investigated the truck patch until his father in a guffaw of delight had dubbed him "Squash 'm-bug," a name which was hailed with acclamation by the larger end of the pickaninny line.

The mammy of the cabin, however, had resented this, and in desperation had called to the aid of her overtaxed brain the one book of the house, an old almanac in which she could spell out a few words. Studying this from day to day, her delighted eyes at length found the word "Finis," beautiful with a capital F and double loop of flourishes.

But by this time there was a fourteenth, and the discovery seemed too timely to be wasted upon a pickaninny whose day had gone by. So fourteenth was invested with the name, and thirteenth became the one broken link in the chain of pickaninnies.

But little recked the unlucky number. For the time being "Squash 'm-bug" and "Hi, yo' dar!" were all one to him. He crawled and toddled and walked, and began to pick out letters from the almanac with his black finger; and all months earlier than had Cassius and Zero and Lincoln and Posey, and others of the line. Before he was six he had begun to double his fists in assertion of rights which he claimed were his, but

which the line denied; and within another two years he was slowly but eagerly fighting his way toward the big end of the graduated heads.

It was a troublesome republic which this line made at the little clearing in the woods. Mammy's hands were full in the cabin, and pappy's in looking after the truck patch; and beyond reach of the rarely asserted authority of these parental hands, the pickaninnies recognized but one law, might. Squash 'm-bug began as a butt for the entire line, and from this abyss of humiliation he fought his way diligently toward recognition. At ten he was pluckily endeavoring to pound submission into number seven; but seven was also a square-framed, sturdy pickaninny, who was ready to fight for what he wanted. For an entire year they pummelled back and forth, and then Squash 'm-bug went on to six. The rest was comparatively easy, and before he was thirteen the nameless pickaninny had fought his way to supremacy, and then, with his mind for the first time at rest, he began to let his thoughts stray toward what might be done in the world outside. Long before, he had discovered that Squash 'm-bug was only a derisive term; it had not mattered here, but out in the world he must have a name that would help him climb up, a name of sense.

So as his mammy had done, he began to study out words in the almanac, going earnestly from cover to cover, and then returning and going through again. Finally he decided upon a name which he found many times repeated, often in big letters, and which looked substantial and pretty, and, more than all, was different from any name he knew. So he

said good-by to his pappy and mammy and the conquered line, and went out into the world as Microbe.

Just in the edge of Savannah is an area given over almost entirely to colored truckers. Among these are some who are more capable, some who are shrewder, some who are trickier and more full of wiles and circumlocutions than their fellows, and as a consequence these have gathered to themselves much of the neighborhood wealth. Deacon White of the African-Methodist is an easy leader among them, for no voice is louder and more denunciatory in exhorting, and no tongue more persuasive in dealing. Truck patches and mules and nondescript carts, and even an undivided half of the African-Methodist church itself have reverted to him in consequence of sundry small loans at ruinous rates of interest. His home truck patch has been enlarged by foreclosures upon adjoining ones, and his originally small cabin has been added to again and again by other cabins drawn from here and there and yonder by means of rollers and mules, and connected with his by boards covering from roof to roof, by latticed passages, by impromptu doorways cut here and there without regard to anything but the connecting, and by other crude inventions which would never have occurred to a professional architect. In this beehive of cabins was scattered the brood of ten furtive-eyed, crafty-faced White pickaninnies, and Cassia.

One day a strongly built boy whose speech betokened the extreme of country breeding, but whose words almost tumbled over each other in their impetuosity to get out, applied to Deacon White for work. He had heard that the Deacon was the most "git-ahead" man in the place, he said; and added that he would work a year for "bo'd an' clo's," to learn things.

At the end of the year the Deacon wished to reëngage him upon the same terms, but Microbe declined

positively, though with a smile. The year had not been unfruitful, for it had taught him many things, and among others that the Deacon's way was to "git ahead" at the expense of those around him. But Microbe did not hint of this, for there was Cassia, and he liked Cassia.

So he merely said that he wished to start out for himself, but would depend upon the Deacon to dispose of such crops as he might make. It was putting his head into the wolf's mouth, he knew; but then, it was leaving an open path back to the wolf's cabin. Cassia was the only one who had shown him disinterested kindness there, and, indeed, she was about the only friend he had in the settlement. The Deacon had kept him too busy to make acquaintances.

At this time Cassia was barely fourteen, tall, straight of eye and figure, and giving promise of much dusky beauty. But more than that, she was already accounted the neatest housekeeper in the settlement; her cakes and truffles and coffee were bringing her local reputation, and in the choir of the African-Methodist her voice soared and rippled and trilled like that of a thrush in the midst of a noisy melange of blue jays and blackbirds and crows. Upon the street people spoke to her pleasantly, even when they had to force back frowns meant for others in order to make room for a temporary smile. She was not of the furtive-eyed brood, with the Deacon at their head; but a strange and redeeming variance from the traditional White line, a moral albino in a flock of crows.

At the end of three years Microbe was in just about the same condition, financially, as when he left Deacon White's. He had improved his rented land and had learned a great deal about trucking; but that was all. He still procured his seeds and fertilizers "on the next crop," and his clothing was only just good enough to escape being direputable. The

Deacon gave him small sums from time to time as the proceeds of sales, alleging poor markets and customers who failed to pay and crops which deteriorated before reaching purchasers. Sometimes Microbe's eyes would begin to flash and his lips twitch, but he always remembered Cassia in time to avoid a rupture.

But in spite of all this he did not realize the full depth of his feeling toward her until one Sunday when he saw the settlement barber accost her on the church steps with an elaborate flourish, and then turn and walk with her toward the White residence. Microbe started after them incredulously, then choked back something in his throat and followed determinedly. Several rods from the White cabin he took a position near a fence and waited three hours until the barber emerged; then he pretended to be occupied in looking for something on the ground.

But as soon as the gorgeously dressed figure came opposite, Microbe joined it, and the two walked on together until the cabin and the girl in the doorway were shut from view; then Microbe's smouldering anger blazed into swift flame. Ten minutes later the barber was seeking his home by a roundabout way through the back gardens, while Microbe struck through the principal street toward his truck farm, his head high, but his clothing in shreds and plentifully smeared with mud. An hour spent in repairs at the wash basin and with a needle vigorously plied by his rough fingers, and he was on his way back to Deacon White's.

The Deacon himself came to the door, but looked the visitor over in marked disapproval.

"Why ain' yo' hus'le roun' an' buy better clo's, Microbe?" he demanded gruffly. "Yo' ain' fitten to show yo'self on Sunday, 'specially at a chu'ch ossifer's house."

"Money too scase fo' clo's jes' now, Deacon," Microbe responded, cheer-

ily; "but whar's Cassia? I's come to see her."

The Deacon hesitated; but the visitor was too valuable to be angered, so he stood aside.

"I 'spec' yo' fin' her roun' on de back po'ch, peelin' taters fo' supper," he answered, discontentedly. "Yo' kin go fron' de cabin or roun' de cabin, jes' as yo' lak. But say," as Microbe was halfway across the floor; "how 'bout dem two hun'erd chickens yo' 'low's ready to sell? Is dey coop up?"

"No, but I kin coop dem to-night."

"I reckon yo' better. Hit's time to sell now, I's be roun' in de mawn-in' wid my big waggin. Mist' Williams an' Mist' Buckler dey's got a heap, an' I's gwine take all togedder."

Cassia was bending industriously over her pan of potatoes when Microbe stepped upon the porch, closing the door carefully behind him. Evidently she had heard his voice, for she looked up demurely, with an odd sparkle in her eyes.

"What yo' do to Mist' Peters?" she demanded.

"Me do?" innocently.

"Yaas, I seed yo' jine him, an' I know he feel proud," sarcastically; "he all fix up lak gen'leman, an' yo' lak—lak a plow boy nigger. How yo' come walk togedder?"

Microbe grinned.

"Oh, yaas, I recommember now," he said, reflectively, "we did walk roun' de corner. Yo' see, we done hab business. An' now I t'ink ob hit, Cassia," seating himself upon the bench and selecting a potato, which he began to peel with his jackknife, "why dat nigger come home 'long ob yo'?"

"Why any gen'leman go home 'long ob lady?" she retorted. "'Spects likely hit's cause he wants to keep company."

"But yo's on'y a gal yet."

Her eyes began to flash.

"I's sebenteen, Microbe, an' plenty gals has comp'ny dat ole. My aun'

Posey got married 'fore she seben-teen."

"Den I reckon I's ole 'nough, too," he declared beamingly. "I been lub yo' long time, Cassia, an' I hint dat-away to yo' daddy; but he put me off an' say dat we's jes' two chillerns yet, an' if I gwine talk lak dat he ain' gwine let me come here no mo', an' he been watch me sometime lak he eat my haid off. So I ain' say nuffin'. But yo' know I lub yo', Cassia?"

She looked at him through the corners of her eyes.

"I 'spect yo's too young to know 'bout lub, Microbe," she said, demurely. "Yo's nuffin but a boy, lak daddy say."

"I's ole as yo', Cassia."

"Dat ain' count. Boys ain' grow lak gals. Dey ain' so smart."

Microbe laughed.

"I reckon yo's right 'bout de smartness," he agreed, "but not 'bout de lub. I been lub yo' mighty long time, Cassia. Yo' know dat on'y yo' ain' tell."

"Yaas, boy lub, in ole clo's," carelessly. "I ain' nebber see yo' fix up in all my life, Microbe. Yo's a mighty nice boy, an' I lak yo' dat way better'n anybody roun'; but de man I marry's gwine hab han'some clo's so I ain' feel 'shamed when we go to chu'ch an' odder places. Mist' Peters he's a gen'leman, an' know all 'bout dese t'ings."

"Mist' Peters' clo's ain' nice lak dey was," Microbe suggested, adding hurriedly, "But I's gwine do all dem t'ings, Cassia. When we's married, I's gwine be de bes' man in de cake walk. Yo'll see. I been let yo' daddy hab my truck so fur, kase—kase he could sell hit. So I ain' got ahead."

She gave him a quick look, letting her gaze drop instantly.

"Den yo' ain' fitten to be married," she flashed. "When fo'ks count to be married dey ought to fix dere truck to git ahead."

"I's gwine do dat right off, Cas-

sia," Microbe declared, sturdily. "I ain' 'low t'ings go dataway kase I didn' know better. No, sah. I gwine begin to git ahead wid de sun to-morrer mawnin'. Anyt'ing else, Cassia?"

She did not lift her eyes this time, but her voice was steady.

"No gal ain' gwine marry a man wid a sickness name," she declared.

He looked puzzled.

"I been 'quire 'bout yo' name," she went on, "an' fo'ks say hit's nuffin but jes' a sickness name, all kin' ob ketchin' t'ings lak measles an' yaller jack an' distemper an'—an' ebery-t'ing. No gal marry dem t'ings."

He was silent a moment, then:

"I's nebber sick in all my life, Cassia."

"I heah yo' tell dat befo', but 't ain' no matter. Fo'ks ain' nebber know what gwine happen 'long ob sich a name."

"Well, den, if it's dataway, 't ain' gwine be my name no mo', honey. I took dat name ob Microbe 'fore I knowed how to read, an' I 'spects I done got mistook. I's gwine 'quire 'bout hit, Cassia, an' if hit's lak yo' say, den I's gwine git anudder name dat'll be mighty fine an' nice. Anyt'ing else?"

"Yaas, I ain' gwine marry no man 'cep' my daddy say so. I's de on'y gal he hab." She raised her eyes now with an unmistakable flash of archness and triumph. "S'pose yo' gwine git Deacon W'ite to say yaas to Microbe,—which ain' his name,—who ain' got fur 'nough ahead in fo' yeahs to buy clo's fitten fo' Sunday visitin'?"

Microbe's eyes flashed back an answer even before his tongue could voice it.

"Co'se I is," he answered sturdily; "I been lub yo' mighty long time, Cassia, an' mighty hard; an' when a man lub dataway he gwine do anyt'ing in de worl'. An' I tells yo', Cassia," earnestly, "dat I 'low I kin make myse'f a better gen'leman nor dat barber eber t'ort o' bein'. Yo'll

see. Now is dar any odder t'ing yo' lak fo' me do?"

A slight smile twitched the corners of Cassia's mouth; and as she raised her eyes to his, much of the sarcasm and coquetry had passed from them.

"No, dat's all, Microbe," she said frankly; "yo' jes' git ahead, an' hab a name dat ain' no sickness to hit, an' conjur' my daddy to say he ain' car' if yo' marry me, den I say yaas—kase 'fore yo' git all dat done yo' gwine be a mighty push ahead man," and with a sudden ripple of laughter she caught up the pan of potatoes and disappeared within the cabin. Microbe stood looking at the door for a few seconds, then stepped from the porch and walked buoyantly round the end of the conglomeration of cabins to the road.

When he reached home the chickens had gone to roost, but it was still light enough to distinguish them and the marketing coops which were piled handy for use. He looked from one to the other doubtfully, for he must begin at once to "git ahead," and at the same time be careful not to antagonize the Deacon. Presently, however, the lines of perplexity smoothed from his forehead, and with a low chuckle of satisfaction he began to transfer the lethargic fowls from their poles to the coops. When the Deacon's heavy wagon rumbled out to his cabin the next morning, the chickens were all ready, and he helped to load them as usual.

"I's gwine git all I kin fo' dem, Microbe," the Deacon called, after the last coop was loaded and he had climbed to his seat; "but yo' know chickens am mighty plenty, an' dat makes de price low. Yo' mus'n' be s'prised if dey ain' fotch much."

"Oh, dat's all right," Microbe answered easily; "yo' jes' git all yo' kin, Deacon; an' den take out yo' ten per cen'. Do dat an' I ain' say nuffin."

"Yaas, dat all I ax, ten per cen'," the Deacon smiled. But there was

a peculiar light in the old man's eyes as he drove away.

Microbe busied himself about his cabin door until the wagon was out of sight; then, changing his cap for a wide-brimmed hat, which he slouched down over his face, he started across lots toward Savannah.

Deacon White had many customers among the wealthy residents of the city; and to-day, as he went from house to house, he was especially jubilant, for trade was good. By the middle of the afternoon he had sold the last chicken and turned his mule's head toward home, his pockets heavy with the silver they had brought. And as he turned away, a figure which had kept within a block or two of him all through the day, stopping at the same houses with the ostensible object of selling a pair of chickens upon which an impossible value had been placed, turned away also, entering a street which led toward the business portion of the city. Reaching that, the man hurried along until he came to a bookstore. This he entered.

"I 'low to git a book what 'splains 'bout names an' t'ings," he said to a clerk; "s'pose yo' hab one?"

"A dictionary, do you mean?" and the clerk took a book from one of the shelves and laid it upon the counter. "If it's that you want, there is a good one for a dollar."

"Yo' reckon hit got—got Microbe into hit?" the customer asked, anxiously. "I'm 'lowing to fin' if hit's a sickness name—what brings measles an' t'ings yo' know."

The clerk stroked his mustache.

"Well—er—I suppose you might call it a sickness name that way," he replied blandly; "a disease germ, you see." He opened the book and turned several pages. "There it is."

Microbe bent over the book eagerly, his eyes brightening.

"Yaas, dat's hit, sho'," he ejaculated. "'M-i-c-r-o-b-e.'" His eyes ran down the page. "Yo' reckon dar's anudder name mos' lak hit, but wid-

out sickness an' bad meanin'?" he asked presently. "Yo' see, I know a man who made a mistook in a name, an' now he's huntin' fo' de one dat's sho' 'nough his."

The clerk looked at the book.

"Let me see," he said; "Micro—Micro—Micro—how would Microscope do? That's a scientific name,"

"No sickness nor not'in' hidin' behin' hit, is dar?"

"No, indeed; it's just a scientific instrument."

Microbe showed his teeth.

"Den I reckon hit's all right, an' t'ank yo', sah." He slipped his hand into his pocket and drew out a dollar. "Here's yo' money. Now I's gwine home an' study up dat name."

"But you don't really mean that you know somebody with a name like that?" the clerk asked, following him to the door.

"Yaas, sah; 'deed I does. Hit's my name, dat I ain' foun' prezac' till now. 'Mi-cro-scope,' and with the syllables lingering fondly upon his lips, he left the store.

Late that evening, as Deacon White was sitting upon his front porch, gloating over the profits of the day, he heard a quick, firm step, and looked up to see Microbe—or Microscope—enter the yard.

"Good ebenin', Microbe," he called, hospitably, "glad yo' come. I done git mighty tired sellin' all dem chickens; if 't wa'n' fo' dat I been brung yo' money. I's done paid Mist' Williams an' Mist' Buckler."

"Dat all right. How dey sell?"

"Mazin' good; done sell ebery one. Here, take dis cheer an' he'p me count de money. Dar. Now le's see, yo' gib me two hun'erd—two hun'erd at seben cents, make fo'teen dollar; an' ten per cen' off leabes—leabes—er, jes' twelve dollar an' sixty cents. Yaas, dat's right. Here's yo' money."

Microscope took the money and slipped it into his pocket.

"How much did Mist' Williams an' Mist' Buckler git?" he asked.

The old man threw up his hands indignantly.

"Jes' de same, ob co'se," he snorted; "yo' ain' s'pose I sell one pusson's chickens fo' one price, an' anudder pusson's fo' anudder price, is yo'? No, sah!" emphatically; "I ain' dat kin' ob man."

Microscope drummed meditatively upon his knees with his fingers.

"I been in city myse'f to-day," he announced, presently; "yo' see, I 'low on gittin' a book to study, an' I hab two mo' chickens dat's plenty big to sell."

"Yaas," observed the Deacon, pleasantly; "an' so yo' done swap de chickens fo' de book. But what is hit yo' gwine study, Microbe?"

"Dat ain' matter jes' now. De funny part was dat when I take my chickens to a house, de fo'ks dey 'low dey jes' buy a dozen pair fo' fifty cents a pair, an' de nex' house dey done buy jes' de same, an' de nex' an' de nex'; an' when bime by I looks up an' sees yo' jes' ahead, dat 'splains hit. I was been tryin' to sell at jes' de same houses yo' done sell at. But when I t'inks hit ober, I 'lows I better keep right on dataway, fo' yo's had 'sperience in sellin'; so I jes' keeps roun' arter yo' till yo' done sol' de las' chicken. An' I's mighty glad dat none ain' fotch less den fifty cents a pair, an' some go high as sixty."

There was a long silence, then a husky: "What yo' gwine do 'bout hit, Microbe?"

"Oh, nuffin," placidly; "I's gwine be yo' son-in-law, an' I ain' car' to had disputationin' in de fambly. Now don' yo' git mad," as the Deacon rose stormily to his feet; "I's jes' fixin' t'ings de bes' way fo' yo'. S'pose I go tell Mist' Williams an' Mist' Buckler, an' some ob dem tudder fo'ks yo' do tradin' long ob? Ain' yo' see dar gwine be tar an' fedders an' a rail, an' mos' likely somebody be run out ob de town, an' den I hab to marry Cassia anyway, jes' to keep her from feelin' bad? Ain' yo' see all dat?"

The Deacon sank heavily into his seat.

"Yo' been mighty smart," he sneered; "now what yo' gwine make me do?"

"I ain' gwine make yo' do nuffin, Deacon; I'se jes' 'visin'. If I's yo', I'd go an' fix t'ings all right wid Mist' Williams an' Mist' Buckler,—yo' needn' tell eberyt'ing, but see dey gits all dere money;—den tell Cassia she bes' marry dat nice young man Microscope, who's de git aheadedes' man round', an' who gwine be de fines' kin' ob gen'leman," grinning affably; "an' long ob de res' I reckon I'd pay him what yo' owe him on de

chickens, an' on de taters yo' sol' las' week. He gwine need hit now to fix up fo' de weddin'. An'—an' I 'low dat's all; on'y my name gwine be Microscope arter dis. Now what yo' t'ink?"

The Deacon's only answer was an explosive snort, which could not be formed into words. But he drew out a roll of bills, part of which he counted and gave to Microscope. The young man rose to his feet.

"T'ank yo', Deacon," he said; "we's gwine be mighty good frien's, I see. Now I reckon I better go roun' an' fin' Cassia, an' make up 'bout de weddin'."

EARTH'S REQUIEM.

By S. Raymond Jocelyn.

THE darkness nears at evening hour,
 And hides the world;
 Robbed of her beauty, the fairest flower
 Is sweetly furled;
 Empty and blind the landscape lies
 In the shadows' hold;
 Till far the star-set flaring skies
 Their fires unfold,
 And show the immortals of the night
 In awesome eloquence endight!

'Tis good that darkness comes, and bars
 The world away;
 How should we know the infinite stars
 Did noontide stay?
 Beseems not man should to life cling,
 And, shivering, fear
 The dark that death's cold shadows bring
 His world so near,
 Unknowing of the heavens that unseen spread,
 In answer to the requiems of the dead!



BOOKER T. WASHINGTON.

By Paul Laurence Dunbar.

THE word is writ that he who runs may read.
What is the passing breath of earthly fame?
But to snatch glory from the hands of blame, —
That is to be, to live, to strive indeed.
A poor Virginia cabin gave the seed,
And from its dark and lowly door there came
A peer of princes in the world's acclaim,
A master spirit for the nation's need.
Strong, silent, purposeful beyond his kind,
The mark of rugged force on brow and lip,
Straight on he goes, nor turns to look behind
Where hot the hounds come baying at his hip;
With one idea foremost in his mind,
Like the keen prow of some on-forging ship.

SLOW THROUGH THE DARK.

By Paul Laurence Dunbar.

SLOW moves the pageant of a climbing race;
Their footsteps drag far, far below the height,
And, unprevailing by their utmost might,
Seem faltering downward from each hard won place.
No strange, swift sprung exception we; we trace
A devious way thro' dim, uncertain light, —
Our hope, through the long vistaed years, a sight
Of that our Captain's soul sees face to face.
Who, faithless, faltering that the road is steep,
Now raiseth up his drear insistent cry?
Who stoppeth here to spend awhile in sleep,
Or curseth that the storm obscures the sky?
Heed not the darkness round you dull and deep;
The clouds grow thickest when the summit's nigh.



EDITOR'S TABLE.



“THE United States in the Nineteenth Century” has been the subject of the Old South lectures in Boston this last summer. As the century closes, such a survey is commanded by a hundred considerations, and is pregnant with lessons. Cities and towns throughout the country might well devote courses of lectures to such a survey during the coming autumn and winter; and clubs and classes might profitably occupy themselves with detailed studies of the period. Numberless aspects present themselves. The eight subjects chosen for the Old South lectures were these: Thomas Jefferson, the First Nineteenth Century President; The Opening of the Great West; Webster and Calhoun, or the Nation and the States; Abraham Lincoln and the Struggle with Slavery; Steam and Electricity, from Fulton to Edison; The Progress of Education in the Nineteenth Century; The American Poets; and America and the World. Such a program might well serve many circles outside Boston; and help in such a course of study would be afforded by the Old South leaflets, which have been prepared in connection with these lectures, accompanied, as all the leaflets are, by careful historical and bibliographical notes. The eight summer leaflets have contained respectively: Jefferson’s Inaugurals; An Account of Louisiana in 1803; Extract from Calhoun’s Treatise on the Constitution and Government of the United States; Lincoln’s Cooper Institute Address; Chancellor Livingston’s Account of Early Steam Navigation; Horace Mann’s Address on the

Ground of the Free School System; Rufus Choate’s Address on the Romance of New England History; and Kossuth’s First Speech in Faneuil Hall. The subjects of the Old South essays for the year—the essays for which the Old South prizes are offered, open to the competition of the graduates of the Boston high schools—are related to this general theme of the United States in the Nineteenth Century, the two subjects being: The Monroe Doctrine: its History and Purpose; and (2) Longfellow’s Poetry of America: his Use of American Subjects and his Services for American History. Subjects like these set for the Old South essays and those of the Old South lectures and leaflets should have prominent place in the historical and literary work of the schools of the country in these closing months of this momentous Nineteenth Century.

*

* *

A momentous century it has been indeed for the whole world, and a signally beneficent one. An English missionary of high intelligence, who has worked for thirty years in China, recently told us of a cultivated and thoughtful mandarin of his acquaintance, who a few years ago chanced to read Mackenzie’s little history of the Nineteenth Century. So deeply impressed was he by this record of what had been achieved in Europe in the century, that he had the book translated and a hundred copies circulated among his friends, progressive men, in various parts of the empire, as an incitement to the study of Western civilization and the learning of its lessons. And when all de-

ductions have been made, and with all misgivings and sorrows at evil tendencies which have become prominent and threatening in the present time and which we do not whitewash nor close our eyes to, who does not see that the world is a better place to live in at the close of the Nineteenth Century than at its beginning; who does not see that it has been a century of progress; who does not find the pages which picture its last decade—up to the time, at least, of the beginning of the wickedness in the Philippines and the Transvaal—more cheerful pages than those which picture its first? The average man in France is certainly happier and better off in 1900 than in the time depicted in the "Tale of Two Cities;" the Germany of 1900 is on the whole a vastly better Germany than the Germany of Goethe and Schiller; England is a better England than in the days before the Reform Bill; and Italy a better Italy than in the time of Gladstone's Neapolitan Letters—to go back only half through the century. Church, school, politics, the library, the newspaper, society, trade, travel, morals—in all the century has registered a great advance.

*
* *

As for the United States, the Nineteenth Century covers almost our whole national history. The United States of Thomas Jefferson was a little strip along the Atlantic coast; the United States of 1900 stretches from ocean to ocean. Emerson, Lowell, Longfellow, Whittier, Bryant, Irving and Holmes; Bancroft, Prescott, Motley and Parkman; Webster, Sumner, Garrison and Lincoln; Channing, Parker, Bushnell, Beecher and Brooks—these and almost all the names which make our intellectual history illustrious are Nineteenth Century names.

Would we realize how great the strides which the United States has taken in the century, we should cre-

ate for ourselves a picture of the United States of 1800. Fortunately it has been done for us in a masterly manner, by Henry Adams, in his *History of the United States in the Administrations of Jefferson and Madison*. This history altogether is a great work, one of the few works in American history which covers the period which it treats in a thoroughly satisfactory and adequate way. It possesses every characteristic of the best historical writing—splendid scholarship, a familiarity with the period born of indefatigable and sympathetic study, a rare grasp of the principles which were then working themselves out in our politics, a genius for portrait painting which makes Jefferson and his contemporaries live and breathe in its pages, and a literary style surpassed by that of Parkman alone among our American historians, if surpassed at all. It is preëminently the work which should be read by the student who would understand our political life at the beginning of the century; and the first half of its first volume is devoted to painting a general picture of American life in its various aspects, in 1800, when Jefferson was elected President, which is a worthy counterpart of the famous chapter in which Macaulay, in the first volume of his history, depicts the condition of England in the seventeenth century. We could wish that these two hundred pages might be bound separately as a little book on "The United States a Hundred Years Ago." A comparison of this picture of 1800 with the present time tells the story of our advance.

*
* *

The election of Jefferson in 1800 marked an epoch in our history. "The revolution of 1800," Jefferson himself believed and wrote many years afterwards, "was as real a revolution in the principles of our government as that of 1776 was in its form." This may be extravagant; but the revolu-

tion was a real and great one—and most of us agree that it was imperative and salutary. Not many to-day will be disposed to controvert Jefferson's biographer when he declares that "the best chance of republican America is an adherence to the general line of politics of which he was the embodiment. If Jefferson was wrong, America is wrong; if America is right, Jefferson was right."

Perhaps the most welcome and useful of the Old South leaflets of the summer, to which we have referred, is that which reprints Jefferson's Inaugural, with the notes, largely drawn from Henry Adams's first volume, which make clearer to us its historical character and setting. "Time, which has laid its chastening hand on many reputations, and has given to many once famous formulas a meaning unsuspected by their authors, has not altogether spared Jefferson's first Inaugural Address, although it was for a long time almost as well known as the Declaration of Independence. Yet this address was one of the few state papers which should have lost little of its interest by age. As the starting-point of a powerful political party, the first Inaugural was a standard by which future movements were measured; and it went out of fashion only when its principles were fully accepted or thrown aside." So much a part of the common stock have the political doctrines become for which Jefferson stood, that we to-day read their brief summary in his Inaugural with less interest than the magnanimous words in which Jefferson lifts himself and seeks to lift his countrymen above partisan animosities and rancor into the atmosphere of a common patriotism and duty. His plea to the extreme Federalists of the North reminds us of Lincoln's noble and tender plea sixty years later to the Secessionists of the South; it is an expression of the same charity and catholicity, and it was addressed to a bitterness, suspicion and misrepresentation which

had pursued him during the previous campaign as inexorably as they afterwards pursued Lincoln and as they pursued no man between Jefferson and Lincoln.

* * *

Truisms as the doctrines of Jefferson have become to most simple Americans, it is still salutary to read his famous summary of them in his Inaugural and reflect upon the best program of democracy a hundred years ago.

"Let us, then, with courage and confidence pursue our own Federal and Republican principles, our attachment to union and representative government. Kindly separated by nature and a wide ocean from the exterminating havoc of one-quarter of the globe; too high-minded to endure the degradations of the others; possessing a chosen country, with room enough for our descendants to the thousandth and thousandth generation; entertaining a due sense of our equal right to the use of our own faculties, to the acquisitions of our own industry, to honor and confidence from our fellow-citizens, resulting not from birth, but from our actions and their sense of them; enlightened by a benign religion, professed, indeed, and practised in various forms, yet all of them inculcating honesty, truth, temperance, gratitude, and the love of man; acknowledging and adoring an overruling Providence, which by all its dispensations proves that it delights in the happiness of man here and his greater happiness hereafter,—with all these blessings, what more is necessary to make us a happy and a prosperous people? Still one thing more, fellow-citizens,—a wise and frugal government, which shall restrain men from injuring one another, shall leave them otherwise free to regulate their own pursuits of industry and improvement, and shall not take from the mouth of labor the bread it has earned. This is the sum of good government, and this is necessary to close the circle of our felicities.

"About to enter, fellow-citizens, on the exercise of duties which comprehend everything dear and valuable to you, it is proper you should understand what I deem the essential principles of our government, and consequently those which ought to shape its administration. I will compress them within the narrowest compass they will bear, stating the general principle, but not all its limitations: equal and exact justice to all men, of whatever state or

persuasion, religious or political; peace, commerce, and honest friendship with all nations, entangling alliances with none, the support of the state governments in all their rights, as the most competent administrations for our domestic concerns and the surest bulwarks against anti-republican tendencies; the preservation of the general government in its whole constitutional vigor, as the sheet anchor of our peace at home and safety abroad; a jealous care of the right of election by the people, —a mild and safe corrective of abuses which are lopped by the sword of revolution where peaceable remedies are unprovided; absolute acquiescence in the decisions of the majority, the vital principle of republics, from which is no appeal but to force, the vital principle and immediate parent of despotism; a well-disciplined militia, our best reliance in peace and for the first moments of war, till regulars may relieve them; the supremacy of the civil over the military authority; economy in the public expense, that labor may be lightly burthened; the honest payment of our debts and sacred preservation of the public faith; encouragement of agriculture, and of commerce as its handmaid; the diffusion of information and arraignment of all abuses at the bar of the public reason; freedom of religion; freedom of the press, and freedom of person under the protection of the habeas corpus, and trial by juries impartially selected. These principles form the bright constellation which has gone before us and guided our steps through an age of revolution and reformation. The wisdom of our sages and blood of our heroes have been devoted to their attainment. They should be the creed of our political faith, the text of civic instruction, the touchstone by which to try the services of those we trust; and, should we wander from them in moments of error or of alarm, let us hasten to retrace our steps and to regain the road which alone leads to peace, liberty, and safety."

This simple creed and program gains double impressiveness and significance from the character of its great author and his ideals of human history and the vocation among the nations of the new republic. Nowhere are those ideals stated more truly or in words more commanding for the republic to-day than by Mr. Adams in his history.

"Jefferson aspired beyond the ambition of a nationality, and embraced in his view the whole future of man. That the United

States should become a nation like France, England, or Russia, should conquer the world like Rome, or develop a typical race like the Chinese, was no part of his scheme. He wished to begin a new era. Hoping for a time when the world's ruling interests should cease to be local and should become universal; when questions of boundary and nationality should become insignificant; when armies and navies should be reduced to the work of police, and politics should consist only in non-intervention,—he set himself to the task of governing, with this golden age in view. Few men have dared to legislate as though eternal peace were at hand, in a world torn by wars and convulsions and drowned in blood; but this was what Jefferson aspired to do. Even in such dangers, he believed that Americans might safely set an example which the Christian world should be led by interest to respect and at length to imitate. As he conceived a true American policy, war was a blunder, an unnecessary risk; and even in case of robbery and aggression the United States, he believed, had only to stand on the defensive in order to obtain justice in the end. He would not consent to build up a new nationality merely to create more navies and armies, to perpetuate the crimes and follies of Europe; the central government at Washington should not be permitted to indulge in the miserable ambitions that had made the Old World a hell, and frustrated the hopes of humanity."

*
* *

Perhaps there has been no presidential campaign in our history which points more morals for us than the campaign of 1800, which resulted in the election of Jefferson. A few days ago we read in one of our ablest and most respectable journals—abler and more respectable than any journal of Boston or Philadelphia in 1800—an extraordinary tirade against one of the candidates for the presidency in the present year of grace. "His supporters are generally the lawless and the discontented. The men who think that they have nothing to lose by revolution and imagine that they have much to gain by it, who are ready to overturn our present commercial and industrial system and take their chances, who are without property and without the

talents and the industry to acquire property, who desire to control the conditions of labor in America by means of secret organizations neither known to the law nor regulated by it," who denounce the Supreme Court, glory in lynch law, get up mobs, and do all manner of dreadful things, which time and space would fail us to repeat,—of this "excessive and uncontrolled individualism," declared the journal, this man is the "chosen representative."

Hear now Mr. Adams's summing up of the tirades against Jefferson by the Federalists of New England and New York in 1800: "Every dissolute intriguer, loose-liver, forger, false-coiner, and prison-bird; every hair-brained, loud-talking demagogue; every speculator, scoffer and atheist, was a follower of Jefferson; and Jefferson was himself the incarnation of their theories." The parallelism is didactic. The one arraignment is just as true as the other—and just as false; and the falsehood is chiefly not in what is said, but in what is not said. The new faith of every age, political and religious faith alike, will always draw the faithless to its standard, not because they apprehend the faith, but because they are tickled by the slights to the established, by the non-conformity and the idol-breaking; and the new faith must pay the penalty of their following until it, in turn, becomes customary, fashionable and orthodox, as Jefferson's democracy became, and as many political and social doctrines, so shocking to many respectable and proper folk in this year 1900, will become before the year 2000.

* * *

Democracy altogether, as we understand democracy, and as Jefferson understood it, was under suspicion in 1800. It is not strange, because America, like the rest of the world, had just been witnessing the excesses of the French Revolution, perpetrated in the name of democracy.

"Thenceforward the mark of a wise and good man was that he abhorred the French Revolution and believed democracy to be its cause. The answer to every democratic suggestion ran in a set phrase, 'Look at France!'" The wild and morbid talk of Fisher Ames at the time of Jefferson's election is almost incredible. "I hold democracy," George Cabot wrote as late as 1804, "in its natural operation to be the government of the worst." "If no man in New England," he said, "could vote for legislators, who was not possessed in his own right of two thousand dollars' value *in land*, we could do something better." "Your people, sir," exclaimed Alexander Hamilton, striking his hand on the table at a New York dinner,—"*your people is a great beast!*" Jefferson, firm in his faith in democracy through all its rudenesses and crudenesses, knowing well what the real cause of the French Revolution was, and what the classes and the forces are which most persistently threaten free states, was almost a representative of the Red Terror to the pious parsons of New England and New York, who assumed that the people of America were "in the same social condition as the contemporaries of Catiline and the adherents of Robespierre." "I should as soon have expected to see a cow in a drawing-room as a Jacobin," said a lady of the time; and certain it is that few Boston or New York parlors would have been open to Thomas Jefferson in 1800. Men proved in pamphlets, to their own satisfaction, that Mr. Jefferson "hated the Constitution" and was "pledged to subvert it." He would "tumble the financial system of the country into ruin at one stroke," which would stop all payments of interest on the public debt and bring on "universal bankruptcy and beggary." These were the most respectable of his prophesied sins. There were few pulpits from which he was not denounced. "A literature belonging to this sub-

ject exists," says Mr. Adams, "stacks of newspapers and sermons, mostly dull, and wanting literary merit. In a few of them Jefferson figured under the well remembered disguises of Puritan politics: he was Ephraim, and had mixed himself among the people; had apostatized from his God and religion; gone to Assyria, and mingled himself among the heathen; or he was Jeroboam, who drove Israel from following the Lord and made them sin a great sin." The accounts of the campaign given by Tucker in his *Life of Jefferson* (II, 70-80), and especially by Randall, should be read, and the passages in the charming "*Domestic Life of Thomas Jefferson*," by Miss Randolph, who prints the indignant letter from Jefferson to Uriah Gregory, of Connecticut, concerning certain aspersions upon his common honesty—the one only sign of resentment into which he was stung by his swarm of malevolent critics. "During the political campaign of the summer of 1800," writes Miss Randolph, "Jefferson was denounced by many divines as an atheist and a French infidel. These attacks were made upon him by half the clergy of New England, and by a few in other northern states; in the former section, however, they were most virulent. The common people of the country were told that should he be elected their Bibles would be taken from them. In New York the Rev. Dr. John M. Mason published a pamphlet attacking Jefferson, which was entitled 'The Voice of Warning to Christians on the Ensuing Election.' In New England sermons against Jefferson were printed and scattered through the land."

But altogether the most comprehensive and vivacious summary of the slanders upon Jefferson in this memorable campaign is that by Mr. Parton, who devotes an entire chapter in his *Life of Jefferson* to "The Campaign Lies of 1800." "That product of the human intellect," he says, "which we denominate Cam-

paign Lies, though it did not originate in the United States, has here attained a development unknown in other lands. Thomas Jefferson, who began so many things in the early career of the United States, was the first object upon whom the Campaign Liar tried his unpractised talents. The art, indeed, may be said to have been introduced in 1796 to prevent his election to the Presidency; but it was in 1800 that it was clearly developed into a distinct species of falsehood. The Campaign Liar was hard put to it. Jefferson's life presented to his view a most discouraging monotony of innocent and beneficial actions,—twenty-five years of laborious and unrecompensed public service, relieved by the violin, science, invention, agriculture, the education of his nephews and the love of his daughters. A life so exceptionally blameless did not give fair scope to talent; still the Campaign Liar of 1800 did very well for a beginner;"—and Mr. Parton follows him through his political, personal and religious attacks. He tells, as Miss Randolph does, only much more fully, about Dr. Mason's pamphlet and his frantic prayers; he reports the sermon upon the "Claims of Thomas Jefferson to the Presidency examined at the bar of Christianity," and tells of the other sermons and of the sundry syllogisms which issued in assurances that Jefferson "aimed at the destruction of the Christian religion." So widely was this notion spread that tradition reports that, "when the news of Jefferson's election reached New England, some old ladies in wild consternation hung their Bibles down the well, in the butter-cooler." The truth is, of course, that Jefferson was a reverent, religious man, and a Christian. "I am a Christian," he once wrote, "in the only sense in which Jesus wished any one to be,—sincerely attached to his doctrines in preference to all others." He loved most warmly the words of Jesus; he once carefully cut

all of the very words of Jesus from copies of the New Testament, and pasted them together in a little book, which he kept and pondered. His firm belief in immortality and the great fundamental truths of religious philosophy appears from his letters. But he was a rational man, and held the same attitude with reference to the superstitions of the church in 1800 that Emerson and Parker and Martineau have held in our own time. The curious thing about it all is that the pulpit should have fulminated as it did against Jefferson, while it let Adams alone; for, as Mr. Parton truly says, "there was not a pin to choose between the heterodoxy of the two candidates; indeed, Mr. Adams was sometimes in his familiar letters more pronounced in his dissent from established beliefs than Jefferson; he was by far the more impatient of the two with popular creeds; and as for the doctrine of the Trinity, he greatly surpassed Jefferson in his aversion to it." Of the popular doctrine of the person of Christ he once declared that "until this awful blasphemy was got rid of, there will never be any liberal science in this world." "And yet *he* escaped anathema!" Undoubtedly the great reason why Jefferson earned such enmity from the clergy was the conspicuous part he had taken in the separation of Church and State in Virginia. This divorce was vehemently opposed by the clergy in every state. It was not until 1834 that it was made complete in Massachusetts; and many students will remember how Lyman Beecher fought it in Connecticut. Some of the clergy, even in Virginia, cherished hopes of undoing Jefferson's work there; but, said he, "the returning good sense of our country threatens abortion to their hopes, and they believe that any portion of power confided to me will be exerted in opposition to their claims. And they believe rightly; for I have sworn upon the altar of God eternal hostility against every form of tyranny over the mind of man."

Tyranny in every form Thomas Jefferson hated with a perfect hatred; and he hated religious tyranny with the rest. "I never will," he once wrote, "by any word or act bow to the shrine of intolerance or admit a right of inquiry into the religious opinions of others. On the contrary, we are bound, you, I and every one, to make common cause, even with error itself, to maintain the common right of freedom of conscience. We ought with one heart and one hand to hew down the daring and dangerous efforts of those who would seduce the public opinion to substitute itself into that tyranny over religious faith which the laws have so justly abdicated. For this reason, were my opinions up to the standard of those who arrogate the right of questioning them, I would not countenance that arrogance by descending to an explanation."

* * *

The more violent Federalists, in the exceeding greatness of their rage against Jefferson, even conspired for the election of Aaron Burr, when the election was thrown into the House of Representatives, willing to make terms with him and thinking he would be more pliant to their wishes. Cabot and Otis, in Massachusetts, wrote to Hamilton, favoring this idea. No less a man than Marshall, then secretary of state, actually balanced between Jefferson and Burr, writing to Hamilton while the matter was pending that he had not determined in his own mind to which the preference was due. He finally concluded that "still greater danger may be apprehended from Mr. Burr than from Mr. Jefferson;" but he "could not bring himself to aid Mr. Jefferson," to whom he had "almost insuperable objections." "His foreign prejudices seem to me totally to unfit him for the chief magistracy. In addition, Mr. Jefferson appears to me to be a man who will embody himself with the House of Representatives. By

weakening the office of President, he will increase his personal power; he will diminish his responsibility, and sap the fundamental principles of the government." How groundless this fear of Marshall's was Jefferson's administration well proved. The centennial of Jefferson's inauguration is also the centennial of Marshall's appointment as chief justice; and the republic cherishes, as it ever will, feelings of profound gratitude to him for that long line of judicial decisions and opinions by which, in that formative period, he did so much to consolidate our national life and character. But he did not, in this great work, find Jefferson across his path—nor Madison; in the hands of neither was the position or power of the executive "weakened," or the administration conducted in a manner to jeopardize or prejudice in any manner the true national prestige and integrity; whatever prejudice or jeopardy these suffered in those sixteen years came from the men who in 1800 were talking so vehemently of the danger that Jefferson would "sap the fundamental principles of the government." As to respect for the dignity of the presidential office, it is edifying to compare the courses of Jefferson and Marshall during the trial of Burr, which is done so well by Schouler in the following passage:

"Marshall's partisan resentment had not wholly passed away, we may well surmise, when Aaron Burr, bankrupt in purse and reputation, came in peril of the gallows after the exposure of his treasonable Western conspiracy during Jefferson's second term. If the President had urged on the prosecution, too eager, as it seemed, to crush the man who had once played treacherously to supplant him, Marshall appeared not less sedulous to protect the culprit. Whether upon sound reasoning or otherwise, the chief justice at Burr's trial so laid down the law and strained the admission of testimony, that prosecutions for treason against the Union must since have been scarcely worth attempting, on the strength of such a precedent. And while the case was pending he sent a subpoena ordering the President himself to appear at the trial and bring a

certain paper with him. What process had the common law ever invoked to subordinate the sovereign to the courts? Jefferson sustained well the dignity of his station as the American chief executive. He gave the summons no notice; he would not go, but informed the district attorney that the paper might be obtained some other way. Marshall was wise enough to press the experiment no further; and our Supreme Court, in a later and wiser generation, has refused to issue mandates to the President of the United States, when convinced of its own powerlessness to compel obedience."

It should be said that Hamilton, during the consultations of the Federalist leaders about throwing their influence for Burr against Jefferson, advised steadily against it. Jefferson, he conceded, although he called him "a contemptible hypocrite," had "pretensions to character." He wrote to Bayard, "very, very confidentially," that in his opinion Burr was "inferior in real ability to Mr. Jefferson." "As to Burr, there is nothing in his favor. . . . He is truly the Catiline of America. . . . Yet," he added, in a letter to Wolcott, "it may be well enough to throw out a line for him, in order to tempt him to start for the plate, and then lay the foundation of dissension between the two chiefs. You may communicate this letter to *Marshall* and *Sedgwick*." Sedgwick's opinion of Jefferson was that he was "a feeble and false enthusiastic theorist, . . . plausible in manners, crafty in conduct, persevering in the pursuit of his object, regardless of the means by which it is attained, and equally regardless of an adherence to truth." It should be remembered, however, that Sedgwick pronounced John Adams "a semi-maniac, who, in his soberest senses, was the greatest marplot in nature." He believed that Jefferson was "a sincere and enthusiastic democrat in principle." Hamilton too admitted that Jefferson was "too much in earnest in his democracy;" "his politics were tinged with fanaticism," he said. The people generally did not have much

doubt about Jefferson being "in earnest in his democracy." It was precisely because they did believe this that violent Federalists, not so scrupulous or politic as the eminent gentlemen whom we have named, actually conspired to prevent his inauguration by force. The more reputable sought to "make terms" with Jefferson, to get pledges from him to preserve the actual fiscal system, to preserve and enlarge the navy, and continue their friends in the offices they filled. Hamilton labored on these points. "Coming out of the Senate Chamber one day," Jefferson writes, while the presidential election was in suspense in Congress, "I found Gouverneur Morris on the steps. He stopped me and began a conversation on the strange and portentous state of things then existing, and went on to observe that the reasons why the minority of states was so opposed to my being elected were that they apprehended that (1) I would turn all Federalists out of office, (2) put down the navy, (3) wipe off the public debt; that I need only to declare, or authorize my friends to declare, that I would not take these steps, and instantly the event of the election would be fixed. I told him that I should leave the world to judge of the course I meant to pursue by that which I had pursued hitherto, believing it to be my duty to be passive and silent during the present scene; that I should certainly make no terms, should never go into the office of President by capitulation, nor with my hands tied by any conditions which would hinder me from pursuing the measures which I should deem for the public good." When the report of this declaration of independence spread, there doubtless spread with it declarations galore that the "contemptible hypocrite" was secretly resolved to loot the offices and wreck the finances of the country; and in this connection the study of the actual condition of the finances under his

administration and the comparison of his attitude toward the civil service with that of present day administrations become didactic indeed.

But the more violent and less reputable, we say, were not content to talk about pledges and concessions; they talked about guns, and were never going to permit a man so menacing to law and order and all good American institutions as was Thomas Jefferson to take his seat in the presidential chair. The general facts are of course well known; but it is even yet profitable to read the details as given by Randall in his *Life of Jefferson* (II, 602, etc.) and elsewhere. Surveying with Randall the whole course of Jefferson's opponents toward him during that memorable campaign, no just and sober man can withhold his Amen to this final word of his:

"If men have a right, as moral beings and patriots, to violate the spirit of the institutions under which they live, to subvert or bring to an end the constitution of their country, to invite a resort to civil war, rather than surrender some technical advantage with which the letter of the law chances to clothe them, in an unanticipated contingency, to 'rule or ruin,' then the conduct of the Federalists was moral and patriotic on this occasion; otherwise it was not. And when we take their own showing of the character of the presidential candidates, the real ground of their insuperable hostility to Jefferson, we have a still further specimen of the political morals and real political doctrines of the ultra-Federal leaders. These were the men who railed as much at the want of integrity, as the want of knowledge, in popular constituencies!"

The impartial historian, as well as the loving biographer, passes the same severe judgment. That Mr. McMaster, who in his second volume treats the campaign of 1800 so fully, is impartial, that he does not strain points at any rate to do justice to Jefferson, appears from the fact that he gives more space in his pages to reporting the vehement talk of the Republicans against the Federalists than to that of the Federalists against the Republicans; but he character-

izes the advice of the ultra-Federalists in Congress in favor of the support of Burr against Jefferson in the following plain terms:

"Advice of this kind was to be expected from the people and the press, but not from the men whose duty it now became to choose a President. The Federalists had been defeated by eight electoral votes. They were cut off by the Constitution from every possible hope of electing their men. They had nothing to do but to choose between Jefferson and Burr. There was no occasion for any constitutional difficulty; the path for them to take lay right before them. No man of either party doubted, or pretended to doubt, that the wish of every Republican was and had been to make Jefferson the next President. Had the Federal representatives in Congress, therefore, been the honest patriots they pretended to be; had their dread of rebellion been real, and not the idle trumpery of a heated campaign, they would, when the time came, every man of them, have repaired to the House of Representatives and promptly voted for Thomas Jefferson. But these Federalists, who for eight years had been accusing the Republicans of seeking to introduce the revolutionary principles of France, now attempted, from pure political malice, to involve the country in a civil war. Their first plan was to hinder any election, and leave to the Senate the duty of electing the Chief Justice, or some senator, President till Congress met again, or till a new election could be held by the people. Their second plan was to elect Aaron Burr."

* * *

And what followed all this hysteria and malice, invocation of dread spectres and prediction of the mob? What was the sequel? "An administration," as Schouler justly describes it, "peaceful, progressive and popular beyond all precedent,"—especially strong and successful just where the direst disaster had been foreboded, in the management of the finances of the country. "The policy of this remarkable administration," writes this admirer of Jefferson, "was at once and steadily successful in winning the people; and the prestige of enthusiasm became irresistible when conjoined with the prestige of success. An executive, neither the instrument of others nor a betrayer of trusts, we

may regard Jefferson as the genuine personator of that to which France's First Consul presented contemporaneously the counterfeit,—a leader of the common people in the direction of their best desires."

This verdict is not simply that of Jefferson's admirers. The historians are harmonious. Mr. Morse, in his volume on Jefferson, in the American Statesmen series,—and neither the series as a whole, nor Mr. Morse's volume in particular, will ever be accused of making admiration of Jefferson its forte,—uses terms almost identical. Mr. Schouler, in the passage quoted, is writing of a time midway in Jefferson's second administration, just before the troubles with England. Mr. Morse is writing of the close of his first administration, when the campaign for his reelection approached. Everything, he says, "redounded to his good fame and popularity." The nation felt "comfortable and good-natured amid the broad visible facts of the passing time. . . . Were not expenses curtailed and taxes reduced, and debts being rapidly diminished? . . . Had the country been for many years past so free from irritation and anxiety growing out of foreign affairs? . . . Had political kindness ever before permeated the nation as it did to-day? Four years of prosperity and tranquillity left little room for discontent with the government. Amid such influences political opposition pined and almost died. The Federalist party shrank to insignificant dimensions; indeed, since it flourished chiefly in a narrow locality, and was largely recruited from those peculiar spirits who seem to be by nature malcontents and grumblers, it seemed on the verge of becoming rather a faction than a party.

The indorsement of primary interest and significance, however, was the indorsement by the nation at the time. In the election of 1804, which made Jefferson president for a second term, 176 electoral votes were

cast; of these, Jefferson received 162, and his opponent 14.

*

* *

And how did it all look after half a century? The middle of the century found another great struggle for freedom and equality gathering head and another political revolution impending. It found Abraham Lincoln thinking on the Illinois prairies, and feeding his thought on Thomas Jefferson,—who, he declared, appealing to Jefferson in one of his strong arraignments of slavery in 1854, “is, and perhaps will continue to be, the most distinguished politician of our history.” It was with Jefferson that he fortified himself in his denunciations of the Supreme Court, which in those days of the slave power had become the great bulwark of conservatism, compromise and cowardice. For Jefferson in his day had encountered the superstition which it suits certain classes in certain times to encourage about the courts; and his “imputations upon the judiciary” were one thing which the circumcised New York and New England Federalists liked to cast in his teeth. Jefferson would hear nothing of the infallibility and indefectibility of courts; he knew that they were neither more nor much less likely to err than presidents or senates. “You seem,” he wrote to one, only six years before his death, “to consider the judges as the ultimate arbiters of all constitutional questions—a very dangerous doctrine indeed, and one which would place us under the despotism of an oligarchy. Our judges are as honest as other men, and not more so. They have, with others, the same passions for party, for power, and the privilege of their corps. Their maxim is, ‘*Boni judicis est ampliare jurisdictionem*,’ and their power is the more dangerous as they are in office for life, and not responsible, as the other functionaries are, to the elective control. The Constitution has erected no such

single tribunal, knowing that, to whatever hands confided, with the corruptions of time and party, its members would become despots. It has more wisely made all the departments co-equal and co-sovereign within themselves.

Lincoln never tired of appealing to this strong utterance of red-blooded common sense, especially in his great debates with Douglas; and he rang the changes on it to the more effect by appealing with it to eloquent facts in Judge Douglas’s own legal career. To Jefferson the new Republican party appealed and dedicated itself, in its Philadelphia platform of 1856, which declared “in favor of restoring the action of the Federal government to the principles of Washington and Jefferson;” and to Jefferson, Lincoln, in 1859, the year before his election, paid one of the highest tributes ever paid, pronouncing Jefferson the great pioneer and prophet of those principles to which his own life was devoted. To Henry L. Pierce and others who had invited him to be present at the celebration of Jefferson’s birthday, in Boston, in April, 1859, he wrote:

“Bearing in mind that about seventy years ago two great political parties were first formed in this country, that Thomas Jefferson was the head of one of them and Boston the headquarters of the other, it is both curious and interesting that those supposed to descend politically from the party opposed to Jefferson should now be celebrating his birthday in their own original seat of empire, while those claiming political descent from him have nearly ceased to breathe his name everywhere.

“Remembering, too, that the Jefferson party was formed upon its supposed superior devotion to the personal rights of men, holding the rights of property to be secondary only, and greatly inferior, and assuming that the so-called Democracy of to-day are the Jefferson, and their opponents the anti-Jefferson, party, it will be equally interesting to note how completely the two have changed hands as to the principle upon which they were originally supposed to be divided. The Democracy of to-day hold the liberty of one man to be absolutely nothing, when in conflict with another man’s right of property; Republicans, on the contrary, are for both

the man and the dollar, but in case of conflict the man before the dollar.

"I remember being once much amused at seeing two partially intoxicated men engaged in a fight with their great-coats on, which fight, after a long and rather harmless contest, ended in each having fought himself out of his own coat and into that of the other. If the two leading parties of this day are really identical with the two in the days of Jefferson and Adams, they have performed the same feat as the two drunken men.

"But, soberly, it is now no child's play to save the principles of Jefferson from total overthrow in this nation. One would state with great confidence that he could convince any sane child that the simpler propositions of Euclid are true, but nevertheless he would fail, utterly, with one who should deny the definitions and axioms. The principles of Jefferson are the definitions and axioms of free society. And yet they are denied and evaded, with no small show of success. One dashing calls them 'glittering generalities.' Another bluntly calls them 'self-evident lies.' And others insidiously argue that they apply to 'superior races.' These expressions, differing in form, are identical in object and effect—the supplanting the principles of free government, and restoring those of classification, caste and legitimacy. They would delight a convocation of crowned heads plotting against the people. They are the vanguard, the miners and sappers of returning despotism. We must repulse them, or they will subjugate us. This is a world of compensation; and he who would be no slave must consent to have no slave. Those who deny freedom to others deserve it not for themselves, and, under a just God, cannot long retain it. All honor to Jefferson—to the man who, in the concrete pressure of a struggle for national independence by a single people, had the coolness, forecast and capacity to introduce into a merely revolutionary document an abstract truth, applicable to all men and all times, and so to embalm it there that to-day and in all coming days it shall be a rebuke and a stumbling-block to the very harbingers of reappearing tyranny and oppression."

*
* *

Another half century has passed, and the centennial of the election of Jefferson has come; and the republic still knows, as Lincoln knew, and Jefferson, that, whatever dangers threaten it, no serious dangers threaten from any tendencies or efforts of the plain people. The lesson

of the Jefferson centennial is the lesson of faith in the people and in democracy. One of our great journals published the other day an article on the danger of Imperialism. Such a danger, it said, is possible; but it does not spring from growing armies nor the extension of our sway over subject or dependent peoples. The transition from a republic to an empire has been through periods of anarchy. The common people become lawless; if democracy has not a government strong enough to put down the mob, the mob overthrows democracy; and Napoleon is better than Robespierre. A list of strikes and labor troubles in America was given; and the warning was sounded that a suitable number of such things might provoke the "man on horseback."

Lincoln and Jefferson would have told this journal that a survey of history shows that the cause of the decay and overthrow of republics has not been that which it assigned, but almost without exception the gradual and fatal growth of oligarchies, of political corruption incident to the growing power of privileged classes, and of the injustice and oppression thereby inflicted upon the common people, which have brought their inevitable results. Greece, Rome, Italy, France and England tell one story. The workingmen, the common people, may sometimes commit excesses; they often do commit gross excesses—we have had too many instances of it in America. But a glance at the list given by this reactionary journal—with the same spirit and purpose as those of the New York and New England Federalists who stood pitted against Jefferson in 1800—shows that in hardly a single case was the original and inciting wrong on the part of the common people. The case of Homestead is referred to in a manner implying that the lawlessness there was all upon the part of the workingmen, and unprovoked. But all fair men know that the Homestead cor-

poration, acting in Mr. Carnegie's absence under Mr. Frick, was guilty of the greater lawlessness, by organizing as it did a private army to make war upon the strikers; Mr. Carnegie has himself frankly conceded the mistake and wrong. We turn back to the files of this same journal for its discussion of the affair at the time, in 1892, when it had no partisan ends to serve. It was then able to do even justice and, blaming the workingmen as they deserved for their excesses, to say also: "The Carnegie works have disregarded the public welfare, if not the public's rights. If they have not been the aggressors, they have provoked the aggression. They planted an armed stockade in the midst of a perfectly peaceful community and brought into the community armed mercenaries from abroad. Who fired the first gun is a matter of dispute—the Pinkerton men say the mob fired it; the newspaper reports say the Pinkerton men fired it. It is doubtful whether even a judicial investigation will determine the question. But history will hold primarily responsible for the tragedy which followed the challenge and threat involved in bringing a paid and private soldiery upon the scene." We find the following passage also in one of the journal's editorials in 1892, inspired by the facts at Homestead; and it is no less true in 1900:

"We believe in democracy—that is, self-government. We disbelieve in aristocracy—that is, government by the best. We believe that the blunders of self-government are worth more to the world than the wisdom of aristocratic government. . . . Democracy, having already gained control of church and state, is struggling for the control of industry also. It struggles blindly, as Demos always struggles. It strikes out wildly, injuring others and itself in its ill-directed efforts at control, as it always has done. It is miscounselled, misguided, misruled, even in its half-conscious efforts to acquire rule. But its real demand is not merely for more wages or less hours, but for a real share in the rulership of the world's industry, as it already shares in the rulership of schools, churches, states. The

effort to maintain the labor union is an effort to acquire power. The effort to break up the labor union is an effort to dispossess of power. It is for this reason that the workingmen are more determined to maintain their labor union than their rate of wages. The fight for 'recognition' is not the unmeaning fight it sometimes appears to be. It is Demos struggling to get his hand on the industrial sceptre. And this great movement is no more to be measured by the lawless acts of violence which accompany it, and which really retard it, than the uprising of democracy could have been measured by the futile Wat Tyler's rebellion, or the Protestant Reformation by the excesses of the Anabaptists in Germany, the Iconoclasts in Holland, or the anti-popey rioters in London."

It is true that there is much lawlessness in this country to-day; but it is not true that the most conspicuous and dangerous lawlessness is among the workingmen and the common people,—as it was not true that the real foes of the American republic in 1800 were among the followers of Thomas Jefferson. It is profitable for all of us to remember in this centennial year, whatever our several political opinions and whoever our presidential candidate, that campaign of vilification and frenzy, compared with which the worst suspicions and abuse current in this present presidential year are slight indeed. It is profitable to remember the horrors of the old Federalists and the rest—exceedingly reputable and proper people—at the thought of the election of Jefferson, whose presidency they were sure meant the fall of the republic and the crack of doom; and to remember that no arguments which they hurled against him helped so much to elect him as those which depicted him as the prince of anarchy, and the great American democracy as all ready to resolve itself into a mob. Our own time has its own dangers; we shall doubtless make our own mistakes; but Jefferson's great figure rises in timely and salutary prominence to warn us to keep out of ghost-land and not to repeat the mistakes of a hundred years ago.



Photograph by Herbert Randall.

TIMOTHY DWIGHT.

From the portrait at Yale College, painted by Trumbull in 1821.

See article on "An Early Writer of New England Travels."

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

NOVEMBER, 1900.

VOL. XXIII. No. 3.

THE STUDY OF HOUSEKEEPING IN BOSTON.

By Mary Esther Trueblood.

ABOUT twenty-five years ago there began to be a feeling among some of the women of Boston that in at least one branch of housework—that of cooking—women ought to receive training beyond what is usually given in the home. The feeling found expression in several private cooking classes that were organized as early as 1877. No public recognition of the need of such instruction was made until two years later. The Woman's Education Association, which has always had its finger upon the pulse of progress, had a committee upon Industrial Education from the beginning. In March, 1879, this committee started the Boston Cooking School—the first incorporated cooking school in the United States. Mrs. S. T. Hooper, with whom the plan originated, became the first president. Her able management during the first six years, together with the intelligent instruction of Miss Maria Parloa, and later of Mrs. Mary J. Lincoln, gave character and stability to the school. Many who were interested in domestic and social reforms rallied to the support of the new enterprise. They saw the importance of wholesome food for all classes. They foresaw that intelligent cooking would prevent much waste, that it would check not a little of the ill health due to

poorly cooked food, and that it would do away with much of the abnormal appetite for stimulants. They believed that the man or woman who ate nourishing food would not only be a more efficient worker, but also a more contented and better citizen.

While the school was designed to meet the needs of every class, the founders wished especially to give the benefits of the instruction to those who could not pay for it, but who needed it most of all. Accordingly, the second year, a branch school was started in one of the poorer districts of the city. It was kept open during the day for those who could attend. Saturday classes were held for the schoolgirls. The evening demonstrations in cooking were sometimes attended by two hundred women. Men as well as women were enthusiastic over the toothsome dishes their daughters were learning to make out of inexpensive materials. This branch of the work was the forerunner of the industrial schools, where many boys and girls have received the beginning of an industrial education which has helped them to be self-supporting and self-respecting men and women.

A normal course was later introduced into the cooking school. To it came women from many places to prepare themselves to teach in other



MRS. HOOPER AND AN EARLY NORMAL CLASS OF THE BOSTON COOKING SCHOOL.

schools, which were sure to be started. Graduates of the Boston Cooking School are now teaching in almost every large city of this country. Cooking is here studied in all of its practical and economic phases. From the early days of the school, caterers and hotel keepers, as well as teachers, housekeepers and professional cooks, have attended the lectures; doctors and students from the Harvard and other medical schools have taken the course in cooking for invalids. Young men often take a few lessons preparatory to a camping trip. The course in cooking which is now given to the nurses in the City Hospital had its origin here.

When the Boston Cooking School had become a recognized success, and when people saw what good had been accomplished in the homes that it had reached, its friends began to inquire how this instruction could be extended to all homes. Private en-

terprise could do much, but it could never reach the masses. They naturally turned to the public schools as the only means of reaching the homes of the people. The proposition to introduce cooking into the schools received all the opposition that usually falls to the lot of new things. Now that the school kitchen has come to be an integral part of the best schools throughout the country, it is easy to forget the splendid work done by the leaders of the movement, who had to battle against prejudice, indifference and outright opposition.

The first school kitchen was started in 1885. The experiment was inaugurated and supported by the generosity of Mrs. Mary Hemenway, to whom Boston is indebted for the demonstration of the value of so many things whose necessity afterwards came to be recognized publicly. After three years of experi-

ment, the school committee decided to appropriate public money for the teaching of cooking. While the educational value of the work was recognized, that was not the principal motive that led to the introduction of cooking in the schools.

"School Kitchen No. 1" has been visited by people from all over the world. The working plan of it has been copied in twenty of the schools of Boston and in the schools of many other cities. The Board of Supervisors now has under consideration a high school for girls to be called the Science and Arts, or Household Arts, High School. Even the serious consideration of such a school indicates the change in public sentiment in fifteen years. The Woman's Education Association, when asked to make suggestions for a course of study, stated the purposes of such a school in the following terms:

First. For training of expression of ideas in language: English throughout the four years, and in the fourth year a modern language added as an elective.

Second. For training for the promotion of good citizenship: History and

civics,—these studies to be pursued with special reference to industrial and social progress.

Third. For training in accuracy and in methods for daily use: Mathematics, business law, and the keeping of ordinary business accounts.

Fourth. For training in expression of ideas by other means than language: Drawing, design, use of color, and the history of art.

Fifth. For the development of the moral and mental power of the individual: Physics, chemistry, physiology, psychology and the history of industrial processes.

Sixth. For the development of the power of the individual over herself and her environment: Illustrations of applications of all the preceding work in the common affairs of life.

The detailed work provided under the sixth head is:

First year. Cooking; application of heat to food materials. Two hours.

Wood working; modelling; use of sewing machine; sewing cuffs, collars and aprons for school kitchen. Three hours.

Second year. Cleaning; removal of spots and stains; laundry; starching and ironing cuffs, collars and table linen from school kitchen. Three hours.

Application of form and color to house and dress. Two hours.

Third year. Cooking; dietaries. Three hours.

Application of form and color to house and dress. Two hours.



SCHOOLBOYS AT LUNCHEON IN A BOSTON HIGH SCHOOL.

Fourth year. Business economy in the household.

(a) Division of income.

(b) Household accounts.

(c) Economics of purchase. Two hours.

Management of house. One hour.

Electives: Cooking, design, embroidery. Two hours.

Educators in other places are taking interest in this course. It remains to be seen whether Boston or some other city will be the first to adopt it. The Woman's Education Association has contributed to the advancement of home science in an-

all the advances that had been made in chemistry. The results of the experiments made in this laboratory have been embodied in two or three books of great value to every housekeeper.

In no place in Boston has the food problem been more carefully studied than in the New England Kitchen, established in 1890. In America it was a unique experiment—that of cooking the cheapest and most nutritious food materials by better methods than were commonly used,



A COOKING CLASS IN THE WINTHROP SCHOOL.

other way, not so well known to the public. About the time they started the Boston Cooking School they obtained the use of the laboratory for women at the Massachusetts Institute of Technology, for the purpose of making investigation in the direction of household chemistry and economy. Under the direction of Mrs. Ellen H. Richards, analyses of food materials, wall papers, dyes for fabrics used for clothing and decoration, of substances used in cleaning, etc., were made, for the purpose of giving the household the benefit of

and of selling the prepared food at moderate prices for consumption in the home. The basis for all the work of the New England Kitchen lay in the collection of facts as to the food of the people. Observations were made for the purpose of answering such questions as the following: What are the food materials used, and what their nutritive value? Is the food cooked at home or bought ready cooked? What relation does the food question bear to the alcohol question? What is the cause of the malnutrition observed in whole

classes? The managers studied carefully the waste of raw materials and made analyses of cooked foods. The scientific side of the work was carried on hand in hand with the practical. The managers made use of facts known to science for the better nutrition of the people. While the Kitchen was started with the direct object of furnishing better food to the wage earning classes, it was also intended to be a silent teacher of cleanliness and intelligent methods in cooking. A side result that was not foreseen at the beginning is the furnishing of nutritious luncheons to school children.

Recent investigations have brought evidence that all this agitation in regard to wholesome cooking and nutritious food has had far-reaching effect. When the New England Kitchen was first started, there was an effort made to serve wholesome luncheons at a small price to the working girls and students in the business part of the city. But the girls preferred pastry and sweet, un-nutritious food; so they went to the restaurants, which were run for the purpose of making money and which would give them what they wanted instead of what they needed. The food buyers in several large and popular restaurants say that there has been a great change in the demand in the last five or six years. Formerly at their luncheon counters they kept little besides pastry and sweets; now they supply a substantial bill of fare. The girl who orders chocolate éclair and a cup of tea for her luncheon is the exception, not the rule.

The change is doubtless due to more than one cause; but no one will question that the instruction in the cooking of wholesome food, that is given in every section of the city, and the object lesson of the public kitchens, have had much to do with the demand for nutritious food.

Those who have been foremost in effecting this change have recognized

that there are other problems of as great importance to the home-maker and quite as difficult of solution. The lack of skilled laborers for housework has in places almost threatened the existence of the home. The Young Women's Christian Association made the first attempt at training unskilled girls who come to the city to seek employment. In the same year in which the Woman's Education Association opened the Boston Cooking School, the Young Women's Christian Association began their training school, where instruction in all branches of housework, as well as in cooking, was given to girls who wished to enter domestic service. It was a task of years to demonstrate the importance of training to the girls whom this branch of work was especially designed to benefit, so firmly implanted was the idea that girls know housework without being taught. From a very small beginning the training school has come to be a successful feature of the extensive work the Young Women's Christian Association is carrying on for the purpose of offering better opportunities to working girls. For twelve years the Association has also maintained a



THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION BUILDING.



A COOKING CLASS AT THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

Normal School of Domestic Science, the aim of which is to train teachers for industrial schools and skilled matrons and housekeepers for institutions or private homes, also to prepare young women for Y. W. C. A. secretaries and for social settlement workers.

The courses offered by the Y. W. C. A. were especially planned for wage earning young women. It yet remained for some one to devise a means of training the employer herself. In 1890, Mrs. Ellen H. Richards and Mrs. Mary Hinman Abel issued the following call:

"Believing that the duty that lies next us as women is the well-being of the home, and feeling that on many subjects connected with it we could profit by each other's opinions and experiences and also by definite instruction from those best fitted to give it, we have resolved to form ourselves into a society made up of local branches and to be called The Housekeepers' Union. Our plan of work shall consist in:

"1. Meetings of members to discuss appointed topics, with a special view to practical and united action.

"2. Lectures on questions of interest by persons who have made a special study of them. As an instance of such as will be likely to claim our attention may be mentioned home hygiene in all its branches

and a study of housekeeping methods, including the 'servant question.'

"The rallying point for this organization will be for the present the New England Kitchen—that beginning of a household 'experiment station,' whose founders have good reason to believe from their past six months' experience that the time is ripe for a movement of this kind.

"It is expected that every woman into whose hands this circular is put will respond, giving her opinion of the plan, together with any suggestions as to the next steps to be taken."

In response to this call there was an enthusiastic meeting, at which a considerable sum of money was pledged to start the work. Although the plans made at that time were not then carried out, the meeting was significant. Later, under the leadership of Mrs. Mary Morton Kehew, the Woman's Educational and Industrial Union set itself the task of finding a remedy for some of the difficulties that beset housekeepers. The first question to be considered, because of the obvious need, was that of domestic service. From extensive observation the Union concluded that the unsatisfactory condition was traceable directly or indirectly to lack of knowledge and business methods on the part of the employer

and to lack of skill on the part of the employee. Accordingly, in the fall of 1897, it opened the School of Housekeeping, which, as stated in their first announcement, was an acknowledgment that housekeeping is a profession and housework a trade.

Two distinct courses have been maintained from the beginning, the one for employers, the other for employees. The course for employers consisted of two lectures a week for

dress. Every effort was made to attract girls of intelligence; for the Union saw that housework could never be put upon the basis of a trade so long as the girls who entered it were those who could not possibly find anything to do in any other occupation. In spite of the fact that no money was required except for clothing, the applications did not come in rapidly. Untrained girls who were receiving four dollars a week (because there were no trained ones to be had)



A CLASS IN DOMESTIC SCIENCE.

nine weeks upon subjects known to be of importance and supposed to be of interest to every housekeeper. But, strange to say, the women did not come. Possibly it was because of the old idea, which has clung to housework longer than to any other occupation, that the knowledge handed down from our ancestors is good enough.

It was a part of the plan to receive and train for four months ten employees, who would carry on the work of the house under the direction of a skilled housekeeper, cook and laun-

could not readily see why they should spend four months in training and be without wages for "such a long time," when all they could hope to receive at the end was four dollars a week. The arguments that the increased amount of respect which a skilled worker commands and the pleasure of working when one understands the work would be sufficient compensation for the "lost time" did not have much weight.

During the first year the Union carried on investigations with the hope of throwing more light upon the

question of domestic service. Two hundred employees in shops and factories were questioned as to why they preferred other occupations to that of housework. About half of the number objected to the long and indefinite hours of housework; many objected to the inferior social position; very few objected to the work itself.

Through the Domestic Reform League, the Union has also been able to get the point of view of the girls who are in domestic service, and who often complain bitterly of kitchens poorly arranged and scantily supplied with utensils and of unjust demands upon their time. The employer, of course, has her side of the story—as everyone knows.

Although the results of the first two years were not encouraging, the Union saw too clearly the importance of the movement to think of giving it up. It decided to continue the work for employees and to offer a broader and more extensive course for employers, believing that when the object of the school was thoroughly understood, there would be no lack of support from intelligent and thoughtful women. Their experience taught the managers to believe that no solution of the problem would ever be reached except through the employers. The results of the last year leave no doubt as to

the permanence or success of the school.

The employees' course as given now is for eight months—five of instruction and three of probation. With the present equipment, there is room for twelve in this class. They live in the house and do the work of the house in return for instruction, room and board. The only expense is for such clothing as the school may require. Absolute neatness and cleanliness are demanded. Instruction is given in

all branches of housework, and in house sanitation, personal hygiene and economy of foods, under which head are taught the food and money value of different materials and the principles underlying the processes of cooking.

The practical work is done under the immediate direction of the instructors. In the kitchen the students are taught not only wholesome cooking, but the care of sinks,

traps, ice-chests, etc. They receive practice in table service, first in the employees', then in the employers' dining room.

At the end of the five months those who have finished the course receive a certificate and are placed, at a small wage, for three months. When they have served this term of probation satisfactorily and have passed an examination in practical housework and



THE SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING, BOSTON.



RECEPTION ROOM IN THE SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

in the elementary principles of hygiene, they receive a diploma, which insures a position through the office of the Domestic Reform League. The wage promised ranges from \$3.25 to \$4, according to the grade of the diploma.

A great many things not indicated in the course are done to raise the standard of living of the girls who come to the school. Each week there is a sewing class, a mending circle and a class in gymnastics. There is also a social club, that meets once in two weeks, to which the girls often belong after they have finished their course and gone out to work. Almost without exception the girls enjoy their work and are sorry when the time comes to leave the school. A part of the enjoyment comes, no doubt, from being with others who are doing the same work; but certainly a part of it is due to the satisfaction of working when they know how and why. It is interesting to note that the average of intelligence is above what it was when the school began.

The work of the employees has been mentioned first not because it is considered of more importance. On the contrary, the course offered for employers will have much greater effect; for most reforms begun at the top work downward. The ideas for which the course stands are so entirely new that people often fail to grasp the significance of the school. The founders have cut loose from the old theory that women know housekeeping intuitively. It is a thing to be studied systematically. Upon it must be brought to bear all the light which the social, economic and physical sciences can furnish. Possibly the word "housekeeping" is misleading; for here it means so much more than is usually understood by that term. The training that girls receive in well conducted homes is in no way undervalued. The work here is intended to supplement home training—to give a better idea of the importance of the home and an understanding of the economic functions of housekeeping. It has been planned by far-sighted women, who see in a well regulated



A COOKING CLASS IN THE SCHOOL OF HOUSEKEEPING.

home the best means of advancing civilization; who deplore the tendency to shift the responsibilities of home-making, and to live in apartments and hotels; who believe that the majority of incomes might produce almost double the amount of satisfaction if expenditures were made in an economic manner, and

that the death rate might be diminished perceptibly if sanitary laws were applied in the home. The object of the course is well stated in the announcement:

"The course offered for employers consists in the application of known principles and facts, scientific and economic, to the maintenance of a healthful, well ordered home. It includes a study of the management of the household and expenditure of the income according to business methods. It is designed to meet the needs of young college women and others, who wish to fit themselves to manage a household on the best economic and hygienic basis. It should be of special value to the young woman who chooses as her profession in life the making of a home, and to the worker in college or social settlements."



AT WORK IN THE KITCHEN.

The course includes classes in house sanitation, chemistry of foods, home economics, principles of cooking—with practice in the kitchen three days each week, principles of housework—with practice lessons, marketing—with practice work, household buying, estimates of household expenditure. Special lectures are also given by professors from Harvard, Wellesley and the Institute of Technology, upon such subjects as

the sociological aspects of the family, public hygiene in its relation to the housekeeper, heating and ventilation, clothing in its hygienic and economic aspects, art in the home, etc.

Under house sanitation are considered drainage, building materials, plumbing, water supply, heating, lighting, ventilation. The importance of the subject is emphasized by teaching in the beginning that dampness is a predisposing cause of disease, that fresh air and sunshine are deadly enemies of bacteria, that air vitiated by the products of combustion in the heating or lighting plant or in the human lungs tends to lower the vitality and lessen the power of resisting disease, that actual disease germs may come in through the water supply, etc.

In the study of the chemistry of foods, it is the aim to give a knowledge of what foods the body requires and in what proportion. The cost of food as compared with its nutritive



MARKETING CLASS.

value is carefully considered. Since the nutritive value is independent of the cost, it only requires a knowledge of food values to enable the family of small income to be well nourished.

Much emphasis is laid upon making out bills of fare that are attractive as well as dietetically correct. The price per person for raw materials is decided upon first; then the bill of fare is made out so as to give each person the right amount of starchy foods, fats, and nitrogenous substances. The prices allowed range from ten to sixty cents per person per day. A knowledge of the chemistry of foods is important from health considerations; it also adds interest to what in some families is considered drudgery—the planning of meals.

"Home economics" is comparatively a new term. As yet it is by no means a well formulated science. Some of the subjects considered under this head are the purpose of the home, its significance as a civilizing force, ideals of living in relation to the home, economics of living, of the house, of furniture and decoration, of food as controlled by the standards of



IN THE LABORATORY.



TRAINING A CHAMBERMAID.

life, and women's responsibility for these standards.

Under the head of estimates of household expenditure, several questions are being studied for the first time. One is a comparison of the cost of food cooked in the house with that prepared outside. Another is to determine the comparative cost of cooking with coal, gas and kerosene. The experiments made in these and other lines are intended to bear directly upon the study of the division of income—the object of which is to determine what per cent of the income may reasonably be set aside for each of the five general items of expense, housing, operating expenses,

food, clothing and the higher life. An intelligent method of keeping accounts is taught, and how and why to study them after they are kept.

An unexpected opportunity was offered this year for the students at the school to try a practical experiment.



THE DIRECTOR'S PARLOR.

A family of two whose income was ten dollars a week came to ask the advice of the director about beginning housekeeping on that amount. They were paying eight dollars a week for board and room, and were afraid of running in debt if they tried housekeeping. The school agreed to find and furnish two rooms and to plan their meals for a few weeks, if they

would turn over their income. This they gladly did. After two months of housekeeping, they are enthusiastic over the little home of their own, and are continually surprised at the good meals they can afford to have.

A limited number of resident students is received at the school. The management of the house furnishes an object lesson to those who live in it. A large proportion of the students this year have been college women; five or six of the leading col-



THE LECTURE ROOM.

leges and universities have been represented. The aim of the instructors is to give ideas rather than too much routine work, to give what is suggestive, and to let the college women and others who are trained to study work out the details.

The work of the home-maker is not more important now than it has always been; but there is less excuse if she does not make advancement commensurate with that made in the sciences that bear upon the home.

ALL SOULS' EVE.

By Arthur Ketchum.

FRRIEND, when you keep the feast to-night,
Of holy memory,—
Mid all the watch-lights that you burn,
Let there be one for me.

I who may claim no place nor part
In all your years to be
Ask but a fleeting candle's light,
On sprig of rosemary.

AN EARLY WRITER OF NEW ENGLAND TRAVELS.

By Laurence Hayward.

IN the preface to his "Travels in New England and New York," the Rev. Timothy Dwight, eighth president of Yale College, wrote these words: "Some incidental circumstances at the time excited in my mind a desire to know the manner in which New England appeared, or to my eye would have appeared, eighty or a hundred years ago. The wish was found to be fruitless, and it was soon perceived that information concerning the subject was chiefly unattainable. A country changing as rapidly as New England must, if truly exhibited, be described in a manner resembling that in which a painter would depict a cloud. The form and colors of the moment must be seized, or the picture will be erroneous. As it was naturally presumed by me that some of those who will live eighty or a hundred years hence must have feelings similar to my own, I resolved to furnish, so far as should be in my power, means of enabling them to know what was the appearance of the country during the period occupied by my journeys."

It was in 1797 that President Dwight formed the design of describing for future generations the New England of his day. For more than twenty years he persisted in his patriotic task, bringing to its accomplishment the experience gained in frequent journeyings over the whole country. These excursions, he tells us, were first undertaken when his sedentary life as a student and his intense devotion to study had made necessary some form of complete relaxation. During the many years of his scholastic life, while he was tutor in Yale, and long after he became the college president, he found in these

domestic travels the needed restorative of his health. The results of this experience were not cast into literary form, however, without much difficulty, for an increasing weakness in the eyes obliged the author to stop in the midst of his work. It was then that the students in the college came to his aid, the members of four successive senior classes serving by turns as his amanuenses till at last the great work was completed.

"Travels in New England and New York" was published in 1821, in four large volumes, four years after the death of its author. It was the day of good bulk, when even "Travels" (now become "Impressions" and published for some "Vest-Pocket Library") were sent forth in their many volumes octavo. Upon the title-page, below the name of Timothy Dwight, S. T. D., LL. D., appears the title of another well-known work of his. "Theology Explained and Defended" is a collection of a hundred and seventy-three sermons, which, as the encyclopædia puts it, "still commands the attention of elderly persons of the serious type in both Old and New England." The learned man was not without even higher aspirations and powers, as his "Canaan, an Epic Poem," bears witness.

Dwight was not the first traveller who chose a part of the New World as the scene of his descriptions, although he was, I think, the first native to do so in ambitious manner. Already the long line of Englishmen and Frenchmen had begun to come to our shores and to take their hurried course, with eyes wide open for the "impression," among the jealous natives of the land. To several of

these Dwight devotes extended notice, from which it is easily seen that their general attitude finds little favor in his eyes. Foremost among them all was the exiled royalist, the Duc de la Rouchefoucauld, who came to this country in 1795 and remained for over a year. His spirit toward the United States was more kindly and just than that of his fellow travellers generally; he was, for the most part, above their petty spitefulness, and the kind treatment so freely given to him, a stranger in sickness and want, quite won his heart. His countryman, Volney, already famous for his eastern travels, particularly to Palmyra, arrived here about the same time. He travelled extensively through the country, and on his return to France published a "Description," which Charles Brockden Brown translated into English. No Englishman of equal reputation visited us at that time; but there were numerous travellers of a fair degree of respectability, who published their observations. Among these Dwight mentions two, Weld and Lambert, as superior to their countrymen in candor and justice.

With these recent examples before him, and in fact somewhat urged on by the false character which their depictions of American manners and customs had given us abroad, President Dwight devoted his leisure for many years to giving a true picture of New England. He was thinking, no doubt, of our good name abroad, when he cast the results of his travels into the form of letters addressed to an "English Gentleman," although he clearly warned his countrymen that the letters were none the less intended for them.

For the first fourteen letters the traveller does not leave his chair at New Haven (the centre of Dwight's New England); but, with regard rather to our information than to our entertainment, he gives us a complete account of the geography, natural history, climate, history and manners

and customs of the country. At last, on page 180, he begins the description of New Haven itself; and in a few more chapters he is off on his first journey to Berwick, Maine.

In going to Berwick he followed the Connecticut up to Northampton, then went across the state to Haverhill, and through a corner of New Hampshire. On the return he hugged the coast to Boston, and thence reached Connecticut by the southern route, through Norfolk county. A second time, he travelled through the White Mountains to Portland. On a third and fourth excursion he traversed Vermont, on the east to the Canada line and on the western side to Highgate, nearly as far north. A long journey to Cape Cod and Provincetown and two less important ones to Lake Winnepesaukee, completed the exclusively New England journeys. In New York state he travelled to Lake George twice, to Whitestown, to Utica, to Niagara, and through Long Island. The scene of his travels was not extended, but he "did" the country thoroughly, so that there are few New Englanders who cannot find a description of their place of residence as it looked when the century was young.

That the readers of these books must look for nothing of the adventure which so often makes travels on the Eastern Continent exciting the author gives good warning in the preface. "Adventures of all sorts," he says, "must be very rare in a country perfectly quiet and orderly in its state of society. In a series of journeys, sufficiently extensive to have carried me through two-thirds of the distance around the globe, I have not met with one. Nearly every man whom I have seen was calmly pursuing the sober business of peaceful life; and the history of my excursions was literally confined to the breakfast, dinner and supper of the day."

What then could the traveller in the New England of a hundred years ago find to interest his readers, or, a better question, what were the interests of the traveller himself? In President Dwight's case they were numerous, and more varied than we should at first suppose. Not only did his official position connect him with the best life of his time, but wider avocations had brought him other interests. First of all, he was a clergyman. It was the religious and ecclesiastical side of New England that he knew best and that he deemed most worthy of description. A glance at any part of the work will show how large a portion is given up to this aspect of the Puritan character, prominent at that day in the minds of all, but so extensively treated here that even the author felt that some apology would be expected. He was, besides this, the head of one of the foremost educational institutions in the land; so that he naturally felt no small interest in all forms of educational activity, and especially in the sister colleges of New England. To the politics of the day the letters have little reference,—not so much because the author lacked interest in the subject as because he had wisely determined to avoid all mention of living issues or persons which could give offence. Even in theology it is only here and there that we get a glimpse of the fires which were burning so fiercely at the time. The business side of the country found in him an attentive observer, and his statistics of agriculture and commerce would furnish a very fair basis for economic calculations. The antiquities of the region, the historical recollections attaching to a spot, are woven into the narrative, often with a peculiarly interesting touch. Take that most striking example in the second volume, the imprisonment and escape of General Wadsworth, which seems scarcely less vivid than the similar exploits of Monte Cristo. But al-

though there are a few such stories, interesting for their incident and for the manner in which they are told, yet one who seeks the volumes for the sake of their narrative interest, or who hopes for any charm of style in them, will be disappointed. One must be a New Englander himself, with an interest in New England as it once was and now is, with local curiosity to appease and local pride to gratify, in order to appreciate these travels. Such an one cannot fail to be thankful for the information and the many familiar touches of these four now well-nigh forgotten volumes.

The lovers of antiquities will find in them many interesting facts not easily obtainable elsewhere; for instance, that the duels fought on New England soil up to Dwight's time were five in number, only two of which were between natives of the country. The first was that *affaire d'honneur* of the two servants who came to blows soon after the landing on Plymouth shore; army officers during the Revolution fought the second, in Rhode Island; the third fray was between two hot-headed young gentlemen from the West Indies, who had been sent to school at Stafford in Connecticut. Two New Yorkers left their own state, in fear of prosecution, to fight in peace on Connecticut soil, this making the fourth affair; and the fifth was that, better known, which ended fatally on Boston Common. The list needs revision, but was complete a hundred years ago. There is another interesting list of "earthquakes," wherein the writer records eight of these disasters from 1638 to 1783, some of them heavy enough to overthrow the chimneys of Boston and to cover the streets with bricks.

Dwight was most thorough and careful in giving the statistics of the country, so that it is easy to collect from his pages the population of the chief towns of New England.

Census of 1800. Of 1810.	
New Haven	5,157 6,967
Hartford	5,347 6,003
Middletown	5,382 5,382
Springfield	2,312 2,767
Northampton	2,190 2,631
Worcester	2,411 2,577
Newburyport	5,946 7,634
Salem	9,457 12,613
Boston	24,937 33,250
Providence	7,614 10,071
Portsmouth	5,339 6,934
New Bedford	4,361 5,651

The ecclesiastical status, which the traveller enters into so minutely, did certainly command more attention from the general public then than now. Throughout the volumes we find the religious strength of each town, its parishes, congregations and edifices, most carefully described; in addition, in the last volume, there is a long discourse of eleven letters in review and amplification of the situation. Beginning with a sketch of religion in America from the year 1755 through the critical periods of the American and French Revolutions, he describes the Congregational form of religion, vindicates its establishment in New England, and enumerates the religious forces of the land. At that time Congregationalism still remained a virtually established religion. The laws had been relaxed, so that in some cases there was but little preference given to these churches, but their final disestablishment did not occur until 1818 in Connecticut and 1831 in Massachusetts. Up to these dates, and even afterwards, there was in all New England, except Rhode Island, an established church, supported by the state through public taxes, although dissenters might pay to the support of their own faiths. Strongest among these latter was the Episcopal Church, in most cases closely allied to the Establishment and sharing to a limited degree in its privileges. It was particularly strong in Connecticut, where it retains to this day the largest relative proportion of churches of any state in the Union. The Baptists were most numerous after the

Congregationalists. The growth of the Methodists since that day has been immense, for there were then only forty-five societies, and in Connecticut Dwight does not mention one. There were a number of Presbyterians and Universalists and many societies of Friends. In Portsmouth, New Hampshire, and Danbury, Connecticut, there were societies of Sandamanians, those offshoots from the Church of Scotland, who early adopted a scientific faith and who have counted among their English members Faraday and Clerk Maxwell. There was a Roman Catholic church in Boston, and there were one or two others in the "District of Maine." At Newport there were also a Jewish synagogue and a congregation of Moravians. The following table gives the number of congregations for New England, exclusive of Rhode Island, which state Dwight considered in such a sad way religiously as to be unworthy of notice:

Congregational	843
Episcopal	81
Presbyterian	17
Universalist	12
Methodist	45
Baptist	385

It is interesting to note that the largest congregation in Massachusetts, and probably in the Union, was that of the first parish in Beverly, numbering, in 1800, 3,200 souls. At that time the last two ministers of the church, Dr. Williard and Dr. Kean, had been elected to the presidency of a college, the one to Harvard and the other to Bowdoin.

Dwight was a firm believer in the establishment of religion by law, as practised in Massachusetts and Connecticut. He enforces his beliefs by a consideration of the state of religion elsewhere, finding especially in New Hampshire a striking proof of the inadequacy of non-establishment. Attention has been called more recently to the decay of religion in this very state, and it may be some comfort to some to know that even at the

beginning of the century New Hampshire was not looked upon as being above criticism and warning.

It was but natural that the president of Yale College should give his particular attention to the educational system of New England, and especially to the group of New England colleges among which Yale held so prominent a place. There were eight of these institutions founded at the time, all of which Dwight visited on his travels. The list is given by him under those concluding chapters on the "Learning and Morals of New England":

"Harvard College, now styled the University in Cambridge; Yale College, at New Haven in Connecticut; Dartmouth College, at Hanover in New Hampshire; Brown University, at Providence in Rhode Island; Williams College, at Williamstown, Massachusetts; the University of Vermont, at Burlington in that state; Middlebury College, at Middlebury in the same state; and Bowdoin College, at Brunswick, in the District of Maine."

"You observe," he remarks for the benefit of the English Gentleman to whom the letters are addressed, "that some of these seminaries are called universities and some of them colleges. You will not from this suppose that the name university indicates any superior importance or any more extensive scheme of education. The university at Cambridge is, in some respects, the most considerable; and in every respect the University of Vermont is the least of all these literary establishments."

The figures which he gives are interesting, as indicating the relative number of officers and students in each of these institutions. In the year 1812 there were:

	Officers.	Students.
Harvard	22	281
Yale	9	331
Dartmouth	9	200
Brown	7	128
Williams	6	95
Vermont	4	35
Middlebury	6	113

Statistics of Bowdoin College are omitted for some reason. The li-

brary of Harvard College contained at this time fifteen thousand volumes, and was unquestionably the best in the country. Yale had seven thousand volumes, and Brown three thousand. At Yale the tuition, which now costs \$155, was then only \$33.

Besides these regular colleges the famous law school at Litchfield, Connecticut, was then at the height of its prosperity, under the instruction of Judge Reeve and James Gould, Esquire. It was in this institution that law was first taught as a science and that the actual practice of the profession in the school courts was first insisted on. Students, to the average number of forty, annually resorted to Litchfield from every part of the American Union.

The Andover Theological Seminary had just been founded and was already drawing most of the young men destined for the Trinitarian branch of the church. All the colleges, too, gave instruction in divinity, and most of them instruction in medicine.

The business side of New England life is not neglected at the hands of this most painstaking and observant college president. It was in the years before our second war with Great Britain, when our commerce was at its height and New England had the character it has since lost of a distinctively commercial country. Those were the days of prosperity for Portland, Portsmouth, Salem, Nantucket, New London, and indeed for all the long stretch of New England coast; the hardy days which developed the old Yankee seamen, whom we still see in their hale old age, as they haunt the deserted wharves of some seaport town. Upon commerce New England took her stand, and a good stand she made of it for many a year to come, although even at this early time she was making long strides toward that supremacy in manufactures which has more completely characterized her in later times.

We often distinguish ourselves from our ancestors by reference to the things that are ours and were not theirs; yet if any one will turn to the long chapter in Dwight's fourth volume, in recapitulation of the manufactures of Massachusetts and Connecticut, he will be surprised to find how many things that we have belonged no less to our fathers. The list for Massachusetts includes a variety of manufactures sufficient to fill three long pages and to amount to eighteen and a half million dollars annually. The state of New England's commerce may be seen from the following table, which shows the amount of duties collected in the years 1801-10 inclusive, at the principal ports:

Boston	\$24,675,957
Salem	7,326,929
Providence	2,981,808
Newburyport	2,364,287
Portland	1,872,043
Portsmouth	1,437,939
New Haven	1,399,291
Newport	1,337,997
New London	1,106,657
New York	52,201,510

Perhaps under the heading of business rather than of education should come the interesting items which Dwight gives us on newspapers. About 1800 he collected a list of the several newspapers published in this country. There were at that time in

Vermont	6
New Hampshire	11
Maine	3
Massachusetts	19
Rhode Island	3
Connecticut	13
New York	21
New Jersey	5
Pennsylvania	14
Delaware	1
Maryland	7
Virginia	6
North Carolina	5
South Carolina	3
Georgia	1
Kentucky	1
Tennessee	1

Of these the oldest were the following:

	Begun
The Massachusetts Gazette	1704
New England Courant	1721
Pennsylvania Gazette	1728
South Carolina Gazette	1734
Boston Evening Post	1735
New York Gazette	1742
Pennsylvania Journal	1742
Maryland Gazette	1745
New York Mercury	1751
Boston Gazette	1755
Connecticut Gazette	1755
Portsmouth Mercury	1765
Boston Post-Boy	1757

Several places described by Dwight might be selected to show his peculiar local attitude; notably Boston; which he evidently admires on the whole, even though he cannot always give it his approval. Five good chapters are given to the capital of New England; and a few extracts may not be amiss:

"Boston contains one hundred and thirty-five streets, twenty-one lanes, eighteen courts and, it is said, a few squares; although I confess I have never seen anything to which I should give that name. The streets, if we except a small number, are narrow, crooked and disagreeable. The settlers appear to have built where they wished, where a vote permitted, or where danger or necessity forced them to build. The streets strike the eye of a traveller as if intended to be mere passages from one neighborhood to another, and not as the open and handsome divisions of a great town; as a result of casualty and not of contrivance."

Dwight sees the true cause of this appearance (which, it seems, was even then cast up against the city) when he remarks that such has been inevitably the condition of all really great cities, which must necessarily be affairs of slow growth rather than the hasty excrescences which, of late years, have permitted cities of a paper-laid regularity. Here is a bit that is comforting to the local pride of Bostonians:

"A great number of houses in this town are indifferent buildings,—indifferent, I mean, for a place of such distinction,—and a considerable number deserve this character in an absolute sense. Many of them are of wood; some of these are handsome.

The reasons why Boston considered at large is not so well built as New York and Philadelphia are obvious. Compared with these cities, Boston is ancient. Philadelphia was a forest in the beginning of the year 1682, fifty-two years after the settlement of Boston. New York, though settled by the Dutch planters in the year 1614, was a little trading village long after Boston was a great commercial town. For more than a century the inhabitants of Boston imported the merchandise of Europe, and especially of Great Britain, for the people of New York. In the year 1774 Philadelphia did not contain more than one-fourth and New York more than one-fifth, its present number of houses. Boston, on the contrary, increased very little during the last century till after the year 1790. A large proportion of its buildings were, therefore, erected at periods when the inhabitants were in humble circumstances and their knowledge in architecture was very defective. Some of them are mere relics of the seventeenth century."

We see by this that there were still many wooden buildings in Boston, although their erection in such material had long before been prohibited. As early as 1688 a law was enacted by the Legislature that "no dwelling-house, shop, warehouse, barn, stable, nor any other housing of more than eight feet in length or breadth and seven feet in height should be thenceforth erected and set up in Boston but of stone or brick and covered with slate or tile." This had been followed by similar laws all through the eighteenth century,—in vain, evidently, for the year 1810 saw still another enacted, all the preceding ones having been evaded.

"The public buildings," says the traveller, "are eighteen churches, ten Presbyterian (Congregational), three Episcopal, two Baptist, one Methodist, one Roman Catholic, and one Universalist; a State House, a Court House, Faneuil Hall, a gaol, a work-house, a brideswell, a town house, an alms-house, a medical college, a custom-house, and a theatre. Several of the Presbyterian churches are new and handsome buildings,—that in Federal Street, the new South Church, the church in Hollis Street and that in Park Street. The last stands in a very eligible situation. The others are generally decent buildings."

Speaking of the theatre, he remarks: "When the first proposal was made to establish a theatre in this town, a consider-

able number of the inhabitants eagerly engaged in forwarding the design. Accordingly a theatre was built, and soon after, another. There is reason to believe that the stage is now regarded with a very general indifference. One of the theatres has been already taken down; and the other, it is said, is far from being crowded."

Again he says: "Having presented to you an imperfect picture of Boston, I will now attempt to exhibit the character of its inhabitants. . . . Boston is distinguishable for its habits of business. A man who is not believed to follow some useful occupation can scarcely acquire or retain even a decent reputation. A traveller passing through it is struck with the peculiar appearance of activity everywhere visible. Almost all whom he meets move with a sprightliness, differing very sensibly from what he observes in New York and Philadelphia."

"Not less distinguished are the inhabitants, particularly the middle and inferior classes, for their intelligence and information. In a singular degree are they acquainted with the affairs of the town itself, and with the residence and character of nearly every inhabitant. I have rarely met a child who could not tell me both the street and house for which I enquired."

"Nor are they less distinguished for civility. A Bostonian, if not pressed by business of his own, will readily accompany a stranger to the house which he wishes to find, and will scarcely appear to feel as if he had conferred the least obligation. In the superior classes, this disposition appears often with peculiar advantage."

"Better tables are nowhere spread than in Boston and nowhere does a guest find himself more at ease, more secure from solicitations, or entertained with more graceful or cordial hospitality. The best-bred women here are charming examples of grace and amenity."

At the end of the chapter we get just a glimpse of the Calvinist, polite and tactful as he writes, but willing to let his real feeling be occasionally seen.

"During one hundred and forty years, Boston was probably more distinguished for religion than any city of the same size in the world. An important change has, however, within a period of no great length, taken place in the religious opinions of the Bostonians. Before this period, moderate Calvinism very generally prevailed. At the present time Unitarianism appears to be the predominating system. It is believed that neither ministers nor people have any reason to congratulate themselves on this change."

"I am, sir, yours, etc."

THE LAST OF THE OCEAN SLAVE-TRADERS.

By George S. Boutwell.

IN the month of April, 1861, a bark, registering 215 tons, anchored in the bay of Port Liberté, a place of no considerable importance, on the northerly coast of the island of Hayti, about twenty miles from the boundary of San Domingo. The vessel carried the flag of France, and the captain called himself Jules Letellier. The name of the vessel was not painted upon the stern, as is required by our law; but the captain gave her name as *Guillaume Tell*, bound from Havana to Havre. He stated that he had suffered a disaster at the island of Guadaloupe, and that he had been compelled to throw a part of his cargo overboard. He said also that his object in putting into the port was to obtain assistance for the recovery of his cargo; and for that purpose he solicited recruits. The authorities became suspicious of the craft, and an arrest was made of the vessel, her officers and men. After some delay the vessel was sent to Port au Prince, where she was condemned and confiscated upon the charge of being engaged "in piracy and slave-trading on the coast of Hayti."

Upon investigation it appeared that the true name of the vessel was *William*, and that the name of the captain was Antonio Pelletier. Pelletier was tried according to the laws of Hayti, convicted and sentenced to death. The sentence was commuted to imprisonment for a term of years. The facts of his arrest and of the sentence pronounced upon him were published in the *New York Herald*; and thereupon, as it appeared in the investigation that was afterward made, his wife married and, taking Pelletier's two children, left the country. Pelletier was kept in prison for about two years, when he escaped,

probably with the connivance of the authorities. He returned to the United States. Previous to his escape he gained the confidence of the Commissioner of the United States at Port au Prince, who made a report in his behalf and upon the ground that he had been arrested, tried and convicted for an offence of which he was not guilty.

That report was made to the Department of State, when Mr. Seward was Secretary of State. Mr. Seward declined to act, upon two grounds,—first, it was not proved that Pelletier was a citizen of the United States; and second, the course of Hayti seemed to be justified by the facts as they then appeared. Pelletier presented a statement of his claim, amounting in all to about \$2,500,000. He placed the value of the bark *William* and her cargo, with some money which he claimed was on her, at about \$92,000. He claimed also that he had been subjected to many losses in business transactions, which he had been unable to consummate owing to his arrest in Hayti. These amounted to about \$750,000. The most extraordinary claim was the claim for damages to his person, in the matter of his arrest and captivity, and the loss of his wife, children and home, for all of which he charged \$300,000.

The claimant pressed his claim persistently to the State Department; and in the year 1884, when Mr. Frelinghuysen was Secretary of State, a protocol was entered into between him and Mr. Preston, then minister plenipotentiary of the republic of Hayti, by which this claim, with another large claim in behalf of A. H. Lazare against the republic of Hayti, was submitted to an international arbitrator,—the Hon. William

Strong, formerly a Justice of the Supreme Court of the United States. The republic of Hayti retained Charles A. de Chambrun and myself as counsel for the defence. The hearing occupied one year of time, and the documents and the testimony taken covered two thousand printed pages. The investigation showed that Pelletier was born at Fontainebleau in France in the year 1819. At the age of fourteen he ran away from his home and country and came to the United States, where he found employment on board a ship, which was owned and navigated by one Blanchard of the state of Maine. From about the year 1835 to the year 1850, Pelletier was employed upon shipboard in various menial capacities, until finally he became master of several small vessels, which were employed on short voyages in the Caribbean Sea and on the coast of South America. About the year 1850 he appeared in the city of New York, and between that time and 1859 he was in the city of Chicago, where on one occasion and as the representative of some local party he was a candidate for alderman. He was also engaged for a time in the manufacture of boots and shoes at Troy, New York.

In the autumn of 1860 there appeared a statement in the newspapers that a bark called the *William* had been arrested and condemned at Key West upon the charge of having been fitted out for the slave trade. Guided by that notice, Pelletier went to Havana, and employed an agent to go to Key West and to purchase the bark. The purchase was made at a cost of \$1,504. In Pelletier's statement of his claim, he asserted that he paid something over \$10,000 for the vessel. From Key West the vessel was sent to Mobile in charge of a man named Thomas Collar, who became Pelletier's mate, but who was known on the vessel as Samuel Gerdon. At Mobile the *William* was fitted out for the voyage under the direction and apparent ownership of a firm in that

city known as Delauney, Rice & Co., of which Pelletier claimed to be a member and proprietor to the extent of \$50,000, the patrimony which he had received upon the death of his father. The vessel was freighted with lumber, and was cleared for Carthagena, New Granada, in October. She arrived at that port late in November. The investigation showed that a portion of the lumber was placed upon the deck when there was space below where it might have been stored. It appeared also that the vessel contained a large number of water casks, some twenty or twenty-five, about twenty pairs of manacles, a quantity of ammunition, and that the number of sailors was considerably in excess of the number required for the navigation of the vessel.

At Carthagena Pelletier made a contract with a colored man named Cortes, to carry him with his wife and children and servant to a point on the coast east of Carthagena, known as Rio de Hache. This contract he never performed. The original object of the voyage, as he alleged, was to obtain a cargo of guano, at an island which he named Buida. As a matter of fact, there is no such island, or at any rate none could be found on the maps, nor was its existence known to the officers of our government who had been engaged in taking soundings in the Caribbean Sea.

While the *William* was at Carthagena, one of the men deserted and notified the commander of a British man-of-war that the object of the voyage of the bark *William* was a cargo of negroes to be carried to the United States and sold as slaves. Following the desertion of this man, Pelletier left Carthagena and, instead of proceeding to Rio de Hache, which was understood to be the destination of the British man-of-war, he took a northerly course toward the island of Grand Inagua. Upon this change of the course of the vessel, Cortes became alarmed for his safety, and he urged Pelletier to put him ashore, and

especially for the reason that the shades of maternity were falling on his wife. After a delay of ten days, Pelletier consented to land him, which he did at Grand Inagua, and secured in payment the goods and effects which Cortes had on board the vessel, and which were understood to be of the value of \$500 or more.

In the month of January, 1861, Pelletier arrived in the harbor of Port au Prince, Hayti, where he was accused of being engaged in a slave-trading expedition by five of his men whom he had landed and caused to be put in prison on the charge of insubordination. The authorities were so well convinced of the unlawful character of the expedition that they ordered Pelletier to leave without delay. He was convoyed out of the harbor by an armed vessel, and upon the understanding that he was to sail for New Orleans. As a matter of fact, however, he employed the months following, until April, in expeditions among the islands of the Caribbean Sea. In the course of the investigation, Pelletier appeared upon the stand as a witness. In a series of questions which I put to him, I asked for the names of the vessels which he had commanded, previous to the voyage of the *William*. Among others he mentioned the *Ardennes*, which was an American ship, registered. It turned out upon further investigation that that ship was fitted out by him at Jacksonville in the year 1859, and cleared for the Canary Islands. Her cargo consisted of rum, sugar, cigars and tobacco. From the admission of Pelletier it appeared that he never reached the Canary Islands, but made the coast of Africa, near the mouth of the Congo River. Upon being pressed for a reason for the change, he stated that he had been driven there by a storm. We were able to cause an examination to be made of the records of the *Pluto*, a British man-of-war, that discovered the *Ardennes* near Magna Grand in April, 1859. The officers of the *Pluto* boarded the *Ar-*

dennes, and made such an examination as they thought proper. The captain made this entry after an examination of the vessel's papers and register, namely: "Which, though not appearing to be correct, I did not detain or molest them." The *Ardennes* lingered in the vicinity of the mouth of the Congo, where she was arrested by the officers of the United States ship *Marion*, under command of Captain Brent. The results of the examination which he made and the circumstances of which he obtained knowledge were such that he took possession of the vessel and sent her to New York upon the charge of being engaged in the slave trade. The evidence produced at New York was not sufficient to lead the court to condemn her, but the judge gave a certificate that there was probable cause for her arrest.

The real character of the voyage of the *William* from Mobile was finally established beyond all controversy. In the year 1880, a treaty was made between the United States and France, by which an international commission was created for the purpose of determining the validity of claims made by citizens of the United States against France and of claims made by citizens of France against the United States. Among the claimants against the United States were two Frenchmen of the name of Le More, residents of New Orleans. At the time of the capture of New Orleans in the year 1862, these men had in their possession a large sum of money belonging to the Confederate government. By the proclamation of General Butler, made immediately upon the capture of the city, all intercourse with the Confederate authorities by residents of New Orleans was interdicted. Notwithstanding the proclamation, the Le Mores contrived to convey the funds in their possession across the line, and to procure their delivery to the Confederate authorities. General Butler, having obtained knowledge of this transaction,

had the *Le Mores* brought before him. He then questioned them, and upon his own judgment and without trial he sent them as prisoners to Ship Island, where they were confined for a time with an attachment of a ball and chain. Each of these men presented a claim to the Commission, and, there being no defence, an award of \$20,000 was made to each. If General Butler had convened a military court or commission, as he should have done, and had he obtained a conviction, as he would have obtained one, he would not have subjected the United States to the judgments which were rendered finally.

In that hearing, De Chambrun represented the government of France and I represented the government of the United States. Thus having knowledge of the *Le Mores*, who were yet in New Orleans, we applied to them for the purpose of ascertaining the character of Delauney, Rice & Co., and also whether there was any person living who had knowledge of the fitting out of the bark *William*. They found a man by the name of Louis Moses, who had been a resident of New Orleans since the year 1852, and who was well acquainted with the house of Delauney, Rice & Co., having transacted business for it, and who was himself concerned in the fitting out of the bark *William*. He had indeed invested, in one form or another, the sum of \$15,000 in the enterprise, of which he had evidence in writing. He stated that the object of the voyage was to obtain a cargo of negroes in some of the islands of the Caribbean Sea, and to bring them to a desert island on the west bank of the Mississippi, near the main land of Louisiana; in fine, that there was no purpose to obtain a cargo of guano.

When the hearing commenced, in the year 1884, Pelletier came before the arbitrator in perfect health and with the appearance of a man of ability and of fortune. After an acquaintance of about a year I was able to use this language in my final argu-

ment: "It is a singular circumstance that Captain Pelletier has not produced an original paper or document in support of his claim. He is sixty years of age or more. He is a man not deficient in intellectual capacity, whatever else may be said of him. He is endowed by nature with ability for large and honest undertakings. He claims to have had an extensive business experience; to have been the possessor of large wealth; to have been trusted in fiduciary ways; and he comes here and claims compensation for a great outrage, as he alleges, upon his person and his rights; and yet he has not produced a paper that has the signature of any being, living or dead, by which he can sustain the claim he makes. What is his answer in regard to the absence of papers? It is that they were on board the bark *William*. According to the best information we can obtain, that bark was not less than twelve or fifteen years of age. We know that it did not much exceed two hundred tons burden. It was bound on a voyage into tempestuous seas; and, leaving behind him wealth, as he says, to be measured by the million, he embarks on that vessel with all his papers, including title deeds, articles of copartnership, powers of attorney, and preliminary accounts relating to unsettled affairs. He is a member of the house of Delauney, Rice & Co., in which he had deposited his patrimony to the extent of fifty thousand dollars; and he carries away on that frail bark all evidence of his investment in that firm. He had, he said, a partnership agreement; he had accounts of profits that had been rendered from time to time,—and all are gone. He had a dear wife and two children, for whose loss he now demands large compensation; and yet he carried away the evidence on which their right to his estate would have depended, in case of his death. The statement may be true, but in the nature of things it is not probable. That we may believe a statement of that

sort, evidence is required, not from one man unknown, not from one man impeached, but from many men of reputable standing in society. It is not to be believed that a man who had been engaged in transactions measured by hundreds of thousands of dollars, through a period of ten years, should take every evidence of those transactions on board a vessel of hardly more than two hundred tons burden, manned by a crew composed of highbinders, as he has described them, and sail to foreign lands, over tempestuous seas, upon the poor pretext of procuring guano for the plantations of Louisiana,—and this, as he says, when war was imminent.”

In my argument to the arbitrator I attempted to trace the voyage of the *Ardennes* and the voyage of the *William* with as much minuteness as seemed to me to be wise under the circumstances, and for the sole purpose of establishing the charge that Pelletier was engaged in the slave trade. The character of the voyage of the *Ardennes* was important in view of the rule of law that, in the trial of a person charged with the crime of slave-trading, evidence is admissible which tends to prove that the accused had been engaged in similar undertakings at about the same time.

My argument occupied the business hours of two sessions of the court. At the opening of the court Pelletier appeared, took a seat, and remained during the first thirty or forty minutes of my argument, when he disappeared. The *New York Herald*, on the morning of the third day after Pelletier's last appearance, contained the announcement that Antonio Pelletier had died suddenly at the Astor House in the city of New York. The hearing proceeded, and on the 30th day of June, 1885, Mr. Justice Strong filed his opinion in the Department of State. In that opinion, he says:

“I can hardly escape from the con-

viction that the voyage of the bark *William* was an illegal voyage; that its paramount purpose was to obtain a cargo of negroes, either by purchase or kidnapping, and bring them into slavery in the state of Louisiana; and that the load of lumber, and the profession of a purpose to go for a cargo of guano were mere covers to conceal the true character of the enterprise.” He states also “that Pelletier had applied to a Haytian to obtain fifty men and some women, blacks, of course, to assist him in obtaining guano.” The arbitrator found, however, that by the law of nations the courts of Hayti had no jurisdiction of the case. “It is undeniable,” said Justice Strong, “that none of them were piratical in view of the law of nations.”

By the *act d'accusation* Pelletier was charged with piracy and slave-trading on the coast of Hayti. The arbitrator found that he was not guilty of piracy and that the act of slave-trading was never committed, although the design and purpose of the voyage were perfectly clear. The claims as presented were all rejected by the arbitrator, except the claim for injury to Pelletier personally by his confinement in prison. For that injury the arbitrator allowed Pelletier the sum of \$25 a day during his confinement, and the interest thereon up to the time the judgment was rendered, amounting in all to \$57,250.

When the judgment had been rendered, the counsel for Hayti presented a memorial to the State Department, setting forth the impropriety and bad policy of a presentation by the government of the United States of a judgment rendered in favor of a claimant who had been found guilty of fitting out a slave-trading expedition within the limits of the United States, and using the flag of the United States as a protection in the prosecution of his illegal undertaking. Mr. Bayard was then Secretary of State, and Mr. Cleveland was President. That view of the counsel of

Hayti was accepted by the Secretary of State and by the President, and the government of Hayti was relieved from the payment of the claim. I ought to add that Mr. Justice Strong concurred with the counsel for Hayti, and made a representation to the Department of State urging the remission of the penalty in the judgment he had rendered.

The decision of Mr. Justice Strong raises a question of a very serious character,—that is to say, whether an

international tribunal can take notice of proceedings in the judicial tribunals of a foreign state, further than to ascertain whether the proceedings were according to "due process of law" in the state where the proceedings were had. Justice Strong went so far as to hold that the courts of Hayti had erred upon the question of their own jurisdiction. Such a ruling, if applied to cases of public importance, might lead to very serious results.

THE HORNET'S STING AND WING.

By P. S. P. Conner.

THE *Hornet*, one of our sea-rocked cradles of heroes, was built in the goodly city of Baltimore, in the year 1805. No doubt, as she took the water from her ways, the beaming eyes and smiles of many a fair daughter of "Fair Maryland" bespake her fortune and success; and well those ardent wishes were fulfilled. She measured four hundred and forty tons, was brigg rigged, rating eighteen guns, cost \$52,603, and carried a crew of one hundred and forty men. Such she was originally; but in 1811 her rig was finally changed to that of a ship, with a battery of twenty guns. Her first service was in a cruise along our coast in 1805-6, under Isaac Chauncey, who had already served well against the Turk in the Mediterranean, and afterwards did likewise against the English on Lake Ontario. From the last date on to 1808 she was in the Mediterranean under J. H. Dent, who had also served at Tripoli and Tunis. In 1809, under the same commander, she carried William Skipwith to France and General Wilkinson to

New Orleans. Returning to Charleston, Dent was relieved by Thomas Hunt, and he in 1811 by James Lawrence, who took her to England and France, bearing dispatches to our ministers there. Returning, the *Hornet* reached New York in May, 1812. On June 18 war was declared by the United States against Great Britain; and on June 21 Lawrence put to sea in the *Hornet* as one of Commodore Rodgers's squadron, participating in the chase of H. B. M. frigate *Belvidera*, thirty-six guns, Captain Byron. On the ninth of July the *Hornet* took the letter-of-marque *Dolphin*; "a fine, fast-sailing brig," says Conner in his journal, "from Guernsey, bound to Newfoundland." She was put in charge of Midshipman David Conner of the *Hornet*, and ordered to the United States; but in a fog near the Banks she ran into the clutches of the enemy's sloop-of-war *Hazard*, Captain Coaksby, who, thus recovering her, turned over her prize-crew and officers to Admiral Sir John T. Duckworth, at St. John's, Newfoundland,

where they remained prisoners of war for some weeks. The *Hornet*, after further cruising, put in at Boston. From that port she sailed on the twenty-sixth of October, going towards the tropics. On the thirteenth of December she found, at San Salvador (*i. e.*, Bahia, Brazil), the enemy's sloop-of-war *Bonne Citoyenne*, eighteen guns, Captain Green. Lawrence at once challenged her to leave port and fight. This Captain Green judged it his duty to decline, since he had in charge a large amount of specie, reported at \$1,600,000, probably an exaggeration (*Evans's Journal*, p. 473, vol. 19, *Pa. Mag.*), and would not risk it in battle. But Lawrence, determined to fight, remained for weeks in front of the harbor, blockading the *Citoyenne*, and also a twelve-gun schooner, until by the sudden appearance of a British line of battle ship he was forced to flee for safety, even into the very same neutral port where lay his intended victim. But, night quickly falling, out slipped the *Hornet*, unseen, and away. Thus first she gave her wing; and now for her sting!

Running up the coast, she took, on January 6, 1813, the schooner *Ellen*, loaded with dry goods. This prize was sold at New Castle (Delaware?) for \$32,675. On the fourth of February, off Pernambuco, she seized the brig *Resolution*, ten guns, carrying coffee, fustic, etc., from Rio to Maranham, and a nice little purse containing \$23,000 in specie. This the *Hornet* put into her own pocket, and then burnt the brig. After this gift of Fortune, the goddess seemed to have forgotten the *Hornet*, leaving her to buzz about in solitude for three weeks, but on the twenty-fourth of the month, while off the mouth of the Demarara River,—and just as her crew were, I fancy, denouncing the goddess as a "sorry jade,"—up shot three strange sails to view. Now there was an embarrassment of riches, and for a moment the chance of losing all by trying for too much.

But the chance, if indeed it existed, was soon laid; for with the cross of St. George flying from her peak, down came the second stranger, straight for the *Hornet*, who turned eagerly to meet the foe. Swift was the conflict; for in eleven minutes the gay *Peacock* lay a shattered wreck upon the sea. The prize was taken possession of by the first lieutenant of the *Hornet*, John Templer Shubrick, who upon his return reported her fast sinking. Immediately the third lieutenant, David Conner, and midshipman B. Cooper were sent with boats to rescue the remainder of the crew. I follow the narrative of the former officer, as given in his journal:

"I was despatched by Captain Lawrence to the brig with directions to remove the prisoners, which I succeeded in performing with great difficulty before the brig sunk. At the time I got on board of her it was nearly dark and blowing fresh. The *Hornet* was then a considerable distance leeward. To hasten the removal of the wounded, I put the brig before the wind with the intention of coming close to the *Hornet*, as I perceived she had anchored. As I approached her it was discovered the cable would not run out of the tier sufficiently to bring the brig up, and there was no means of easing it, as the water, by the numerous shot holes, had now filled the hold, and cable tiers. At length, after the brig had drifted nearly two miles, and as it was dark, entirely out of sight of the *Hornet*, the cable was reeved sufficiently to bring her up. After great exertion, by pumping and bailing to keep her afloat, with but one boat I succeeded in removing all the prisoners."

Just as the boat was about pulling off, young Conner (he was about twenty-one) was urged to enter it, as the brig would certainly sink ere it could return. This he well knew; but, while the outburst of his comrades' solicitude for him cheered his

heart, it caused no wavering of purpose or shrinking from his determination to do his whole duty to stand by his charge to the very end; and so he waved the boat off. It disappeared into the night, leaving him and the remnant of his command alone in the darkness, sinking into the sea. But they were brave hearts, had faced death before, and even then hoped to face it again. Although so young a man, their commander had had many narrow escapes. Once as a boy he had killed a rattlesnake almost under his very feet; then by agility in swimming he had saved himself from a capsized boat; again, swept from the deck of his ship by an in-rolling sea, he had clung half drowned to the taffrail; then, set upon by mutineers, he had saved his life and the ship by felling the ring-leader with a marline-pin snatched up at the instant; and again, while the seas rolled over his stranded ship, he had saved himself by means of a life-line luckily got ashore. A man with such experiences, although willing to die rather than fail in duty, has a heart to live, and his heart tells him that the gods will ever help those most who help themselves. Knowing that now the crisis had come, that moments were to show whether life or death was to be for him and his companions, he at once set about doing his part, let come what might so far as the gods were concerned.

Stowed on the booms lay a shattered and shot-pierced boat, without oars. By great exertions it was got out; but would it float? It was their only chance for life; and all got into it, save some men caught below deck, as the *Peacock* gave a last lurch and sank out of darkness into the darker sea. Up from the black depths came a cry, and Lieutenant Conner, reaching from the boat, pulled into it the young midshipman, Cooper. On groped the boat through the darkness, paddled by bits of boards and sticks, searching for the far-off *Hornet*. At length she was

found, a scene of busy activity; for, although crowded with prisoners, her crew were making ready for another fight, since they did not doubt that the *Peacock's* mate, seen just before the action, would soon be upon them. But the Englishman did not come, although he saw his enemy and heard her battle with his comrade. He did not come to the rescue because, as he afterwards declared, he did not know how to serve great guns. Had he only tried, he would have received from the *Hornet* instruction unsurpassed. Although the *Hornet* was somewhat superior in force to the *Peacock*, it was not this difference which gave victory to the former; it was because her officers and crew excelled the Englishmen in seamanship and gunnery.

No enemy approaching, and Lawrence finding his ship overcrowded with men, short of food and water, started for home, prisoners wounded and sound, water-casks dry, but money-bags full of gold. Thus burdened, the *Hornet* reached New York on the twenty-fifth of March. Then followed rejoicings, feastings, medals and promotions for the victors. Their portraits were painted by Jarvis; that of Lieutenant Conner hangs above me,—a model not only of the past, but also a model for future naval officers who would be as they should be, clean-shaven *sailors*, not mustached *soldiers*, in appearance, thus losing the distinctive characteristic of their service in an assumed and out-of-place militarism.

But to return to the *Hornet*. Lawrence having been promoted, the sloop was put in charge of Commandant James Biddle, and left New York for a cruise in the following June; but this was cut short by the British blockading squadron driving her into New London, where she lay above the fort, with other men-of-war, for fifteen weary months, broken by occasional acts of defiance,—such, for instance, as running out close to the blockading fleet. On one of these

occasions the *Hornet's* wing not proving as swift as usual, she came near being captured. But, nothing daunted, Biddle, determined to escape into the free ocean, sent—with the concurrence of his officers—a challenge to the *Loup Cervier*; but the duel was prevented by the British admiral ordering the *Cervier* away to other service. Thus balked of one chance of freedom, Biddle fixed upon another, an attempt to run through the whole blockading squadron. Getting permission from his commodore (Decatur), he succeeded in the attempt on the eighteenth of November, 1814, at the dead of night, and reached New York, recovering from the enemy the ship *William* while on the way. From that port the *Hornet*, still under Biddle, with David Conner now his first lieutenant, started on a cruise, in company with the new U. S. sloop-of-war *Peacock* (Captain Warrington), so named after the *Hornet's* prize, and the *Tom Bowline*, store-ship, "passing out by Sandy Hook," says Lieutenant Conner, "on the twenty-fourth of January, 1815." On the twenty-sixth the *Hornet* parted company in chase of a strange sail, which hove to upon being fired on, but proved a mere neutral.

The island of Tristan d'Acunha, a mountain peak rising out of the Atlantic Ocean midway between South America and Africa, having been previously fixed on as a rendezvous, thitherward went the *Hornet*, through fine weather and bad, saving a man who had fallen overboard, but losing a boat in the effort. Then she overhauled several neutral vessels, and from one or two of these she heard reports of peace. About the middle of March both the *Hornet* and the *Bowline* made the island rendezvous, but were driven off by bad weather; on the twenty-third, however, the *Hornet* came in and was about to anchor when a strange sail was seen to the windward. Captain Biddle took a stretch up towards it, then hove to and awaited her onset. Down she

came in fine style, showing herself to be a brig and a fair match in size and guns to the *Hornet*. Then followed the action, and again the *Hornet* gave the enemy her deadly sting. Here I will not follow the account as given by most histories, but give the story in the less known but vivid words of the participant, Midshipman Skiddy:

"March 15th, 1815. We arrived off the island of Tristan d'Aurca [Tristan d'Acunha], in latitude 37 degrees south and 11 degrees longitude west. Our first lieutenant, David Conner, had just landed when the signal was made for him to return, in consequence of a strange sail heaving in sight and standing down before the wind for us. We hove to and took our dinner (it was duff-day) while she was running down. The duff was hardly swallowed when the drum beat to quarters. In a few minutes all was ready for action, every eye watching the stranger. He soon luffed to on our weather-quarter (starboard) about pistol shot off, hoisted the British flag, and gave us a gun. This we did not notice—waiting for him to shoot ahead more. He then gave us the first broadside. The moment his guns flashed, ours were in operation; and, strange to say, in five minutes I perceived the blood running from his scuppers, when they almost stopped firing. Our little captain ordered us to cease firing; when the enemy, thinking we were disabled, renewed his fire,—and of course we soon convinced him of his mistake. He then, as a last alternative, ran his bowsprit between our main and mizzen mast, with the intention of carrying us by boarding. I was standing with the first lieutenant, in the third division, on the quarter deck (three after guns on each side) and was soon in command of this division—the first lieutenant, Mr. Conner, having been severely wounded at the commencement of the action. This brave officer was standing near my right arm. I was then assisting the working the second gun from aft, and after taking aim he inquired of me how the enemy looked, and I just answered that from appearances his time had nearly expired, when a shot struck him (Mr. Conner) in the groin. I watched the effect of the wound, and soon observed him whiten from loss of blood. I attempted to assist him out of the way of the guns and, stopping abreast of the mizzen mast, asked him if I should send him below. Putting his hand over the wound, he said, 'No, I'll see it out.' He then sank

down on the deck beside the mast. The captain observing this despatched his aid, Midshipman Samuel Phelps, to help him below, and I continued in charge of the third division.

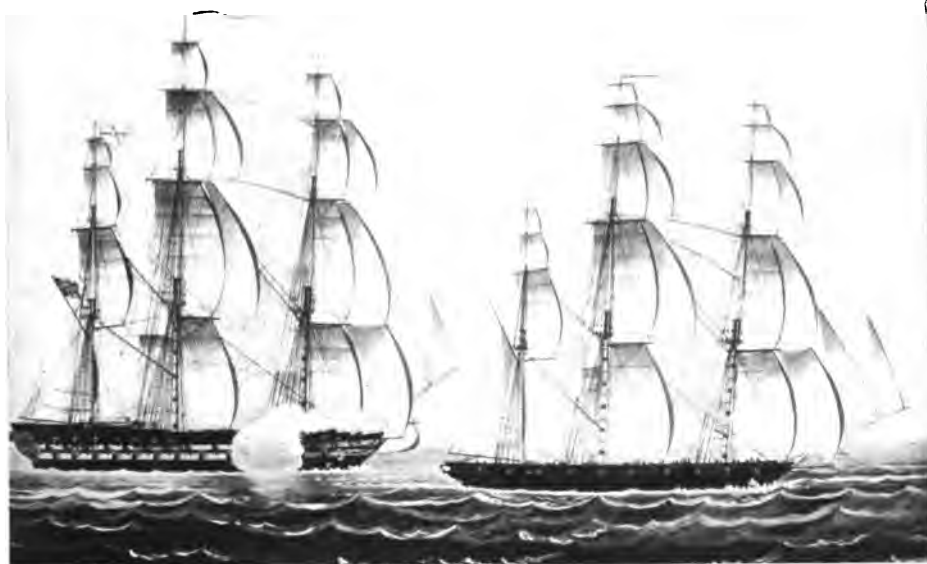
"The jib-halyards being shot away, the fore tack was hauled down to veer the ship. The enemy was now foul of us, and all hands were called to repel boarders; we immediately mounted the hammock cloths and the enemy's booms; the shout of 'Board' and cheers from our boys soon thinned off the crowd on their forecastle deck, and it required all the exertions of our captain and officers to prevent our men from boarding; had they done so the enemy would have suffered much; many of them were now dodging below and some left their first lieutenant (MacDonald) standing alone on the forecastle. Many muskets were levelled at him, but were prevented, by our officers, from firing on so brave a man. He then enquired of our leader, Second Lieutenant Newton, the name of the ship, and was answered, the United States sloop *Hornet*; he then waved his sword and walked aft. Our ship in shooting ahead carried away his bowsprit, tore away all our mizzen rigging, and the enemy swung across our stem. Our captain was standing aft on the arm chest speaking to them, when their foremast fell along the lee waist. The marines in the foretop clung with their muskets to the rigging as the mast fell on deck, and then jumped forward, fired and wounded our captain. They made an attempt also at this time to rake us with their bow-guns, then pointed on our stern; I was standing in the larboard stern port in front of their two bow-guns, only about twelve feet from us. The greater part of our crew then being aft to prevent their boarding, I certainly expected to see many of our party fall at that fire. Had these guns been well directed, many of us must have been killed; but fortunately at that very moment the sea lifted our ship's stern and the shot went under the counter into the sea. Our ship now came round on the other tack (larboard), and I played my division into them, raking them fore and aft. They again cried quarters, and our wounded captain came and ordered me to cease firing. Our antagonist proved to be H. B. M. sloop-of-war *Penguin*, Captain Dickinson (one of Lord Nelson's favorites), who was killed during the action by a ball through the heart. This was a new vessel, mounting sixteen thirty-two pound carronades, two long nines, and one twelve-pounder on the forecastle. They reported fifteen men killed and twenty-eight wounded; but they had a number of men from the *Medway* seventy-four, and were sent expressly from the Cape of Good Hope to cruise for the *Young Wasp*

privateer, of twenty-two long guns. We made out, by the rolls on board of her, twenty-five killed. Several of the wounded died. The *Hornet* was of the same length, one foot less beam, guns of the same calibre, one more in number than the *Penguin*. The *Hornet* had, before the action, 130 men; the *Penguin* had 158 men, including volunteers from the *Medway*—28 difference. The *Hornet* had one man killed and eleven wounded, and this all in the after third division. The poor fellow that was killed was a six-foot marine, named Town, from Vermont; he was firing over my head, and I suddenly perceived his brains on my shoes—and, on turning, I observed the top of his skull had been taken off by a ball. As he was now much in the way, I shoved him through one of the ports overboard. After the fight came the most painful and heart-sickening sight of poor fellows, who only a few minutes since were well and joyful, now all mangled by balls and splinters. Groans were heard from all quarters. We were now employed getting the prisoners on board, unbending and bending sails, repairing rigging, and replacing as soon as possible all damages. This called us from the dying groans of the wounded. The surgeons were all employed amputating limbs and dressing wounds. The prize was taken in tow, and night veiled the dismal scene. The next morning the *Penguin* was scuttled and sunk; Captain Dickinson was buried with the honors of war, his own officers and marines being allowed to perform the ceremony.

"This action lasted twenty-two minutes. Captain Biddle consented to go below to dress and examine his wound, after the action, on the surgeon assuring him that all the men had been first attended to. It was then that we ascertained that the ball had passed through his neck and cut through his coat collar."

This engagement between the *Hornet* and *Penguin* is considered by naval authorities most creditable to our arms, the vessels being fairly matched, the *Penguin* being moreover a picked ship, sent out to capture the *Young Wasp*, whose force exceeded that of the *Hornet*; hence the conquered was considered stronger than her conqueror.

So much for the "sting" of the *Hornet*, now again for her "wing." We have noted already that "wing" had saved her from a British "74." Now the same thing was to happen



BRITISH 74-GUN SHIP IN CHASE OF THE "HORNET."



CAPTURE OF THE "PENGUIN" BY THE "HORNET."

The originals from which the photographs here reproduced were copied are works contemporary with the events represented. They belonged to my father, the late Commodore David Conner, U. S. N., who as a lieutenant of the *Hornet* shared with his brother officers in the scenes here depicted. The original paintings, handed on to me, are cherished as of the greatest value, since they are not fanci-

ful idealizations, but representations contemporary with the facts. Various quotations are indicated as from Commodore (then Lieutenant) Conner's journal. The passage from Mr. Skiddy's journal will be found in the *New York Herald* of April 30 1855. Evans's journal, referred to, is that of the surgeon of the *Hornet*, printed in "The Pennsylvania Magazine."

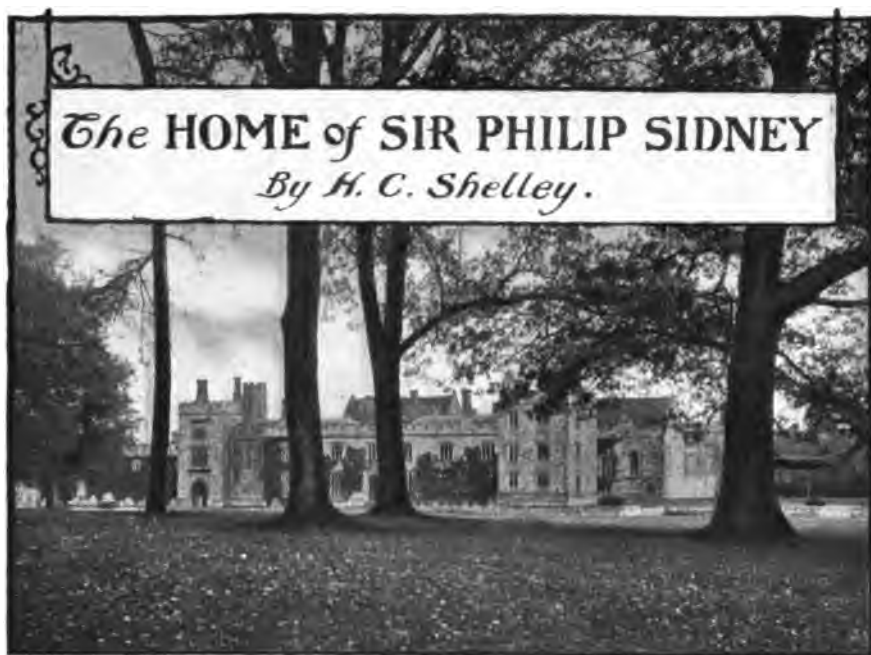
again; but this time it was all "wing"—no clouding darkness assisting. The *Peacock* and *Tom Bowline* having come in soon after the action, the latter was made a cartel and sent into Rio de Janeiro, while the two sloops in due time resumed their cruise, making for the Indian seas. On the twenty-seventh of April, being southeasterly off the point of Africa, they sighted a strange sail, a great ship, evidently an East India-man. Now for a grand prize! Away they dashed in hot pursuit, the *Peacock* leading. Presently the gay bird faltered, then, turning on her heel, threw out the signal: "A British seventy-four!" Away went the *Peacock* and away went the *Hornet*, followed by the enemy, he giving her the honor of his whole attention. And now followed that remarkable flight and escape, which flight, lasting over three days (Lieutenant Conner says forty-nine hours, in his journal), was achieved solely by the *Hornet's* "wing," as forced by her commander's skill and tenacity of purpose. Her pursuer, the *Cornwallis*, however, getting her under fire and coming so close that everything had to be sacrificed in the interest of lightness and speed, overboard went her boats and guns, but one of the latter being retained; but she escaped.

To Biddle this escape brought additional repute as a skilful sailor; but what must he not have suffered in mental strain and physical pain, wounded as he was! Think, too, of the other brave men, officers and

sailors, who lay in their hammocks, enforced prisoners to the awful suspense of the chase, as well as suffering from cruel wounds. One at least (Lieutenant Conner) has told how he thus suffered. Lying desperately wounded and unable to move, while shot and shell flew over the ship, his one thought then was for her and the honor of his flag, on which his eyes were ever fixed, and whose continual stay aloft cheered his almost dying heart. And there the flag stayed, to him and his comrades the inspiring spark of patriotism that kept their hearts aglow and gave them life and hope.

So ended the war life of the *Hornet*; never again did she give her sting of death, for peace reigned now and for long over the seas. But the sloop was not laid up in idleness; still she kept the seas. From 1818 to 1821 she cruised in the West Indies and Mediterranean, under George Campbell Read, who had fought in the last mentioned war, and subsequently circumnavigated the world. Again she was in the West Indies in 1822, under R. Henley; in 1823, under S. Smith; in 1824, under E. P. Kennedy; in 1825 and 1826, under S. Woodhouse; from 1826 to 1828, under A. Claxton; sailing on her last cruise February 5, 1829, never to return, being overwhelmed by a "norther" in the Gulf of Mexico, on or about September 10,—her commander, Otho Norris, and all perishing. And thus this cradle of heroes rests in "the cradle of the deep."





Illustrated from photographs by the author.

SIR PHILIP SIDNEY is the enigma of the Elizabethan age. His span of life was but a brief thirty-two years, and as the first twenty years of any man's career are but a preparation for the activities of after life, Sidney had only twelve years in which to impress himself on English history and win his renown. But they sufficed. After the lapse of more than three centuries his fame shines as brightly in the annals of England as that of Spenser, of Raleigh, of Drake, of Shakespeare and of other Elizabethan immortals, against whose names there are recorded achievements far surpassing anything that Sidney ever accomplished.

As great deeds went in England in the closing half of the sixteenth century, Sidney did nothing great. He made the grand tour, as a recognized necessary part of a liberal education in those days; he was sent to Vienna on a small embassy of condolence; he was appointed cupbearer to

Queen Elizabeth; he addressed a surprisingly bold epistle to his sovereign in opposition to her contemplated marriage with the Duke of Anjou; and, finally, as Earl Leicester's companion in the expedition to the Low Countries, he was named Governor of Flushing. This record, even with his literary work thrown in, offers no explanation of the persistence of Sidney's fame. He lives really by the heroism of his death. That heroism was the natural flower of his rare character; and that character was moulded into its fine quality by a wise father and a tender mother, in Sidney's happy boyhood days at Penshurst.

When Musidorus, escaped from shipwreck, accompanied his two shepherd friends to the house of Kalender in Arcadia, he found himself in the presence of a building made "of fair and strong stone, not affecting so much any extraordinary kind of fineness as an honorable presenting of a firm stateliness. The



SIR PHILIP SIDNEY.

lights, doors and stairs rather directed to the use of the guest than to the eye of the artificer, and yet as the one chiefly heeded so the other not neglected; each place handsome without curiosity, and homely without loathsomeness; not so dainty as not to be trod on, nor yet slubbered up with good fellowship; all more lasting than beautiful, but that the consideration of the exceeding lastingness made the eye believe it was exceeding beautiful. . . . The back side of the house was neither field, garden, nor orchard, or rather it was both field, garden, and orchard; for as soon as the descending of the stairs had delivered them [*i. e.*, Musidorus and Kalender], down they came into a place cunningly set with trees of the most taste-pleasing fruits; but scarcely had they taken that into their consideration but that they

were suddenly stepped into a delicate green. Of each side of the green a thicket, and behind the thickets again new beds of flowers, which being under the trees the trees were to them a pavilion, and they were to the trees a mosaical floor, so that it seemed that art therein would needs be delighted by counterfeiting his enemy error and making order in confusion. In the midst of all the place was a fair pond, whose shaking crystal was a perfect mirror to all the other beauties, so that it bare show of two gardens, one indeed, the other in shadows."

So wrote Sidney in the "Arcadia," and the model he had in mind was undoubtedly that stately Penshurst home in which he had his birth.

In all that fair county of Kent there is probably no more picturesque village than Penshurst. Its beauty is that of the past. Modernity has no footing here. Elizabethan types are renewed in a Victorian age. As the daisy of to-day fashions itself by unerring heredity into the likeness of the daisy of five centuries ago, so the Penshurst cottage homes of the nineteenth century perpetuate the semblance of those village homes which clustered about the mansion of the Sidneys in the sixteenth century. Example and authority account for this persistence of type. The example is there in the quaint half-timbered dwellings of the fifteenth century which overhang the pathway that gives entrance to the quiet churchyard; the authority, in the wise determination of the lord of the manor, that any old building which has become unfit for habitation shall



IN PENSURST VILLAGE.

be replaced by one bearing exact likeness to that it has displaced. Thus the newest houses look as ancient as the oldest.

Penshurst Place is not exempt from this rule which enforces continuity with the past. Although various additions have been made to the mansion, the harmony of its outward semblance is undisturbed. Between the old banquetting hall of the fourteenth century and the new wing of the nineteenth century there is no discord; loyalty to the past has shaped every new stone and fitted it so deftly into its place that even the old builders themselves would be de-

ceived, could they revisit the work of their hands.

Although Penshurst has been the residence of a noble family almost from the time of the Norman conquest, it was not until the middle of the sixteenth century that it became the home of the Sidneys. It was to Sir William Sidney, a great favorite and faithful servant of Henry VIII, that Edward VI, in the year of his death, granted the manor of Penshurst. But Sir William had brief enjoyment of the gift, dying as he did in the year in which he received it. His son, Sir Henry Sidney, the father of Philip, succeeded; and he, in 1585,

erected the tower which now forms the central feature of the north front. Over the gateway in this tower is still to be seen a stone tablet bearing an inscription which reads thus:

"The most religious & renowned Prince Edward the Sixth, Kinge of England, France & Ireland, gave this house of Pencerster with the mannors, landes & appurtenances

Prince's arms to be erected anno domini 1585."

Other additions to Penshurst owe their existence to Sir Henry Sidney; but it is his greatest glory that here he moulded the character of his illustrious son, Philip. The room in which he was born, November 29, 1554, is still pointed out; and scattered through the house are portraits

and relics which serve the imagination liberally in its pleasant task of picturing the image of this noble youth.



THE BALLROOM.

thereunto belonginge, unto his trustye & well-beloved servant, Syr William Sidney, Knight, Bannaret, serv-

inge him from the tyme of his birth unto his coronation, in the offices of chamberlayne & stuarde of his household, in commemoration of which most worthie & famous Kinge, Sir Henrie Sidney, Knight of the most noble order of the garter, Lord President of the Council established in the marches of Wales, sonne & heyre of the afore named Syr William Sidney, caused this tower to be buylded & that most excellent



THE PICTURE GALLERY.

Among the family manuscripts is one document which goes far towards explaining how he became what we know him to have been. This is the first letter ever written by Sir Henry to his son, then at school at Shrewsbury; and as the lapse of three centuries has not rendered its advice obsolete, nor its spirit less worthy of imitation, it may be quoted almost in full. After acknowledging the receipt of two letters from



QUEEN ELIZABETH'S ROOM.

his son, one in Latin and the other in French, Sir Henry proceeds:

"Since this is my first letter that ever I did write to you, I will not that it be all empty of some advices, which my natural care for you provoketh me to wish you to follow, as documents to you in this your tender age. Let your first action be the lifting up of your mind to Almighty God by hearty prayer; and feelingly digest the words you speak in prayer, with continual meditation and thinking of Him to whom you pray and of the matter for which you pray. And use this as an ordinary act, and at an ordinary hour, whereby the time itself shall put you in remembrance to do that which you are accustomed to do in that time. Apply your study to such hours as your discreet master doth assign you, earnestly; and the time I know he will so limit as shall be both sufficient for your learning and safe for your health. And mark the sense and the matter of that you read, as well as the words. So shall

you both enrich your tongue with words and your wit with matter; and judgment will grow as years growth in you. Be humble and obedient to your master, for unless you frame yourself to obey others, yea, and feel in yourself what obedience is, you shall never be able to teach others how to obey you. Be courteous of gesture and affable to all men, with diversity of reverence according to the dignity of the person: there is nothing that winneth so much with so little cost. Use moderate diet, so as after your meal you may find your wit fresher and not duller, and your body more lively and not more heavy. Seldom drink wine, and yet sometimes do, lest being enforced to drink upon the sudden you should find yourself inflamed. Use exercise of body, yet such as is without peril of your joints and bones; it will increase your force and enlarge your breath. Delight to be cleanly, as well in all parts of your body as in your garments: it shall make you grateful in

each company, and otherwise loathsome. Give yourself to be merry, for you degenerate from your father if you find not yourself most able in wit and body and to do anything when you be most merry; but let your mirth be ever void of all scurrility and biting words to any man, for a wound given by a word is oftentimes harder to be cured than that which is given with the sword. . . .

Think upon every word that you will speak before you utter it, and remember how nature hath ramparted up, as it were, the tongue with teeth, lips, yea, and hair without the lips, and all betokening reins or bridles for the loose use of that member. Above all things, tell no untruth; no, not in trifles: the custom of it is naughty. . . . Remember, my son, the noble blood you are descended of, by your mother's side; and think that only by virtuous life and good action you may be an ornament to that illustrious family, and otherwise, through vice and sloth you shall be counted *labes generis*, one of the greatest curses that can happen to man."

To this notable letter, Philip's mother, Lady Mary Sidney, added a postscript, which is as remarkable for its loving reverence for her husband as for its affectionate solicitude for her son. Letter and postscript, reflecting as in a mirror the characters

of Sir Henry and Lady Sidney, explain the high abstracted life of their son and give us the clew to the heroism of his death. It is easy to imagine the days of his boyhood at Penshurst. Ever before him was the image of parents who never faltered in their love for each other and were never divided in the authority with which they shaped the lives of their children. Yet that authority was far

removed from austerity. Firm it doubtless was, but loving, and seasoned with innocent mirth. Nothing of good repute was lacking in the childhood environment of Philip Sidney; from his earliest days he breathed the atmosphere of a home where all that tended to make life joyous and strong had free entrance.

Whether roaming about the park or through the spacious rooms of this Old World mansion, the visitor is ever confronted with memorials of an age and of men long passed away. When Philip Sidney was born, an

oak was planted in the park to celebrate the coming of Sir Henry's heir; and Ben Jonson, in his day, could describe it as

"That taller tree which of a truth was set
At his great birth, when all the muses
met."

That birthday tree is gone,—it was cut down in 1768; but there still ex-



"SACCHARISSA'S WALK."

ists the "Sidney Oak," a veteran of many centuries, in whose shadow Philip often sat while framing his own verse or discussing with Spenser the stanzas of the "Shepherd's Calender" or the scheme of the "Faery Queen." For when Spenser returned to London, after his sojourn in the North of England on the completion of his college days at Cambridge, and was casting about for an occupation in life, he was the guest of Sidney at Penshurst, and there saw in tangible human flesh the high-souled man who became for him the ideal of a perfect knight and gentleman. It was at Penshurst, there is every reason for believing, that Spenser prepared his "Shepherd's Calender" for the press; and his companionship with Sidney there accounts for his issuing that work under the shelter of a dedication to his "noble and virtuous" host. It accounts, too, for Sidney balking so largely in the little poem with which he prefaced the book.

"Goe, little booke! thy selfe present,
As child whose parent is unkent,
To him that is the president
Of Noblesse & of chevalree:

And if that Envie barke at thee,
As sure it will, for succoure flee
Under the shadow of his wing;
And asked who thee forth did bring,
A shepheard's swaine, saye, did thee sing
All as his straying flocke he fedde:
And, when his honor has thee redde,
Crave pardon for my hardyhedde."

Among the rich and rare collection of armor adorning the corridors and rooms of the mansion is Sidney's helmet, bearing his familiar porcupine crest; and elsewhere is to be seen a fragment of his shaving glass, enclosed in a rude frame. Then there are numerous portraits of the hero, in one of which he has for companion his brother Robert, the first Earl of Leicester. Not less interesting are the portraits of his mother, Lady Mary Sidney, and that sister Mary, Countess of Pembroke, for whose amusement, in the time of her travail with her firstborn, he wrote his "Arcadia."

Each stately apartment of Penshurst is replete with historical relics. In the ballroom which is the first to be visited, there is a bushel measure made from gun metal captured in the fight with the Spanish Armada; and



THE SIDNEY OAK.



SACCHARISSA'S WINDOW.

overhead there hang three priceless chandeliers, the gift of Queen Elizabeth to Sir Henry Sidney. It is comforting to know that her majesty *did* give Sir Henry something, for it is certain that his services on her behalf, as Lord President of Wales and Lord Deputy in Ireland, made him immensely poorer in worldly goods, if they enriched him with honor. But it is probable that those chandeliers were much more than paid for by the hospitality Elizabeth received on her visit to Penshurst. The apartment next to the ballroom is still known as "Queen Elizabeth's Room;" and here may yet be seen the suite of furniture made specially in honor of her visit and for her use. That is her armchair in the centre of the picture given with this, and by the aid of a portrait on the wall it is easy to recall the figure of the Virgin Queen and seat her once more in its capacious depths. Close by stands the card table for which Elizabeth worked the embroidered top; and in front of that is the black velvet stool upon which Queen Victoria knelt at

her coronation in Westminster Abbey. Other royal relics may be sought in the tiny pages' closet, which opens off the Tapestry Room. This small chamber has now become the storehouse for the family china; and here are preserved Queen Elizabeth's dessert service and Queen Anne's breakfast set. The dessert service has for its ground color a lovely shade of green such as is never seen in modern china, and the breakfast set of Anne is of exquisite blue and white porcelain.

In the picture gallery, a noble apartment ninety feet in length, are sufficient objects of *virtu* to make the fame of two or three museums. Side by side may be seen a quaint old clock with a horizontal brass face and a curious old lamp which was intended to measure time rather than shed light. At the opposite ends of the widened recess are two costly cabinets, and near one of these is a richly decorated spinet, which was made in Rome in 1680 for Christiana, Queen of Sweden. In this room, too, are a pair of riding boots which belonged to Algernon Sidney, that premature republican who lost his head on the testimony of a book he had written but had not published.

Penshurst has gathered other interesting associations than those immediately concerned with Sir Philip Sidney. Ben Jonson was a frequent visitor here, and his visits have left their impress on his verse. In "The Forest," for example, there occurs a lengthy description of Penshurst, in the midst of which we happen upon a pleasing picture of the kindly relationships which existed between its noble owners and the retainers of the estate.

"And though thy walls be of the country
stone,
They're reared with no man's ruin, no
man's groan;

There's none that dwell about them wish
 them down,
 But all come in, the farmer and the
 clown,
 And no one empty-handed to salute
 Thy lord and lady, though they have no
 suit.
 Some bring a capon, some a rural cake,
 Some nuts, some apples; some that think
 they make
 The better cheeses, bring them; or else
 send
 By their ripe daughters, whom they
 would commend
 This way to husbands, and whose baskets
 bear
 An emblem of themselves in plum or
 pear."

Nor should Algernon Sidney be forgotten. Next to Sir Philip he is the best known member of his famous house. Even in his youth he was credited with "a huge deal of wit and much sweetness of nature." Among the stanchest of his friends was William Penn, the founder of Pennsylvania, and it was at Penshurst that the two drew up between them the fundamental articles of the Pennsylvanian constitution. He had bitter experience of the gratitude of kings. Two of Charles I's children found a haven at Penshurst when the fortunes of the royal house were wrecked by the Commonwealth; and a third, Charles II, rewarded the brutal Judge Jeffreys with a costly ring for his services at the mock trial which sent Algernon to the scaffold.

One other memory links itself with Penshurst and this time it is a woman's fair form that fills the imagination. Algernon Sidney had a sister named Dorothy, and it was her fate to awaken a passionate love in the heart of Edmund Waller. He wooed her with all a poet's intensity, and bent his muse to the service of his desire. Penshurst and his poems

perpetuate his passion to this day. In the affected language of the seventeenth century he christened his ideal with the name of Saccharissa, and Lady Dorothy Sidney has lost her title in her lover's endearing epithet. Over the gateway of the inner courtyard is the window of "Saccharissa's sitting-room," and the stately avenue of lofty beeches by which the mansion is approached from the east is known as "Saccharissa's Walk." It is to that avenue that Waller alludes in the following lines:

"Ye lofty beeches, tell this matchless dame
 That if together ye fed all one flame,
 It could not equalize the hundredth part
 Of what her eyes have kindled in my
 heart!
 Go, boy, and carve this passion on the
 bark
 Of yonder tree, which stands the sacred
 mark
 Of noble Sidney's birth; when such
 benign,
 Such more than mortal-making stars did
 shine;
 That there they cannot but forever prove
 The monument and pledge of humble
 love:
 His humble love, whose hope shall ne'er
 rise higher
 Than for a pardon that he dares admire."

It was all in vain. Neither Waller's bold hyperbole nor his pretence of humility had any power over Saccharissa's heart. She looked for a higher social status than Waller could give, and eventually became the Countess of Sunderland. But Waller had his revenge. When Saccharissa had lost both her husband and her youth, she, on meeting the poet, thoughtlessly asked him when he would again write such verses upon her. "When," replied he, "you are as young, madam, and as handsome as you were then."

TUTOR FLYNT, NEW ENGLAND'S EARLIEST HUMORIST.

By *Daniel Munro Wilson.*

FACETIOUS was rare old Tutor Flynt; scholarly and shrewdly practical, too, but above all a wit, a humorist. So was he regarded by his contemporaries, and so has he been esteemed by every generation since. He is, in fact, the first among grave New England men with enough genial humor in him to become famous. Others of his day, and earlier, gleamed now and then, as sheet lightning through some sombre clouds, with a certain grim jocularity; and not a few, as Samuel Sewall, Captain Underhill and Cotton Mather, were at times unconsciously and irresistibly funny. But the Tutor, in the humane fibre of him, was by happy foreordination and deliberate personal intention a humorist. He had in him enough natural vivacity, not infrequently explosive, to temper or astound the austerity and solemnity of a century of the primal Puritanism of Massachusetts Bay Colony. Indeed, his repartees and *brusquerie* comprised about all of the salt cur-

rent in the small talk of his time. Was it not the fame of the Tutor, as much as anything else, which drew Harvard men with eager anticipation to Commencement and other college functions? Certainly it is hard to see in the endless preaching of those occasions, to say nothing of "three-mile prayers an' half-mile graces," sufficient to compete with Father Flynt's "latest." And to-day

among those conversant with New England traditions a smile is awakened whenever his name is mentioned, and a pleasant reminiscence or two speeds to the tip of the tongue, craving to utter itself.

Dr. Oliver Wendell Holmes had a deep appreciation of the Tutor and was frequently referred to as the deposi-

tary of all that is worth telling about him. Some who should know think he wrote a poem in honor of the cheerful old gentleman. If such be extant, the writer has failed to find it. Possibly it may be the one he wrote

"In wondrous merry mood,"



From the painting at Harvard College.

TUTOR FLYNT.



HOME OF TUTOR FLYNT AT QUINCY, MASS.

which, vanishing catastrophically into oblivion, induced the confession,

“And since, I never dare to write
As funny as I can.”

Dr. Holmes and the Tutor were distantly connected,—“cousins in the fourth remove,” as Bailie Nicol Jarvie said of his relationship to Rob Roy. How consonant with optimistic views of heredity it would be to think of our loved poet as in “the line of conveyance” from that old time wit to the Professor at the Breakfast Table! How agreeable it would be to trace in his genial humor, in his swift, searchlight exposure of lurking incongruities, the exuberant wit of his Puritan predecessor in lambent refinement! But we are not permitted to delight ourselves in so notable an example of the transmission and evolution of genius. Tutor Henry Flynt died a bachelor. What was directly and indubitably transmitted was of a less personal character. A silver teapot is the priceless heirloom which Dr. Holmes received from the hands of his distant connection. Per-

haps he fell heir to other articles of value; but this he regarded as of surpassing worth. He thus fondly refers to it when presented with a loving cup by Harvard students in his later days:

“This gift of priceless value to me and to those who come after me will meet another and similar one of ancient date which has come down to me as an heirloom in the fifth generation from its original owner. The silver teapot which serves the temperate needs of my noontide refec-tion has engraved upon it, for armorial bearings, three nodules, supposed to represent the mineral suggesting the name of the recipient, the three words, *Ex Dono Pupillorum*, and the date, 1738. This piece of silver was given by his Harvard College pupils to the famous tutor, Henry Flynt, whose term of service, fifty-five years, is the longest on the college record. Tutor Flynt was a bachelor, and this memorial gift passed after his death to his niece, Dorothy Quincy, who did me the high honor of becoming my great-grandmother. Through her daughter and her daughter’s daughter it came down to me, and has always been held by me as the most loved and venerated relic which time has bequeathed me. It will never lose its hold on my affections, for it is a part of my earliest associations and dearest remembrances.”



WILLOWS NEAR THE QUINCY MANSION.

It is to President John Adams, however, that we are chiefly indebted for the preservation of the most interesting foibles and witticisms of Henry Flynt. He, too, was taken with the surprising contrasts exhibited by this mellow phenomenon among the hard and grim "meeting-going animals" of the Puritan settlement. In a sense they were neighbors or fellow-townsmen. John Adams was twenty-five years old when the Tutor died, and as a boy he must have heard him preach his occasional sermon in the old Braintree meeting-house, and, as a young man, have seen him in his study in the old Quincy mansion. No one, indeed, was more talked about in the quiet country village, then nourishing "the mighty heart" of the masterful advocate of independence, than old Father Flynt. Many a dull hour between sermons of a Sunday, or of a week day at the tavern, or by the home hearthstone, was pleasantly whiled away by tales, more than twice told, of his quaint ways and words; and when his familiar figure was descried on horesback, or in the old calash, approaching along the country road on his journey from Cambridge, a ripple of interest ran through the town.

How was it, may be the natural inquiry, that Tutor Flynt came to have

a second home, or study, or retreat, so far away from the shades of Harvard? His sister Dorothy was the wife of Judge Edmund Quincy, then owner and occupant of the Quincy mansion in Braintree. Besides, the north precinct of old Braintree (now Quincy), was the seat of his ancestors, almost from its first settlement, and away back he was related to the Quincys. The Tutor's grandparents were Teacher Henry Flynt of the old Braintree (now Quincy) First Church and Margery, his wife. This Margery was sister to Joanna Hoar, who married Colonel Edmund Quincy, son of the Edmund who, first of the Quincy name, came to these shores. So it will be seen he was among his own kith and kin. His father, Josiah Flynt, born in Braintree, was settled as minister over the First Church in Dorchester, December 27, 1671, and took to wife Esther, daughter of Captain Thomas Willet, first mayor of the city of New York. Their first child was Henry, the subject of this sketch, who was born May 5, 1675. He graduated at Harvard in 1693, and in 1705 began his surpassing career as permanent tutor in the college.

Whatever attractions his birthplace, Dorchester, may have had for him, they were swept away by the current of memory and affections

which drew him to old Braintree. Dorothy was his only living sister, and their relations appear to have been tender and mutually helpful. It was probably not long after her marriage to Edmund Quincy, in 1701, that there was built for her brother a two-story lean-to on the north side of the mansion containing a study and a chamber. Here he long continued to have occasional residence, and found the only real home he ever knew in maturer years. The rooms overlook the brook, and into them

pid controversies of that dull age. The study is on the ground floor, and has its own separate entrance, so that he might go in and out without disturbing the other inmates of the mansion. With its open fireplace, its undisturbed quiet, its bookshelves within easy reach, it is a place to grow wise in. A steep flight of winding stairs leads to the chamber directly overhead. Indeed, it was just the retired and separate establishment to suit a whimsical and scholarly old bachelor.



TUTOR FLYNT'S STUDY.

steal the pleasant sounds of the falling waters,—a soothing melody to lull to sleep by night, a liquid monotone to deepen meditation by day. And the immemorial willows, “huge trees, a thousand rings of spring in every bole,” line the farther banks, sifting the golden sunlight into luminous green shade. Ah, it is a retreat for the repose of the spirit! And for this purpose was it used, says tradition, by the teacher and scholar, wearied with his unvarying tasks and rebelling against the baiting of the unlicked cubs of the college and the stu-

From these pleasant precincts he vanished more than a century and a half ago; but visible traces of him are still there on the floor of the little study. A slight depression from wall to wall was worn, it is said, by the ceaseless tread of his feet as he paced forward and back again in black, restless mood. As in many another humorist, a deep, irrepressible element of melancholy mingled with the lighter vein. “I fell into a hypochondrial disorder,” he wrote in his diary. Dark weather and much company and talk



TUTOR FLYNT'S CHAMBER.

often predisposed to this, as did more effectually threatened blindness. "God hath been pleased to deprive me of the sight of one of my eyes," he wrote in 1719; and later on he writes as if the disorder were confirmed and chronic. He is suspicious also that much smoking may induce his melancholy turns, and ground is not wanting for the suspicion. "I believe," he writes in 1714, "I have been of late hurt by much Smoaking Tobacco, two pipes in forenoon & 2 or 3 in afternoon & 4 or 5 at night. This were surely noxious to melancholy and erring bodily. Moderation in this and moderate exercise are necessary for me. I shall not be sufficiently moderate in smook unless I wholly omit it in forenoon." With such a habit, it is not to be wondered at that sister Quincy fell in with the idea of a separate establishment all to himself. The only wonder is that she permitted the cutting of doorways from both chamber and study, giving entrance to the main house. But she had deep sisterly affection for

her erratic brother, and abated nothing in her care of him. In his distressful times he drinks "a portion of a sotle Physick" of her compounding, and quaffs frequent libations of "good cider" from the presses of brother Edmund. His habiliments also have the benefit of her supervision. For a coat he "had 10 yds. of Camblet of Sister Quincy at 5 sh. per yard." It was no small contract to keep a confirmed bachelor and smoker up to the clerical standard, and so the daughter of "Bishop" Hancock of Lexington was invited to take a hand in fulfilling it whenever she could capture him at his college residence or in clerical meetings at her father's house. Perhaps a vague hope was entertained in the Quincy domicile and beneath the "Bishop's" roof that the helpless bachelor was fair game and might be led into perpetual captivity. Here is a sample of items scattered through his diary: "Paid Mr. Hancock's Daughter 1 sh. for new ristbanding three shirts;" "Paid Mr. Hancock's

daughter 2 sh. 6 d. for making three neckcl. & necks; 6 d. for the neckcloaths made out of old ones & 4 d. for the necks." It was about this time that the brother of Miss Hancock became the pastor of the Braintree church, and a frequent visitor, of course, at the Quincy mansion. Before taking leave of their domestic economies, it is but fair to state that the Tutor was not ungrateful for benefits received. From his abundant means, thriftily hoarded, he now and then loaned brother Edmund good sums of money; and we come upon such records as this: "1722 mem. I gave sister Quincey 10 sh. or 10 sh. 6 d. to buy Plates Tea dishes & Saucers. She bought only plates & Tea dishes, 7 sh. so that 3 sh. is now due to me. The saucers being returned I bought again." Was he determined she should have all the dishes she wanted, even if she felt she couldn't afford them?

When Henry Flynt began his career, he was counted one of the most promising scholars in the colony. He seems, however, to have held in slight regard the few black-coat prizes of his day, which, after all, could but feebly stir the ambition of a real man. In 1718 he was invited "to become Rector of the newly named Yale College." He preferred his tutorship, and according to all accounts he most faithfully performed its duties. His teaching abilities were of a high order, and his sound judgment was much depended upon in the administration of the affairs of the college; but he fairly wore out the patience of the authorities before he gave up, at the age of seventy-nine. Promptly upon his resignation, the governing board voted "that no person chosen henceforward into the office of tutor shall abide therein more than eight years."

Why was it that what President Quincy called "the inconvenient experiment of a tutor seventy-nine years of age" was tolerated so long? It was because the Tutor had himself

become an institution. For how many years had he been the marked man of the college, the embodiment of its use and wont, the one fixed element in the flow of generations, the genial source of original wit, the natural recipient of the exuberant greetings of returning alumni, not forgetful of his good—easy advocacy of their delinquencies as "wild colts that might make good horses!" Who else among the tutors and professors was honored as he, not only with gift of silver teapot, but with other argent utensil borne in hilarious procession by the undergraduates on a memorable Commencement day! Yet withal he was full of learning, diligent in business, and a moving preacher, "with a most becoming seriousness and gravity peculiar to him."

In a story which he tells of himself, he reveals what manner of man he was and the secret of his hold upon his pupils. At the same time a glimpse is afforded of the way instruction was imparted in his day. "One morning my class were reciting, and stood quite around me, and one or two rather at my back, where was a table on which lay a keg of wine I had the day before bought at Boston; and one of the blades took up the keg and drank out of the bung. A looking glass was right before me, so that I could plainly see what was doing behind me. I thought I would not disturb him while drinking; but as soon as he had done I turned round and told him he ought to have had the manners to have drunk to somebody."

His mild and practical temperament influenced his theology, an effect more apparent it may be in his familiar talk than in his public preaching. In his printed sermons (sold by S. Kneeland and T. Green in Queen Street, Boston, 1739), one may perchance find an entirely modern sentence like this: "God having made man a rational Creature, he treats him as such; He requires nothing of him but what is agreeable to

his nature, and conducive to his happiness." But for the most part he prosed monotonously on with the droning clericals of that day, who never dreamed of imitating their Maker and treating man as a rational creature. It was the ice age in New England's religious history, as Mr. Charles Francis Adams so emphatically reiterates; an edelweiss at the foot of the retreating glacier is the blossom or two we discover in the writings of the Tutor. Hardly anywhere else is there visible new thought vital enough to force its way through the frozen crust. His was a soul prophetic of the age to come,—his tolerant temper perhaps, even more than his ideas, in advance of his time. In this regard he was alone, alone! His resort was to practical topics and to silence. Sometimes it appears as if his brusque wit were flung out as a line of defence to mask opinions which would imperil him. Heresy ran in his blood. He came of heterodox stock. His grandfather, settled with Pastor Thompson over the old Braintree church, was for a period under condemnation for his support of the antinomian heresy; and his father was charged with "uttering divers dangerous heterodoxies, delivered, and that without caution, in his public preaching." The family trait persisted in the Tutor; but he had learned to envelop in it that element of caution which his father lacked, restrained himself to be silent, and lived much within himself. Still he did not escape. His very aloofness was suspicious. When in his earlier days a parish was minded to call him, objection was made that he was not sound. All the reply he vouchsafed was: "I thank God they know nothing about it."

What other resort than to remain silent had a rational creature in those days, when stupidity was cultivated by artificial selection! It was a mark of his sanity and genuine soundness. The arch-stupid, as

Carlyle often vociferated, is after all your true arch-enemy of human weal and progress. Argument has no effect upon him, facts lose their potency in his presence. Ridicule and wit alone penetrate this primordial pachyderm, and then only to irritate and arouse to bestial rage. Confronted by it, here is the attitude adopted by the Tutor, as described in his own handwriting: "In this controversy keep Charity & Justice. Keep silence, even when you shall beforehand conclude yourself called to speak." What controversy was in his mind we have no means of knowing. The people of that day, after the defeat of Sir Harry Vane and the cruel banishment of other high-thinking "antinomians," were submerged in a sea of theological futilities. Judge Sewall, one of the ablest and most liberal minded persons then in the colony, lets us into a knowledge of them in taking our Tutor to task for saying "*Saint Luke and Saint James*, etc." when reading or quoting Scripture. "I have heard it from several," declares the Judge, "but to hear it from the Senior Fellow of Harvard College is more surprising, lest by his example he should seem to countenance and authorize Inconvenient Immoralities." That last phrase is good: "Inconvenient Immoralities" does so magnify the trifle in debate! Not content with writing him, the Judge lies in wait for the Tutor and captures him in Boston after the Thursday lecture. Home he must go to the Judge's dinner, and there they have it out. This is the record left by the Judge: "He argued that saying *Saint Luke* was an indifferent thing; and 'twas commonly used; and therefore he might use it. Mr. Brattle used it. I argued that 'twas not Scriptural; that 'twas absurd and partial to *Saint Matthew*, &c., and not to *Saint Moses*, *Saint Samuel*, &c. And if we said *Saint* we must go through and keep the Holy days appointed for them, and turned to the order in the

Common Prayer Book." Wise Mr. Flynt, not to care for any of these things! "Religion in the substance of it," declared a contemporary, Dr. Appleton, of the First Church, Cambridge, "seemed always to be near his heart; and whilst he had a very catholic spirit, not laying that stress upon distinguishing forms and modes of worship, . . . he laid great stress upon the substantial parts of religion, the weightier matters of the law and gospel, such as judgment, mercy, faith and the love of God." Exquisite for point and for rebuke of intolerance was his prompt repartee in a company of gentlemen where Whitefield, the revivalist, was leading the conversation. "It is my opinion," said Whitefield, "that Dr. Tillotson is now in hell for his heresy." "It is my opinion," retorted Tutor Flynt, "that you will not meet him there."

His humor seems to have been of the explosive sort described by Dr. Johnson, "something which comes upon a man by fits, which he can neither command nor restrain, and which is not perfectly consistent with true politeness." But it had point, and that saved him from suppression when impolite, as in his retort upon Whitefield, and from oppression when indifferent to accepted creeds. The streaming character of his wit, to use a phrase of Emerson's, also floated him, kept him "in the swim," when by a highly proper and discriminating social instinct he was doomed to stranding and entire isolation for eccentric persistence in the state of "single blessedness." The measure of this handicap, which his ruling genius had to overcome, may be gathered from the careful statement in the funeral oration of Dr. Appleton, from which we have already quoted. "To say that he was without his foibles and failings would be to say more of him than can be said of the best of men. But any of them that were observable I doubt not were owing in a great measure

to that single state in which he lived all his days; which naturally begets in men a contractedness with respect to their own private and personal concerns." As he uttered these words, how could even a Puritan preacher refrain from regarding the women of his congregation with one auspicious, and the men with one drooping eye?

However, we have kept the reader too long from that most graphic description of the Tutor contained in the account of his journey to Portsmouth, N. H. This was written down at the request of John Adams by his classmate, David Sewall, who accompanied the old bachelor on his trip. The affair was transacted in June, 1754, Mr. Flynt being then eighty years of age and Sewall nineteen.

"He sent for me to his chamber in the old Harvard Hall, on Saturday afternoon," wrote Sewall; "being informed that I was an excellent driver of a chair, he wished to know if I would wait upon him. . . . I replied the proposition was to me new and unexpected and I wished for a little time to consider of it. He replied, 'Aye, prithee, there is no time for consideration; I am going next Monday morning.'" At Lynn, their first stopping place, "Mr. Flynt had a milk punch," for it was a warm forenoon. By nightfall they reached Rowley, where they were entertained by Rev. Jedediah Jewett, who put them both in one bed, which was all he had unoccupied. The next day, Tuesday, at old Hampton, they fell in with Parson Cotton walking on foot with his wife. Mr. Flynt informed him "that he intended to have called and taken dinner with him, but as he found he was going from home he would pass on and dine at the public house. Upon which says Mr. Cotton, "We are going to dine upon an invitation with Dr. Weeks, one of my parishioners; and (Rev.) Mr. Gookin and his wife of North Hill are likewise invited to dine there; and I

have no doubt you will be as welcome as any of us." The invitation was accepted.

"After dinner, while Mr. Flynt was enjoying his pipe, the wife of Dr. Weeks introduced her young child, about a month old, and the twins of Parson Gookin's wife, infants of about the same age, under some expectation of his blessing by bestowing something on the mother of the twins (as was supposed), although no mention of that expectation was made in my hearing; but it produced no effect of the kind. After dinner we passed through North Hampton to Greenland; and after coming to a small rise in the road, hills on the north of Piscataqua River appearing in view, a conversation passed between us respecting one of them which he said was Frost Hill. I said it was Agamenticus, a large hill in York. We differed in opinion and each adhered to his own ideas of the subject. During this conversation while we were descending gradually at a moderate pace, and at a small distance and in full view of Clark's Tavern, the ground being a little sandy, but free from stones or obstructions of any kind, the horse somehow stumbled in so sudden a manner, the boot of the chair being loose on Mr. Flynt's side, threw Mr. Flynt headlong from the carriage into the road; and the stoppage being so sudden, had not the boot been fastened on my side, I might probably have been thrown out likewise. The horse sprang up quick, and with some difficulty I so guided the chair as to prevent the wheel passing over him; when I halted and jumped out, being apprehensive from the manner in which the old gentleman was thrown out that it must have broken his neck. Several persons at the tavern noticed the occurrence and immediately came to assist Mr. Flynt; and after rising, found him able to walk to the house; and, after washing his face and head with some water, found the skin rubbed off his forehead in two or three places,—to which a young lady, a sister of William Parker, Jr., who had come out from Portsmouth with him and with some others that afternoon, applied some pieces of court plaster. After which we had among us two or three single bowls of lemon punch, made pretty sweet, with which we refreshed ourselves, and became very cheerful. The gentlemen were John Wendell, William Parker, Jr., and Nathaniel Treadwell, a young gentleman who was paying suit to Miss Parker. Mr. Flynt observed he felt very well, notwithstanding his fall from the chair; and if he had not disfigured himself, he did not value it. He would not say the fault was in the driver; but he rather thought *he was looking too much on those hills.*"

The party went on its way towards Portsmouth. "The punch we had partaken of was pretty well charged with good old spirit, and Father Flynt was very pleasant and sociable. About a mile distant from the town there is a road that turns off at right angles (called the creek road) into town, into which Mr. Treadwell and Miss Parker (who afterwards married Captain Adams) entered with their chair. Upon which Mr. Flynt turned his face to me and said, 'Aye, prithee, I do not understand their motions; but the Scripture says "The way of a man with a maid is very mysterious."'"

On the return journey Mr. Flynt was destined to hear again of "Parson Gookin's wife's twins." Indeed, it would seem as if a conspiracy had been entered into by the ladies of Hampton to waylay the old bachelor as he wended homeward and compel him to give that silver blessing. At Hampton Falls he planned to dine with the Rev. Josiah Whipple.

"But it so happened the dinner was over, and Mr. Whipple had gone out to visit a parishioner, but Madam Whipple was at home and very social and pleasant, and immediately had the table laid, and a loin of roasted veal, that was in a manner whole, placed on it, upon which we made an agreeable meal. After dinner Mr. Flynt was accommodated with a pipe; and while enjoying it Mrs. Whipple accosted him thus: 'Mr. Gookin, the worthy clergyman of North Hill, has but a small parish, and a small salary, but a considerable family; and his wife has lately had twins.' 'Aye, that is no fault of mine,' says Mr. Flynt. 'Very true, sir, but so it is.' And as he was a bachelor, and a gentleman of handsome property, she desired he would give her something for Mr. Gookin; and she would be the bearer of it, and faithfully deliver it to him. To which he replied, 'I don't know that we bachelors are under an obligation to maintain other folk's children.' To this she assented; but it was an act of charity she now requested for a worthy person, and from him who was a gentleman of opulence; and who, she hoped, would now not neglect bestowing it. 'Madam, I am from home on a journey, and it is an unreasonable time.' She was very sensible of this; but a gentleman of his property did not usually travel without more money than

was necessary to pay the immediate expenses of his journey, and she hoped he could spare something on this occasion. After some pause he took from his pocket a silver dollar and gave her, saying it was the only *Whole Dollar* he had about him. Upon which Mrs. Whipple thanked him and engaged she would faithfully soon deliver it to Mr. Gookin; adding it was but a short time to Commencement . . . and she hoped this was but an earnest of a larger donation. . . . Father Flynt replied, 'Insatiable woman, I am almost sorry I have given you anything.'" However, he fully reimbursed himself at the expense of the next minister's wife he met. In the evening he stopped at the home of Rev. Nathaniel Rogers in Ipswich, who introduced him to his wife, whereupon Mr. Flynt exclaimed, "Madam, I must buss you!" and gave her a hearty kiss. "In the morning we had toast and tea. He was interrogated by Mrs. Rogers whether he would have the tea strong or weak, that she might accommodate it to his liking. He replied that he liked it *strong* of the tea, *strong* of the *sugar*, and *strong* of the *cream*; and it was regulated accordingly."

The same day the Tutor and his Boswell arrived in Cambridge and the journey was ended.

It was in this year of his journey that he resigned his tutorship. By this time death had so changed affairs in the old home in Braintree that no harbor offered itself there in which to end his days. So, upon leaving his chambers in the old Har-

vard Hall, he went to reside near by at the Widow Sprague's. Not long after, he fell sick. His wonted humor, however, never deserted him. John Adams records in his diary (1759) that Mr. Marsh (of Braintree) says: "Father Flynt has been very gay and sprightly this sickness. Colonel Quincy went to see him a Fast Day, and was, or appeared to be, as he was about taking leave of the old gentleman, very much affected; the tears flowed very fast. 'I hope,' says he in a voice of grief, 'you will excuse my passions,' 'Aye, prithee,' says the old man, 'I don't care much for you, nor your passions neither.' Morris said to him, 'You are going, sir, to Abraham's bosom; but I don't know but I shall reach there first.' 'Ay, if you go there I don't want to go.'"

In spite of these comforters, Tutor Flynt lingered on till the 13th of February, 1760, when he passed away, in the eighty-fifth year of his age. He had a peaceful ending and a notable funeral. On the day of interment a brief funeral oration was delivered by James Lowell, in Holden Chapel, "on the truly venerable Henry Flynt;" and on the Sunday following a sermon was preached in his honor in the First Church, by Mr. Appleton, on "The Blessedness of a Fixed Heart."

AN OLD LETTER.

By Charles Tilden Sempers.

I TURN the dusty papers o'er, and start,
Beholding unforeseen, as from the grave
Of buried years, a face nor time could save
From envious Death, nor wit, nor healing art.
Her hand penned this, deft servant to her heart,—
The little hand so tender and so brave,
Which of its passionate bounty to us gave,
Till Death, her warm palm clasping, led apart
Her way from life, and we, grief clothed upon,
Were left disconsolate, with silent pain
For unforgotten offices undone,
Which looked at us like eyes wet with the rain
Of love's unchiding tears. Ah, gentle-hearted one,—
Had we but known thy star so soon should wane!

LIBERTY THROUGH SOVEREIGNTY.

By Joseph Lee.

A GREAT many people are in the habit of discussing the problem of self-government, especially as it presents itself in the case of our new possessions, upon the assumption that the merit of a form of government is to be judged wholly by its outward and visible achievements. "What," asks an eminent divine, "are we not going to give to these people better roads, more schools, sugar, revenue, judges, police, ministers and American officials than they ever had in their lives? Call you this tyranny? What else do you want? What else is there that you could want? What is liberty if it be not contained in these and the like of these?"

Well, what more do we want? What is the element that is left out of the calculation of those who reason thus? It is well that we should make clear to ourselves just what that element is; for it is in the existence of such an element, or nowhere, that democracy, in our own country as elsewhere, must find its justification. If what you want is mere efficiency, the smooth running of the machine, the slick and regular dispatch of business "without noise and without scandal," then what you are looking for, whether in America or abroad, is not a republic, but a despotism. On board ship it is not "It is moved and seconded that we hoist the jib; all those in favor will manifest their consent by saying aye." Neither is it this way in the army. The conversation is apt to assume a very different form. All experience proves that, when we have got a job to put through, it is the one man power that is effective; and if your faith is pinned to the outward and visible result, you will, if you happen to live

among the irksome impediments of a democracy, believe that the shortest and surest road to your desired outward object is the best. A sincerely patriotic and public spirited citizen once said to me: "I first make sure that my bill is a proper one, one for the public benefit and which ought to be passed. I then secure by argument the support of legislators that can be reached in that way; and," he added with a humorous expression of eyebrow, "with such as cannot be reached by reason I use the method which does appeal to them." And the outward public benefit, the better water supply or improved street plan is the result. If these be the ends of government, the philanthropic buyer of legislators is your only statesman; and it is he who brings democracy, and is now bringing our democracy here in America, nearer to the ideal of the benevolent despotism.

What is it that these men leave out? Why is it that we look for our type of liberty to the Pilgrims starving in their wilderness, to the Scotch Covenanters dying grimly in their peat bogs, rather than to the pomp and business efficiency of the Roman Empire with better roads, courts and other public facilities than some of the countries over which it extended have ever enjoyed since its day? Why is it that the American city with all its sins—and they are many—is yet a freer place than the model cities of Paris and Berlin, with all their excellent and smoothly running governmental machinery; and that the type of the free nation is our chaotic, seemingly distracted America of today rather than the France of Louis XIV, with its icy and perfect orderliness in every department?

The thing omitted in the calcula-

tion of the believers in the orderly or business view of government is the man who is to be governed. Governments were not instituted for the sake of roads and bridges, nor even for the sake of law and order and schools, but as a means for the expression and cultivation of the human soul. They must be judged not by their outward achievements, but by the sort of education they furnish, the sort of citizen they produce. The true function of government, like that of every other human institution, is education; and the only known means of education is through the activity of the people to be educated. We can become only that which we do. In this matter of the development of human beings, the long way round of democracy, the spontaneous growth and nurture of institutions as they spring up out of the character of the people is, in the end, more productive than the short cut of despotism, which would pin the institutions on, if necessary, by the aid of bayonets.

It is true indeed that the outward achievements of government, the roads and bridges, the law and order, in the production of which the despotic government may be more efficient than the democracy, do have a truly educational value, that they do minister to the development of liberty in the highest sense. But the educational value of a given system of training cannot be judged exclusively by the educational paraphernalia employed, any more than the success of a medical treatment can be gauged by the general virtue and healing power of the drugs which have been administered. It makes a difference whether the means employed were suited to the particular scholar or to the particular patient, and it makes a difference whether they were applied in accordance with his needs or were rammed down his throat contrary to appetite and inclination. And in the case of education by government, the greatest

remedy of all—the sovereign specific which may be said to correspond with fresh air and exercise in the medical pharmacopœia—is the government itself. This is the last and crowning gift of the series, upon which the efficacy of the rest in a great measure depends and without which any full and vigorous life is impossible. Without this gift of self-government the best we can make of any country is to raise it to the level of a model penitentiary, which institution constitutes, I take it, the ideal and *ne plus ultra* of the benevolent despotism.

What is the course of instruction in this free school which we call democracy? The question before the town meeting, let us say, is whether money shall be voted for a high school, a new boulevard, a park, a swimming bath. In judging upon the technical aspects of the question, the citizen must be guided by his opinion of the competence and honesty of the experts who appear. Something in the educational way there is even in this. But the main question, the peculiar problem which he as a component part of the sovereign has brought to him to decide, is as to which of these things is a characteristic, the most characteristic possible, expression of the ideals and aspirations, the true and abiding will, of the community of which he is a part. Each decision that he makes, each vote that he delivers and every effort to bring his mind to bear on the question under debate secretes in him a little clearer conception of his town as a manifestation of the spirit and purpose of its citizens. The practical work of governing is forming within the man the impersonal will of the citizen; and, as the soul is one and not many, it is giving to his daily life a public and impersonal side, placing it in the light of a public purpose, a social criticism.

It is not merely a question of a school of politics; it is a question of a school of social sympathy and consciousness. Other and very useful

forms of association there are; but no other takes in the whole people with all their various needs, possibilities and points of view. No other serves to develop that public will in which all may have a share and through which all may come to feel a spiritual communion of purpose and of interest.

The town has voted a library. The citizen knows and feels the purpose and idea that the building and institution stand for. It is not to him merely a thing to be used, a gift to be taken advantage of, but also a prayer and a sacrifice, a deliberate foregoing of private ends, that the town may be better and the mother of better citizens. The town votes aid to the soldiers in a war for freedom, a statue to a noble son; and the heart of every citizen goes with its offering to the front or bows in reverence before the divine spirit in man. The new playground is established; and the citizen looks forward more bravely, more hopefully, and with a fuller sense of responsibility, to the future of his country, soon to depend on those whom he will leave behind to take his place. Could the state have built him a better library? Would an enlightened foreign ruler have given him a better statue? In all probability, yes. And what would they have been worth when given? Good architecture is a good thing; so is good sculpture. But can you give these things? The artist truly owns the statue. The man who pays for it receives it in a little part. But the man to whom it is given? The legal title may be all right, but the muses have not recorded it.

The art you cannot give, but the citizenship you can take away. "I will give you a doll that will move its arms and dance, and sing 'God save the Queen.'" "Yes, but my little rag doll does all that I ask it to; it flies like a fairy, it tells me stories, it is the queen herself." And, what the child does not know, its little rag doll has been building up in it the maternal

instinct, by the old and only method of use and exercise, instead of condemning it to atrophy by dispensing with its active manifestation.

It may be said that the alternative to alien government is not a native democracy, but a native despotism. But even in this case native government, if it be in any sense a true and legitimate expression of the political ideas of the people, will be far more conducive to true political education and therefore to freedom than any alien government can be. The ways in which the popular will develops and expresses itself under a monarchy are less obvious than in a republic, and they are of far less educational value. Nevertheless in every true monarchy the public will does develop and express itself, and is, in fact, the real force which makes and executes every law. The true king is the government organ or agent of his people. Consciously or not, he acts not only in accordance with their will, but as their will. In him they are revealed to themselves. He is the embodiment and expression of their thought and sentiment on its national side. The clansman feels it is his own honor, his own power and glory, that he exalts in his services of the MacGregor. Should he cease to feel so, the MacGregor would no longer be his true chief, but an interloper.

A monarchy may, of course, and often does degenerate into despotism; but the essence of such despotism is that the king should be guided not by the people's will, but by a will alien to them; and this essentially despotic condition, which may enter in and degrade a monarchy, must inevitably be present in every case of government by an outside power.

I have considered so far only the effect of self-rule on the people as rulers. But the effect on them as governed is equally important. In order that obedience to the law may be consecrated to the spirit of loyalty

and may do its part in developing the social consciousness within him, the citizen must recognize the law as being a legitimate expression of a public life and purpose of which he himself partakes. What the outsider commands may be what you were, in any case, about to do; but that command has robbed the deed of all the joy and the benefit of doing it.

Self-government is not only an important part of education, but is a part without which any complete human development, and especially any manifestation of originality, seems to be impossible. Originality, self-reliance, is as Emerson has taught us reliance on God; and it is only when a people is forced by independence to rely upon itself that it comes into true communication with the universal mind. All the colonies which the world has ever seen have never produced and never will produce the genius or render the service to the world which has been performed by the little self-governing towns of Athens and Florence or by the gallant little self-governing England of Elizabeth.

The inevitable incompleteness of the provincial may be instructively studied in the case of the British colonies, for the reason that England is never an oppressive and tries to be even a sympathetic ruler. Where the dependency is, like Ireland, of an alien race with a definite national character and a definite political ideal of its own, the loss to its people is especially severe, or at least especially obvious. An immaculate, conscientious, impersonal government, bent on doing its duty by its subjects at whatever cost or sacrifice to itself or its subjects, is no more satisfying to the Irish temperament than a Persian satrapy would be to an American. To the Celt such a bread-and-butter kind of a king is no king at all; to him all the poetry, the symbolic function—the service that the sovereign should perform as the embodiment of an ideal—is left out. The Irish were

more free under native or Norman tyrants, with strong fist, heroic will and a royal freedom from the weaknesses of reasoning, explaining or listening to remonstrance, than they are under the latest and most well intentioned phase of English democratic sovereignty. I am aware that Ireland is not technically a dependency, but is, so far as law can make it so, a part and even a somewhat favored part of the sovereign nation itself; but this fact only brings out more strongly the truth that a race can never receive liberty from an alien and outside power, nor share in any liberty but what springs from its own nature and is an expression of it.

But the most interesting case to study, as being the one in which one sees provincialism at its best, is that of the English colonies that are of the same race, traditions and ideals as the mother country. In many of the colonies the conditions are almost ideal. The control exercised by the central government is reduced to a minimum, and is guided by a high order of trained administrative talent. The existence of royalty, moreover, gives the colonies a certain share even in the imperial government; the queen is their queen, and through her they share, in a certain sentimental sense that would be more important in the case of a race of a different temperament, in the imperial power itself. Whatever faults and shortcomings exist in such cases as these must be inseparable from political subjection as such. What are the shortcomings that one finds? One might point to the backwardness in poetry and art; for even in these things our America in its brief national life has surpassed them. But we are speaking of new countries, and the test by art is the test invented by an old civilization for the snubbing of the new, forgetful that history shows us that art always follows, never precedes, the time of truest national greatness. The lack that one finds is more subtle than an ab-

sence of skill in fine arts or of any other tag that the learned are accustomed to look for as a signal of national worth. But it is very perceptible nevertheless. It is seen in the lack of independence in social customs and standards, in fashions and the tone of conversation, in an implied deference to an outside opinion, in a failure ever to see the world squarely from one's own point of view. It is seen in the absence of any original type of men or manners. This is said with grateful recognition of our distinct political obligations to the British colonies. It is seen, most fatally of all, in the absence of anything which to the insular gaze of the mother country would appear to be vulgarity or bad form, the absence, that is to say, of the assertion in the sight of gods and men of any new thought, until distant little England, with her blinders and binoculars, has, by some lucky chance, had it brought within her field of vision. The progressive man in Canada or Australia itself says this, of course, more energetically than we say it.

The cowboy riding into town with his roll of bills and his revolver, to let the universe know that he is here, is not the Canadian, but the American cowboy. The railroad king starting out to buy Culture for his spoiled sons and petted daughters at the latest quotation, whatever the figure may be, giving millions to the university, the library of his native town, the art museum, in earnest desire to serve this unknown god, is an American, not a colonial product. Rude, bold self-assertion, the self-assertion that must precede true self-possession, is not a colonial possibility. The ruler of the colonial is good taste, and his good taste—like good taste in all but the highest caste in an aristocratic country, like good taste in the boy entering manhood—will always consist in conformity, never in following the inner light. To arrive at independence one must dare to be ungraceful. The new thought cannot be pol-

ished, finished, on its first appearance; the hobbledehoy stage must be gone through if we are ever to grow up. We Americans have little enough of such courage, God knows. Our cowardice is an inheritance of our long provincial training. But the colony can never reach the hobbledehoy stage. Its social centre is inevitably not within its borders, but across the sea with its sovereign. Its arbiters of fashion are not its own citizens, but foreigners. It is never obliged to appear before the world as itself, never thrown into society to sink or swim, as an independent nation has to be. There never comes a time or an occasion when it is obliged to defy the fashions of the court and of the ruling power, to rebel against the good taste of established but alien usage.

It was a true perception of the perpetual minority of a colony that led America to separate from the mother country. Separations have to take place on particular grounds, and the parties get very hot over the matter on which the split finally comes; but the deeper cause in this case was that the child was a child no longer. Sam Adams and his associates had the genius to feel that here was not a colony, but a nation; that in the course of those one hundred and fifty years of hardship and isolation a national character, a national soul, had been born, and that submission to an alien power was a sin against that soul. The wages of sin is death; and it would have been death, not only to America in the formally political sense, but death to a part of every American, if that great struggle had not been made or had failed.

It is a serious thing to deprive any man or people of a need. What will you put into his life to supply its place? You built the people a road. Yes, but where is the road they would have built? You started American schools. But what has become of the native schools they would have started? You established courts.

What, then, shall be the organ through which these people shall develop their own sense of what is just and politic? You have given them a flag. What, then, shall be the symbol of their own patriotism? You have planted American ideals. What have you done with the seeds which a wiser planter than you had sown in the hearts of this people?

In captivity the soul of man declareth not itself. Your food chokes him and your benefits obstruct his inner life. The first coming of the spirit is tentative, a feeling of a discomfort, of a need, of a thing to be done. It cannot breathe and be itself under a firm, definite, finished provision set up by an alien power in the place of what should have been its own deed.

If we live these peoples' lives for them, they can never live their own. One mistake that they make for themselves is worth a hundred correct steps that we take for them. It makes no difference however nearly we do what they would have done. In

fact, the nearer the likeness, the more deadly the effect, because the duller the consciousness of loss. The picture may look precisely like the real thing, but the two are still as different as painted canvas is from a living soul. The end is not in the visible result but in the doing of the deed, and by conferring a visible simulacrum of the result we make the deed impossible.

What is declared in the soul, the soul alone can make manifest. The tree knows the law that is in it, and the river will find its course. Where the spirit of nationality has once arisen, it should be allowed its way; the fact that it is not our way is but one sign the more that it is authentic. Our task in such a case may possibly include some office of midwifery, of a purely subordinate and temporary nature; but our main duty will be to allow the young life its way. It is in this that the divine law is declaring itself in that people; and a sin against it is a sin against the spirit of the Lord.

THE HEART OF A ROSE.

By Minna Irving.

"HE is so cold!" she said, and sighed;
 "His heart is shut within
 The shell enchanted of his old
 Cremona violin."
 They met and passed,—and as she went
 She dropped upon the stair
 A rose that opened in the silk
 And sunshine of her hair.
 The maid forgot her dream of love,
 Another man to wed.
 Years after came a dawn that found
 The white-haired minstrel dead.
 With violin upon his breast,
 His soul had taken wings,—
 And, lo! a rose, a withered rose,
 Was tangled in the strings.

BEHIND THE VEIL.

(A TRUE STORY.)

By John P. Reynolds, Jr.

"TEN days at Westholme,—you can surely spare that; a change will do you good, old boy."

It was Richard Clapham who spoke. We were sitting smoking in my chambers. When I was at Oxford I had made his acquaintance; but family events necessitated my leaving the university very unexpectedly, and our lives ran in different channels for many a year. I was an overworked literary hack and but a ragged specimen of humanity, when next he crossed my path.

Clapham was what is popularly known as "a good fellow." Everybody liked him, he liked everybody; but I was, I confess, surprised at the cordiality of his greeting and his clear remembrance of every detail of our former intercourse. He would come in late of an evening, and we would sit smoking together and talk about old times. He even went so far as to profess an admiration for some of my work and took upon himself the task of encouraging me, coaxing me into the belief that I was an abused individual and an abortive genius of the highest gifts.

I am a lonely fellow; I always have been; I fear I always shall be. I dreaded a visit to Westholme, when Clapham suggested it, as much as children do a call upon the dentist. The idea was attended with all sorts of horrible possibilities in my mind, and I raised every conceivable objection, to each of which Clapham replied by the vigorous word, "Nonsense."

"If you don't want to come," he said at last testily, finding the black-letter volumes and the wonderful sea views equally insufficient to at-

tract me, "why, of course, it's all right."

"Clapham," I protested, "I do want to come,—but—"

"Then why don't you?" he answered. "Good Heavens, Randall, you're as shy as a girl,—or, rather, as shy as tradition represents them." He was a bachelor, with a snug little fortune. "I believe you are afraid to come."

"I will come," I said, to my own surprise. "I think I could arrange that matter with Preston." The next instant I realized that the die was cast; I was "in for it" now at all costs.

I turned in wearily, to be tortured by dreams of ladies with whom I wandered in gardens, vainly striving to compliment them on their various charms. It was all to no use; my tongue was tied, and the vision always ended by their turning their backs on me and refusing to speak another word, or by their whispering to one another, quite audibly, that I was "the stupidest man alive."

I shall never forget the butler at Westholme. To know him was an experience. He was a melancholy and impressive being, whom Clapham jocosely called Dundreary. This individual disapproved of me from the first, and he never lost an opportunity of fixing his cold, repressive eye upon me—not that I ever saw him so much as glance in my direction; he had a positively eerie way of looking at nothing, as much as to say, "You are out of your place here, out of your place!" I do not scruple to say that I hated "Dundreary"; his real name was Tompkins. Otherwise my stay at Westholme was what might have been expected with such courteous,

well-bred people as my host and his family. They put me at my ease instantly, and, but for "Dundreary," I should have quite forgotten myself to be Randall, the out-at-elbows literary fellow, who lived in two rooms in a most undesirable quarter of London.

At Westholme we seemed to have left the great world and all its affairs behind. Life was so quiet, so regular, above all so decorous, that the bare thought of London, with its bustle and rush, seemed an impertinence. After twenty-four hours I found myself forgetting that there were any "problems of modern life." Except for the daily arrival of the *Standard*, we were not in touch with the outer world. One grew convinced that dinner was *the* event of every one's life, preceded, as the case might be, by amusement or idleness. Existence itself was an institution at Westholme, and an institution of such ancient date that no one ever thought of questioning its laws or disturbing them.

Perhaps the most impressive ceremony in the household was family prayers. The Earl, Clapham's cousin, read them in stentorian tones to the guests and the whole company of servants, in the north drawing-room. Now the Earl was not the sort of individual whom one associated with religious services of any kind, and it was surprising to see the transformation in him on such occasions. He was a short, square built, rather thick set man, with a very round head and a red face. His hair, which was thick and silky, had turned nearly white; but his eyebrows were still exceptionally dark,—and this lent something startling to his appearance, a look of decision and determination which was at variance with his usual jolly, devil-may-care demeanor. He was eminently not a person of sentiments, a man who enjoyed and appreciated his dinner, thought and talked much of his horses, and made the most of the good things of this life while he had them. At prayers

all this was changed. He read well, he seemed to grow taller and more dignified as he stood before us, and there was something stern and didactic in his delivery, which surprised and impressed me very much.

One evening, I recall with particular clearness, he read from the First Epistle to the Corinthians. My ear caught the words: "But with me it is a very small thing that I should be judged of you, or of man's judgment; yea, I judge not mine own self." I heard a quick, short gasp, and I looked up. His face was livid, his eyes stared blankly in front of him; his manner was that of a man who had received some great shock. Then the blood rushed back over his face, suffusing the forehead and throat, his hand trembled, he put down the book, his voice broke, as he said, with a strange, entreating glance to all assembled: "Yea, I judge not mine own self." There was a pause, in which he seemed to be coming back to his normal self, and the usual evening prayers followed. When the servants had filed out one after another, he turned suddenly to me.

"Randall," he said, "will you do me the favor to speak with me in the library?"

It is one of the privileges of a lonely life to receive the confidences of one's friends,—"because," as they say, "you have nothing of your own to trouble you." Nothing to trouble me! How well they know! The love affairs that have been poured into my sympathetic ears, the quarrels, the petty disagreements;—but this is a disgression.

It was not without great curiosity that I followed Lord Westholme into the library. Now perhaps I shall get some clew to what has puzzled me in him, I thought. This evening's behavior belongs to the part of his character I have never understood; perhaps he will confide in me. I took the cigar he offered me, with eagerness, and sat down expectantly be-

fore the logs slowly deadening into ashes. He talked desultorily of insignificant matters, the state of the crops, the weather, the guests who had left Westholme that morning, and Clapham's property in Kent. Our conversation languished. Was this all he brought me in here for, I asked myself.

The Earl was a splendid shot. It is needless to say that I was not. I always felt that he judged his fellow men from the point of view of a sportsman, and that I suffered in consequence. Clearly I was not at my best with him, for I am a sensitive fellow (vain, my truth-telling friends inform me) and require approval to bring me out. He despised literature, as he had taken pains to tell me. I felt that he despised me as well. No use, thought I; I must change my skin to find favor with him; if you are created a square man, you can't squeeze yourself into a round hole.

We had been sitting some ten or fifteen minutes, I musing thus, when he turned towards me, asking suddenly: "Ever been out of England?"

"On the Continent," I answered, surprised.

"Never been to America, I suppose? Grand country, though it is a trifle wild. Yes," he went on, after a pause, staring fixedly at the logs, "I was in America nearly five years when I was a young man. Deuced wild chap I was, too; never thought of getting the title,—no chance of it,—and when my people couldn't stand me any longer in England, they paid my passage to America."

He paused, and I looked at the toes of my shoes, with a vague feeling that I ought to say something, but I didn't know what. We sat without speaking so long that I felt his voice breaking the stillness when he began again.

"It was in Dakota, a hand to mouth sort of life,—and, by Jove, when one looks back at it, it wasn't a bad life either. One night we were sitting round a fire we had made in

the woods; it was bitterly cold, and we sat as close as we could, to keep warm. Some of the fellows had gone to sleep. They were a medley crew; but we weren't particular as to who was who, in those days, I can tell you. For the matter of that, any chap is good enough if you only take him by the right handle; about the best man I ever knew was a professional gambler—awfully funny fellow. The man next me snored like sin, and I couldn't get to sleep; as soon as I dozed my fingers and feet would begin to ache, so I had to move, and—"

I glanced at him as he sat in evening dress, so strictly conventional, so law abiding, so infinitely comfortable and unimaginative; it seemed impossible to picture him as the scapegrace son of a country squire, sent off to America, a ne'er-do-weel.

"And," he continued, "I got thinking. It was a splendid night; the stars were out, and somehow—somehow they reminded me of home, and I remembered my mother—she was dead—died when I was quite a young chap; and I wished I'd been a different sort of man. One grows tired of anything, and I was sick to death of knocking about and belonging nowhere. I thought of my sister. She was an awfully pretty girl, but very religious, you know. 'Ralph,' she said to me one day, 'you will never come to any good.' It was kind of her to tell me, wasn't it? At last I couldn't bear it any longer, and I got up and crept a little way down the hillside. It was ghostly dodging in and out among the pines standing there like sentinels; the stars, when I looked up at them, seemed to be blinking down at me as if they could see through me. Why, man, I felt as if I couldn't get away from them; and if I turned to the trees, it was just as bad,—they seemed to be pointing their fingers at me. I was cold all over, and at last I sat down, burying my face in my hands. There was my life, wasted, squandered. I felt I had

fulfilled my sister's prophecy; and I was a young man, with years of existence, years and years before me,—unless I laid hands on myself,—and I couldn't do that." He sat staring into the dying embers, talking to himself rather than to me.

"I am not particularly proud," he continued meditatively; "but there was my mother—that would have killed her; to think that her son should end like that! One can't help knowing that one is different from other people; one feels it. Those chaps, poor devils,—why, the life was nothing to them; they had never known anything else. But I—why, decent life, it seemed like heaven." His voice had sunk into a whisper, and his face worked painfully. The small, aristocratic hands, with the seal ring on the little finger, closed and unclosed nervously.

"I had been sitting there some time," he began again, and his voice sounded crisp and commonplace, breaking through the stillness, "when I heard a most fearful cry—a howl half human and half animal, and then the growl of a bear—there were plenty of them there in the woods. It seemed to come nearer,—and I started up. Oh, those cries, I can hear them now, more like a brute beast than a man,—and yet, something human in them too! I plunged forward, till I reached a slight clearing; and there I saw a negro,—'Lazy Job' they called him,—the worst blackguard for miles around, a drunken, filthy wretch, who would steal and lie rather than come by things honestly. He was a notorious offender, born to evil. Opposite him was the infuriated animal, his eyes flashing with greed and madness; they positively lightened through the night. And there was Job, howling with pain, like the coward he was. The bear had paused for an instant; and in that instant all my life, past, present and to come, whirled through my brain. I had no history but disgrace and failure fol-

lowing upon each other. Here was something I could do; I could save the negro. I had a stout stick in my hand, and could engage the bear until Job slunk away to the others, up the hill. I could give my life for another. I could die. Die! yes,—but what for? For a man to whom life meant new opportunities for theft and murder and every foul deed which man can do; for a man who was more than half a brute; who had no hopes or aims, or even the possibility of such. And I had been meant for something better than this. I came of a long line of men who had led honest, self-respecting and respected lives; while Job,—what was he? A cross between negro and Indian,—a mongrel wretch! I felt there was some good in me, something better than my former life showed. Why not give myself a second chance? Why not start again, and wipe out the past in the future? You understand," he said, leaning forward and laying his hand earnestly on my knee, "it was no cowardice of the moment, no hasty decision,"—his voice rose impressively. "I deliberately chose to let him be killed; I determined it in cold blood. I turned on my heel and left him, his howls echoing behind me as I staggered up the hill! I undertook to say he was less worthy than I; I sent the man in his sins out of this world into another, and—I gave *myself* a second chance!"

He cleared his throat and spoke hurriedly, in the hope of concealing his emotion. "The next morning they—we—found him lying there, all bloody,—ah! my God! shall I ever forget it!—a mangled mass of human flesh; and many were the congratulations among the crew that Job was gone and would trouble them no more. But, oh, the ghastly look in his brutish face, the wild expression of his eyes! No one knows what it is—no one—always to be haunted by a pair of eyes, waking, sleeping, living, dying,—always those eyes!"

He rose and walked rapidly up and

down, passing his hands through his hair. The man before me was a different being from the well fed country gentleman I had known hitherto. Here was a man in anguish, pouring out a soul's experience.

"I couldn't bear it," he began once more; "it seemed as if I should go mad. Oh, to have that chance again! Oh, to have decided otherwise!—but there! I pushed to the East immediately, and in New York the news of my title was awaiting me. Why, every man I knew was envying me; fellows were toadying to

me,—to *me*,—and I would have given everything, anything, to be where 'Lazy Job' lay, staring up into the sky!"

He was standing opposite me now, quite still, and he spoke with the calm of a judge giving sentence.

"I had my opportunity,—and I lost it, let it slip. 'Whosoever will save his life shall lose it,'—if you knew what those words meant to me! I took upon me to decide which was the guiltier man of the two! Ah, I have never had a moment's peace since! What shall I pay for this? What will God say?"



TO NOVEMBER.

By G. W. Adams.

HENCE, stern, grim, puritanic days,
With nonconformist spirit rife!
I like not your forbidding ways,
Still less your austere mode of life.

Why will you no concessions make
To bluff old Winter's hearty cheer?
If only for old age's sake,
He ought to be most welcome here.

Fair Summer's longing to display
Her latest finery you kill
By cloaking her in sombre gray;—
And spontaneity is still.

The sun makes evening sacrifice
Of all his former trappings proud.
See how he charges in a trice
Through straight and narrow gates of cloud!

Dissenting month of all the year!
When you have fairly taken wing,
To skies less uniformly drear
My true Thanksgiving song I'll sing.



TORONTO.

By James L. Hughes.

NEAR the western end of Lake Ontario, on the shore of a fine harbor which is almost enclosed by the semicircular island Hiawatha, stands the city of Toronto, on the sloping watershed between the rivers Humber and Don, and extending eastward beyond the Don towards the magnificent suburban park district known as the Scarborough Heights. These Heights rise three hundred feet almost perpendicularly from Lake Ontario, and are partly formed by deposits from two glacial periods, a fact which makes this district one of the most attractive parts of America to mineralogists, as it is especially rich in a great variety of rocks and fossils.

When the French under Champlain first explored the country north of the Great Lakes, they found the territory lying to the south of Lake Huron and the Georgian Bay occupied by Indians known as the Torontos. The district between Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario was known as

Toronto, and on old French maps Lake Simcoe was named Lake Toronto, and the Humber, Toronto River. The Indians of the district in time began to trade with the English at Oswego, and in doing so travelled by the River Humber. So it came about that the high land at the



GOVERNOR SIMCOE.

mouth of the Humber was used by these Indians as a camp ground. When the early French traders began to explore the north shore of Lake Ontario, their Indian guides pointed to the district northward from the mouth of the Humber as "Toronto," and the traders applied the name to the landing place.

As early as 1686 the Marquis de Denonville reported to the French government that he intended to place soldiers at Detroit and Toronto, as "these two posts will block the passage against the English, if they undertake to go again to Michilima-



WILLIAM LYON MACKENZIE.

quina" (Mackinac). Even at that early period the French explorers recognized the fact that the natural trade route from the western and northwestern parts of the continent ran across the narrow portion of Ontario between Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario, and that this route should reach Lake Ontario at Toronto. More than two hundred years later the opening of this route and the shortening of the return lake trip from the upper lakes to the ocean by

eight hundred miles, is attracting the earnest attention of engineers and municipal and commercial leaders.

It is proposed to construct a ship canal from Georgian Bay to Toronto, so that the rapidly increasing trade of the most comprehensive system of inland waters in the world may be brought past Toronto. When this canal has been constructed, the Lake System will be the cheapest route to the markets of the world from the great central and northern portion of North America. The vast prairies and inexhaustible mining districts of Canada, the great agricultural districts

of the northern central states, and the wide area whose almost limitless productions are brought to Chicago for export will some day send a large share of their exports along the route originally taken by the Indians. There are, indeed, geologic indications that before the first glacial period the waters of the upper lakes found a direct outlet across the narrow country between the Georgian Bay and Lake Ontario.

M. de Denonville did not carry out his intention of fortifying Toronto, and it was not until 1749, or ten years before the fall of Quebec closed the period of French rule in America, that M. de la Galissoniere erected a stockade and established a royal trading post at Toronto, which he named Fort Rouille, in honor of the French Colonial Minister. He decided to erect this trading post at the mouth of the Humber in order to stop the trade of the northern Indians with Chouegen (Oswego). The site of Fort Rouille is now marked by a granite shaft in Exhibition Park, near the western end of the city.

Notwithstanding the change of



PARLIAMENT BUILDINGS.

name made by M. de la Galissioniere, the post continued to be generally known as Toronto, which name was continued when it came into the possession of the British after the fall of Quebec in 1759. Major Rogers, who visited Toronto in 1760, found about three hundred acres of cleared land around the fort. He reported that he "believed Toronto to be a most convenient place for a factory" (a trading post). In 1767, Sir William Johnston reported to the Earl of Shelburne that "experienced traders would willingly give one thousand pounds for the monopoly of the trade with the Indians at Fort Toronto for one season."

Governor Simcoe laid the foundation for the real growth of Toronto by making it the capital of the new province of Upper Canada, which he had organized, believing that Newark (Niagara) was too near the border of the United States. The Governor, in his report to the British gov-

ernment, gave his reasons for the change of capital. "It is with great pleasure that I offer some observations on the military strength and naval convenience of Toronto, now York, which I propose immediately to occupy. I lately examined the harbor, accompanied by such officers, naval and military, as I thought most competent to give me assistance thereon, and upon minute investigation I found it to be, without comparison, the most proper situation for an arsenal, in every extent of the word, that can be met with in this Province."

Captain Bouchette, who made the



OSGOODE HALL.



NEW CITY HALL.

first survey of the harbor in 1793 for Governor Simcoe, describes the site of the city in his work, "British Dominions in North America": "I distinctly recollect," he writes, "the untamed aspect which the country exhibited when first I entered the beautiful basin. Dense and trackless forests lined the margin of the lake, and reflected their inverted images in its

glassy surface. The wandering savage had constructed his ephemeral habitation beneath their luxuriant foliage, the group then consisting of two families of Mississagas, and the bay and neighboring marshes were the hitherto uninvaded haunts of immense coveys of wild fowl. Indeed they were so abundant as in some measure to annoy us during the night."

Out of compliment to Frederick, Duke of York, son of King George III, Governor Simcoe named his new capital York, and on August 27, 1793, a royal salute was fired to commemorate the change of name from Toronto to York. The first building operations began in 1794. Governor Simcoe himself lived in a large tent, which had originally been owned by



LORETTO ABBEY.

Captain Cook, the great navigator. Governor Simcoe decided to erect the new parliament buildings near the mouth of the Don instead of at the original trading post near the mouth of the Humber. Near the bay, on Parliament Street, were built the first Houses of Parliament, consisting of what were described by a writer of the time as "two elegant halls with convenient offices for the accommodation of the Legislature and the Courts of Justice." Parliament met in York for the first time in 1797, after the new buildings were finished.

The young town grew slowly for twenty years, till in 1813 it was twice captured by Commodore Chauncey, first in April and afterwards in July. The small garrison was taken by surprise on the first visit of Commodore Chauncey and General Dearborn, and after blowing up the magazine the fort was abandoned. The United States troops retained possession of the city for eleven days. General Dearborn treated the people kindly but "the Parliament Buildings and Parliamentary Library were burned and the church and town library were pillaged." The United States troops remained only one day at the time of their second visit. They burned the empty barracks and took away a number of boats with a quantity of shot, shells and other munitions of war and several cannon.

A month after the destruction of the Parliament Buildings in Toronto, the British retaliated at Washington. The Legislative Council of Lower Canada said at the time, in an address to Sir George Prevost: "We consider the destruction of the public buildings at Washington a just retribution for the outrages committed by an American force at the seat of government in Upper Canada."

In 1815, after the close of the war, the population was about 2,500. In 1823, Mr. Howison, a Scotch trav-



INTERIOR OF LORETTO ABBEY.

eller, describes York as "a town, in which there are some good houses, containing about 3,000 inhabitants. Its trade is trifling, and it is destitute of every natural advantage except a good harbor." His judgment did not prove to be so good as that of Governor Simcoe.

In 1825 the new Parliament Build-



TRINITY COLLEGE.

ings were accidentally destroyed by fire, but new buildings were erected soon after. The town grew rapidly during the last ten years of its existence under the name of York. In 1834 it had attained to a population of about 10,000, and it assumed the dignity of a city under the old name, Toronto.

The first mayor of the new city was William Lyon McKenzie, an energetic Scotchman, who was the leader of the people of Upper Canada in their demands for relief from the rule of the Family Compact. He after-

wards organized the rebellion of 1837, with the view of accomplishing by force the reforms he despaired of securing by legislation. The rebellion of 1837 naturally proved to be one of the great events in the history of Toronto. Its leader in Upper Canada was one of the most prominent men in the city; but although he had the honor of being its first mayor, he had little sympathy from the people of Toronto in his attempt to overthrow the government and make Canada a part of the United



UPPER CANADA COLLEGE.

States. His supporters came chiefly from the districts in the vicinity of Toronto, and his place of rendezvous was about three miles north of the city, his intention being to seize the capital and by this means place himself at the head of the province. The rebellion lasted only two days, days of great excitement in Toronto. The rebels were dispersed after a brief engagement with the loyalists, and the leaders fled to the United States. Toronto has ever since maintained its reputation for active loyalty to the

governmental residence very long. Owing to popular indignation at the passage of a bill indemnifying those who had suffered loss in the rebellion, the Parliament Buildings in Montreal were burned by an excited party of loyalists who strongly resented the payment of their money to the claimants for indemnities, as in most cases the applicants had been in active rebellion themselves. The burning of the Parliament Buildings led to a change in the seat of government, and it was decided that parlia-



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE.

British crown. The outcome of the rebellion was a recommendation by Lord Durham that Upper and Lower Canada should be united under one parliament. His recommendation was adopted by the British government, and the union was effected in 1841. By the Act of Union, Montreal was made the capital of the united provinces. This reduced Toronto from the dignity of a capital city.

Montreal was not destined to retain the honors and advantages of



UNIVERSITY COLLEGE LIBRARY.

ment should meet alternately in Toronto and Quebec, the capitals of the original provinces of Upper and Lower Canada, now Ontario and Quebec. This arrangement continued in force until 1866, when parliament met at Ottawa for the first time, that city having been selected as the capital by Queen Victoria to whom the choice of a site had been referred by the Canadian parliament on account of the intense rivalry existing between the cities that aspired to the honor. When

the Dominion was established, in 1867, Toronto again became the capital of Ontario, formerly Upper Canada.

The year 1866 is a memorable one in the history of Toronto as the year of the Fenian raids. The Toronto regiments of volunteers were promptly sent to drive the Fenians out of the Niagara peninsula. The "Queen's Own" met the enemy at Ridgeway,



MCMASTER
UNIVERSITY.

and sustained a loss of seven killed and twenty-three wounded. The beautiful monument erected to the memory of those who fell at Ridgeway is decorated each year on June 2 by their comrades and by the school children of the city. Another monument in Queen's Park commemorates the loyalty and bravery of Toronto volunteers. It records the gallantry of those



WELLESLEY PUBLIC SCHOOL.



TORONTO NORMAL SCHOOL.



VICTORIA
COLLEGE.

who were killed during the Northwest rebellion of 1885.

Since 1867, when confederation widened the range of Canada's national and commercial outlook, the growth of

Toronto has been very steady and progressive. Its population in 1867 was 47,500; in 1898 it had increased to 230,000, including the immediate suburbs of West Toronto, North Toronto and East Toronto. The school attendance has increased nearly seven fold during the last twenty-five years. The increase in population has been caused chiefly by the building of new railways and the establishment of manufacturing institutions. Two undertakings are at present actively considered, which will greatly enlarge Toronto, if they are carried to a successful issue. One is the building of a railway to James Bay, and the other the making of a canal or the improving of the railway facilities between Toronto and Georgian Bay, so as to control the immense trade of the Western and Northwestern States

and of the Canadian Northwest. The shortening of the great continental water route by about four hundred miles is sure to be accomplished in a



SCHOOL OF PRACTICAL SCIENCE.

few years; and when it has been brought about, by whichever plan may be adopted, a great impetus will be given to the growth of Toronto.

Among the many fine public buildings in the city the most beautiful are the new Parliament Buildings, the Provincial University, described in all guidebooks as the best specimen of Norman architecture in America, the new City Hall, Osgoode Hall, the seat of the Provincial Courts and Law School, Trinity University, Victoria University, McMaster University, the Normal School, Upper Canada College and the Provincial Asylum.

Toronto has been named the City of Churches, because of the large number of fine churches that have been erected in it. The distinctive feature of church architecture in Toronto consists in the fact that all denomina-



KNOX COLLEGE.

tions have built a considerable number of fine churches instead of concentrating their efforts on the erection of a few of greater magnificence. The large churches are not confined to the central portion, but are found widely distributed throughout the city.

Toronto is the educational metropolis of Ontario, if not of the Dominion. In addition to the University of Toronto, which is a provincial institution, there are several universities and colleges supported by the leading religious denominations. The English Church has two, Trinity University and Wycliffe College; the Methodists have Victoria University; the Baptists, McMaster University; the Presbyterians, Knox College; and the Roman Catholics, St. Michael's College. There are three medical colleges, one being conducted for women only. The Provincial Nor-

mal School has in connection with it a fine collection of paintings and statuary and a good ethnological museum. Toronto has a technical school, three collegiate institutes (high schools), and Upper Canada College, a provincial institution modelled on the plan of the great public schools of England.

There are also several private or denominational colleges of high standing for the secondary training of young ladies. There are fifty-five public schools and nineteen separate schools.



HARBORD STREET COLLEGIATE INSTITUTE.

Toronto has several institutions for giving higher culture in art and music, the most important being the Ontario Art School, the Toronto Conservatory of Music, and the Toronto College of Music. The Toronto Conservatory of Music is the largest and



ST. MICHAEL'S HOSPITAL.

best equipped musical college in Canada.

The work of the kindergarten is more completely organized as a part of the public school system in Toronto than in any other city of its size in America. Ontario was the first province or state to make the kindergarten an organic part of the state system of education, and Toronto was the first city in the Dominion to do so. St. Louis, under the leadership of Dr. Harris and Miss Blow, won the position of honor in the adoption of the kindergarten, and Toronto came second among the cities of America. Toronto led America in the general introduction of military drill in the public schools. For

more than twenty-five years the boys of all the schools have been taught drill regularly; and one of the most interesting events of each year is the annual parade and review of the three regiments of senior boys. More than forty companies are sys-

tematically drilled. Governor Bloxham invited the Toronto Public School Board to send a company of boys to the military convention in Tampa, Florida, in February, 1899; and the splendid bearing, the excellent conduct and the great efficiency of the boys met with the heartiest approval in Tampa, in Chicago and Detroit, where public receptions were given in their honor. Drill has proved to be a very valuable department of educational



VICTORIA HOSPITAL FOR CHILDREN.



THE GENERAL HOSPITAL.



TORONTO CHURCHES.



HORTICULTURAL GARDENS.

work in cultivating a patriotic spirit, in physical development, in improving the walk, carriage and general bearing of the boys, in cultivating the ability to respond promptly and definitely to any instructions given, and in revealing the duty of each individual to do his part in life's work thoroughly in hearty, sympathetic coöperation with his fellow men. Each boy in a company knows that if his part is not well done, his company loses rank. No other department of school work more effectively reveals by experience the need of individual effort in unity with one's fellow men than drill.

The development of patriotic feeling is made one of the definite aims of school work in Toronto schools. "Empire Day" is the day before the Queen's birthday. On this day each pupil from the kindergarten to the highest class constructs the Union Jack from the three crosses of which it is composed—the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew and St. Patrick. In the forenoon special exercises are held, at which patriotic addresses and recitations are delivered and songs of a patriotic character sung. In the afternoon the annual parade and re-

view of the drill battalions takes place, and the soldiers' monuments are decorated by flower companies of girls from the different schools.

A deep interest is taken by the school authorities in maintaining an interest in games and outdoor sports in the schools. One day is set apart each year for a competition between the pupils of the whole city in games and sports. In the best schools the boys keep themselves in condition during the winter season by practising systematically in gymnasiums. Another distinctive feature of the schools for nearly twenty-five years has been the fire drills. At least once a month at unexpected times these drills take place in every school. Their aim is to prevent the possibility of a panic in case of fire. Pupils can always get out of a building in case of fire without loss of life, if there is no danger of a panic. Smoke is caused in the halls sometimes, so that even when a real fire occurs the children rarely know that there has been any danger until they are in the yard. Four fires have occurred in Toronto schools since the fire drills were first introduced. In every case the children were calm, and went out as regularly as on or-



GLIMPSES IN TORONTO
PARKS.

ordinary occasions, when the special fire signals are given. In one case the pupils in a junior class were subjected to a severe strain. The fire which had been smouldering under the floor suddenly burst through and flames

rose up several feet in height between two rows of pupils. Even then, although the children were only about nine years of age, there was no sign of a panic. They sat quietly in their seats till the principal was notified and the regular alarm given, when they formed up as usual and waited quietly till their turn came to go out.

In close relation to the work of education stands the publication of good books. In this important department of national life Toronto far surpasses the other Canadian cities. The publishing houses of W. J. Gage & Co., Copp, Clark & Co., the Canadian Publishing Company, Hunter, Rose & Co., and the Methodist Publishing Company supply the entire Dominion with a large proportion of the books used in the schools. A great impetus has recently been

given to the publication of the best standard and current literature by the house of G. N. Morang. Most of the Toronto publishers are now issu-

ing literary works of Canadian and foreign authors in a style that will compare favorably with the books of the best houses of the United States and England.

Toronto is the chief manufacturing-centre of the Dominion. The leading manufactures are agricultural implements, machinery, musical instruments, furniture, stoves, hardware, clothing, leather, boots and shoes, oils and soap. There are also large vinegar works and pickling industries. The packing houses of Toronto have an excellent reputation in English markets for their animal food products. The agricultural machines made in Toronto are sent in large quantities not only throughout the



HIAWATHA ISLAND.

Dominion of Canada, but to England, Scotland, Ireland, India, Australia, South America, and even to France, Belgium, Austria, Bavaria and Russia.

The park system of Toronto is extensive and beautiful. Queen's Park is a fine park in the centre of the city, about the same size as Boston Common, in which the oak is the sacred tree as the elm is in Boston. The Horticultural Gardens is a small but beautiful park in the most densely populated part of the city, in which the city has erected a large public hall for musical and literary entertainments. The city is surrounded on three sides by a series of splendid parks unsurpassed in extent and natural beauty by the parks of any American city. High Park, Reservoir Park, Rosedale Parks, Riverside Park, Munro Park and Victoria Park afford ample opportunities for free life in the summer days for a city much larger than Toronto. But the most popular of all her beautiful parks is Island Park, on Hiawatha Island, which lies immediately in front of the city in the form of a crescent about three miles in length. A large part of the island is devoted to park purposes.

Toronto has a wide reputation as a pleasant, healthful summer resort. The magnificent lake, the fine fleet of steamers running to Niagara, Hamilton, Whitby, St. Catharines, Grimsby and other towns, the attractive



SIR DANIEL WILSON.



SIR OLIVER MOWAT.

summer residence districts on the lake at Victoria Park, Balmy Beach, Kew Beach, Hiawatha Island, Lorne Park and other places, the bracing air and the comfortable temperature combine to supply most of the conditions for ideal summer homes.

The people of Toronto take a deep interest in outdoor sports, and her sons have done her high honor on various fields and waters in competition with the world's leaders. With such splendid boating facilities, it might naturally be expected that great attention would be paid to aquatic sports. In rowing Toronto

has produced two world's champions, Hanlan and O'Connor; and her amateur crews have held the championship of America and have shown their worthiness to rank with the best "fours" and "eights" of Europe. In yachting, too, her fleet now holds the first position among the fleets of the Great Lakes. Toronto Bay has long been the centre of the exciting and exhilarating occupation of ice-boating.

On land Toronto more than holds her own in lacrosse, football, cricket, baseball, curling, running and other forms of athletic sports. In curling, especially, Toronto leads the world—surpassing even Scotch cities in the number and size of the clubs and the splendid buildings erected by the devotees of this grandest of winter games.

One of the gratifying features that distinguish Toronto from most large cities is the fact that there is no part of the city that can be fairly regarded as a "slum" district. The city covers a very large area, so that there is no overcrowding. Workingmen have no difficulty in obtaining homes with separate gardens, and it is a common practice to use these gardens in growing both flowers and vegetables.



SIR JOHN MACDONALD.



GOLDWIN SMITH.

The city owns the franchise of the street railway, and receives from the company to which the railway is rented an income which at present amounts to \$164,000 per annum. The amount received by the city is based on the receipts of the company, so that it will increase with the growth of the city.



HOME OFFICE OF THE NORTH AMERICAN LIFE ASSURANCE CO.

Toronto is preëminently a city of homes. It claims to have a larger proportion of good homes and a much smaller proportion of saloons than any city of its size in America.

Before the liberation of the negro by the United States, Toronto was one of the cities of refuge for escaped slaves. They were well treated by the people generally, and some of them made considerable sums of money. One old gentleman became quite wealthy in the hotel and livery stable business, and his private equipage was as fine as that of any gentleman in the city. He had an intelligent daughter, who had received the best culture that could be provided for her. His ambition was to secure a white husband for her. In order to do so, he advertised that he would give any white gentleman of satisfactory standing a large sum of money,

if he would marry his daughter. A suitor presented himself, and succeeded in winning the confidence of father and daughter. The marriage took place, and the old gentleman proudly carried out his promise. The enriched husband started with his wife on a bridal trip in the United States, and without arousing suspicion managed to get into one of the slave states, where he increased his wealth by selling his wife as a slave. The case caused a great deal of excitement at the time. The people of Toronto sympathized heartily with the unfortunate girl, and a sufficient sum of money was at once raised to purchase her release. After the war of the rebellion most of the negroes returned to their southern homes.

Toronto has been the home of many men distinguished in the history of Canada, some of whom were among the most prominent men of their time. Its founder, General Simcoe, was a truly great man, worthy of the inscription on the wall of St. Gabriel's Chapel in Exeter Cathedral under his medallion portrait by Flaxman, in which he is spoken of as one "in whose life and character the virtues of the hero, the patriot and the Christian were so eminently conspicuous, that it may justly be said, he served his king and his country with a zeal exceeded only by his piety towards God." As a soldier he fought bravely from Bunker Hill throughout the American War of the Revolution. After the war he was elected to the British House of Commons; but his great work was the organization of Upper Canada and the founding of the city of Toronto.

One of the greatest native born Canadians was Egerton Ryerson, D. D., LL. D., the founder of the educational system of Ontario and the distinguished leader in educational matters in Ontario for thirty-two years, retaining as he did the position of chief superintendent of education from 1844 to 1876. During all this period he resided in Toronto. In

addition to his great educational work, he was one of the leading orators of his country and one of the most powerful writers on educational, religious, historical and political subjects that Canada has produced. He was a man of conspicuous ability, and his splendid character and attainments made him the first president of the United Methodist body of the Dominion.

Sir John Macdonald, the great statesman who united the separate parts of the Dominion of Canada into one country and made it the most important portion of the colonial empire of Great Britain, resided in Toronto during the period from 1873 to 1878, while his party was in opposition.

Sir Daniel Wilson, well known throughout the world by his literary works, was one of Toronto's most notable men. He was appointed professor of history and English literature in Toronto University in 1853, and became its president in 1881, a position which he filled with splendid ability till his death in 1892. He was a voluminous writer, and when a comparatively young man he won unstinted praise from the highest authorities for the scholarship and originality of his book on "The Archaeology and Prehistoric Annals of Scotland." He had already issued "Oliver Cromwell and the Protectorate." In 1862 he published his greatest work, "Prehistoric Man," which helped to give high rank to the university in which he was a professor. In 1869 he published "Chatterton," and later, "Caliban, the Missing Link," and a volume of poems.

The great English preacher, Rev. William Morley Pritchard, resided in Toronto for five years, 1868 to 1873. His remarkable oratorical powers made him a universal favorite in Canada and the United States.

One of the few statues yet erected to the memory of distinguished Canadians stands in front of the Parliament Buildings in Toronto in honor

of the memory of Hon. George Brown, who for many years was one of the most prominent Canadian statesmen. Although he was during the greater part of his life opposed to the policy of Sir John Macdonald, he was so truly patriotic as to unite cordially with the "Father of his Country" in securing the Act of Confederation, which laid the foundation for the Dominion of Canada.

Sir Oliver Mowat, the present governor of Ontario, has been one of Toronto's most prominent men for about sixty years, first as a lawyer and a judge, then for nearly a quarter of a century as the head of the government, and afterwards as governor of the province.

The most widely known citizen of Toronto is undoubtedly Mr. Goldwin Smith, who has lived in Toronto for nearly thirty years. Mr. Smith easily takes rank as one of the greatest men now living. For half a century he has been recognized as an authority on historical, literary and educational questions. He was chosen as the most capable man to fill the position of professor of modern history in the University of Oxford in 1858, and performed his duties with marked ability until 1866, when he resigned his professorship, owing to an accident to his father. In 1861 he accepted the chair of English and constitutional history in Cornell University. He has resided in Toronto since 1871. As a writer Mr. Smith has long been regarded as a model. The *Westminster Review*, in reviewing his "Lectures on the Study of History," in 1861, although not agreeing with his conclusions, was forced to admit that "Mr. Goldwin Smith is clearly master of a power of expression which has scarcely a rival amongst us." This power has improved as his mind has ripened and been enriched, until he is now recognized not only as one of the most accomplished living masters of English, but as worthy to rank with the greatest prose writers of literature.

GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN AND THE REBELLION IN NEW HAMPSHIRE.

By Frank B. Sanborn.

TWO early governors of New England states, General John Sullivan in New Hampshire and James Sullivan in Massachusetts (then including Maine), were the sons of Master John Sullivan and Margery Brown, his wife, immigrants from Ireland to Maine early in the eighteenth century. The story of these parents of two men so distinguished was itself so peculiar as to deserve mention. So far as can now be determined after the lapse of two centuries, old John Sullivan of Berwick, in Maine, where he taught school for nearly half a century, was born at an old Irish castle (Ardea), now in ruins, on Kenmare River, in southwestern Ireland, on the borders of Cork and Kerry, June 17, 1692. He was christened Owen O'Sullivan, and was the son of a Major Philip O'Sullivan and Joanna McCarty,—these being the names of the two powerful families in that part of Ireland. After the conquest by Cromwell, the lands of the O'Sullivans passed to Sir William Petty, ancestor of the Lansdowne family; but some of the O'Sullivans, returning from banishment, were restored to a part of their wild property by the Stuarts, and in the later wars of the Stuart family took their side. Writing to his son, General John Sullivan, about 1785, old John (alias Owen) Sullivan gave this account, from memory and tradition, of his family:

"I am the son of Major Philip O'Sullivan of Ardea in the county of Kerry, by the river of Killmare, in the barony of Glanorough. His father was called Owen O'Sullivan, originally descendant from the second son of Daniel O'Sullivan, called Lord of Beer Heaven. I heard often tell that

my grandfather had four countesses to his mothers and grandmothers; how true that was, or who they were, I know not. My father died, as they told me, of an ulcer raised in his breast, occasioned by a wound he received in France, where he fought a duel with a French officer; and when he wounded his antagonist, another ran a sword through his back so that the point appeared at his breast. They were all a short-lived family,—they either died in the bloom or went out of the nation; I never heard of any of the men kind to arrive at 60, and don't remember but of one to be alive when I left the nation (in 1723). My mother's name was Joane McCarty, daughter to Dermod McCarty of Killowen; she had three brothers and one sister; her mother's name I forget, but that she was daughter to McCarty Reagh of Carbery. Her oldest brother was Col. Florence, alias Mac Finnin; he and his two brothers, Capt. Charles and Capt. Owen, went in the defence of the nation against Orange. Owen was killed in the battle of Aughrim; Florence had a son who retains the title of Mac Finnin; Charles I just remember,—he had a charge of powder in his face at the siege of Cork. He left two sons, Derby (Dermot) and Owen; Derby married with Ellina Sullivan of the Sullivans of Bannan; his brother Owen married to Honora Mahony, in the barony of Dunkerran or Capenecussiss. He also died in the prime of life, much lamented. They were short-lived on both sides; but the brevity of their lives, to my great grief and sorrow, is added to the length of mine. My mother's sister was married to Dermod O'Sullivan, eldest son of Daniel O'Sullivan, lord

of Dunkerran; her son, Cornelius, as I understand, was with the Pretender in Scotland in the year 1745. This is all I can say about my origin. But I shall conclude with a Latin sentence, which occurred to my mind at the conclusion of this genealogical narration:

"Si Adam sit Pater cunotorum. Mater et Eva.

Cur non sunt homines nobilitate pares?
Non pater aut mater dant nobis nobilitatem,

(Sed) moribus et vita nobilitatur homo."

Here are a few errors of Latin quantity, natural to a man of 93, as he then was; but the reminiscence shows that he had been a Latin scholar in his Irish boyhood; perhaps one like those of whom Lord Herbert of Cherbury reported in 1673:

"The said County of Kerry aboundeth with unnecessary priests and officers and friars, and with youth learning of needless Latin, instead of useful trades."

Putting Master Sullivan's elegiac verse into English, it runs thus:

"Was Adam all men's sire, and Eve their mother?

Then how can one be nobler than another?
Ennobled are we not by sire or dame;
Till life and conduct give us noble fame."

Why Owen O'Sullivan left his native Kerry is not certainly known; the tradition was that he wished to marry one whom his family disliked, and, being thwarted of his love, he told his mother and cousins he would go where they should never hear of him again,—and he kept his word. But quite likely the disturbed state of that corner of Ireland was the true cause; for the same Lord Herbert (son of the more famous Sir Edward, and nephew of holy George Herbert) reported thus, fifty years before John of Berwick emigrated: "We have considered the condition of the three baronies of Iveragh, Dunkerran and Glanerought, unto which we consider the condition of Bear and Bantry to be very like. The country is so thinly

peopled that there are above 66 English acres of land for every man, woman and child that is within it; and these so poor that till very lately there was not in them ten houses of two chimneys each. It was by the last powers that subdued it laid waste for many years, so as it was death for any man, woman or child to be seen in it. The ways are the worst of all Ireland,—impassable in the winter time, and requiring an hour's riding, with much trouble and danger, for each mile. The Irish of this country are all branches of a few families, and chiefly of the Sullivans and Carties, but most of the Sullivans,—they having been of late proprietors of most of the lands. And this is certain,—the three chiefs of the Sullivans, viz., O'Sullivan More, O'Sullivan Bear, and Gillicuddy,—although neither of them were adjudged innocent, nor have any benefit of the late act of settlement (amnesty),—do yet somehow enjoy considerable parts of their late estate; whereby they are able to engage great numbers of their name and families to assist them in their progresses and intrusions. The country being infested with the enemy's shipping (it was near the end of the Dutch war), being situate on the ocean, with a multitude of creeks and harbors,—the poverty, thinness and insolence of the people, together with their plenty of cattle, which are a refreshment to such shipping, make them friendly to the enemy,—as also their confederate ill-will to those who have gotten their lands."

This state of things improved after the final victory of William III at the battle of Aughrim in July, 1691,—about the time of John of Berwick's birth; but it grew worse again under George I, when England fettered Irish industry; and so there were two great emigrations to America,—first of the Protestant Irish from the north, and then of the Catholics from the south and west. Among the latter was Owen O'Sullivan, taking the name of John. He landed at New-

buryport, in the same vessel with his wife, Margery Brown, who was born at Cork in 1714. They were married soon after 1730, and both were very poor; they first went to live in Scotland parish of York, in Maine, where the ancestor of R. W. Emerson, Rev. Samuel Moody, was pastor. According to his granddaughter, Mary Simpson, he "pledged his services to one Nowell of Newburyport, for the payment of his passage." From the same family tradition we learn this:

"Having been genteelly bred and liberally educated, he was disgusted with the severe manual labor to which he was subjected and wrote a letter expressed in seven different languages, to Mr. Moody, soliciting his aid in procuring more congenial employment. This application resulted in a loan sufficient to cancel his debt and enable him to open a school at Berwick, near York. He soon after married a young woman, Margaret Brown, who was his fellow-passenger from Ireland."

We may question the seven languages; but he might well have quoted Latin, Greek and Gaelic,—possibly French also; though the story is told of his acquiring French easily at the age of 90, after having taught schools for more than forty years in Berwick. But within that time he had been driven to abandon Margery Sullivan, by some of her censorious remarks,—as we learn by her advertisement in the *Boston Evening Post* of July 25, 1743,—but dated at Somersworth, N. H., July 11:

"My dear and loving Husband,—Your abrupt departure from me, and forsaking of your wife and tender babes,—which I now humbly acknowledge and confess I was greatly, if not wholly the occasion of, by my too rash and unadvised speech and behavior towards you; for which I now in this public manner humbly ask your forgiveness; and hereby promise upon your return to amend

and reform, and by my future loving and obedient carriage towards you, endeavor to make an atonement for my past evil deeds, and manifest to you and the whole world that I am become a new woman, and will prove to you a loving, dutiful and tender wife. If you do not regard what I have above written, I pray you to hearken to what your pupil, Joshua Gilpatrick, hath below sent you; as also to the lamentations and cries of your poor children, especially the oldest, who, though but seven years old, all rational people really conclude, that unless you speedily return will end in his death. . . . And why should a few angry and unkind words from an angry and fretful wife, for which I am now paying full dear, make you thus to forsake me and your children? How can you thus, for so slender a cause as a few rash words from a simple and weak woman, chuse to part from your tender babes, who are your own flesh and blood? You shall be kindly received, and in the most submissive manner, by your wife; who is ready, at your desire, to lay herself at your feet for her past miscarriage. . . .

(Signed), MARGERY SULLIVAN."

It would be inferred from this letter that the Sullivans were not married before 1735,—their eldest son, Benjamin, being born in 1736; and this makes it probable that another tradition, which alleges that the Master paid her passage with his own earnings, may be correct, and that she was born in 1714, and not 1705.

General Sullivan of Durham, N. H., was one of the "tender babes" of 1743,—being born at Berwick, February 17, 1740. His brother James was born at some unknown date in 1744, and established himself at Saco in Maine before the Revolution. Of the old man, we have this account from the *Portsmouth Oracle* of June, 1795:

"He arrived in this country when he was 31 years of age, from which time till he was 90 he was most part

of his time employed in teaching public and private schools; and perhaps few persons ever diffused so much useful learning. At this advanced age he retired, lamenting that he could no longer be beneficial to mankind. He still continued his studies, and at this advanced stage in life he undertook to learn the French language; and though he had never before had any acquaintance with that tongue, by close study he acquired such a knowledge as to be able to construe and write it with tolerable accuracy. He wrote a good hand till he was 102, when his nerves failed him; from this time his chief amusement was confined to reading, till he was nearly 104, when he almost totally lost his eyesight. This he called the most afflicting stroke he ever met with. His family had been numerous; but he had often been called from the house of mourning to the house of silence. His surviving offspring are two sons and one daughter, 26 grandchildren and 12 greatgrandchildren."

General Sullivan had already died, and his grandson, the late Judge Sullivan of Exeter, N. H., was not yet born. But from the statement of others Judge Sullivan gave this account of the General: "In his person he was short, about 5 ft. 6 or 7 inches in height. He was fleshy and very erect and well formed; his hair very dark, almost black; his complexion dark, and his cheeks red; his eyes black and piercing. His manners were dignified, but easy and graceful; he having a faculty of making each one in a company of several persons think he was an object of particular attention. He was hospitable and fond of display, and prodigal of money. In his dealings he was honest, generous and honorable; in his temper, ordinarily mild and tranquil, and as far removed from petulance as man could be; but when roused to resentment he was stormy and violent. His father, I have been told, was a tall, spare man, very mild and gentle, thoughtful and studious; an excellent

scholar, but averse to bodily exercise. When more than 100, he would ride on horseback from Berwick to Durham, 15 miles, and back the same day. His wife is said to have been a small woman. She was very remarkable for her beauty, her vanity, her talents and energy; and not less remarkable for the violence of her temper."

It is probable, therefore, that General Sullivan derived his good looks and his temper from his mother, but his short life from his earlier Irish ancestors. His career in the Revolution was honorable to him, in spite of the accusations of his enemies, and some weaknesses of character, which kept him from the greatest distinction; his courage was high and constant. It was never more signally displayed than in his suppression of a rebellion in New Hampshire, antecedent to that of Shays in Massachusetts, which gave so much concern to Boston and to General Washington.

General Sullivan had been chosen governor of New Hampshire (with the title of President) in March, 1786, by a small majority over John Langdon. He was then forty-six years old, but his exposure in the war of the Revolution had aged him more than his years. However, he was vigorous and firm, especially when force was threatened against the laws; and from many causes there was much discontent in New England that year. Conventions of the people were held at Concord, Chester, Rochester, etc., and the popular discontent was fostered by some men in public station. William Plumer of Epping, then a law student at Londonderry, but afterwards senator in Congress and governor, has described the events and characters of the period in contemporary letters. One of these portrays a character of some note for many years, and long after his death made the subject of a poem by Whittier,—General Moulton of Hampton,—who was believed to encourage the populace in their demand for paper

money and stay laws against the speedy collection of debts. In a letter of September 18, 1786, written from Exeter, Plumer said:

"A self-created Convention has twice met at Rochester in Strafford County; their views are similar to those of the Chester convention, but they have more information. Jonathan Moulton, Esq., of Hampton is their president, and he is one of the Brigadier Generals of our militia. Here is his biography: His parents were poor, and lived in obscurity. Jonathan was bound apprentice to a cabinet-maker. When he was about 20, he purchased the residue of his time of service, and opened a huxter's shop. By his unwearied attention in buying and selling small articles he soon became an extensive dealer in English and West India goods. The property that he obtained from a valuable ship wrecked on Hampton Beach gave him increased credit and business. The instances of his fraud and deceit, injustice and oppression are numerous; he has reduced many families from affluence to beggary. For 20 years he has been a constant suitor in the courts of law, where he has often attempted to corrupt judges, bribe jurors, suborn witnesses,—and seduce the counsel employed by his opponents. I have evidence of his conveying a right of land to a judge who was to decide the title to that and all the other lands that he claimed in that township. The fact was discovered, and the judge never decided the cause. I know an instance of his making liberal promises to an influential jurymen. His own influence in the courts was extensive, and his success ruined many; but now he is unable to obtain justice. It is difficult to find a jury, some of whom, or their relations or connexions, he has not wronged. A few months since, lamenting to me his condition, he said, 'Such are the prejudices against me, that I cannot obtain that common justice which is

administered to the most obscure man.' He is the owner of immense tracts of uncultivated wilderness; he has expended much money in making settlements in new townships (near Lake Winnepisiogee), and in making and repairing roads. In this point of view his labors have been useful to the country; but many of those settled in his townships complain of his having ruined them. Those most intimate with him censure him most. He is a man of good natural abilities; his address is pleasing, and his manners easy. He has uniformly and sedulously flattered the vices and follies of mankind. He does business with great despatch. He is hospitable at home and abroad,—nay, more, he is often generous, even to profusion. Notwithstanding his immense tracts of land, the money due to him, and the relief he has obtained by the Tender Law, yet his debts, taxes and suits threaten him with imprisonment. This has made him an advocate for paper money."

The same reasons seem to have influenced another prominent man in Rockingham county, General Nathaniel Peabody of Atkinson, who was heavily in debt, though possessed of many evidences of unsalable property. The laws at that time bore hard upon debtors, who often lay long in prison for small debts, and the legal profession were sharp at making their own fortune by using all the weapons of the old law against the poor. For this reason there was an outcry among the people against lawyers; and the conventions had resolved in favor of reducing their number, as well as for paper money. Of the Chester convention, its origin and objects, Plumer wrote to his brother in Epping,* from Londonderry, in July, 1786:

"On the 10th of July, 150 men met at Emery's tavern in this town; they were from fifteen towns, but were not elected by the towns. This meeting elected 67 of their own number (as a Convention), who met, chose a chair-

man, and appointed two clerks. After two days spent in debate, these resolved that they would adopt such measures as should compel the General Court to emit paper money; appointed a committee of 18 to devise a plan and draw a petition to the legislature, and then adjourned, to meet at Chester the 20th. This convention is now in session in Chester; they propose that the General Court shall issue paper bills equal to the amount of the State debt, and that the holders of the State notes shall receive the bills in payment; also that if the holders of notes do not exchange them for bills by January 1, 1787, the interest shall cease after that date,—and if not exchanged by July 1, all outstanding notes shall then be void. They propose to issue a further sum to build ships, which are to be sold, and appropriated to pay our foreign debt; all this money to be a legal tender for the payment of all debts. The bills are to be redeemed by New Hampshire with taxes to be assessed on the people, payable into the treasury in seven years by equal annual payments. I am personally acquainted with many members of this convention, and they are men of feeble intellect; very few of them know what they do, or to what their measures tend. I hope their visionary schemes will not end in acts of rebellion,—though much I fear it. In Londonderry and vicinity there is much clamor upon the revival of Allen's obsolete claim (to the ownership of lands in New Hampshire, based on the old Masonian claims), and the making of paper money. The convention is again to meet at Chester, August 22; the members are not unlike King David's pious companions at Adullam,—*men in distress, involved in debt and discontented*. They have no leader; they want one who possesses David's cunning and Joab's valor. An ignorant mob may however destroy a much better government than they can establish."

By September, 1786, the debtors

and old soldiers of Massachusetts were also astir to prevent the collection of debts and the oppression of the poor. Plumer, a Massachusetts man by birth, and in correspondence with friends in that neighboring state, was early informed of the course taken by Job Shattuck of Groton and other leaders in the Massachusetts rebellion, which Shays afterwards led, and thus wrote to a friend on the 18th of September, two days before the outbreak in New Hampshire:

"The inferior courts in the counties of Middlesex, Worcester and Hampshire in Massachusetts have within three weeks been prevented by armed men from transacting their official business. Previous to the meeting of the Middlesex court, the Governor (James Bowdoin), with the advice of his Council, issued orders directing a portion of the militia to assemble at Concord to protect the county court there, and suppress this daring insurrection. But on examining the laws, he had no authority, and before the militia assembled he rescinded the orders. Two hundred and fifty insurgents met, and forcibly prevented the court from proceeding to business. The Governor has issued his proclamation requiring the attendance of the General Court on the 27th of September. I hope they will pass a law giving their Governor power to call forth the militia when necessary. Most of the Massachusetts insurgents are men of desperate fortunes,—some of them infamous, and most of them ignorant. It is feared that those who appear as ringleaders are kept in countenance by others of more consequence,—but men bankrupt in fame and fortune, or disaffected because they are unable to obtain offices of honor and profit. I am sorry that Captain Horne of Dover, with his well disciplined troop of horse, in their uniform, escorted our Gen. Moulton and several of his party to and from the Rochester convention. I hope our militia will find better employment than paying homage to

those who are sapping the foundations of our government. Our Rockingham convention are disgusted with our General Court (now in session at Exeter) for refusing to make paper money. It is whispered that they intend to adopt coercive measures."

Accordingly, an armed movement was made from Londonderry upon Exeter; the existing discontent being increased in New Hampshire by a new law allowing the Tories of the Revolution to return and live in the state, in order to preserve their property and collect their debts,—none of them, in the mean time, to be subject to prosecution for acts done during the war. Some of the members of the Exeter legislature thereupon reported that the new law obliged the state to repurchase the confiscated estates of the Tories (such as Count Rumford, Sir John Wentworth, and others, who had fled the state), restore them to the former owners, and tax the patriots heavily for this purpose. This enraged the Rockingham and Strafford conventioners still more, and those from Chester and Londonderry armed and marched the few miles intervening, to force the General Court to repeal the obnoxious law and issue paper money. On the late evening of September 20, Plumer writes from Exeter to John Hale in Portsmouth this important letter:

"At 11 o'clock this morning we heard that a body of armed men were at Kingston Plains (six miles from Exeter) marching under the orders of the Rockingham convention. At 3 P. M. they encamped on Exeter Plains, and sent the following request to the legislature:

"*To the Honorable the Senate and House of Representatives of the State of New Hampshire:* Inasmuch as we conceive the prayer of our former petition has not yet been granted, and as we are determined to do ourselves that justice which the laws of God and man dictate to us,—therefore we

pray your Honors to grant us the requests of our former petition, and not drive us to a state of desperation. We pray your Honors to give us an immediate answer.

JOSEPH FRENCH, *Moderator*,

RICHARD ADAMS, *Clerk*.

"EXETER PLAIN, Sept. 20, 1786."

"The House appointed a committee of five, to be joined with such as the Senate should appoint, to take the subject into consideration; but the Senate, with a spirit that did them honor, unanimously non-concurred the vote. The two houses then met in convention; while they were together, the insurgents marched into town, commanded by Joseph French, who had heretofore supported the character of an honest, inoffensive, weak, ignorant man. Several militia officers were associated and present with him,—Major James Cochran, Capt. James Cochran and Lieut. Asa Robinson of Pembroke, Capt. John McKean of Londonderry, Lieut. Clough and Ensign Thomas Cotton of Sandown. The whole number assembled were about 200,—eighty of whom had fire and side arms, and the others had clubs and staves; some were on horseback, but most on foot. They affected military parade, marching through the town with the drum beating, and their arms clubbed. This mob was a collection from Londonderry, Hampstead, Hawke, Sandown, Bedford, Goffstown, Raymond, and a few other towns. They made a miserable appearance,—dirty, ragged fellows, many of them young, and most of them ignorant. They drew up before the Meeting-house where the legislature were sitting; and while thus drawn up, and many of this banditti in the house, President Sullivan stated to the House the reason why the Senate refused to concur in the choice of a committee. After stating the impropriety and injustice of the former petition, he said that the present application was an outrageous insult upon the legislature; if the request were in itself reasonable, yet, coming

from a body of men in arms, they ought not now to listen to it. A compliance with a request from an armed mob would in his opinion be a sacrifice of duty; for his own part, he was determined that no consideration of personal danger should ever compel him to betray his trust.

"Immediately after this the insurgents beat to arms, surrounded the meeting-house, and placed sentinels at the doors and windows, with bayonets fixed to their muskets; and forbade any person going in or coming out. They uttered severe threats against the General Court, if they did not immediately grant their request; many of them declaring they would never release them from confinement till after their petition was granted. But the Court proceeded to business without regarding these menaces. I went up to the mob. Some of them were clamoring against the Court for authorizing the return of the refugees,—declaring those who voted for it ought to be punished with death. Some demanded paper money; others an equal distribution of property; some the annihilation of debts, freedom from taxes, the abolition of lawyers, and the inferior courts, the reduction of salaries; and all of them exclaimed against law and government. I argued with several of them upon the unreasonableness of their conduct; but the answer I received was the bayonet pointed to my breast. At sunset, the President and Senate made an attempt to leave the house, but the mob forcibly prevented them. Gen. Sullivan then assured them that the State would support its own government, and reasoned with them on the fatal and dangerous tendency of their own conduct. They insulted the President, the Senate, House and spectators with the most scornful language, by threats, and by presenting their arms at them.

"The inhabitants of Exeter were much alarmed at the idea of an armed mob traversing their streets in the night. Application was made to the

President to permit the spectators to disarm the mob; but he prudently refused. Twenty men, of whom I was one, then agreed to raise a party, walk up to the mob, and, without weapons, disarm them. We formed in the street below (Water Street), huzzaed for government three times, ordered the drum to beat, and marched towards the mob with haste. The spectators separated from the mob, repeated the huzzas, and resorted to us. The mob were greatly frightened and in their confusion some ran, and others leaped into the graveyard. At this instant the President assured the insurgents that, if they would suffer him to pass, he would prevent the effusion of blood. They consented; he went into his lodgings and sent two of his aides to inform them that they must disperse, for the Court would do no business for the night.

"French, their commander, after a moment's consultation, ordered the insurgents to retire to the Plains, and assemble again at 9 to-morrow morning; they dispersed at once. The legislature then unanimously authorized and directed the President to call out the militia and suppress this daring insurrection. He immediately issued orders to the militia officers, to repair to Exeter to-morrow morning, with their commands and arms."

Thus far for the first day of the conflict. The orders of their old general were hurriedly obeyed by the citizen soldiers of Rockingham and Strafford, many of whom had served under Sullivan or Cilley in the desperate fights of Trenton, Germantown and Saratoga. General Cilley came down from Nottingham, and Stark would have rallied to the state flag, with its motto, "Freedom, Not Conquest," could the order have reached him at Starkstown in season. But the campaign was soon ended. Plumer, writing from Epping, his home, late on the evening of the 21st of September, says:

"I have just retired here for rest,

since Exeter is thronged with company. After giving you the proceedings of this day, I will surrender myself a prisoner,—to Morpheus. At 4 o'clock A. M. I was under arms; at 6, a party of six, of whom I was one, was sent in quest of Capt. John McKean. I arrested him, and he was put under guard. The insurgents very soon sent a party of six to demand his liberty; they were arrested and committed to custody. The insurgents embodied, and marched within a mile of the town. By 8 o'clock, a body of cavalry and light infantry arrived, accompanied by many gentlemen of the first rank and education, who appeared as volunteers. Maj. Gen. Cilley was the commanding officer. I joined with the volunteers commanded by Nicholas Gilman, Esq. We marched to meet the mob; but, having received information of our movement, the unarmed part of them retired to the Great Hill. Those who were armed kept their ground till the cavalry appeared in view, when they fled in great disorder, several of them being taken and secured. At the bridge at King's Falls they all rallied, armed and unarmed, and exhibited an intention to dispute the troops; but a few of our officers and gentlemen of the horse arrested their principal officers and most active men; the remainder fled in every direction. Major Cochran and Mr. Morse of Londonderry urged their men to discharge their arms at our troops,—but they refused. We returned to town in great order and regularity, without the loss of blood on either side."

Considering that these men were what Cilley had called his company at Bunker Hill, only ten years before,—“full-blooded Yankees from Rockingham County, by God, who never turned their backs on any man yet,”—the insurgents did not show much courage in action. But they saw the face of their old commander, and many of their former officers in the ranks,—and the thought of their mu-

tual encounters with the British unnerved them. The Derry Scotch-Irish, with native pugnacity, would have had bloodshed; but the Yankees knew better. Plumer goes on:

“President Sullivan has acquired credit by his prudence, caution and firmness. There were about 2,000 men under arms, and a number nearly equal unarmed,—all appearing anxious to give their aid to support the government. The troops were drawn up on each side of the road; the President, accompanied by Gen. Cilley and the field officers, rode through and bowed to them. The 39 prisoners we had taken, with their heads uncovered and hats under their arms, were marched twice through the columns, that in a humiliating condition they might behold a few of the many who were ready to defend the government. This was a mortifying situation to Cochran, McKean and others, who were then remanded to prison, the gaol is now guarded by a band of soldiers.

“Thus happily has the most dangerous mob we ever had been suppressed. The government will gain strength by this event; its friends are animated by seeing the promptness with which all classes of men came forward in its support; the timid are encouraged, and the vile race of time-servers no longer hesitate, but speak loud in support of law and order. I am glad the mob thus early disclosed their views. Had the same spirit of jealousy, distrust and uneasiness increased for two years to come, as it has for eight months past, their numbers would have been formidable. It is a favorable circumstance that they attacked the legislature, the fountain-head of law, and not the inferior courts, as did the insurgents of Massachusetts. This has brought the contest to a single point,—whether we would yield up all our dearest rights to an ignorant, lawless band of ruffians.”

And now commenced a scene which showed how far the New Hampshire

democracy was superior in civilization to the savage oligarchies of Scotland and Ireland, from whose despotism and occasional anarchy so many of their ancestors had emerged. In the Lothians or in Kerry a rebellion like this would have cost the lives of scores of poor men, after the suppression of it; and years of feud and murder would have followed,—as was seen soon after, in the Irish rebellion of 1798. The New Hampshire legislature met the next day, as usual, and in convention of the two houses, Sullivan presiding, the prisoners were brought before the body they had insulted. Plumer, who was present, goes on:

"The principals were examined separately and alone; the rest were brought in together, questioned, and remanded to prison. Capt. French discovered great contrition. He gave satisfactory evidence that he was honest, but had been deceived and seduced by designing men; he frankly confessed that he had forfeited his life, and implored mercy. He produced a letter signed by Jonathan Moulton, president of the Strafford convention, directed to him as president of the Rockingham convention, and requesting that it would pursue the measures it had begun, and resolutely demand paper money. Should their first request be denied, then committees from the two conventions should be appointed, to deliberate with committees of the other three counties, and determine what means should be pursued for the redress of public grievances. The letter was dated Sept. 10, and written in an artful manner; it did not advise to violent measures. Gen. Moulton was present, and blushed while it was read. French stated that last Monday Col. Ben. Stone came to him and declared that Gen. Nathaniel Peabody informed him that the legislature had passed a law authorizing the Tories to return; that their farms were to be repurchased and restored, and a heavy tax levied

on the people for that purpose. Stone advised French to go at once to Londonderry and see what could be done; in consequence of this he said he went there, collected men, and marched to Exeter in arms. Major Cochran said little, but was much affected; he acknowledged he had forfeited his life and fortune to the State. He said that in the Revolution he had cheerfully served his country at the hazard of his life; since then he had been appointed a major in the militia; that he had been deceived by false representations, and had taken a false and hasty step; but it was his first offence, and he now humbly entreated the Court to save him from ruin.

"French, Cochran and ten others were released and pardoned; the residue remained in gaol, but were reprimanded with merited severity. Major Cochran was informed that a court martial would be called, and would break him. The next day the legislature appointed a committee of militia officers to reexamine several of the prisoners, and, upon their report, released and pardoned all except five,—Capts. McKean and James Cochran, Lt. David Bachelder, Ensign Cotton and John Gregg. Some members were in favor of releasing all, and it was with difficulty that a majority was found to deliver over these five to the Superior Court, to be indicted and tried for a riot only. The fears of some were excited lest they should be indicted for high treason, convicted and executed. Many of these wretches are but machines operated by others. I have been as anxious and as busy to have them discharged, as I was on Wednesday to capture them; those most forward in taking them were most desirous of having the bulk of them released. But those who, in the hour of danger, were in the background, are now most vehement against the deluded prisoners.

"On the 26th, Major Cass,* with seven brave men, rode to Sandown

* Father of General Lewis Cass, of Michigan.

and Londonderry, and took Eaton and Morse from their beds, and brought them to Exeter, where they were examined and committed to prison. The same day the attorney-general filed an information against the five prisoners in the Superior Court; they pleaded 'Not guilty' and were ordered to recognize with sureties in £100 each for appearance at the next term; but no testimony appearing to criminate Cotton, except his coming with the mob, he was discharged on sureties for good behavior in the sum of £50. Information was also filed against Morse and Eaton. When the Clerk read it and inquired whether they were guilty, Morse instantly fell on his knees and answered, 'Guilty, very guilty'; Eaton fainted and fell, and it was some time before he was able to answer 'Guilty.' They all obtained sureties, and are discharged from prison."

Such lenity was wise; but it did not meet the approval of young Plumer, who wished to get at the real promoters of the mob,—active politicians, who hoped to come into power or obtain release from debt by the movement. He continued to inform his correspondents of the defects of such men; and his observations in the October following throw a sinister light on the state of society and politics in some New Hampshire towns, where the long continuance of the Revolutionary war, with its disturbance of industry and property, and its gambling speculations, inseparable from civil war, had demoralized the community. Plumer went on to say:

"I have no doubt of Gen. Peabody being the friend of the mob; his pecuniary circumstances led him to wish for paper money. He has been more than once a member of Congress, and several years a representative from Atkinson in our State legislature; a senator, and two years a councilor. In March, 1785, he was voted for as President of the State,—an office he is very ambitious for. In June of that year he was elected mem-

ber of Congress, and at the autumn session again elected; but last June the General Court voted to recall him, and directed him not to proceed. He is not only an infidel, but by our statute laws a blasphemer. His conversation on the birth of Christ is disgusting to all prudent,—much more to all religious men. His irreligion and profanity have contributed to his present unpopularity. He has an uncommon share of vanity. When in Congress he was made one of a committee to consult with Gen. Washington relative to the war, and he hinted in very plain language to that great General that, 'had he been commander, he should have managed to more advantage.' With all his vanity, he possesses much caution and cunning. He is very attentive to his dress and equipage; has a clerk who is principally employed in copying letters. He boasts of unmeasured tracts of land, but has not a single deed recorded. 'Tis now two years since he has not dared to appear (on account of debts) at Haverhill, not more than five miles from his house. A reward of ten guineas has been publicly offered to any person who would carry him to Haverhill in Massachusetts. In this two years he has kept close within his house, which has been the resort of the vilest of men. There you might find Thaddeus Butler, Capt. Joseph Kelly, Dr. Silas Hedges, Dr. Moody Morse, William Duty, James Saunders, and their associates,—men noted for perjury, forgery, counterfeiting, horse-stealing, breaking goods, and such offences. When he was at the height of his popularity his house was always open to these miscreants, and himself attentive to their requests. He considered them as firmly devoted to his interest, and more to be depended on than the populace. In the legislature he was always mysterious in debate and conversation; I never knew him explicit. He was unable to originate or support a measure, but no man I ever saw was better qualified to per-



WILLIAM PLUMER.

plex and embarrass; it was his forte. His measures were calculated more to introduce anarchy than to support government; he always advocated what had a tendency to relieve debtors from their engagements, and embarrass creditors. He was zealous in support of the Tender Law, making any kind of property a tender, so far as to exempt the body of the debtor from imprisonment. This law has aided fraudulent debtors. He had no children; his influence was in favor of his dependant tools, and such as would be useful to him. By his means the infamous Moody Morse was made justice of the peace, Ben. Stone, a worthless wretch, special judge of the inferior court, and colonel of a regiment. He possesses wit and pleasantry, and can make himself agreeable to his company;

certainly he is very hospitable in his own house."

Such portraits are striking and entertaining; but it is not certain they are exact; for Plumer was a severe censor, and often changed his view of public characters. No doubt both Moulton and Peabody were much in debt, and hoped to relieve themselves by fiat money, as many have hoped in our times. Moulton died soon after, and Satan was popularly said to have levied on his soul and body; but Peabody long survived, and was for years in the debtors' prison at Exeter. As I have remarked, in the "Sanborn Genealogy," he once replied to a book agent, who approached him in the "gaol limits" with a work called "The Christian's Greatest Interest": "Young man! I can tell you what that is in New Hampshire, for I have paid

it,—18 per cent and upward." Immediately after this censure of Peabody, and only a month after his tribute to General Sullivan's quelling the revolt, Plumer writes of him:

"John Sullivan, now President of the State, is, as Goldsmith said,

"Of praise a mere glutton, he swallowed
what came,
And the puff of a dunce he mistook it for
hame."

I never knew mortal so greedy of flattery; he swallows the grossest. Like his brother James at Boston, he wants what really renders man estimable,—integrity. From my acquaintance with him I am confident his knowledge as a lawyer and his talents as a man are rated too high. His bold, unqualified declarations often supply the want of knowledge."

This last is very likely true; General Sullivan had little chance to acquire that solid knowledge of the law which his successors at the Rockingham bar—Mason, Jeremiah Smith, Plumer himself, and Daniel Webster—wielded so easily. He was early cast upon the waves of a revolution, commanded soldiers instead of arguing before great judges, like Parsons and Marshall, and learned the soldier's rather than the law professor's habit of statement. That he was open to flattery Plumer must have believed; for the next year (March 14, 1787) he wrote to the President thus:

"In a late tour through towns on the Connecticut river, I was pleased to find that many, very many of the people, and many of the most respectable, were zealous advocates for your reelection. Capt. Cheny was my companion, and at all places, and in all companies, the name and interest of Sullivan engrossed his attention. I sincerely recommend him to your notice. The towns of Epping and Londonderry having both taxed me in the capitation tax, I thought myself justified in voting, and publicly and privately using my influence in both towns in the choice of State

officers. At Londonderry the votes were, for you, 70, Judge Livermore, 69, John Langdon, 27,—the insurgents giving Livermore their votes. At Epping you had 105, and there were only 8 scattering votes. I presume your reelection is certain. Your friends, Prentice and Pinkerton, are the representatives from Londonderry. Capt. McKean, one of the insurgent chiefs, was set up against Mr. Prentice, and obtained 110 votes. Unable to elect him, the insurgents exerted themselves to choose McKean a Selectman; they polled for it four times. To the honor of the town, the friends of order prevailed in every instance. 'Tis a misfortune that the disaffected usually take more pains to destroy a government than its friends do to support it. From an inviolable attachment to the government and prosperity of the State, I am your Excellency's most obedient humble servant,

"WILLIAM PLUMER."

In point of fact, Sullivan was not reelected by the people,—the exact vote being: Sullivan, 3,662; John Langdon, 4,034; Josiah Bartlett, 628; and Samuel Livermore 603,—a majority against Sullivan of 1,623, whereas he had a majority of 51 over all the year before. But the legislature reelected him, both in 1787 and 1789,—Langdon being chosen in the same way in 1788. Sullivan lost rather than gained votes by his gallant action in 1786. His reply to Plumer is worth quoting, as showing his polite appreciation of friends:

"DURHAM (N. H.), March 20, 1787.

"My dear Sir:—I am honored with your favor of the 14th instant, and beg you to accept my thanks for the information contained therein, and for your very great friendship, shewn in so many instances. Capt. Cheny and my other friends mentioned have my sincere thanks; and you may rely that I can never be inattentive to the merit of so brave and worthy a friend

as Capt. Cheny, whose virtues have ever proved him the brave officer, the steady friend, and the honest man. Permit me to assure you, my dear Sir, that I shall think myself happy in having an opportunity of returning your friendship; and am, with great gratitude and esteem, Sir,

"Your most obedient servant,

"JNO. SULLIVAN.

"MR. WM. PLUMER, Epping."

While Plumer was thus aiding to put down rebellion in New Hampshire, his fellow student, William Coleman, who afterwards founded the *New York Evening Post*, but was then finishing his law studies at Worcester, had a later and harder experience in the winter campaign against Shays and his rebellion in Western Massachusetts. Writing to Plumer, April 21, 1787, Coleman said:

"Do you know that I have last winter exchanged for one month the character of a citizen with that of a soldier? Yes, I was a month in the camp as a private soldier, with three of the young gentlemen who are reading law with me. You have heard of our marches and sufferings, and I will only tell you of our hardships. One of us froze one of his feet, another his ears and face, and for myself, I was confined a week with five frozen toes. All this in addition to what we ought to expect,—that is, hunger and fatigue, cold and watching,—which are a soldier's fare, and which we did not expect to escape. But we are now all well at home again, and recollect our sufferings

with peculiar pleasure. How much better is our situation at this moment than it was last Fall! I fear to look forward,—anarchy, confusion, and sometimes bloodshed rise full to my view. Our General Court, I hear, is composed of men who have been and still are our open and avowed, or secret and consequently more dangerous enemies. Is it not, my friend, all over with this Republican country? That universal spirit of distrust, that decay of our manufactures and agriculture, and that total loss of respect in the eyes of foreign powers, sufficiently evince our situation."

From this hazardous condition,—not so bad as young Federalists feared, but grievous enough,—the Constitution of 1787 and the sagacious administration of Washington, taking advantage of the foolish wars of European monarchs against the young French republic, soon relieved the United States. One great step forward was the suppression of the New Hampshire revolt so thoroughly; another was the ratification of the new Constitution by New Hampshire in 1788. In both, the foresight and courage of the son of John Sullivan of Berwick and Margery Brown were conspicuous. The views of Plumer, who was long an ardent Federalist, opposed to Langdon and Stark, changed under Jefferson's administration, as did his friend's, John Quincy Adams, and he was for years the leading Democrat in New Hampshire. His papers, which I have freely used, are a quarry of material for political history during half a century.

TOYS.

By Lambert Reynolds Thomas.

A BROKEN sword, a bishop's crook,
A tarnished crown, a tattered book:—
Toys once much prized, but thrown away
When Earth's tired children ceased to play.

A SOLITARY THANKSGIVING.

By Mary Applewhite Bacon.

THE leaves of the great Spanish oak in front of the little cross-roads store were curled and brown. Scattered masses showed near the body of the tree, but the ends of the branches were bare, and brown drifts lay on the white gravelly rise on which a guidepost stood, pointing towards the nearest railroad village twelve miles away.

The sun was far south, but the air was mild and the sky a lovely blue. Back of the store ran a skirt of woods, oak and hickory, with an occasional pine, large bodied and tall. In front, to the right, a field, fallow since wheat was cut in June, was covered with weeds waist high and blackened by the light frosts. On the Gillian land to the left, long rows of cotton stalks interlaced their brown branches, flecked with scattering bits of white. It had been a dry fall, and not much of the crop remained ungathered. Now and then a wagon passed, loaded with cotton bales, and turned into the road to Harmony Grove. Bearden's gin was just back of the skirt of woods. The whir of its machinery sounded half mournfully in the morning stillness.

At every sound of wheels, John Deavors, sitting at his desk behind the door, turned his head and greeted his neighbors through the open window. He was an undersized man with a stoop in his narrow shoulders; his arms were long, and his hands slim and shapely. He had thin, reddish hair, timid, eager gray eyes, and a mouth both sensitive and secretive. Many odd little wrinkles tracked his forehead, yet his face as a whole was curiously childlike.

The interior of the room was of fresh, unpainted pine; the desk was a dark green, and on the side nearest

the wall there was carved on it, in an even hand: J. L. D., Meson Academy, 1877. John Deavors had brought this desk back with him from Feriby, for he loved it as a disabled mariner might love the figurehead of his wrecked vessel.

About ten o'clock Jim Yeargin came in and dragged a chair to the side of John's desk. "Don't git up," he said; "the wagin'll be along direc'ly." He was in his shirt sleeves; his clothes, jeans and homespun, were washed and faded beyond any definiteness of color; his felt hat, tanned red by the sun, drooped shapeless. In some vaguely painful way John felt himself removed from his visitor, perhaps because his own threadbare clothes and brogan shoes were spotless and the collar and wristbands of his blue-checked shirt were glossy with starch; but the feeling was an old one. He had always seemed to himself removed from the people around him. Only in Feriby had it been different,—and not always so there.

The Thanksgiving number of the *Youth's Companion* and one or two magazines lay on the desk. Yeargin picked up the *Companion* and went leisurely through its pages in silence, coming back at last to the design on the illuminated cover.

John's eyes had been growing brighter; more than once his lips moved as if to speak. "I wisht we kept Thanksgiving Day in this part of the country," he said, beginning to explain to Jim the colored picture. "Somehow I always did want to see a Thanksgiving Day."

"They air keepin' it in a heap o' the big places," Jim replied, "an' maybe in some o' the little ones fur all I know. Nat Brewer's ben a-gittin' up

turkeys all aroun' here to ship off to Atlanta. Carried about thirty over to Harmony Grove yistiddy. Thanksgiving comes sometime next week, I rec'on. Ain't it always on the twenty-fi'th o' November, same as Christmas in December? I b'lieve the Governor's proclamation was in this week's paper; but I never paid partikler 'tention to it."

John explained the matter of dates and then began to relate one of the stories that he had been reading; but his listener's attention flagged a little. "I do believe cotton'll git plum down to four cents before it's done with," he said. "I reckon these folks that has so many fine doin's on Thanksgiving don't haf ter worry their lives out makin' five cent cotton. Yankees got more money'n we have, anyhow, and town folks is got more'n country folks. I'd like to know who in this neighborhood's got any money to waste on Thanskgivin'. Do mighty well to have a little somethin' left over fur Christmas. Comes too nigh to Christmas, anyhow. One frolic's enough."

"It's not all just spendin' money and havin' fine doin's; though the pieces about the dinners and the sleigh rides read mighty pretty. But there's more to it than that." John hesitated. "The families all go together to meetin' and return thanks. Why, that much is in the Governor's proclamation. You can read it fur yourself."

"Well, when cotton gits up to eight cents I'll return thanks too." He burst into a laugh; but something in John's face brought him back to his own habitual respect for anything religious. "I reckon it might be a heap worse with us than it is," he added soberly, "an' it wouldn't do none of us no harm to be more thankful than we air, though I don't know that I see the use of takin' a day off to do it in. Did Tom Seegurs send you out this paper? He put one in my mail last year, an' Betty took on over it powerful. I don't keer much

about readin' them novil stories myself. I reckon all novils an' novil papers air a pack of lies."

John's thin hands drew the magazines a little closer to him. He had traded for them at the post office the last time he went to Harmony Grove. Jim felt that somehow he had touched a delicate subject, and changed it. His heart was tender towards his friend's mental peculiarities, as towards his physical weakness. "You've ben doin' a nice little business for the Doctor this year," he said. "Never did see as much in the store as you've got now. An' that puts me in mind that Betty ast me to git some things fur her." He took out an old leather purse and shook a few coins into the palm of his left hand. "She wanted a package of soda, an' a bottle of sweet oil, an' two yards of that yeller caliker you was sellin' at cost. An' I've just plum forgot what she told me to git with this quarter of a dollar."

"Maybe it was a piece of this glass-ware; she was pricin' it when she was up here week before last." John rose with alacrity and began to move the pieces where they could be seen to advantage. There were several glass pitchers and tumblers with raised knobs on them, blue, yellow and a reddish pink.

Jim looked on admiringly. "They do git up them things cheap," he exclaimed, "cheap an' prutty. I recollect now; it was a pitcher that she wanted, a middlin' size cream pitcher. But I disremember whether she said a blue one or a yeller one." He handled the entire stock piece by piece, and made rings of the tumblers first around one pitcher and then another. John stood by patiently. "I won't resk gittin' the wrong one," he finally decided. "I've got to come over to the gin next week, anyhow, about Wednesday or Thursday, an' I'll stop in then and git it."

John colored a little. "Maybe you'd better come about Wednesday," he said.

John Deavors's thirty odd years of life had been one long series of secret aspirations. He would not have said so; he seldom spoke of himself, and he had never used the word "aspiration" in his life. Rachel Deavors, looking up the red road as she did many an autumn evening, principally that she might begin to find fault with him as soon as he got within hearing, might have said, as she caught sight of her brother-in-law's small, hastening figure, "Behold, the dreamer cometh!" But his visions she saw not. How circumscribed was his inner world, as well as hers! But for him the horizon was not one dull gray, and across the low plains where he dwelt there swept voices haunting and sweet. Moreover, he had once journeyed through a large place, whose mystery he bore with him long after its golden gates had closed behind his lingering feet.

One must look back upon him in that enchanted land to know him as he is to-day in the little crossroads store. When he was about eighteen, a cousin of his mother's, visiting her half forgotten kin, took John back with her to the village in middle Georgia, whose gentle heritage of speech and custom had come down from its Virginia founders of a hundred years before. In its genial atmosphere the youth, coming from the solitude of a northern county, grew conscious of his numbed faculties, as did the prince in the fairy tale, half imprisoned in marble.

He was entered as a pupil in the old brick academy, which had had the same teacher for forty odd years. John's attainments would have placed him with boys of eight or ten; but when he appeared at recitation with young men of his own years, the old master, with the wisdom belonging to babes and the aged, let him have his will; he called him Mr. Deavors, asked him few questions and skilfully answered those himself, and when the year was out advised Mr. Hale to take John as a clerk in his store. The

boy had learned some things not set down in any course of study, and had acquired a variety of facts which, like a bunch of keys of many sorts and sizes, he was henceforth to be fitting into various locks, with few successes, but with unabated zeal.

He worked a year in Mr. Hale's store, usually in the rear where the groceries were kept, but now and then behind the dry goods counter, loving every bolt of ribbon and yard of lace and every bud and spray on the delicate muslins and delaines. The names of the things called for by the sweet faced girls and matrons were as strange in his ears as the terms in the rhetoric and geometry had been; but with Lella Stevens he seldom blundered,—she seemed to impart to him in some preternatural way whatever it was necessary for him to know. Sometimes he went with George Mead, his fellow salesman, to the social gatherings of the village. The lights in the old-fashioned candelabra, the simple piano music, the lovers in retired corners of the lawns and piazzas, filled him with rapture. He longed to become a part of it all, and could not. He would fancy all the other guests away and he and Lella with the beauty and glitter to themselves; then, he thought, he could talk with her and be happy. But he was never brave enough to enter even the outskirts of the circle that seemed to be always surrounding her.

At last he accepted himself as a social failure; and the romance which he could not make of his own life he found made for him in the stories of the *Saturday Evening Post*, a pile of which, dating more than ten years back, he had discovered stored away in the closet of his bedroom. Here was a world which he could enter at will, and from which he need bear away no humiliating sense of unworthiness and defeat.

Before John's second winter in Feriby was ended, the protracted illness of his brother Martin called him

home. As he packed the new trunk which Mr. Hale had sent to his room, his eyes fell on the papers on the closet shelf, and his heart leaped for joy. He had read only a few; enough were left for many, many long nights in Franklin county. He started down to ask his cousin Rosa for them, knowing she would never read them again and that only her instinct for taking care of things had caused them to be kept so long. But at the head of the stairs he paused in a painful rush of emotion. Perhaps his cousin would think strangely of his wanting them; Mr. Hale read no newspaper stories,—perhaps no men did. His knees trembled; the perspiration stood on his face. Mrs. Hale came out into the hall below and called to him.

"John," she said, "can you think of anything else that you will need to take home with you?"

"No, ma'am," he answered in his timid way. "I don't need anything. I'm much obliged."

He went back to the closet shelf. The vision of his brother's home came sharply to him in contrast with the pretty room where he stood. He saw the weather boarded log house, the piazza with its decaying floor, the one fireplace in the house, with the children crowded around it, the low kitchen in which they ate, sitting at the table on narrow benches, the cold garret where he had always slept.

Once more the pleasant voice called to him from below. "Let me know, John, if you want anything."

He took the pile of papers hurriedly and put them into his trunk. "She would want me to have them," he said excitedly to himself. "It's not wrong for me to take them. I knew all the time it wasn't."

But in the seven years that had passed since then he had never read one of them. On Sundays he counted them over and looked at the headings of the stories; that was all. Martin regained his health only partially, and John stayed with him till the boys

were old enough to work on the farm, enduring as he did other things his sister-in-law's dislike of him. Finally Dr. Gillian hired him to take charge of the crossroads store, and life once more seemed sweet, knitting itself back to the past and finding there a law for the present.

Soon after Jim Yeargin left the store, Dr. Gillian came in to have a settlement. John had worked for him since February, and he had agreed to pay him nine dollars a month, due when cotton was sold in November. The Doctor laid out the bills slowly and put the silver in a little pile on top of them.

"You asked me to take out my bill for 'tending on Martin," he said; "that was ten dollars. I have already paid you thirteen dollars, and here is the sixty-seven."

John moved uneasily; the blood beat throbbingly in his ears. It seemed too much pay for work that had been its own reward. "If you're needing the money, Doctor," he began; but the Doctor interrupted him.

"No, I'm not needing it," he said, "and you've earned every dollar of it. You've took in twice as much as ever Charlie did; and my wife couldn't 'a' managed the store and the house too as she wanted to do. I told her last night I believed the Lord had prospered the store on account of you. And what do you suppose that woman said? Oh, she's a strict member! She said you wasn't any professor, and that there wasn't a promise in the Bible for world-lians."

The quiet little man was usually as deft in speech as in touch; but just now he felt that he was bungling without seeing any way to save himself. "You know how the preachers talk about the moralists; well, Sarah says you are just a moralist. You know the preachers say a moralist does more harm than a sinner."

"Yes," said John, "I know." The color crept up into his face. "Hadn't

I better go to town to-morrer and lay in some more winter calikers?"

When the Doctor had gone, John took a slate from the desk and covered it with his slow calculations. He forgot to take down the tin dinner pail that hung over his head, and the sun had set before he started on his two miles' walk to his brother's home. At supper he leaned back against the wall in deep abstraction. Mrs. Deavors looked at him several times without attracting his attention.

"Ain't we got anything you can eat?" she asked sharply.

John started guiltily and looked down at his plate. The gravy on it was cold. His soda biscuit lay untouched on the red oilcloth. "I was busy thinkin'," he replied in confusion of face.

"Great thinkers, little doers!" Her tone was contemptuous. "That used to be in my copy-book. Or maybe it was great talkers. But it's all the same. Some folks don't make much out of doin' or talkin'. Seems to me, if I was off at a store all day, I'd have something to tell at night to them that gets to hear nothin'."

Martin Deavors stirred uneasily in his chair at the head of the table, a dull pain in his heart. He took up the dish of fried meat and handed it in silence to his brother. After supper John got his tallow candle and went upstairs. From a flat beam overhead he took down a small black book, and began to make calculations in it. Presently he went over to the shelf that served as a table. He turned deathly pale. The pile of papers that had lain there since his desk was moved to the store had disappeared. His knees trembled as he went down the steep, narrow steps.

"Rachel," he said to his brother's wife, who was knitting by the fire, "do you know anything about that pile of papers that was on my shelf upstairs?"

She tried to speak naturally, but she could not meet his eyes. "Yes,"

she said, pretending to pick up a stitch. "I put the carpet down in the new room to-day, and I put the papers under it. That carpet is the first thing, except one lone rockin'-chair, that Martin's bought for this house sence I've been in it, and I wa'n't goin' to have it wearin' out for the want of somethin' under it. Mary made a big fuss about my usin' the papers; but I reckon she's got to have somewheres to invite her comp'ny the same as other girls have. The parlor looks real nice. Do you want to see it?" She tried to speak briskly, but John turned and went back to his room. That night he wrote to his cousin, Mrs. Hale.

The next evening he came back from town with seven dollars in his pocket. He had paid forty dollars for a small cabinet organ, which the dealer promised to send out the next week. It was for his niece Mary, who loved music and had learned to play at Annie Gillian's. He spent a dollar more for a lamp with a pink china globe,—that, too, was for the new room; and he bought some candy for little Rosa. With the rest he got his winter clothing.

The next Thursday was cold; he could put on his new suit without causing any comment. He was a half hour late at the little store; but that was much earlier than customers ever came. To-day he did not open the shutters nor sweep. Taking his slate from the desk, he went out of the door, locked it, and hung the key inside the shutter, where Dr. Gillian could find it if he should come. His hands trembled a little, but he resisted the impulse to look back as he walked up the road towards Salem church. The sun shone warmer, but the air was crisp, and now and then a little gust whirled the brown leaves that had drifted on either side of the winding road. Twice a rabbit ran through the bushes, and once he startled a covey of partridges, but he met no one.

It was nearly ten o'clock when he

reached the church, a plain, unpainted house that had stood for forty years without a lock on the door. The glass in the windows was a recent addition, but the old wooden shutters remained. John sat down on the worn granite step, and looked through the cleared space in front to the old Henderson homestead two miles away. Far beyond that was the lovely outline of the mountains, soft against the lighter tints of the horizon. He thought the blue haze that lay on the hills and deepened against the foliage of the pines made everything seem like Sunday. At intervals the note of a dove sounded from the woods.

Presently he went inside, closing the door and drawing one of the benches against it. He opened a window shutter on the side of the house farthest from the road; and a band of sunshine checkered with the shadows of branching limbs fell aslant on the open space in front of the pulpit. In the other end of the long room the subdued light deepened into dusk. John sat on one of the long front benches and watched the shadows waver in the rhomboid of sunlight. The stillness and the mystery were sweet to him.

He took a small Bible out of his pocket and began to read aloud, reading the fine print slowly and sometimes stopping to spell a word lest he should pronounce it wrong. At first the sound of his voice startled him; but that feeling passed away, and the meaning of what he read seemed new and beautiful. After a while he went up into the pulpit to get the hymn-book. The large Bible was awry on the book-board. He straightened it and, noticing the projecting edges of loose pages, put them in their proper places, and such as were crumpled he smoothed with patient care. Then he found the picture of Christ at the marriage feast, and looked long at the Saviour's face. He carried the hymn-book back to his seat and searched

slowly through it till he came to the division marked "Hymns for Special Occasions." He tried to sing several that seemed suitable for Thanksgiving Day; but none of the tunes that he knew would fit. At last he recalled a song that his cousin Rosa used to sing to her little grandbaby; the very cadences of her voice came back to him as he sang it through softly:

"Around the throne of God in Heaven
Thousands of children stand,
Children whose sins are all forgiven,
A holy, happy band,
Singing glory, glory,
Glory be to God on high."

His voice broke a little on the last stanza, and he buried his head in his hands. The year at the old academy came up before him,—the old master's kindly face; the young men, some of them so handsome and so gay; his cousin's comfortable home, her pleasant countenance, her cheerful voice. The two years with her had always seemed to him the very opulence of life; but to-day his heart softened towards his present surroundings. This year had been so happy; he thought of the pleasant spring mornings after the winter rains and March winds were done with, and the long summer days when little Edna Gillian had played quietly near him under the big oak tree or had fallen asleep in his lap. He felt grateful for the new clothes he wore, for the warm new underwear in his trunk; at the same moment he thought of their father's old army overcoat, which Martin had been wearing all these years,—how faded and worn it was! His mind went back to Lella Stevens, long since married to George Mead; but beside her face he saw that of his niece Mary, and he felt that Mary's was even dearer. A sudden pang shot through him; he saw Lella again in her pink tarleton with the white satin bands and the oleanders in her hair; but more appealing was the picture of

Mary as she had looked only last Sunday in the new winter calico of which she was so proud. How pretty she was in that plain dark dress, and how unconscious of being so! And she was now Lella's age when he had first met and loved her,—but oh, how different her lot had been! He thought of her kindness to the younger children. She did not know many things, but she was good,—good like her father. Martin had never given him a hard word or look; and now he had suffered with sciatica since that first dreadful winter, and yet he had never complained nor ceased to work when he was able to move.

Then he thought of Rachel, cooking, washing, mending, driven all day, awake often at night with the children. She was so tall and strong when his brother married her; she was so bent now, and her hair too gray and thin for her years. He thought of her hands as they looked last preaching day, as she tried to hide their roughness and stains in the old, old silk gloves. He remembered how often he had heard people say that her father had been well off, and that she had been brought up to have all that she wanted; and now the old Deavors homestead was the oldest and shabbiest house in the settlement. He wished that he had bought the new calico that he had really wanted to get for her last Saturday. Was it timidity or pride that had made him feel that he did not know how to offer it to her? God had been so much easier on him than on the rest of them! They had borne what He sent and had helped one another. He had helped nobody; he had kept aloof for fear of being misunderstood. He had not even joined the church, although he really wanted to be a member, because he could not bear to be received before the congregation; and then he had never felt that he had had an "experience." Tears gushed from his eyes. He got down humbly on his knees and

whispered his confession to One who seemed to be standing near him.

He went back by the store, taking the little slate, bare and clean, on which he had purposed to write out a list of his mercies. He filled a light pine box with small packages, entered each item carefully against himself, locked the door again, and started for the cabin where lived the only slave his father had ever owned. To-day she sat alone, her split-bottomed chair on the cracked, uneven hearth, her knotted old hands stretched out over the smouldering ends of the wood lying in a little heap in the big fireplace. Her eyes were dim, but she knew John's step and voice. He shook hands with her, answered her questions, and then, putting the box he had brought on a little stool beside her, went out to the woodpile and began to cut wood. He brought in several armfuls and made up the fire. Aunt Peggy was crying.

"Marse John," she said, "you done brought me all dese here nice things, an' I ain't got nothin' to offer you. Jane's over to Mis' Gillian's he'pin her wid de ironin', an' I ain't able now to cook. I ain't cooked no dinner to-day. But I got hongry an' roasted me some o' dese good yaller yams. You lemme bresh de ashes off uv 'em, an' set down here an' eat. Dey's sweet an' good."

The sun was setting when John got home. Mrs. Deavors looked at him curiously. "Dr. Gillian's been over here this evenin'," she said. "He was afraid you was sick, by the store bein' shut up all day. But there ain't been nobody there to buy nothin', except Jim Yeargin's little boy after one of them blue glass cream pitchers for his ma, and Mrs. Gillian went up and got it for him."

She rose from her chair and started with the baby to the cradle. John stepped ahead of her, turned down the quilts, and for a minute held the pillow to the fire as he had seen her do. As she raised her face from the sleeping child, there was a

great change in it; but when she spoke, her tones seemed hard and unnatural.

"The orgin come to-day," she said; "and I'm more than obleeged to you." Her voice began to shake. "John," she said, "if I'm spared to see to-morrow mornin', I'll take up that carpet and get out your papers. They ain't had time to git dusty."

For once her brother-in-law answered her without embarrassment. "Oh, that's all right," he replied cheerfully. "I didn't ever want 'em any more myself. I'd just always aimed to take 'em back to cousin Rosa Hale, if I should ever get down

there again. But I wrote and told her about 'em last Friday night; and I know in reason she don't really want 'em any more."

Mary came in from the kitchen. Her face was rosy and her eyes were shining. Expression came easier to her than to her elders. "Thank you, Uncle John," she said, putting her arms around his neck and kissing him. "I never expected to have an organ in my life. I haven't got anything to give you; but I've fixed up the best supper I knew how; an' to-night I reckon we'll all have to sit in the new room an' have a sort of party."

ALONE.

By Minnie Bowen.

I STAND alone.

The hands are loosed that clung appealingly;
Around me sweeps an ever-rising sea
Afoam with passions, desolate with fears;
And, through the dimness of relentless years,
I see the forms that strove to reach my side
Swept ever farther from me by the tide;
They would—but could not—pass, for, deeper grown,
Dividing waters flowed. I stand alone.

I stand alone.

O, Life, what mystery lies hid in thee!
Each soul, alone, must feel infinity.
No sympathy, no love, shall hold or keep
The faltering spirit from that awful deep;
The tender hands must fail us on the brink
Of that great solitude; no heart may think
To touch the loneliness, to pierce the stone,
That holds each spirit silent and alone.

I stand alone.

Yet stretch your hands to me across the deep;
Let your soul speak to mine, before I sleep
In that strange silencing of life and sense,
That deathless death, that sends the spirit hence
To stand, all naked, in God's awful light.
Give me the love I crave. When falls the night,
No love can hold, no agony atone;
We pass in darkness, as we came, alone.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

"**W**HOEVER opens a school," said Victor Hugo, "closes a prison." It was the utterance of one of the profoundest truths concerning human life and society; and it is precisely that truth which is most imperative for the world to-day. Everything about us is emphasizing the warning and command that we must make our positive policies bolder and more comprehensive. We have been spending our time and strength and money in the wrong places. We have been absorbed too much with the dams and dikes and sewers of society, when we should have been purifying and regulating the fountains; with buttresses, when we should have worked upon foundations; with medicines, when we should have attended to food and training. We are waking up to our appalling expenditures—of money and of treasures yet more precious—for corrective and destructive things, when the first bit of sober thinking shows us that there would have been no need and no provocation for these things, had our constructive efforts and appropriations been half as generous as our destructiveness and waste are lavish and reckless. We are seeing this particularly to-day in what concerns the great questions of peace and war in the world. It is no less true concerning education. Touching the first, Longfellow wrote half a century ago, in lines which the passing years have freighted with new power and burden:

"Were half the power that fills the world
with error,
Were half the wealth bestowed on camps
and courts,
Given to redeem the human mind from
error,
There were no need of arsenals or forts."

Two years ago, in these pages, we applied this gospel to the problem of the Cuban war. We said: We have spent \$300,000,000 in a war with Spain. Have we spent it well? Have we done the most that could be done with \$300,000,000 to accomplish what we claimed to want to accomplish? Our object in going to war with Spain was to make Cuba free, to make it a better place to live in, to insure it better government, and make its people comfortable and happy. Have we done it? Have we got our money's worth? Has our way of spending our \$300,000,000 been best, or would Sumner's way have been best? If in the midst of our thickening perplexities and the threats of war, the senator who sits in Sumner's seat had addressed words like the following to the Senate and the nation, would they have been vicious or fallacious words?

"We are clearly drifting towards a war with Spain in behalf of Cuba. In a month, unless we show wisdom greater than the past has shown, we shall be in the midst of war. That war will cost us \$300,000,000. Is there not a better way of spending \$300,000,000? Is there not a better way of achieving what we aim at,—the freedom, good government, and development of Cuba? I propose that we submit to Cuba and to Spain this offer and request: Let us establish at Havana a university as well equipped as Harvard University, with an endowment of \$10,000,000, free to every young man and woman of Cuba, with the best professors who can be secured from America and Spain and England and France and Germany. Let us establish at Santiago and Matanzas and Puerto Principe colleges like Amherst and Williams, with a total endowment of \$10,000,000; and in each of the twenty largest towns a high school or academy, at a cost of \$10,000,000. Let us devote \$20,000,000—\$1,000,000 a year for twenty years—to the thorough planting in Cuba of our American common-school system; \$10,000,000 to

the promotion of a system of free public libraries, making books as accessible and common in each Cuban town and village as in Barnstable or Berkshire; and \$6,000,000 for the maintenance in each of the six provinces of a newspaper conducted by the best men who can be enlisted in the service, bringing all Cuban men and women into touch with all the world, giving them those things which will feed them, and not giving them those things which would poison them. Let us build a Cuban Central Railroad through the whole length of the island, from Mantua to Maysi; and let us devote the balance of \$100,000,000 to the scientific organization, by proper bureaus, of Cuban agriculture, industry and commerce. Let there be a truce for ten years, till these things are done and begin to show their fruits; and then let the representatives of the United States and Spain meet at Havana to settle the 'Cuban question' as it then exists. This, fellow-citizens, seems to me worth trying. If it succeeds, we should at least have saved \$200,000,000; and it would be, I think, a kind of success more pregnant with good for Cuba and Spain and America and humanity than the success which we may be celebrating next September. There are those of you who will laugh and scoff, and say the thought is all chimerical, vicious and fallacious; but I say unto you, that with those of you who do not think so lies the hope of the world. I say that the kingdom of God can come in this world, that peace and justice and fraternity can come among men, that democracy itself has a safe future, only as some elect people, with sublime abandon, in a great opportunity, does this thing,—taking, in this world of undeniable and conflicting risks, the heroic risk, the risk which alone has in it hope for the world and relish of salvation."

Let us consider this subject in entire disregard of the justice or motive of particular wars. Our own opinions upon the three recent wars which have exercised the public mind are known to our readers. We believed that the dominant impulse which moved the American people to the war with Spain for the liberation of Cuba was as noble an impulse as ever moved a nation to war,—as noble as our course in the war for the conquest of the Philippines and England's course in South Africa have been unworthy and baneful; the war, to our thinking, was wrong simply because it was unnecessary and everything desirable could have been

achieved without it, because there was a more excellent way. But there are those who hold, on the contrary, that the motive for the Cuban war was wholly bad, and those who hold that the wars in the Philippines and in South Africa have been just and right. We argue here with neither. We ask simply concerning all these wars what we asked two years ago concerning the Cuban war, whether there is not a more excellent way.

* * *

As touches Cuba, we have seen this summer an interesting and unique experiment. Upon the initiative of our superintendent of education in Cuba, Mr. Frye, fifteen hundred teachers, men and women, from all parts of the island, gathered at the ports and were brought in transports to Boston for a summer's work at Harvard University. It was by invitation of Harvard University that they came; and the University and the people of Boston and Cambridge met the expense, seventy-five thousand dollars. The homes of Cambridge were thrown open to them, and generous men and women in the region round about vied in kind and helpful attentions. Through the long summer they thronged the Harvard halls, studying under the best guidance history, geography, literature, methods of teaching, whatever in the brief time at command it seemed most wise to give them. Yet it was not these studies which did the most for them. It was the collateral culture, the knowledge gained by the by, the impressions deepened day by day of our American life, of city and country, of the spirit and the method of our shops and farms and schools and libraries and churches and courts, of our enterprise and industry, of our care, by parks and baths and playgrounds, for the health and recreation of the people, of our railroads and telegraphs and every efficient means of easy and quick communication, of our generous provision for

education and our emphasis upon it. They visited New York, Philadelphia and Washington, they stood in the sacred places where our freedom was born, they saw the homes of our poets, they broke bread in the homes of our people. They found in those homes—whatever their experience had been, in Havana or Santiago or Matanzas, with American sergeants and drum majors and carpet-baggers—courtesy, sympathy and humanity, the earnest and anxious desire of American ladies and gentlemen to be honest and just and helpful to Cuba. From this experience of generosity and high intelligence they went home. It had been for most of them their first touch with the great world. Over their few railroads, over their rough highways, up mountain paths, by stages, on horseback, they have found their way again to their schools, in the great towns, in the poor villages, in the far-off valleys and among the hills.

And what of it all? We talked for an hour the other day with Miss Laura Gill, who in these last two years has done more than any other American woman, more than almost any American man, for the good of Cuba,—in the hospitals and prisons of Havana, for the public health, for suffering women and children, for schools and every means of education, for humane and discriminating politics, and for every good thing in Cuba. All summer she had been with the teachers in Cambridge, the trusted friend and very mother to them all, and had gone back to Havana when they went. Since then she had visited, in her tour of inspection, almost all of the cities on the island, all the way from Havana to Santiago, on the north shore and the south, and many little places in the bills of which the newspapers do not tell. And most interesting and fortifying of all things which she found was the evidence everywhere of the deep impression made upon the Cuban people by this wonderful summer of their

teachers in New England—the romance of it, the hospitality of it, the enlargement and enlightenment and inspiration which it brought. It was inspiration and enlightenment and fraternity and romance not to the pilgrims only, but to every home from which they went out, to the boys and girls of every school which they taught, to every community to which they belonged. In a score of places little circles were found gathered to hear the story from the favored sharers in the pilgrimage; and in a score of scores of places it will be the dominant theme for months and years to come. Who shall estimate the pervasive virtue of it all; who tell what it will do to strengthen trust in American purposes, in suspicious Cuban hearts, in troublous days to come, when there will be so much on the part of so many Americans to warrant and stir suspicion; who sum up its beneficent influences upon Cuban education and society and politics and in behalf of the world's peace and progress? It cost, we are told, seventy-five thousand dollars. It would have cost no more in 1890 or in 1895. Dr. Hale never tires of reminding us of the deep significance of the fact that ten times one is ten. Ten enterprises of this kind would have cost in 1890 three-quarters of a million dollars. Let us say that all of these enterprises should have dealt simply with the public schools, affecting fifteen thousand teachers instead of fifteen hundred. Ten times the cost of this would be seven millions and a half. Let our readers all elaborate their own schemes for spending this great sum, each dollar put to as good and constructive use as the seventy-five thousand dollars spent by Harvard University, and ask what it would do for the settlement of the Cuban question, ask whether President Eliot and Mr. Frye or the politician and the soldier are the true economists, administrators and statesmen, the true achievers of results. This great sum, do we say? Rather,

this pittance! By the old method we have spent three hundred millions; and we are to-day regarded by half the Cuban people whom we have freed from the tyranny of Spain with distrust, suspicion and hate,—and the Cuban question is still on our hands in almost its entire original proportions. Is this good business? We will not talk here of good politics and morals and justice, of Christianity and all that. Is it good business? Can the old-fashioned, unneighborly, fighting, destructive methods face any longer the bar of common sense? Will democratic peoples consent much longer to see their money wasted in that which profiteth not—to see their millions squandered only to bring a heritage of hatred and of menace, when thousands wisely spent betimes would have solved half the problems and prevented the other half from ever becoming problems, and the heritage would be peace, order, friendship and prosperity?

* * *

Three hundred millions in Cuba; three hundred millions in the Philippines! Can not any teacher in the schools, can not any student at his desk, can not any citizen forgetting party, tell us how for the tenth of this three hundred millions we could have done ten times as much in the Philippines for the cause of order and good government, for the upbuilding of the Filipino people and the development of American trade? Forget the political issues involved, forget the righteousness or unrighteousness, forget that it is our matter at all. Is it good business, is it sagacity, does it bring things to pass? Does it not simply show that in the great field of international life we are behind the times, living in this noontime of the world by methods which had excuse, if they ever had it, only in the age of sheepskin coats and wooden shoes and uncombed hair, the tallow candle and the mule, the pillory and the stocks?

Five hundred millions in South Africa!—the ten thousand graves, the hundred thousand blasted homes, the two little nations with their possibilities and aspirations smitten down, the freedom-loving world aghast, the century looming up ahead for England big with its burden of resentment, turmoil and menace, vaster and more inveterate far than the long hate and threat of Ireland! Was it the best way to pacify South Africa? Has the money been well spent? Has the most economic and effective means been chosen to advance the railroad from the Cape to Cairo? Was there no easier or better way to right the wrongs of miners in Johannesburg? How would you, or you, or you—simple folk—have spent the money? Could you, with the tenth of it, have prevented all the evils and the tragedy, and have achieved great positive results for the welfare of the Dutch republics, the British empire, and the world?

* * *

At the great meeting of the International Congregational Council in Boston last autumn, a distinguished divine, apologizing for the policy of conquest and force which we elected in the Philippines, and which England has so often elected, urged that this might properly be regarded as the first and the best regular step toward a religious civilization; and he drew the analogy of the sequence of law and gospel in the Bible story. Perhaps the most dramatic and impressive hour of the whole convention was that, the next morning, when one man after another, the active workers in the various mission fields rose to protest with burning hearts that this theory of the sword as the predecessor and herald of the cross was a theory which struck at the very root of Christian influence and religious power, that with such a theory upon their lips or in their hearts they would be robbed of their chief potency and commendation. In truth, one simple,

Christlike man, Cyrus Hamlin, planting a little college on the Bosphorus, has done more to make the true America a true "world power" than any thousand or ten thousand soldiers who ever sailed from our ports to make other thousands of men our friends and customers—the thought is old Ben Franklin's—"by knocking them in the head." That Bulgaria in twenty years has been transformed from the Bulgaria which was to the Bulgaria which is, full of enlightened and progressive politics, is chiefly due to the fact that a generation ago a bright group of young Bulgarians went to Robert College, and there got American ideas. Indeed, if commerce be the whole of things, the main consideration, the man of business might well learn something from this word just spoken at St. Louis by Samuel B. Capen, the president of the American Board for Foreign Missions:

"The opening up by our missionaries of Japan, China, India, Africa and the islands of the Pacific has developed our trade with these countries a hundred fold. What the missionary has done in developing Hawaii has become familiar. A foreign missionary introduced the culture of sorghum into Africa; another discovered rubber in Africa; and a third the kola nut used in medicine. In China, and of course in Japan and India, you find our musical instruments, sewing machines, watches and cutlery. These things are found in the interior, where only the missionary, and not the commercial traveller, has gone. A single illustration has recently come to me. It is of a wealthy man who never gave a cent to foreign missions. His church sent out a missionary to Africa, and after a time this man, who was a manufacturer of ploughs, received a letter from this missionary. He made no appeal, said nothing of his work, but simply described agricultural operations as he had observed them in Africa. The manufacturer found a new market for his ploughs,—and now supports four or five missionaries. If every merchant who has reaped large profits because of the trade the missionary has brought him would do likewise, every missionary treasury would be running over with money. This immense commerce which has come and is coming to us from these far away countries is practically wholly the result of Christian effort. The savage must first be changed from within, or he will remain a savage in spite

of any touch he may have with civilization. Commerce is a curse to a heathen nation where there has been no Christ. It means the liquor traffic, firearms, the slave trade and everything that is devilish. Christianity must precede civilization. The thousands of preachers and teachers we send out carry everywhere the principles of love and humanity. They represent the new civilization. They put a new value upon human life."

Does the soldier put a new value upon human life? Do struggling and inferior people see in him an evangel that commends a new civilization in spirit and in truth? When the best has been said of the army, and the worst has been said of the missionary, can the one stand for a moment beside the other as a promoter of civilization, or of honest trade? And what might not the missionary be—the missionary raised to highest intelligence, the missionary flanked by the teacher, the printer, the doctor and the engineer—what might not the missionary do, if he were backed by a tithe of the resources which we squander so lavishly and unquestioningly upon the army, for its negative, destructive, alienating work?

*
* *

"Whoever opens a school closes a prison." Not better prisons, not better guns, not blood to wipe out blood, not war for war; but positive, constructive, civilizing effort, the counter irritant, generosity in the right place, the good which shall supplant the bad, the truth which shall undermine falsehood and ignorance! Provide the new machinery for international needs, and Hague conferences shall take the place of howitzers, as the courts have made the duel obsolete. Let all life be wisely made a school, and there shall be no function and no candidates for the army and the jail.

*
* *

Mr. Brockway of the Elmira Reformatory is to address the Twentieth Century Club of Boston some time

during the coming winter upon "The Prison of the Present and of the Future." What he will doubtless say is that in the future the prison itself will be a school. But what we all ought to be concerned with is the development of schools that shall by their comprehensive influence, in the fullness of time, make the prison itself unnecessary. It is an old proverb, that an ounce of prevention is worth a pound of cure. For how many a man and boy an ounce of the right schooling would have been worth more than a pound of punishment, and would have saved the need of punishment! We must awake to the fact that our main problem in facing the crime, the miscarriages and the mischievous errors of society is the problem of education—the true and generous training of the heart and head and hand of every child. When we awake to this aright, our estimates and appropriations and absorptions will all be revolutionized. The praised ounce of prevention, the ounce of education, will chiefly serve as the exponent and the accusation of our incompetence and immaturity. If the ounce of education have such worth and potency, what will the pound do?—that to-day is the commanding question. Why not the brave experiment of appropriations for constructive and ideal things as great as those made for correction and destruction, in the trust, at least in the high hope, that so the wrongs to be righted would themselves retreat and shrink and weaken and decay? We believe that the time is at hand when this will be the thought of many hearts and when, sick of the waste and inefficiency of our present ways, all good men will unite for constructive policies in politics and education of a magnitude and splendor such as till now the world has never dreamed of.

* * *

The school itself, the public school, the only school that almost all of our people know,—we boast of it, we are

proud of it and love it; but in truth it has hardly yet begun to come to its rights and opportunities, and the best of us have not begun to realize its functions in our democracy and the true measure of our duties to it. In one of his famous reports Horace Mann paid this tribute to the public school system of New England and its founders:

"The Pilgrim Fathers, amid all their privations and dangers, conceived the magnificent idea, not only of a universal, but of a free education for the whole people. To find the time and the means to reduce this grand conception to practice, they stinted themselves, amid all their poverty, to a still scantier pittance; amid all their toils, they imposed upon themselves still more burdensome labors; and, amid all their perils, they braved still greater dangers. Two divine ideas filled their great hearts,—their duty to God and to posterity. For the one they built the church; for the other they opened the school. Religion and knowledge,—two attributes of the same glorious and eternal truth, and that truth the only one on which immortal or mortal happiness can be securely founded! It is impossible for us adequately to conceive the boldness of the measure which aimed at universal education through the establishment of free schools. As a fact, it had no precedent in the world's history; and as a theory, it could have been refuted and silenced by a more formidable array of argument and experience than was ever marshalled against any other institution of human origin. But time has ratified its soundness. Two centuries of successful operation now proclaim it to be as wise as it was courageous, and as beneficent as it was disinterested. Every community in the civilized world awards it the meed of praise; and states at home and nations abroad, in the order of their intelligence, are copying the bright example. What we call the enlightened nations of Christendom are approaching, by slow degrees, to the moral elevation which our ancestors reached at a single bound."

A quarter of a millennium has passed since our Puritan fathers thus founded our free school system; and what is the measure of our devotion to it and intelligent direction of it to-day? It chanced that at this moment a vigorous crusade has been inaugurated for the redemption of the schools of Boston, the Puritan city, from gross

evils due to the corruption and maladministration of the School Board. The Public School Association, an organization of leading men and women devoted to the schools, formed a few years ago, is rousing the people to more determined and far-reaching efforts than heretofore; and one of the principal newspapers of the city is laying before its readers week by week plain and detailed revelations of the wrongs which demand righting. It is a shameful story, doubly shameful because it is a Boston story, an exhibition of the school administration of the city whose proud and proper boast it has been to lead in the school life of New England and of the country. It is a story of teachers and children suffering in multitudes of schoolhouses from criminal neglect of the simplest and most imperative demands of sanitation; a story of the wanton waste of public money; a story of Philistine politicians dictating to a scientific and experienced superintendent; a story of a school board deteriorating year by year, until at last only three or four men of recognized intellectual ability and competence for educational administration are left upon it, while three or four times that number have forced their way there for the paltriest political, personal and selfish interests,—too often, as the history shows so plainly, for the mere sake of the “pickings and stealings.”

All this is a public scandal; and Boston, once roused to it, as she is being roused, will surely correct it. These are things not to be tolerated by any city, even where the lowest and most antiquated conceptions rule as to the function of the school and education in a democratic society. It is the duty of every citizen, of every man and every woman, to see to it that the schools as they are are faithfully and efficiently administered. Dr. Rainsford of New York said the other day to the representatives of an association of women wishing to know how they could best serve the city:

“Attend to the public schools. Go into them, see what they need, and meet the need. The public school is the great agency for the training of our people; and it is a shame for any of us to neglect it.” A shame indeed it is; yet—coming back from New York to Boston—Dr. Hartwell, the head of the Boston department of municipal statistics, has recently found, after compiling the figures showing Boston's voting for a long series of years, that the field where by light voting men prove their lightest interest is the field of education. For mayor, for governor, even for street commissioner, men vote in larger numbers than for those charged with the interests of the public schools, the education of their own children.

* * *

It is not of these things, however, that we here speak. These are the beggarly elements. Until we have conquered these evils we have no right even to hold up our heads. What we here plead for is a new and vastly larger conception of the scope and demands of education in the republic, a rousing of the public sentiment and thought touching the schools and their work and outfit yet more revolutionary than that effected by Horace Mann and his great associates two generations ago. A recent writer upon Horace Mann has said:

“He was a great constructive pedagogist, a wise educational statesman, an eloquent tribune of the common school. He called upon the people of all classes, as with the voice of a herald, to raise their estimate of public instruction, and to provide better facilities by which it could be furnished. He devised or adopted new educational agencies, and persuaded the people to use them. He organized public opinion, and influenced the action of legislatures. He gave men higher ideas of the work and character of the teacher at the same time that he taught the teacher to magnify his office. He heightened the popular estimate of the instruments that are conducive and necessary to the existence of good schools. He elevated men's ideas of the value of ethical training, and made valuable suggestions looking to its prosecution. But his great

theme was the relation of intellectual and moral knowledge to human well-being, individual and social. Here his faith never faltered, his ardor never cooled. In no other name did he trust for the safety of society. He looked with supreme confidence to the healing power of popular intelligence and virtue. He poured into the body politic a large measure of his own lofty faith, his great unselfishness, his burning enthusiasm. He believed in the democratizing movement of modern times, and preached the perfectibility of man. It was in this way that, as Mr. Parker said, he took up the common schools of Massachusetts in his arms and blessed them."

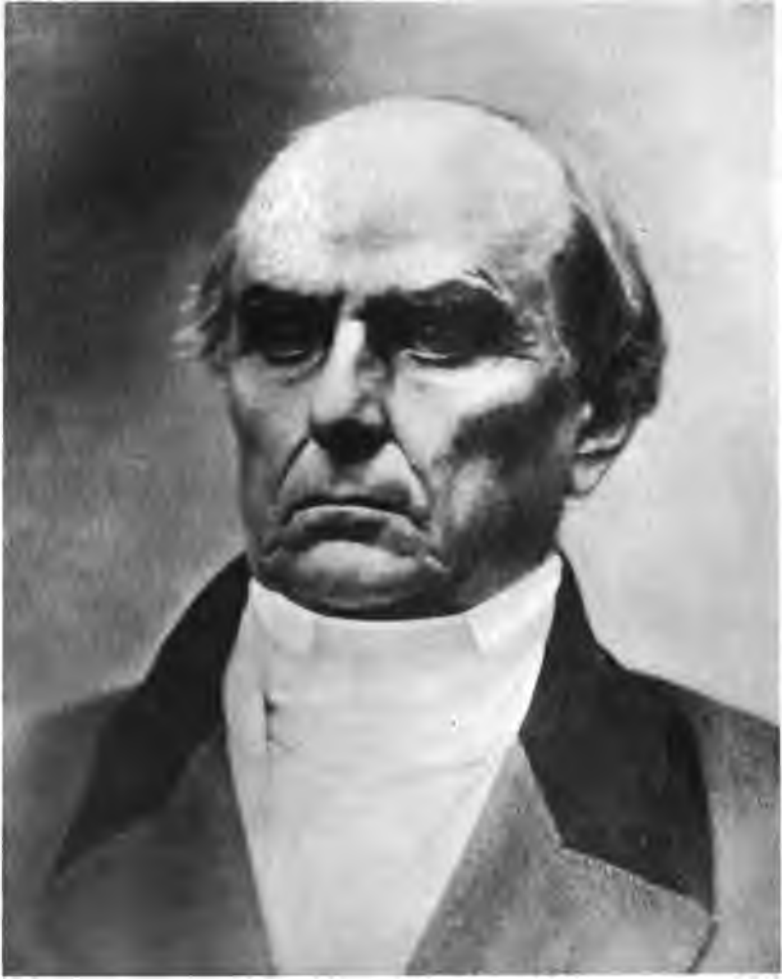
We need an enthusiasm and insight for our time which shall match the enthusiasm and insight of Horace Mann sixty years ago. Among the Old South leaflets there has just been printed Mann's noble report of 1846, upon the ground of the free school system, most eloquent and philosophical of all his ten epoch-making reports. We wish that it could be read to-day in a hundred thousand places, in schools and churches and homes. We wish that the Boston School Board might convene in special session to listen to it. And then we wish that all might turn back to his first report, picturing the condition in which he found the schools of Massachusetts when he came to his great work, in 1837.

It is the long view that encourages. We have our evils, grave and gross evils, not to be condoned or palliated; but we are far ahead of 1837—we have marched forward in the century. But let us not go back to 1837 for the sake of thinking that and stopping there. Let it be for inspiration and imperative for equal new advance. Let thinking men and women unite to see and say that the time has come when our democracy must double its

school appropriations, when no unhealthful or unlovely schoolhouse shall be allowed longer to stand within our cities, when there shall be no more crowded schoolrooms, but rooms enough and teachers enough for the happiest and most efficient work, and when it shall be made possible for every child to graduate from the high school into the public library and for every child who cares to learn a trade to learn it. And let this be demanded in the interests of true economy, not ultimate economy only, but immediate economy. Let men be shown that this is the true way to close prisons and reduce the prison bills, the true way to overcome a whole great world of costly and mischievous incompetence, the true way to lift a generation above the vulgarity and brutality which hurry nations into wasteful and demoralizing wars, the true way to conserve our substance and conserve our souls. The great schoolmaster, David Page, describes a visit to a prison, where he saw a criminal condemned to death upon the scaffold. He asks, "Why is this man here?" and replies, "Because either wrongly or imperfectly taught." Teaching to David Page was not simply "causing one to know." "I praise New England," Emerson said, "because it is the country in the world where is the freest expenditure for education." Will not New England now lead in a policy of adequate expenditure for education and constructive efforts? Generosity, boldness, abandon, in positive and creative things; strictness and rigid economy in all that concerns the machinery of destruction and of waste—in such a readjustment and reapportionment lies the hope of the world.



Digitized by Google



DANIEL WEBSTER.

Copyrighted by J. J. Hawes.

See article, "Washington Homes of New England Statesmen."

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

DECEMBER, 1900.

VOL. XXIII. No. 4.

NEW HAMPSHIRE'S PART IN SULLIVAN'S EXPEDITION OF 1779.

By William Elliot Griffis.

NEW HAMPSHIRE as a frontier colony suffered frightfully from Indian raids and depredations. In the French and Indian wars it furnished out of its sparse population a handsome contingent. When the French power fell, Canada came under English control and savage forays were for a time over, settlers poured into the colony. When the Revolution broke out, although New Hampshire, as a separate provincial government, was not yet, by a score of years, a century old, there were 80,000 people within her borders.

The first direct colonial assault on royal authority was the capture, by a band of New Hampshire men, led by Major John Sullivan and Captain John Langdon of the royal Fort William and Mary at Newcastle, in December, 1774. This enterprise preceded Concord and Lexington by four months of time. The capture was made in broad daylight, in the face of the fire of fieldpieces and muskets. For the first time in American history the royal flag was pulled down. The captors, after giving three cheers in honor of their success, carried off a hundred barrels of powder, some light guns and small arms. Under Sullivan's care these were carried up the river, the boatmen cutting the thick

ice in order to bring the spoil to Durham. The powder was stored in the cellars of the Congregational Meeting-house, on the site of which a monument to the gallant soldier was dedicated with appropriate exercises, on Thursday, September 27, 1894, within a few months of the centennial anniversary of his death on January 3, 1795.

This act of Sullivan and his comrades was in direct response to the order of the British king and Council prohibiting military stores being sent to this country. Sullivan saw at once the necessity of providing supplies for the coming war, upon which the king had practically decided. Like Brother Jonathan of Connecticut, he was "resisting revolution from without." Sullivan raised a company of eighty-three men, and drilled them for the coming conflict. When the royal governor of the province issued threatening proclamations and dismissed the major and captain of the militia from their posts, all officeholders under the king or his governor met in a protesting mood at the tavern in Durham; then marching across the village green, they publicly burned their commissions and insignia of office. When the British army in Boston was increased and Lexington had given the alarm, the powder stored in the Dur-



MAJOR-GENERAL JOHN SULLIVAN.

ham meeting-house and that kept under the care of Captain John Demeritt at his home in Madbury was carried in his ox cart by the captain himself to Cambridge. It arrived in time to fill the powder horns of the American troops, two regiments of whom were New Hampshire troops.

Sullivan was the first person ever chosen to represent New Hampshire in Congress. Serving on the Committee of Violation of Rights, he reported a set of articles which, as John Adams wrote in his diary, "were two years afterwards recapitulated in the Declaration of Independence, on the Fourth of July, 1776." In 1775 he seconded John Adams in his arguments for the establishment of state governments; and in January, though

Sullivan was then in the field, New Hampshire took the lead and formed a state government.

John Sullivan was the man to whom, in June, 1777, Peter Livius, Chief Justice of Quebec, and formerly in the same office under the king in New Hampshire, wrote: "You were the first man in active rebellion and drew with you the province you live in. You will be one of the first sacrifices to the resentment and justice of the government. Your family will be ruined and you must die with ignominy."

From the trenches around Boston, Sullivan wrote to John Adams, December 21, urging a Declaration of Independence. On June 22, 1775, he was appointed brigadier general, be-

ing stationed at Winter Hill, on the left of the American line of investment. Later, in 1775, to replace the Connecticut troops in Washington's army, Sullivan returned to New Hampshire, raised 2,000 men in ten days, and marched them to Massachusetts. He went to Canada and extricated the fragment of the American army from destruction; whereupon his field officers presented him with an address of thanks and congratulation. The paper was signed by John Stark, Enoch Poor, James Reed, Anthony Wayne, and Arthur St. Clair.

Shortly after his return from Canada, on July 29, 1776, Sullivan was promoted to be major general and joined Washington in New York. Taken prisoner at the battle of Long Island, he was soon afterward exchanged, and assisted Washington to consummate the brilliant campaign in New Jersey, which closed an old year of gloom and opened a new one of hope. At Trenton he

dashed into the town with John Stark in the advance. At Princeton he drove the fortieth and fifty-fifth British regiments before him. When Howe, in June, 1777, tried to capture his force, Sullivan slipped across the Delaware and baffled the British general. At Brandywine his activity and skill were everywhere visible. At the battle of Germantown he led two divisions. He passed the wretched winter at Valley Forge, after which he was sent to

Rhode Island in charge of 10,000 men in two divisions, under Greene and Lafayette; but to the intense disappointment of the Americans nothing was done in naval operations, for the French fleet came and went away. Sullivan fortified himself at Butt's Hill. Then, with the aid of the fire from the fleet, but against vastly superior British force, Sullivan fought what Lafayette declared to be the most hotly contested battle of the war, the British losing probably a thousand men. Sullivan drew off without

loss of troops or equipments, and his action met with the approval of his superior officers and of Congress. He remained in command at Rhode Island until the following spring, when Washington called him to a work of supreme importance, viz., to give military effect to the conviction of the American people, as expressed in the final count of the indictment of King George in the Declaration of Independence, that the power of

the Indian allies of the British should be broken.

It was to John Sullivan, then, the first to raise the flag of rebellion and to resist revolution from without, to whom Washington offered the command of one-third of the actual Continental army, to destroy the power of the Tories and Indians, and thus end attacks in flank and at the rear. The same government which had bought and employed Hessians had bribed and sent on the warpath



DOMINIE KIRKLAND.

the Iroquois savages.

In brief, the military history of the Revolution is written in the attempt of the British to separate New England from the other colonies and, by preventing co-operation between them, meanwhile blockading and harassing the coast and keeping the Tories and Indians active on the frontiers, to wear out the spirit of the people, destroy the Continental army, and thus crush revolt. On the other hand, Washington's first and last purpose was to prevent this by hindering the junction of the British forces, by destroying the flank attacks, and by keeping the colonies and states united to secure victory and make a new nation. This is the reason why the Middle States bore the brunt of the conflict and why the greatest battles were fought on their soil. Not the least of all in the Revolution was that decisive battle, so ignored by the average historian, fought at Newtown near Elmira on the 29th of August, 1779. It was decisive because it destroyed the unity of the Six Nations and the Tory power and practically ended the flank attacks of the enemy, leaving the Continental army free to end the war at Yorktown.

It is astonishing to the critical student of Sullivan's campaign of 1779 that this most important stroke of strategy and brilliant



GENERAL JAMES CLINTON.

campaign has been systematically slurred over by writers on the Revolution. It is even more so to note how New Hampshire lagged so far behind New York in awarding honors to her noble son. For General John Sullivan was born, not, as cyclopædias with monotonous copying declare, in Berwick, Me., but in Somersworth, a part of old Dover, county of Strat-

ford, N. H. Had Sullivan lost half of the five thousand men whom he led into a wilderness, by disease, battle, or defeat, had he been "Braddocked," had he suffered reverses of any sort, instead of losing only forty men by missile, ambush, accident, or disease,—in a word, had he presented "a big butcher's bill" for the country to pay,—he might have been better known. But doing his work so quietly, modestly, and thoroughly, it is hard for the average writer of "picturesque" history to ap-



ROCK DUNDER, LAKE CHAMPLAIN.

preciate fully this masterly work. Let us look at the situation in 1779.

The Revolutionary struggle had its flood and ebb tides of popularity. Wars are usually entered upon with enthusiasm, but, if prolonged, the people's interest lags and the spirit of sacrifice wanes. High tide at Bunker Hill and Boston had been succeeded by low water after Long Island. They were dark days just before Trenton and Princeton, but public interest rose to the flood with the successes in New Jersey, followed by Oriskany, Ben-

lenced, it was difficult to see how the colonies could maintain the unequal contest. The Six Nations of the Iroquois dominated a region twelve hundred miles long and six hundred miles wide. The four doors of "the long house" were, at the north Oswego, the west Niagara, the east Schenectady, and the south Tioga, now Athens, Pa. They could call into the field, from their own and allied tribes, a maximum of ten thousand fighting men. They were particularly dangerous on the frontiers of New York and



GENERAL POOR.

COLONEL REID.

nington, and the surrender of Burgoyne at Saratoga. The French alliance and the armed neutrality of Russia, Prussia, France, Holland, and Spain raised patriotic hopes dangerously high; but when the French fleet failed to accomplish anything at Newport, there was not only inaction but reaction. The patriots were irritated. The Tories longed for reunion with Great Britain. On the frontier, partisans were exultant and destructively mischievous, and the red men, incited by them, ravaged the frontiers. Indeed, until this flank fire should be si-

Pennsylvania, whence Washington drew the chief supplies for his troops. Further, under golden incitement from London, their territory was being made a granary for the British army.

Ever since 1609, when Champlain's arquebus shot made the Algonquins allies of the French, and the Iroquois the allies first of the Dutch and then of the English, the agreement of peace and friendship founded by Arendt van Curler, between the Five Nations and the men of Teutonic origin had been kept inviolate. The

Iroquois held loyally to "the covenant of Corlaer," and from time to time conventions and treaties "brightened the silver chain." The work of the far-seeing Van Curler (1640-1667) was nobly followed up and enlarged by Sir William Johnson, from 1738 to 1774. Happily for him, that statesman died before the day of decision between king and colonist at Lexington. Colonial deputies warned the Indians that the approaching conflict was a family affair, in which they had

joined the Confederacy, making six nations. Settling on the shores of Lake Cayuga, their chief council place and fireside was at Coreorgenal in the Inlet Valley near Ithaca.

Even before the Burgoyne campaign, the frontiers of Pennsylvania, Maryland and Virginia suffered frightfully; but the larger operations of fire and devastation came in 1778. The Indians and Tories were supplied at Oswego; but they hatched their plots at Geneva, N. Y., at the head



TIOGA POINT, ATHENS, PA.

no interest, and urged neutrality. The ceaseless activity of the Butlers, Johnsons and other Tories, backed by larger presents than the colonists could offer, tempted most of the savages of the Confederacy to hold to the traditional and British side. Indeed, the problem was a little too much for the intellect of the average red man. Yet, through the influence of Schuyler, the Mohawks, and, through the persuasions of Dominie Kirkland, the Oneidas were kept true to Congress. The Tuscaroras and Catawbias, who had been driven from the South, had

of Seneca Lake, whence they sallied forth on the most frightful raids into the Mohawk, Schoharie, Walkill, and Susquehanna valleys, the massacres of Wyoming and Cherry Valley and Minisink being only three of the best known scenes of atrocity, fire, and blood.

Large areas of grain fields were cultivated with the idea of not only storing up food for Indian campaigns, but also of supplying the British regulars sent from Canada and the great armies along the coast, transportation being feasible down the Susquehanna



THE NEWTOWN BATTLEFIELD.

to the Chesapeake and their tributary water ways. It is computed that during the month of July, 1779, there were under cultivation in New York state alone no fewer than twenty thousand acres of corn, as many as ten thousand fruit trees—apple, peach, plum, and pear—with twelve different kinds of garden vegetables.

The Indian villages were made of houses of bark and wood, from sixty to a hundred feet long and about forty feet wide, and in some cases of sawed boards and plank. These were divided up into rooms for the different families, with a hallway between, being thus the rude progenitors of the modern apartment house. From four to twelve families lodged in each. One town in the Genesee Valley contained one hundred and twenty-eight of the "long houses." Not a few of the Iroquois towns were strongly fortified, with a triple line of palisades, with bolted gates, platforms within for fighting men, and, besides loopholes, had facilities for putting out fire and hurling missiles on assaulting parties.

At Geneva on Seneca Lake there were storehouses and dwellings erected by the Tories, besides the tools, ploughs and other appliances of

civilized man. When it was known that Sullivan's army had actually started from Easton, Pa., in July, 1779, the gathering of the Iroquois clans was called for this place, whence also had issued the bands that desolated Wyoming, Cherry Valley, and Minisink. Fortifications were built at a strategic point beside the Chemung River, near Elmira, N. Y., between which and the water it was believed Sullivan's army must pass, and where it was hoped that his force could be routed. Besides showing great skill in constructing the lines, both at the base and along the side of the hill, and in concealing the forces hidden within, the defences were masked by obliterating, as far as possible, all marks of disturbance of the forest—no trees being cut or chopped on the side of the Continental approach—and by planting trees in front, so that the ordinary soldier would not suspect any danger near. Nevertheless, as we shall see, Sullivan was determined not to be "Braddocked;" and he was not.

"Remember Wyoming!" was the cry in 1779, as "Remember the Maine!" was in 1898. Congress and Washington saw the imperative necessity of detaching at least one-



SISTERS' HOUSE.

third of the whole Continental army for this work. After Gates, to whom belonged the honor of initial choice, had declined, Washington made John Sullivan the elect leader, believing in his zeal, earnestness, vigilance and, above all, his power to retrieve mistakes. Some of the choicest troops in the Continental army, including the oldest regular corps, Morgan's riflemen, were selected. The work was to be done thoroughly, and the orders of Congress leave no mistake on this subject. The Indian towns were to be utterly destroyed, their fields and crops devastated, and the whole region made uninhabitable by them.

Three expeditions were planned. One under Colonel Brodhead in southwestern Pennsylvania was to proceed up the Allegheny Valley into southwestern New York. A second under General Clinton was to rendezvous at Schenectady and move westward through the Mohawk Valley and across the country to Lake Otsego and Tioga Point. A third, the main body, was to proceed

from Easton to Wyoming and thence to Tioga Point, now Athens, Pa., where two rivers, branches of the Susquehanna, nearly touch each other. Here was the focus of all Indian trails from north, south, east, and west, the southern door of the Confederacy. Joining forces, Clinton and Sullivan were to proceed up through

the lake country and westward to Niagara if possible.

Brodhead's work, with less than a thousand white soldiers, was thoroughly done; but no communication was made with Sullivan's army, so we take no further note of this part of the plan. The army gathering at Easton, Pa., consisted of the first or Maxwell's brigade of three New Jersey regiments, the first, second and third, and Spencer's, commanded respectively by Colonels Matthias Ogden, Israel Shrieve, Elias Dayton, and



OLD BELL HOUSE, FIRST SEMINARY FOR GIRLS, BETHLEHEM, PA.

Oliver Spencer. The third brigade, commanded by Brigadier-General Edward Hand, included the fourth and eleventh Pennsylvania regiments, commanded by Lieutenant-Colonels William Butler and Adam Hubley, with the German battalion under Daniel Burchardt, Colonel Thomas Proctor's regiment of artillery (with a band of music), four companies of Morgan's riflemen, and two companies of Wyoming militia. The New Hampshire troops were brigaded under the command of Brigadier-General Enoch Poor. Born in Andover, Mass., this splendid soldier had lived most of his life at Exeter, N. H. He had been put in command of the third regiment soon after the battle of Lexington. He was made a brigadier February 21, 1777, and led the attack at the battle of Saratoga. In the previous conflict of Stillwater, his brigade suffered more than two-

thirds of the whole American loss of killed, wounded, and missing. Poor fought a duel with a French officer and lost his life. His grave in the old Reformed Dutch Church cemetery at Hackensack, N. J., is with us, and receives annual tribute of flowers on Memorial Day. When Lafayette revisited the United States, he proposed the toast: "The memory of light infantry Poor and Yorktown Scammell!"

The first New Hampshire regiment was commanded by Colonel Joseph Cilley, the second by Lieutenant-Colonel George Reid, the third or Scammell's regiment by Lieutenant-

Colonel Henry Dearborn, and the second New York by Colonel Philip van Cortlandt. The men of Scotch and Irish descent were particularly numerous in Poor's brigade. Sullivan was very proud of these sons of that "Old Granite State," then so new.

Long delayed by lack of supplies, this body of troops started late in July, going by way of Bethlehem to Wyoming, and thence following the Susquehanna Valley, to utilize as far as possible the water passage for the boats which contained the cannon, ammunition and part of the stores. About 1,800 horses were

laden with food and supplies. In some cases the army when passing defiles made a continuous line five or six miles long. There were no roads except Indian trails, and many streams had to be bridged, and many places corduroyed, so that the march was



THE SISTERS, BETHLEHEM, PA.

tedious and toilsome.

There was unmeasured ridicule, both in the towns and cities, at the idea of taking howitzers and field guns into the wilderness, inhabited chiefly by rattlesnakes. It was known that the path would have to be chopped through the forest, or the road made for the wheels through swamps, such as in Pennsylvania had a dreadful reputation. Even the infantry soldiers, as the abundant diaries reveal, made no end of jeer and jest. Nevertheless it was the howitzer shells at Elmira that confounded the Tory plan of battle, helping to decide the day and make victory com-

plete. Both Washington and Sullivan knew the moral power of artillery over the red men. Excelling in physical courage, as evinced by their power to bear hunger, hardship, self-inflicted pain, or the torture of enemies, the Indians could not face cannon or keep heart and place when bomb shells were screeching and bursting around him. Only the civilized man can stand his ground while looking into the muzzle of what is likely to tear him to pieces the next moment.

It was not roaming Indians who, by accident or set purpose, could ambuscade a Braddock, whom the New Hampshire man was to fight. It was the Iroquois, who lived in fortified towns, who had magazines of food and supplies, who knew how to seize, fortify, and hold natural fortresses, and who had white officers to help and advise, that Sullivan expected to meet. His flankers, riflemen and scouts, perpetually kept ahead and on either side, would prevent ambuscade, but to attack and successfully cope with such fortifications as Newtown, Geneva, Aurora, Pompey, and perhaps twenty other places in New York could then show, artillery was necessary, and to take it into the woods proved to be the best of generalship. The judgment of Washing-

ton, Sullivan, and Proctor was amply vindicated.

Clinton's force at Schenectady formed the right division of the army of chastisement of which Colonel Brodhead's force of Pennsylvania men was the left, and the main body under Sullivan at Easton the centre.

In this right division, commanded by Brigadier-General James Clinton, was the third New York regiment, commanded by Colonel Peter Gansvourt, who had held Fort Schuyler against St. Leger, and had thus made Saratoga possible; the fifth or independent regiment, commanded by Colonel Lewis du Bois; and the sixth Massachusetts or "Alden's regiment," commanded by Major Whiting; for Colonel Ichabod Alden had been killed the previous autumn at Cherry Valley, and Lieutenant-Colonel Stacie was still a prisoner of the enemy. With them was the fourth Pennsylvania regiment, under Lieutenant-Colonel William Butler, with some

companies of Morgan's riflemen, making in all a brigade of about 1,600 men.

At Schenectady they built over 200 boats and proceeded up the Mohawk. At Canajoharie the boats were landed, set on wagons, drawn each by four yoke of oxen, and carried



BATTLE MONUMENT AT NEWTOWN, NEW YORK, ON THE SITE OF THE HEAVY FIGHTING BETWEEN BRANT'S INDIANS AND NEW HAMPSHIRE MEN.



HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING, ATHENS, PA.

On the site of Fort Sullivan.

over the hills to Lake Otsego on the banks of which the army camped, after their toilsome overland trip, lying there from July 3 to August 9. To obtain water by storage sufficient to float his boats out of Lake Otsego into the Susquehanna, Clinton, who was an accomplished engineer, father of De Witt Clinton, of Erie Canal fame, built a dam, raising the lake level three feet. When the boats loaded with men and stores were all ready, the axemen chopped away the timbers, and the whole train of boats glided out successfully into the river, a branch of the Susquehanna. The flood of waters, filling the river, usually so low in August, and even flooding the alluvial lands, greatly terrified the Indians, who interpreted the unusual phenomenon to mean that the Great Spirit was angry. Fearing Clinton's brigade might be attacked, Sullivan sent General Poor with nearly a thousand of his New Hampshire men with eight days' provisions to meet him. The junction of the two bodies of men, both in the forest after the destruction of Owego and at the general

camp at Tioga, made scenes of great rejoicing.

By mid-August nearly 5,000 young Continentals and a few women were gathered in camp at Tioga, on the well cultivated maize lands of the Indian Queen Esther, believed to have been descended from Count Frontenac. She had been active at Wyoming, and the stories of her cruelties are familiar at Pennsylvania firesides to this day. With her own hand she had tomahawked fourteen defence-

less captives in revenge for the death of her son. A diamond-shaped fort mounting two six pounders was built. Its ends rested on the rivers, and in two of the angles a blockhouse was built. Here the sick, the lame and the halt, the few women in the expedition and most of the boatmen were left. About 4,000 were selected to make the ad-



MINISINK BATTLE MONUMENT.



MONUMENT AT CHERRY VALLEY, N. Y.

vance into the Seneca country. In carefully arranged marching order they proceeded, the riflemen preceding the light troops under General Hand. Poor's brigade was on the right and Maxwell's on the left, Clinton's bringing up the rear with a flanking division and flank guard, while scouts moved ahead always.

The artillery was in the centre, with the pack horses on either side. The same general formation was observed in the order of battle; for above all there was to be no surprise or ambushade. From the hills all round, the Indians watched what was

going on, and doubtless scowled at seeing the constant vigilance exercised. Nevertheless, when near Chemung, while themselves attempting to surprise a great Indian settlement, Captain Bush's company of the eleventh Pennsylvania regiment were fired upon by Indians in ambush, and six men were killed and nine wounded, three of the latter being officers. The bodies were brought back to the fort and buried in one grave. Small bands of Indians lurked around

the camp. In the tall grass where the cattle were pastured, it was easy for the redskins to approach near, noiselessly fire upon the guards, pull off their scalps and be far into the forest before pursuit could be made. In this way several men were killed or wounded.

The united and reorganized army, with a pioneer corps, and the riflemen



GRAVE OF GENERAL POOR, HACKENSACK, N. J.



MONUMENT TO BRANT, BRANTFORD, ONTARIO.

in front, again moved on. It was either success or death. No relief or reinforcements could reach the army in these distant forests. Defeat meant massacre. There were no roads, and much of the way was without water communication. As bold in conception and as wonderful in execution as Sherman's march to the sea was this enterprise. It was known that the enemy was somewhere near in force; —but where?

On the evening of the 27th, after twice fording the Chemung River with its swift current and deep water, scouts came into the camp with the information that the enemy were busy at work on a fortification a few miles away. The advance guard could easily hear the sound of their axes and see the light of their fires beyond the hills near the Chemung River. It was fully expected that a battle would take place next day, and the young Conti-

nentials, not a few of whom had lost relatives in the Indian massacres, looked eagerly forward to the fray.

On Sunday, August 29, all the troops were in motion before nine o'clock. Moving forward two miles, the riflemen saw Indian spies ahead, who ran off at full speed. Two miles further, to the scouts, who climbed tall trees to survey, the fortifications were visible.

Nearly opposite the present village of Wellsburg, the Chemung or old Tioga River makes a southern semi-circular bend, which is divided into two nearly equal quadrants, by the two roads, one leading to Elmira and

ing for the sickle were on the flats near the river. It was along the crest of the ridge, from the river to the creek, that fortifications breast high were built; and along those places lower in height pits were dug, in which the defenders could lie. The logs and other old material were obtained from Indian dwellings and storehouses used for the crops, all within the lines, westwardly, so that no new chips or broken timber were visible from the eastern side. Ordinarily the artificial character of the defences would not be noticed, especially as the ridge and ground in front were thickly set with scrub oak, cut



THE MONUMENT TO GENERAL SULLIVAN AT DURHAM, N. H.

General Sullivan's old home at the left.

the other to Wellsburg. Near the river is a ridge of land with a southeasterly trend, running about 3,500 feet and crossing the Wellsburg road, there turning at right angles and in an almost direct northerly course running 1,200 feet further until it reaches Baldwin's Creek. Over a century of cultivation has lowered this ridge, making it less steep on the side toward the stream. Between this ridge and the hill on the north, on which the centennial monument stands, now called Sullivan's Hill, is a hollow, which a mile west of the creek expands into a wider flat, where stood an Indian town of thirty long bark houses, called Newtown. Two hundred acres of corn just ripen-

only the night before, and set in the ground. Nevertheless the keen-eyed scouts, who enjoyed a well established fame for circumventing the Indians at every point, had at once detected the cheat. Beyond that innocent looking greenery was a fortified line over a mile long.

The enemy had posted a force on the crest of the hill, where the monument now stands, to resist a flank movement, as also on the opposite side of the creek. Their sentinels had a well-established code of signals. The plan evidently was that Sullivan's army would follow the Indian trail. Thinking their fortifications perfectly concealed, Brant and Butler expected that their severe fire would demoral-

ize the Continentals. Then the party on the eastern hill and that across the river would fall upon the rear, stampede the cattle and pack horses, and thus destroy or cripple Sullivan's army so as to compel its return. Behind the ramparts were some British regulars, two battalions of Royal Greens, a number of Tories, and probably 900 Seneca and other Iroquois Indians. Counting all the forces on both sides of the river, there may have been 1,200 red and 300 white men ranged on the British, and 3,200 on the American side.

It was eleven o'clock in the morning when General Hand's advance guard was made acquainted with the enemy's position and disposition of forces. Now that they could not "Braddock" Sullivan, the next plan of Brant and Butler was to lure on his men to death by feigning retreat.

Hand was the youngest of all the brigadier generals, holding the most important position in the command next to Sullivan himself. Like so many prominent officers in this position, including his chief and Proctor, the artillerist, Hand was of Irish parentage. Born in Ireland, he served two years with his British regiment in America, and then resigned and settled in Pennsylvania. In the Revolution he was made colonel of a rifle corps, but from 1777 was in command at Pittsburg, where he learned the Indian's methods of warfare. Washington placed great confidence in his judgment, and chose him because he was just the man to lead Sullivan's advance guard.

Hand's opportunity had now come. He formed his riflemen at 300 yards from the breastwork to hold their ground till the rest of the brigade could come up, peremptorily ordering them to resist all temptation to pursue the enemy. No sooner had his order been given than the Tories and Indians, practising the same old game by which they had repeatedly led the militia into ambush and destruction, issued from the fort. After first firing

without effect, perhaps with assumed carelessness and certainty of being pursued, they retreated into the works, expecting to lure their foes inside their lines; but not a foot did the riflemen, veterans of a hundred forest battles, move. Again they made a sortie with yells, fired, and ran back; but their skirmishing was in vain. The Continental riflemen exchanged winks, but did not stir from their position of advantage.

Meanwhile Hand's brigade had moved up, and Sullivan was informed concerning the situation. Without haste, but without rest, he summoned his chief officers, held a council, reconnoitred the ground, and agreed upon a plan of attack. By this time three hours had passed, and the troops were all up. The artillery took position on a mound three hundred yards from the angle of the works, to enfilade the lines and command the space behind and inside. Hand's brigade advanced to within seven rods of the works, under cover of the banks of Baldwin's Creek, thus diverting attention from the flank movement, while also supporting the artillery. Maxwell's were to charge in assault. The left flanking division was to march up the river to cut off retreat and join in pursuit. On the right flank, the post of honor and the work of greatest difficulty was assigned to the New Hampshire men. General Poor's brigade with the riflemen in advance, and supported in the rear by Clinton's brigade, was to march by a circuitous route to gain the mountain on the enemy's left. Maxwell's brigade was to remain below in reserve.

It was nearly three o'clock when Poor's three regiments moved off to the right. He had to wade into morasses before he could get up the hill. Though the swamp gave trouble, it also fortunately concealed from the enemy. One hour had been allowed for Poor's march; but mud and mire, alders and bushes, delayed the men of New Hampshire and New York. Sul-

livan, supposing that Poor was already on the hilltop or nearly so, ordered Proctor's artillery to open. Then the six three-pounders, the light coehorn and two howitzers firing five and a half inch shells woke terrific reverberations and echoes. The rain of solid shot and exploding bombs tested the Indians' power of endurance to its utmost limit; yet above all the sounds of battle, the voice of Brant could be heard inside the breastworks, cheering his men. Our riflemen within six score yards of the enemy's line could see his crested plume waving over all, but failed to bring him down. He lived to die and be remembered on the Canada side as an angel of light, and in our valleys as a demon of cruelty.

Brant and Butler hoped to hold their men together, expecting that the Americans would charge the breastworks as soon as the artillery ceased firing; but long before this the watchers on the hilltop caught the gleam of Poor's muskets. With consummate skill, secrecy, and celerity, the chief, answering the signals, drew off his warriors, hoping to overwhelm the scattered regiments one at a time.

Poor's ambition had been to form his lines with perfect coolness and, without firing a shot from his short-range muskets, charge clear into the camp and drive the enemy headlong forward, where the left flanking division should meet them. Only a few days before, the news of Stony Point and the victory of cold steel had reached the army, and Poor was nobly ambitious. His line of battle was Reid's second New Hampshire on the left, Dearborn's third New Hampshire next, then Alden's (the sixth Massachusetts) and Colonel Cilley's first New Hampshire on the right. He deployed the riflemen in front as a line of skirmishers, while on the right flank of the whole brigade was Colonel Dubois with picked men. Still further, ably supported by Clinton's brigade of New York

troops, his men moved on with fixed bayonets.

Brant, informed by his scouts of every move, noticed that Poor's main force had moved too far to the right and that Colonel Reid's regiment was separated even to isolation. With lightning-like rapidity he flew to take advantage. Just when the New Hampshire men were about two-thirds up the hill and nearly out of breath from their run up the slope, he flung his whole force upon the New Hampshire Continentals, who suddenly found themselves in the midst of a great semicircle of yelling savages, exultant at the idea of easy victory. Here began a terrific musketry battle; and for a few moments the outlook was dark. Reid found he must either charge a host triple his number, or fall back on Clinton for support. It was just here that the dead and wounded lay thickest on the field. Without hesitation he ordered his men, though their muskets were unloaded, to charge, while the riflemen from behind trees kept up an effective fire.

Fortunately, Colonel Dearborn, having reached the hilltop and missing Reid, on his own responsibility ordered his regiment to reverse front, by right about face, and quickly came to Reid's assistance. The onset of the New Hampshire men up the hill was so sudden that the Indians, too sure of victory, probably fired over their heads. At the same time Clinton sent Gansevourt's and Dubois's regiments forward. At once the tide of battle turned. The volleys from the Continentals at first staggered the Indians and then drove them into a retreat that became so impetuous that part of Poor's line was broken through at one end even while other bands were being pursued by Hand and his riflemen.

The fighting on the hill slope left three dead and thirty wounded upon the ground. New Hampshire bore the brunt of loss, all the killed (Corporal Hunter and two privates) being

from the Granite State. Among the wounded was Major Benjamin Titcomb, one of the most gallant men of the army, and carrying scars from three different battles. He was of Dover, New Hampshire, and died there, shot through the abdomen and arm. Captain Elijah Calyes of the second New Hampshire, Nathaniel Macauley of Richfield, Sergeant Lane, Sergeant Oliver Thurston, and thirty-one rank and file, all but four of whom were of Poor's brigade, and nearly all from Reid's regiment, were put *hors du combat*. By September 19, four of the wounded had died. For those killed on the field, graves were made where they fell, and fires built over them to conceal from the enemy the place of burial.

The smallness of the Continental regiments and the large extent of ground moved over explain the fact that three hours had passed since the artillery had opened and seven hours since the first gun in the morning sortie had been fired. But at six o'clock the field, the enemies' packs and equipment, and the Indian villages were in possession of the Continentals. Three rousing cheers announced the victory; and the horrors of Wyoming, Cherry Valley, Minisink, German Flats, Springfield, and the West Branch were avenged. In these massacres many of the soldiers had lost near relatives. It was no uncommon thing for Sullivan's soldiers from New York and Pennsylvania to enter the Iroquois long houses and recognize by their hair the scalps of mothers, fathers, children, and neighbors.

During the progress of the battle, the Indian custom of removing the wounded and perhaps even the dead was followed, as in almost all the border fights. Our frontiersmen could sometimes see dead Indians, whom they had shot but a few minutes before, moving mysteriously over the ground. Corpses seemed to glide over leaves and through undergrowth, as if resuscitated and become

serpents. Even in the face of sure death, Indians would rush out to tie lassoes over the heads or limbs of their dead comrades, though more frequently stealing under cover to carry off the slain. Thus the number of casualties could never be learned by their enemy. The abundant and voluminous journals of Sullivan's officers tell of the battle ground and timber saturated in places as with buckets of blood. Twelve of the enemy were found dead. Of the two prisoners taken, one was a negro and one a Tory.

The scoundrels we have with us always. There were rascally contractors who furnished "embalmed beef," "plugs" for war horses, and lean cattle "blasted by the east wind" for sound oxen, in those days as now. "Horseheads," which stands as a very oasis of naturalness amid the desert avidity of classical names in central New York, gets its cognomen from the great number of poor pack horses shot there, their cephalic vestiges being afterwards arranged in rows by the superstitious Indians. Only 300 out of the 1,400 animals taken into the wilderness returned to Easton.

The army set forward on the 31st of August, on half rations of beef and flour, but with corn, beans, potatoes, squashes and vegetables fresh out of the ground and galore. Men accustomed to stony ground admired the wonderful and beautiful lake region between Cayuga and Seneca, so thickly dotted with Indian villages, orchards, gardens, and cornfields, fish ponds, salt springs and other evidences of Indian progress. The work of the axe and sword in cutting down the grain and fruit trees and of the torch in reducing the houses to ashes went on daily. For a generation afterwards the Iroquois named Washington the "Town Destroyer."

The heavy guns and baggage had been sent back to Fort Sullivan, and only two light field pieces taken further. At Honeoye, the strongest block-house of the Indian village was

strengthened, and the two cannon mounted, Captain Cummings, with 50 men, being left to guard the place, with the sick, the lame and the lazy. Then the army pushed on to the chief town on the Genesee River. Strongly reinforced by Indians and regulars from Canada, Butler and Brant determined to give Sullivan battle. Selecting a place wonderfully like Braddock's field, they posted their forces on the crests of the ridge and in the ravines flanking the path.

On the 12th of September, Sullivan, thinking he was near the goal of his expedition, yet as alert as ever, ordered Lieutenant Boyd of the riflemen to make a rapid examination with only three or four scouts and report at sunrise next morning. Boyd, though brave, was not perfectly obedient, and set out with twenty-nine men. He left camp at eleven o'clock, passing Butler's right flank without either party discovering each other. Reaching the town, now abandoned by the enemy, he sent back four of his men to Sullivan to report his discoveries. After various adventures in which several Indians were killed, Boyd, against the advice of Hanyarry, the Oneida Indian guide, gave pursuit to some retreating redskins, who succeeded in alluring the party to death. Butler, the Tory, hearing the firing and thinking that Sullivan had again flanked him, ordered his men to surround Boyd's party. Then ensued a typical frontier fight, in which 800 Indians and Tories confronted twenty-five Americans. Trees, rocks and all available cover at hand were used for defence, and only the fine defensive marksmanship delayed the inevitable. Of Boyd's party, fifteen were killed, and but eight escaped. Boyd and Sergeant Michael Parker were captured and after incredible tortures were hacked to pieces. Yet as a matter of fact Boyd died vicariously for many. The affair so disarranged the Tory plans that they were never again able to face the American army.

On the 13th of September an Indian town was destroyed, around which were cornfields so extensive that it took 2,000 men six hours to destroy the crops. Moving down the wonderful Genesee Valley, then in its autumn glory and covered with grass from six to ten feet high, they reached the great Seneca Castle of 128 large houses, surrounded by 200 acres of cornfields, all of which were given to the sword and the flame. Here a captive woman from Nanticoke, Pa., and her baby were rescued. The child died a few days afterwards, but the mother became the wife of Captain Roswell Franklin, and were in the first party that settled Aurora on Cayuga Lake, where is Wells College.

At three P. M. the army began its return, many of the New Hampshire soldiers putting in their knapsacks ears of corn, from sixteen to twenty-two inches long, to show their friends at home. Many of these, both veterans and citizens, afterwards became pioneers in the settlement of central and western New York. Returning eastward and fearing no large gathering of the enemy, various detachments of the army were sent around both sides of Cayuga and Seneca Lakes to destroy the Indian towns and crops and to carry out Washington's orders to make the country uninhabitable for years to come. While these operations were going on, Captain Reid built a fort near Elmira, at the junction of Newtown Creek with the Tioga; and here the different attachments met by the 29th. After barbecues and rejoicing over the news of the alliance with Spain and over the success of the expedition, salutes with cannon and musketry were fired. One of the toasts, the thirteenth, was this: "May the enemies of America be metamorphosed into pack horses and sent on a western expedition against the Indians." Similar rejoicings of the total army on a much larger scale, amid thunders of artillery and the music of Proctor's regimental band, with all sorts of

"horse play," including Indian dances, were enjoyed a few days later at Fort Sullivan. On the 3d of October, Fort Sullivan was demolished, and the army marched home. The results pleased Congress, Washington, and the whole country, and special Thanksgiving services were held.

General Sherman made a remark to the effect that war is not heaven. Sullivan's soldiers found a garden of Eden. They left a desolate wilderness. Forty Indian villages and 200,000 bushels of corn, besides untold quantities of fruit, beans, and potatoes, were destroyed. Coming back to their blackened homes, the Iroquois quickly turned their faces again to Niagara, living in huts near the fort. Unable to hunt during the winter, the coldest known for many generations, and living in close quarters, on salted provisions, they died by hundreds, of scurvy and pestilence. Yet though orator, Indian admirer and general philanthropist descant on "Sullivan's cruelty," the responsibility rests primarily on Congress and on Washington. Sullivan simply obeyed orders. The flank attacks ceased and the Continental army was left free for Yorktown's decisive and peace-compelling victory.

The aftermath of the expedition which destroyed the Indian power in New York makes a more pleasant story to tell. Shortly after the declaration of peace, and faster even than the great surveying operations of Simeon De Witt could be perfected, a great stream of emigrants rolled in eastward from New Jersey, eastern New York, and southern Pennsylvania. The lands in southern and western New York were taken up for settlement. Primitive industries began, and the wilderness blossomed with civilization. A still larger stream of

immigration from New Hampshire, Massachusetts, and Connecticut filled up the country.

To-day, taking Ithaca as a typical town in central New York, we have all around us as our neighbors people whose grandfathers chopped paths through the forest to get their wagons through, followed on foot the Indian trails or valleys, or arrived in canoes up the water ways. These brought their heirlooms, Bibles, household equipment and, better than all things material, their ideas and institutions. As Professor Emerson of Cornell University has scientifically demonstrated, the "Ithaca dialect" is genuine "Connecticut English." Thickly sprinkled on the map throughout the southern counties are other names as decidedly of Connecticut origin as are Trumbull and Windham. Throughout all central and western New York are towns a single glance at which, despite their Greco-Roman names, shows that the people who settled them were from New England. Among the classical plethora it is refreshing to find strong significant names like Painted Post and Horseheads, and sonorous native terms like Canandaigua and Honeoye. Here are Presbyterian churches, on the rolls of which are names of scores of undoubted New Hampshire Scotch-Irish origin, besides the staple English and Dutch gentile nouns. In this blending of people from the East and Southeast, we have many a town that might be named, as one is, Penn Yan, for there Pennsylvania and Yankee met to unite forces. Here, too, we have that blending of Presbyterianism and Congregationalism which shows that many a church has recently celebrated or is soon to celebrate its centennial anniversary which has borne both names alternately.

THE TRIVIAL ROUND.

By Annie Eliot.

ON the table in the middle of the room was a pair of opera glasses. With the prerogative of any incongruity it laid immediate claim to attention, and the cane-seated rocking chair, the pictures cut from illustrated papers, the noisy clock, even the unusual display of dried grasses, were dwarfed and distanced by it as it lay on the red and white checked tablecloth. The case had originally been a handsome one, but was somewhat marred and worn, though it retained that air of gentility which belongs to early grandeur. Moreover all that was left of distinction was carefully kept up. The ravages of time and use could not be entirely concealed, but the worn metal was bright and the glass itself was polished to brilliancy.

"You see I bought them at auction," said Miss Truitt in a tone that betrayed native independence, tempered by an intelligent respect for public opinion. She was standing by the table, her hand resting on the checked tablecloth, her slight figure retaining lines of youthful grace, though her hair was gray.

"It's what I should call dear at the money," said Mrs. Gassaway in a tone meant to be definitive, but trembling towards inquiry, the sum of money not having been as yet positively stated.

"And I earned it pickin' ten years ago," added Orra Truitt; "and it's been a good deal to me ever since," she concluded, taking up the glass and laying it down again. Her thin, strong, roughened fingers seemed not made for caresses, but there was a tenderness in the touch that met the shabby, worn morocco.

"Well," said Mrs. Gassaway as she walked to the window with the brisk

air of one who had only so much time to waste upon subtleties, "I suppose you're goin' to the bawg to-morrow."

"Oh, yes, I don't know as I'd care to miss it."

"Land!" exclaimed the other as she looked across the marshes towards the sea, "it seems a good while since you and I first began to pick."

"Yes, it does, and yet—I don't know as it *seems* so long—"

"No, that's just it," interrupted the more voluble of the two, "it don't *seem* so long, but it is 'bout forty years."

"Since we went as little things,—yes, I guess it is."

"That ain't a patch on old Mis' Crapster, though. She's goin' on eighty, and still pickin'. Guess there'll have to be some kind of a bawg provided in kingdom come for such as they,—and there ain't much that's prettier," she added, "if so be as they're going to borrow anything from down below."

"Perhaps," said Orra with impatience breaking through the tolerance of her tone; "but I do hope there'll be something new there—something we haven't ever seen."

"Well, I haven't ever seen any cherubim—not any real ones," said Mrs. Gassaway dryly. "I guess I'll find something to look at. What a one you've always been, Orra Truitt," she exclaimed, facing her, "to want to go to places and see things!"

"Yes, I've wanted to," replied Orra with a lingering accent.

"D'you know Matt Kettelson had come back?" asked Mrs. Gassaway.

"Yes, I heard he was over to the Old Colony yesterday morning."

"Yes, he was pickin', same as ever."

He's seen considerable, first and last."

"Yes, he has." A tinge of bitterness had crept into Orra's tone. A short silence fell, which Mrs. Gassaway broke with the resolution natural to her disposition.

"I'll see you at about half past six then," she said, moving to the door; "the cart starts down our way;" and she would have closed the door behind her, save for Orra's detaining hand, which swung it open again as she stepped to the threshold and watched her friend go down the short walk and turn up the irregular little street. The light without was peculiarly golden; there must be a fine sunset; she would go down to the bridge to watch it. Turning back, she caught up a shawl, when her eyes fell upon the opera glasses, and she delayed long enough to put them carefully away in the chimney cupboard. With their concealment the room lapsed into its ordinary consistency, the dried grasses flickered in the air from the open door, the trim order of the chairs and tables and the shadowy presence of the china dishes under the mosquito netting in the corner reasserted their sway of commonplace tidiness, the discordant element of cosmopolitan luxury having been removed. But Orra's soul refused to adapt itself to the environment. Its restlessness had been aroused, and she was glad of the little walk through the Sunday quiet to the bridge. As she leaned on its rail, the superb color of the heavens above and the water beneath ministered to without quelling the emotion that had driven her there. And yet the marvellous, silent, tender beauty of it all might have brought satisfaction to a stormier spirit. The western sky was a vivid turquoise, which as she stood there flamed into brilliant orange, paled into the luminousness of reddish pink, and slowly melted into the tenderness of blue. Just below her the little river had its depths, while still

beyond were its shallows, its tide ebbing fast with that of the sea whose long, low line was visible where the stream widened dimly and mistily to its overflow into the waiting, gray arms.

Nearer the other bank the stream did not catch the sunset, and its waters were slate blue, sliding away from the damp clay, where an old vessel lay on its side, the water barely lapping its weather-marred timbers. It was another world, that eastern side of the river, one all of dull blues, —sky, earth and water. Orra noted idly how its confines drew dimly and coldly up to the line, beyond which the party-colored beauty rippled, melted and shimmered. Behind her on the mud flats left bare already some noisy ducks were lapping and plunking about, busy earth-grubbers, unheeding the glory. Orra cast a scornful glance at them over her shoulder. She belonged with them after all, she and the other people who lived in the little houses, quiet, soundless, peaceful, that gathered upon the river bank. Beyond them all was the unattainable, the brilliant, the stirring, the live, purposeful world. Not in the heedless longing of youth, but in the rebellious disappointment of middle age, Orra Truitt, in a mute passion of unresigned powerlessness, stretched out her arms over the iridescence of the river towards the freedom of the sea. For a moment she stood there, the rising wind ruffling her garments and her hair, the radiance touching her eyes and imparting almost a look of youth to the faded colors of her fine face. Then, as if conscious of the utter inappropriateness of such dramatic action in the quiet scene, she let her arms drop and, leaning again on the rail, watched the west fade till it matched the dulness of the east and the ducks hushed the levity of their clamor and went home.

The October sunlight had barely dispelled the morning mist when the first blue cart appeared. Orra heard

it coming while she was putting the last thing straight for the day's absence. She had put her washing out—a neighbor whom circumstances in the shape of babies of assorted sizes kept at home had been induced to do it, a cloud of admitted depression at her enforced absence from the "bawg" hanging over the whole negotiation. One heard the laughter and the snatches of song before the cart turned the nearest corner. She went to the door and watched it as it came. It literally overflowed with men, women and girls in cascades of color. It concentrated all the life, motion and brilliancy of the morning, as it jogged jerkily to the gate, where Orra waited for it in a certain picturesqueness of her own. She wore a skirt of some strong material, faded by many suns, stained by many cranberries, beaten by many sudden showers, into a hue which harmonized with nature's own. A red waist with sleeves pulled up to accommodate the black stocking legs worn as gloves was edged with white here and there, while a blue sunbonnet stood out in front and flapped in at the sides and fell down behind with a solicitude which betrayed few patches of countenance to the rays of the sometimes burning sun.

"Here you are, Orra," called out the driver, as he drew up. Old Mrs. Crapster sat in front and edged slowly and indulgently along nearer the charioteer, forcing him to hang one foot over the shafts and maintain himself at an angle unknown to mathematicians.

"I guess I ain't forgot how to help you up, Orra," said a voice penetrating the lighter ones about him; and Matt Kettelson, having let himself down somewhat heavily from the back of the cart, gave her a hand which was strong and brown as ever.

"Guess there's room for you, Cap'n," said Mrs. Crapster, and she edged farther along, while he climbed up after Orra. "Dunno's you've got much to balance yourself on, Mr.

Kitch," she observed to the driver as he started up his horse.

Mr. Kitch, who was now staying in the cart in direct defiance of the laws of gravitation, responded cheerfully, "I can balance myself with the whip, I guess," he said. "You and me, Mis' Crapster, we've learned to set quite easy." Mrs. Crapster smiled assentingly from the depths of her sunbonnet. They had both reached the age when balance and other facts of the universe have lost their primary importance.

"I heard you'd got back, Matthew," said Orra, as she settled herself on the high seat.

"Well, yes, I've been coming round to see how you was getting on," he replied. There was too much coming and going in this sea-girt village to make a voyage the dramatic thing it is in a more shut in locality.

"It's quite a spell you've been away this time," went on Orra.

"Yes, it's longer than usual. You see, when I come home last time things had changed so, I just wanted to get right off again," he said gravely.

"Yes," assented Orra, "it was quite natural."

"There's one of the best bawgs on the Cape," said the man who had no centre of gravity, as he waved his whip to the left of them.

"'Tis still, is it?" said Kettelson.

"Twenty-seven berrels off forty rods, last pickin'."

"Dear, dear," said Mrs. Crapster as she turned her sunbonnet farther round and blinked in placid admiration at the level bog, across which already a line of pickers stretched its wavering way.

"You keep on pickin', don't you, Orra, just the same?" said Kettelson.

"Oh, yes," she answered; "I ain't too stiff yet."

"Well, I just wanted to take right hold again," said Matthew. "I've never held with those that thinks there's too much sea, but I've seen the time when I'd give a good deal

for the sight of a cranberry bawg; it's sort of homelike,—and yet it ain't quite dry land."

"Here we be," said the driver, and he turned off the main road into what might have passed for an untrodden thicket. In a few moments they emerged upon a sort of causeway between two bogs which stretched level and warm in the sunlight to distant borders of dark green pine.

"This bawg here warn't flowed when I was home last," said Kettelson, delaying with Mr. Kitch while the horse was made ready for his long wait, and the wagon load scattered itself over the bog, in rapid steps of youth and in lumbering progress of age.

"No, it warn't. They've been clearin' up this way a good deal, and when they flowed the bawg just beyond I thought 'twas time to get this one in shape."

"Paid you pretty well?"

Mr. Kitch looked over his sagacious horse and nodded. "Forty per cent last year," he said. "'Twas a good year."

"Did?"

"Could 'a' sold it twice over with all the holdin's and rights to be-longin'."

"Could?"

"Yes, sir,—and not lost anythin'."

The two men had left the horse and were picking their way along the edge of the irrigating ditch when he spoke again. "There's pickerel in that ditch," he said, pointing over his shoulder.

"Pickerel, eh!" replied Kettelson with the accent of intelligence. "Well, there's been considerable changes since I was here last," he went on as he paused and looked about him.

"Yes," said Mr. Kitch; "I was thinking of that. You used to come and pick in this bawg with Matilda, didn't you?"

"Yes, many a time. She and I've picked a good many berrels."

"So you have. Well, she was as

pretty a girl as there was those times."

"Yes, she was just twenty-four when she died,"—and Matthew walked on with the older man beside him; "and she sang in the choir and played an instrument. And it's more'n ten years ago, now," he added. There was silence a moment. It was as if they both listened for the tinkle of faint and far off tones coming with the vision which could not seem an altogether sad one of the pretty dead girl, singing and playing an instrument in the sunlight of the past.

"She was considerable younger than what you was," observed Kitch as they walked on.

"Considerable," replied Matthew. In a moment he stooped and picked two or three crimson berries. "First rate fruit," he said.

"I calc'late to have pretty good fruit," said his companion, with ill-adjusted indifference. "I'm a pertickler man, and I calc'late to send out the best. I grow good fruit, and then I'm pertickler about screenin'. A great deal depends on the screenin'. I have five or six ladies in my barn now, screenin'. Yes, I'm comin'," he called out to his bookkeeper, who had taken her seat by the new wooden honeycomb of boxes into which the berries were poured. She was waiting to ask him a question, and he hurried on, leaving Matthew to follow more slowly. He was not pricked on by the desire for gain and his ambition was not yet stirred by the rush of competition. He had come back to it, as he said, rather from the pleasure of association; his financial interests lay on the water.

His keen blue eyes, that had seen many strange sights, dwelt with gratified scrutiny on the scene before him as he paused again, straightening himself in the warm sun. The big, red, clustering fruit grew thick at his feet; between him and the dark woods was the line of motley pickers, hard at work, heads and backs bent

to the toil, and swiftly moving hands. It was so long since he had seen it all in that clearness of the autumn morning! He drew a sigh of satisfaction before, stepping carefully over the strings drawn across amid the sturdy, fruit-bearing vines, he made his way to the line of humanity and knelt down beside Orra Truitt.

The day went on from coolness to heat and back to coolness again, while the quick fingers stripped the slender stalks, and the scoopers clutched at the vines, and the wooden honeycomb grew red with the wealth of berries. Orra and Matthew Kettelson found themselves dropping back into the old attitude of confidence and familiarity touched with the remembrance of a past emotion. The confidence on Orra's part was of the reserved New England sort, while on the man's side it was less personal and more open—the result of his wider experience and his easier philosophy.

Day after day went by, and the cranberry picking went on under brilliant skies. One afternoon as they jolted home in the luminous hour before sunset she found herself telling him about the opera glasses.

"I've never used them," she said, "only just to look at things I've seen close to all my life. And there's Flora Gassaway thinks it's the greatest extravagance that ever was. They were pretty costly—" and she faltered an instant. It was long since she had been sure of sympathy.

"I don't know as anything's costly that's worth that to us," said Matthew thoughtfully.

"That's how it seemed to me," she responded eagerly. "And it's worth that to me to know there are things to see somewhere. This is how it was." She spoke quickly, glad to tell her tale. "I was sittin' at home one day, and it seemed to me as though I should fly. It was one of those days when nothin' happened; nobody came in and nobody went by but old William Reddle, and he

limped worse'n ever, and the wind blew through the pines in that steady, tiresome kind of never-stop-to-get-your-breath-so's-to-begin-again way. You know how it blows down here on the Cape."

"I know," nodded Matthew.

"I thought it would drive me crazy. And there was dust under the clock on the shelf, just the way there always is dust under that clock, no matter how often I dust it,—and it's an awkward thing to get under it with a cloth, 'count of the legs. And suddenly it came over me that that wind had blowed that way ever sence I was born, and that it always would, and that William Reddle always would limp by, looking as if he'd lost his last friend, and that there I'd spend all the rest of my life dustin' under that clock, likely as not,—and what difference would it make! I can't tell you how it came over me!" she exclaimed with a sudden drop in her voice that was almost a break. Matthew looked at her kindly. She had never said so much about herself before.

"William Reddle is a tryin' sort of man anyhow, apart from his limp," he said sympathetically.

"Oh, I don't care how tryin' he is," she went on, a flush of color rising in her thin cheeks under stress of her feeling; "it's only it's the same kind of tryin', and it's the same wind, and the same dust,—and somewhere there's places where things are *different*, where there's changes and people—different people—going by, and something to do that means something—you've seen 'em, Matthew;" and she turned and looked at him with a tempered wistfulness.

"Yes, I've seen 'em," he answered, and his gaze passed her and wandered over the quiet levels on either side of them. Close beside them was a new bog, delicately red in color. On the other side of the road, on a slight eminence, a huge gray windmill stretched its arms towards the sea, and everything basked in the

peculiar glow of the golden hour. "They ain't like this," he said, "but yet—"

"Well," she said, unheeding, "I was feeling like that, and I picked up the paper that I thought I'd read every word of, and there was a notice of an auction over to Hyannis, where some city people had been living and broke up suddenly and sold everything they had, pretty near. I didn't feel as I wanted anything till I came to that pair of opera glasses. I hardly knew why it was that it came over me so that I must have 'em. It was just as if I could look through 'em and *see* something. Some of the things that had been seen through 'em—lights and pictures and silk clothes and theatres and—and—streets." Her breath failed her and she stopped a moment.

"Sho," said Matthew gently, "you didn't really think you'd see 'em!"

"No," she assented unwillingly, "but I could keep 'em till I *had* a chance—anyway. I'd heard people say opera glasses brought things nearer," she added half defiantly, "and I could please myself thinking so."

"To be sure," agreed Matthew. They were drawing close to the bridge; in the clear light the marshes were utterly peaceful and the little village singularly serene and quiet. Suddenly a group of girls and boys who had been standing by the railing broke and parted. One girl, a red handkerchief over her hair, and wearing a dark blue skirt, ran across the bridge, and a boy ran after her. There was an outbreak of laughter, while he struggled with her a moment, and then the group closed round them again and they all went on together. It was like a scene on the stage; the action seemed concerted,—it was strikingly vivid, pictorial. Orra turned to her companion with a flash kindled in her eyes.

"There!" she exclaimed, "there are things happening like that, only bigger—somewhere—all the time! And I—I want to see them!"

Matthew shook his head slowly, while he reviewed various forms of expression. Finding none satisfactory, he withheld the thought that was in him. In a few moments Orra was set down at her own gate, and Matthew delayed to make calculations about how much more Mrs. Gassaway's boy had earned that day than anybody else. As the blue cart jolted on and left them, Mr. Kitch looked back at the two figures,—Orra's, spare, shabby, surmounted by the huge sunbonnet; Kettelson's, careless, sturdy and stiff.

"Same old story," he remarked to Mrs. Crapster.

She nodded placidly. "Guess it is," she admitted.

"He's been merried since, too," he observed.

"Once or twice, ain't he?" said Mrs. Crapster.

"Onct."

"I forgits about merriages, somehow," she observed, "there's so many of 'em, after the first few there don't seem much in 'em to keep your attention."

It has already been hinted that the season was a good one. The cranberry pickers had all they could do for weeks, and labor was in constant demand. Captain Kettelson worked with the will that had made him successful upon the high seas, and public opinion asserted among other things that he talked more than he used to. Orra heard a good deal of his experiences and even, somewhat tentatively proffered, of his conclusions regarding life. Almost insensibly she grew accustomed to his conviction that life was about the same everywhere in its essentials.

"Let's see that glass of yours," said Matthew one evening when he had met her at the post office and walked home with her. Orra went to the chimney cupboard and drew forth her treasure. Matthew took it in his big weatherbeaten, tattooed hand, with a care which went to its owner's heart.

"Can't tell anything about the glass to-night," he said, screwing it up and down; "but it's a nifty sort of little pocket piece, ain't it?"

"I can see a long ways with it," said Orra quickly. "I can see Frank Nevins shortenin' sail before he's hardly got to the mouth of the river."

"Can!" said Matthew meditatively.

"And it makes a bird twice as big when you get a chance to look at one."

"Yes, I guess it does," assented the captain. There was a pause.

"Well, I've seen 'em shortenin' sail in the Chinese sea," said the captain thoughtfully; "but it was shortenin' sail just the same,—even if they were doin' it feet up to where we are," he added in the interests of science.

"But you saw a lot of other things there that I've never seen through that glass,—joss houses, and pagodas, and such."

"Oh, yare," said the captain indifferently, "lots of 'em;" and he laid the glass down on the table. His indifference stung Orra. To grow callous to joss houses was not philosophy; it was obtuseness. She took her glass into her own hands. The shabby thing was her travelling carpet, her Aladdin's lamp.

Captain Kettelson felt her resentment. "Well, Orra," he said, rising,—for it was getting late,—his eyes following the glass as she turned it in her not ill-shaped, but labor worn hands, "I guess it's like this." He hesitated, grappling with his thought. It was both lofty and subtle for one of his accustomed simplicity of expression. "You and I've been looking through different ends of that there glass. Perhaps you've noticed how if you look through the other end it kind of smallens things." Orra nodded.

"Well, I've got so I look at places away from here through the little end, and they seem a good way off and sort of small,—and I'm willing to have it so. I ain't anxious to bring 'em any nearer. But the things

right around us here on the Cape, they seem sort of bigger—and more distinct;"—he stopped helplessly; his smile seemed to be giving way under him. Something in his manifest emotion made a slow flush rise in Orra's face; she looked younger, and she fingered the glass somewhat nervously.

"I wish," began the Captain, and came a step nearer. But Captain Kettelson, with all his limitations, was a person of perceptions. He decided not to injure the effect of his figure by a too rapid descent to the personal. "I'll bid you good evening," he said somewhat abruptly, and left Orra seated alone, with the clock ticking loudly in the corner and the opera glass in her hand.

The next Sunday she decided at the last moment not to go to evening meeting. Instead she walked through the deserted village street down to the bridge. She found that deserted, too. One could easily find solitude in this place; whatever social or religious distraction there might be claimed practically the whole population. It was a cloudy evening; the moon looked stormily forth from the rack of drifting clouds or was obscured entirely behind a heavier mass. There was a hint of wildness in the ebbing waters, roughened where they were widest by the fitful rising wind. The gray sea line seemed unutterably distant, unutterably sad. The lighthouse flashed its warning through the misty air into the unsheltered waters beyond; the old windmill stretched its gaunt arms abroad into the empty spaces of the night. Not a sound broke the stillness; the village might have been a city of the dead, it lay so silent upon its sloping banks. Suddenly a wave of loneliness swept over Orra, and she shivered and drew her shawl about her. It was as if she were solitary in a world of wide, gray spaces and a silent, unresting wind. Her heart stood still. The spaces were too wide, and she was too small a thing to be alone in them. In her

imaginative dread she could have cried out for shelter, for companionship, for anything that was limited, warm, human,—it was all one wanted! Suddenly the silence was broken; they were singing at the Methodist Church, and the lilt of a chorus of the Methodist fashion, the crudities of the execution of the village choir softened by distance, fell with the sweetness of relief upon Orra's ears. She turned towards the village, and saw that it was not so dark, after all; a light shone forth here and there from an uncurtained window; companionship and shelter, in spite of the wildness of the night, were near at hand. The hymn rose and fell in its minor tone, and then ceased; but the spell of panic had been broken. There was a step upon

the bridge, and Orra watched Matthew Kettelson approach with his heavy step, his steady carriage and air of general seaworthiness.

"I see you weren't there," he observed casually, "so I stepped out durin' the singin'." He cast a weather eye up at the blurred, inconstant moon. "Seems to me it's sort of shivery down here, ain't it?" he inquired. "Things look kind of strange in this light; suppose that's the reason you like it?" he asked with friendly interest, looking down at his companion.

"No," said Orra suddenly, "it ain't. I don't like it. Let's go back;" and she turned and walked along the bridge and up the familiar little village street with Matthew Kettelson by her side.



CHRISTMAS BABIES.

By Minna Irving.

A LITTLE legend sweet and old
 Around the Christmas hearth is told,
 When frosty flakes on Christmas eve
 Their silent dances lightly weave,
 Or to the leafless branches cling
 Like blossoms of belated spring,
 Or spread upon the chilly mold
 A downy mantle white and cold.

They are the babes that die at birth,
 The sinless souls too pure for earth,
 That, robed in fine ethereal lace,
 Come softly fluttering out of space,
 The Christmas babies come to play
 In meadows brown and forests gray;
 But touch them and they disappear,
 And only leave a crystal tear.

WASHINGTON HOMES OF NEW ENGLAND STATESMEN.

By Frank Roe Batchelder.

THE residents of the District of Columbia are denied the suffrage; but for the loss of that privilege they have compensations. They may not participate in the making of history; but they are privileged to observe at close range the making of history by the nation's greatest men.

There are still living some old citizens of Washington who were dwellers there when it came near to justifying Tom Moore's sneering description of it, "squares in morasses, obelisks in trees," and who have seen history busily at work about them for many years. To have the company of one of these patriarchs of the district in a stroll about the capital is a guarantee that the conversation will be interspersed with such remarks as: "Do you see that old house directly opposite? Mrs. Surratt lived there, and there Payne was arrested the night of the assassination. . . . When Grant was the head of the army, on his way to headquarters, I saw him nearly every morning walking down this street where we are walking now." "There is the house that was formerly the British legation. Owen Meredith wrote 'Lucille' there when he was secretary of legation."

It is worth something to have lived in such an atmosphere as this; to have seen the nation's great men come and go, precisely as every one sees the coming and going of his next-door neighbors. The streets and homes and byways of Washington are the nation's stage; and happy is he who may sit in the stalls and watch the scenes change and the players play their parts.

The men whom New England has sent to represent her at Washington

have left many memorials of their temporary residence there. Among them have been numbered such men as the illustrious Adamses, father and son, Webster, Everett, Choate and Sumner; and, since the war, such men as Blaine and Edmunds and Hoar and Reed have been conspicuous upon the stage.

The Washington guidebooks are eloquent concerning the capitol and the Congressional library; they describe minutely the government printing office and revel in the glories of a new power station. But the New Englander who seeks to follow the daily paths once trodden by his heroes will get small comfort from the guidebook compiler. Indeed, he may have to be content with the information vouchsafed by the hackman who points with his whip to "Senator Depew's house," and does not tell the rest of its story. Yet it is the rest of the story that the student most wants to know.

The men whom New England sent to Washington in the early days of the Federal City did not find it the beautiful and attractive Washington of to-day. It may not be doubted that "the lust to shine and rule" was as strong then as now; and though men must live in huts, if that were an unavoidable penance of official life, they would no less surely resign the pleasures of palaces to dwell at the seat of government and be a part thereof.

But the fine streets, the magnificent dwellings, the brilliant social life, the innumerable comforts and delights of the Washington of to-day were then undreamed of. Men came from luxurious homes in Boston or Philadelphia to herd in crowd-

ed boarding-houses—"Congressional Messes" they were called. The conditions of transportation and other elements of life were primitive in the extreme. Perhaps no better idea of them may be had than from the letter Oliver Wolcott of Connecticut, the first secretary of the treasury, wrote to his wife on the Fourth of July, 1800. He says:

"July 4, 1800.

... "I write this letter in the building erected for the use of the Treasury Department, in the City of Washington; and this being a day of leisure, I shall be able to give you some idea of this famous place, the permanent seat of American government.

"The Capitol is situated on an eminence, which I should suppose was near the centre of the immense country here called the city. There is one good tavern about forty rods from the Capitol, and several other houses are built and erecting; but I do not perceive how the members of Congress can possibly secure good lodgings, unless they will consent to live like scholars in a college or monks in a monastery, crowded ten or twenty in one house and utterly excluded from society. The only resource, I think, will be in Georgetown.

"I have made every exertion to secure good lodgings near the office, but shall be compelled to take them at the distance of more than half a mile. There are, in fact, but few houses at any one place, and most of them small, miserable huts. The people are poor, and, as far as I can judge, they live like fishes, by eating each other. You may look in almost any direction over an extent of ground nearly as large as New York City, without seeing a fence or any object except brick kilns and temporary huts for laborers. There are at Greenleaf's Point fifty or sixty spacious houses, five or six of which are occupied by negroes and vagrants, and a few more by decent working people; but there are no fences or gardens or the least appearance of business. It presents the appearance of a considerable town which had been destroyed by some unusual calamity."

So, too, Mrs. Adams, the wife of the President, wrote that "we are surrounded by woods, but with no wood to burn." The White House was a barrack, the family linen was hung to dry in the East Room, and the President's household shivered over precarious wood fires; for labor could

not be had to reduce the virgin forest to firewood.

"The first house built in Washington" was long pointed out to visitors as a relic of the early days when the capital had its beginnings. This was the David Burns cottage, the site of which was on what is known as the Van Ness place, at the foot of Seventeenth Street and about three hundred yards southwest of the White House. David Burns was a thrifty Scot, who owned much of the land now included in the city of Washington. For a long time after the city had been platted, Burns obstinately refused to sell his land to the government. George Washington visited the Scotchman's house many times and endeavored to persuade him to sell, but without avail, until he lost patience and told Burns that his land would be condemned and taken, in any event, whereupon Burns came to terms. Burns's beautiful daughter, Marcia, made his house a centre of attraction for some of the most conspicuous men in public life, and she finally married John P. Van Ness, a New York Congressman, who built a fine mansion not twenty yards from the old cottage, and entertained there royally. The Burns cottage and the mansion beside it fell into decay; the place was used as a picnic ground by negroes, and for years the premises were untenanted. In 1893 an athletic club leased the property, repaired the Van Ness house, and built a cinder track within the grounds. The old cottage, however, stood in the path of improvement, and was demolished. In this old house Alexander Hamilton was a frequent visitor, and Tom Moore spent a week or more there during his visit to America. It offered a striking contrast to the palatial homes of the latter-day Washington.

Most of the shabby rows of dwellings in which Washington housed the first statesmen who came to the capital have disappeared or are forgotten. We know that the "Seven Build-

ings," in which some of the early Congressmen lived, are those standing on the north side of Pennsylvania Avenue between Nineteenth and Twentieth streets. We have so much of a record as shows that Senator James Lloyd, Jr., of Massachusetts, and Representative Josiah Quincy lived "at Mrs. Dowson's, Capitol Hill," and that Joseph Varnum of Massachusetts, Speaker of the House, "messed" at Mrs. Matchin's, also a Capitol Hill boarding-house. Daniel Webster, a representative from New Hampshire, in 1814 boarded "with Mr. Frost, on Capitol Hill." The principal boarding-houses were then in that vicinity. In fact, from the capitol to Georgetown there were few houses, and those but the humble dwellings of the "natives."

In 1820, when the sixteenth Congress numbered Harrison Gray Otis among its lawmakers, he lived at Crawford's Hotel in Georgetown, and two years later at Brady's Hotel, also in Georgetown. Georgetown was a city of importance, and had some fine houses, whose aristocratic occupants turned up their distinguished noses at the mudhole on which the Federal City had been platted. The old town offered partial accommodations for the members of Congress; but it seemed far remote from the capitol in those days of poor conveyance or no conveyance at all, and hence the springing up of the boarding-houses on Capitol Hill.

Crowded as they were, in the old days, the "Congressional Messes" had their etiquette and their functions. The game of whist was in great vogue, and a room in each boarding-house was usually set apart for the players. The discomforts of such a mode of life as the Congressmen were subjected to in the "Congressional Messes" only accentuates the great sacrifice that patriots, then as now, made in accepting the burden of public office. The statesmen were obliged to leave their families at home, and the pleasures of mixed society were almost wholly

denied them. "Stag dinners" were those to which the estimable lawmakers sat down.

Despite the inevitable growth of a city which had been made the permanent seat of government, it remained for many years a muddy, ugly, unkempt town. Soldiers of the civil war who marched through its miry streets and were quartered in its defences fail to recognize in the beautiful and brilliant city of to-day the capital of 1861.

Not until "Boss" Shepherd, a man of iron will, and not given to putting too fine a point on private rights, literally made himself the autocrat of the place and projected and completed public works, built streets and sewers, promoted the erection of fine dwellings, and literally raised the inhabitants out of their slough, did the capital begin to be a place where a man might think of setting up a home and surrounding himself with the luxury of a comfortable dwelling. For his work "Boss" Shepherd was long and loudly cursed by those who bore unwillingly the burden of improvement and increased taxation; yet when he came back from a long exile in Mexico, a few years ago, he was toasted and fêted by a new generation which could appreciate his work, and as the result of his earlier labors he saw the most beautiful city in the New World, with hundreds of palatial residences, clubs, hotels, theatres, churches, statues, fountains,—all the externals which make a city attractive to the eye.

As has been said, most of the old boarding-houses have disappeared or are beyond identification. In 1825 Edward Everett lived "with Mrs. Hickey" on Capitol Hill; "Honest John" Davis lived at Mrs. Carlisle's, and again at Mrs. Arguelles's, on Pennsylvania Avenue. Horatio Seymour, in 1828 a representative from Vermont, lived "at Mrs. Hamilton's, near the capitol." In 1833 Representative Franklin Pierce, afterwards to become president of the United

States, lived at Mrs. Hill's, opposite Gadsby's (Pennsylvania Avenue and Third Street); and Rufus Choate was living "in Dr. Sewall's private family."

So it is possible to run down the list of many famous names, and see that not only Choate and Davis and Everett, but Levi Lincoln, Leverett Saltonstall, Nathan Clifford, Robert C. Winthrop, Nathan Dixon, William Pitt Fessenden, John P. Hale, Jacob Collamer and Solomon Foote lived in Washington boarding-houses—"Congressional Messes"; and the discomforts and annoyances that such a life must have brought to them are not slow to suggest themselves to those who know what noble old colonial homes many of them quitted in New England when they entered official life at Washington.

The record of the Washington hotels is of considerable interest, though even those most prolific in memories of famous guests have not that air of individuality which invests the private homes of dead and gone statesmen. Gadsby's, which stood at the corner of Third Street and Pennsylvania Avenue, was the first hotel of considerable note. The old Hotel Belvedere, which stands at the northeast corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Third Street, and is now a cheap-rate lodging-house, especially favored by the Indians who come to confer with the Great Father, was once the St. Charles, and in 1850 was sufficiently well managed to be the abiding place of Hannibal Hamlin, then senator from Maine. He lived there for three or four years, after-

wards living at the Washington House, now known as the Vendome, where he was a guest while vice-president of the United States under Abraham Lincoln. He afterwards lived at Willard's and at the Hamilton.

In the Washington House also dwelt Henry Wilson, senator from Massachusetts, and vice-president in Grant's first term. A care-taker still employed in the house, who was a maid there in Wilson's day, remembers well his occupancy of the pleasant room on the second floor at the corner facing toward the capitol. This sunny room was Wilson's recep-



THE DAVID BURNS COTTAGE.

The first house built in Washington.

tion and work room. A small room opening from it, on the Third Street side, was his chamber.

The National Hotel, at the corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Sixth Street, has a long history of Congressional occupancy. Henry Clay was one of its patrons. Isaac Toucey, senator from Connecticut, lived there in 1851. John P. Hale of New Hampshire, William Pitt Fessenden of Maine, Anson Burlingame of Massachusetts, and Nathan F. Dixon, the elder, of Rhode Island, are other distinguished names that have been written on its register. Nathan Clifford

of Maine, a justice of the Supreme Court of the United States from 1858 to 1881, was a guest here twenty years ago. Justin S. Morrill of Vermont lived at the National for a time, while serving as a representative.

Brown's "Indian Queen" Hotel, now replaced by the Metropolitan, on

Pennsylvania Avenue and Fourteenth Street, has had many of New England's famous men as its guests. In 1833, Edward Everett, then a representative in the twenty-third Congress, registered there. "Honest John" Davis, senator from Massachusetts, took up his residence in this

house in 1847. Julius Rockwell, the senatorial colleague of Webster in 1854 and 1855, Jacob Collamer of Vermont, Henry Bowen Anthony of



THE WILLARD AND HAMILTON HOTELS.

Pennsylvania Avenue between Sixth and Seventh streets, was one of the notable hotels of sixty to seventy years ago. Daniel Webster lived there for a time during the latter part of his first service in the Senate, 1837. For many years past it has been noted as the rendezvous of southern representatives, a considerable number of whom are always to be found among its guests.

Fuller's City Hotel, afterwards known as Willard's, which stands at



THE VENDOME, FORMERLY THE WASHINGTON.

HENRY WILSON'S ROOM IN THE WASHINGTON HOUSE.

Rhode Island, Eli Thayer of anti-slavery fame, Henry L. Dawes and Nathaniel P. Banks are other names linked with the history of the hotel. At the reopening of the hotel as Willard's, Edward Everett, in a reply



HOUSE OCCUPIED BY ELBRIDGE GERRY, ALSO
BY PRESIDENT MADISON.

to the toast of Mr. Willard, the proprietor, said that under this roof he had passed a winter with John Quincy Adams, Chief Justice Marshall, Judge Story, Mr. Calhoun, Mr. Clay and Mr. Webster. For the past twenty years or more, New Englanders have preferred the up-town hotels, but still living at Willard's, in active service, is one distinguished Congressional figure, Galusha A. Grow, representative from Pennsylvania, who was Speaker of the House in 1861.

After the war, Wormeley's became the fashionable hotel of Washington. Wormeley was a negro who drew the color line by excluding all but white people from his house. He kept a first-class hotel, however. William W. Crapo and Henry L. Pierce, representatives from Massachusetts in the forty-fourth and forty-fifth Congresses, lived

there, and Lot M. Morrill, the distinguished senator from Maine, took up his residence here after his appointment as secretary of the treasury by President Grant in 1876. Henry L. Dawes also lived here for a time. Wormeley accumulated a fortune from the profits of his hotel. It is now known as the Colonial, and stands on the southwest corner of Fifteenth and H streets.

In the past decade the hotels of Washington have been greatly improved. The Arlington, which is now the rendezvous of the more prominent politicians from all over the country, whose interests bring them periodically to Washington, has had many eminent guests. Senator Aldrich of Rhode Island returns there year after year, as does Senator O. H. Platt of Connecticut. Oakes Ames of Massachusetts lived there in 1871; Representative Ambrose A. Ranney of Boston lived there in 1881, and John E. Russell, "the golden-shod shepherd of the Leicester Hills," in 1887. General W. W. Grout of Vermont, a conspicuous figure in the present House, lives at the Arlington. When Hon. Levi P. Morton erected



THE CORCORAN HOUSE.

the Shoreham, on the site of Samuel Hooper's house, at Fifteenth and H streets, in 1889, it at once became a favorite Congressional hotel. Its most distinguished occupant was Speaker Thomas B. Reed, who had previously lived at the Hamilton and at private boarding-houses, but who continued at the Shoreham from 1890 to the end of the fifty-fifth Congress, in March,

Interest flags, however, in following year by year the record of these temporary abiding-places. They lack the personality with which a man invests his own home, however unpretentious it may be. It is more to the purpose to stand before some of the old houses



CHARLES SUMNER'S HOME.



EDWARD EVERETT'S HOME.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S LAST WASHINGTON HOME.

1899. Representatives Joseph H. Walker, Elijah A. Morse, Charles S. Randall and Joseph H. O'Neil of Massachusetts were also guests of the Shoreham during their Congressional service.

At the Ebbitt House, corner of Fourteenth and F streets, some time lived Henry L. Dawes and William D. Washburn; and at the Riggs, corner of Fifteenth and G streets, George D. Robinson, a representative from Massachusetts, lived from 1879 to 1883.

which have escaped demolition and whose record is clear and of great interest, as having been the shelter of famous statesmen.

It is a matter of regret that the house so long associated with the name of Adams is no longer to be seen by pilgrims from New England. This house, which was built by John Adams, stood on F Street between Thirteenth and Fourteenth, where a fine business building keeps alive the memory of its distinguished occupants in its name, "Adams Building." John Quincy Adams dispensed here a stately and generous hospitality. The house disappeared from view some fifteen years ago.

One of the oldest Washington houses concerning whose occupants there is authentic record stands at the northwest corner of Pennsylvania Avenue and Nineteenth Street. It has special interest for the New England



THE HOME OF ROBERT C. WINTHROP,

visitor because it was occupied by Elbridge Gerry while vice-president of the United States under Madison, 1813-14. He died in his carriage on the way from this house to the capitol, November 13, 1814. It may be recalled that his passing was marked by the most notable funeral obsequies ever witnessed in connection with the death of a public man in Washington, up to that time. He was buried in the old Congressional Cemetery, where the monument erected by Congress to his memory at a cost of \$1,000—a tremendous outlay for such a purpose in those days—is still to be seen.

The British having burned the White House in August,

1814, President Madison took up his residence in the "Octagon House," at New York Avenue and Eighteenth Street; and later he removed to the Gerry house, which he continued to occupy until the White House was again habitable. The outward appearance of this temporary White House remained practically unchanged for more than seventy-five years, and only recently has it yielded to the march of improvement. The illustration shown herewith represents the house as it appeared in Gerry's and Madison's time. The red brick walls and stone coping have now been given a coat of buff paint, and the entrance at the corner has disappeared, a doorway on the Nineteenth Street side serving present uses. The ground floor, which was used by President Madison for executive purposes, is now given over to a drug store. The flooring throughout the building, still in an excellent state of preservation, is of massive wide boards, closely joined.

The drawing room and dining room were on the second floor, where a generous fireplace and an ancient chandelier still recall the days of



THE HOME OF GEORGE BANCROFT.

presidential occupancy. The windows, reaching from floor to ceiling, are framed in carved woodwork, enamelled in white and gold. Under the building there still exists the old well which supplied the household with water. It is not difficult, standing in this old house, to picture in imagination the brilliant social triumphs of Dolly Madison, whose entertainments here and at the White House and later in the house at the southeast corner of H Street and Jackson Place, now occupied by the Cosmos Club, made her veritably the "first lady of the land."

The most notable of all the old houses of Washington is the Corcoran house. This fine memorial of old days stands at the northeast corner of H Street and Connecticut Avenue. It was built by Governor Swann of Maryland. When Daniel Webster became secretary of state in the cabinet of William Henry Harrison, in 1841, his friends in Boston and New York raised a fund to buy and present to



WHERE GENERAL BUTLER DIED.
HOUSE BUILT BY GENERAL B. F. BUTLER.

him this house as a token of regard. Webster took up his residence in the house; and it was here, in 1842, that he concluded with Lord Ashburton the negotiation of the celebrated Ashburton treaty, adjusting the boundary line between the United States and the British possessions northeast of us. Mr. Webster's occupancy of the house did not long continue. One historian has said that "Mr. Webster preferred to use the funds contributed by his friends to purchase land at Marshfield." The truth is that Mr. Webster was not financially able to maintain so luxurious a home. His well known improvidence and carelessness in money mat-



GEORGE S. BOUTWELL'S RESIDENCE.

ters were wholly incompatible with the carrying on of such an establishment. He vacated the house, which was purchased by William W. Corcoran, the millionaire philanthropist. Mr. Corcoran was well known as a sympathizer with the cause of the Confederacy; and during the civil war the uncompromising Stanton determined to seize the house and use it for military purposes. This purpose becoming known, Mr. Corcoran invited the French minister, Count de Montholon, to occupy the house, and the latter made a hasty removal to the premises, which thereupon became the legation of France. The French flag flying above the roof was sufficient to cause the abandonment of the proposed seizure; and at

his occupancy, coincident with his service in the Senate, from 1891 to 1897, gave there many brilliant entertainments. After Mr. Brice's death the house remained vacant until again thrown open to society by another senatorial occupant, Chauncey M. Depew, who is not behind his predeces-



HOUSE WHERE MR. BLAINE DIED.



HOUSE BUILT BY
JAMES G. BLAINE.



HOUSE OCCUPIED
BY MR. BLAINE.

this day it is not difficult to feel a sense of satisfaction that the beautiful old mansion was not defaced by barrack room or hospital uses. In February, 1866, De Montholon, still occupying the house, gave there a brilliant ball, long famous as the most magnificent of Washington entertainments up to that time. After the war Mr. Corcoran returned to the house and continued to occupy it until his death at an advanced age in 1888. The late Calvin S. Brice, senator from Ohio, was the next distinguished tenant of the house, and during the six years of

sors in making it the scene of lavish hospitality. Corcoran house is much larger than appears at a glance from the street, though it is sufficiently imposing to attract attention even from strangers not previously advised of its history. There was originally a door on the H Street side; but this was closed, and the main entrance is now from the courtyard, which is reached by a narrow drive from H Street under an arched gateway at the extreme eastern end of the house. A high brick wall, in the ancient manner, shuts out from the eyes of passers-by on Connecticut Avenue the beautiful gardens where the tide of



THE EDMUNDS HOUSE, NOW THE HOME OF
MRS. U. S. GRANT.

Washington fashion has ebbed and flowed for more than fifty years.

Daniel Webster's later and last home in Washington is in striking contrast with Corcoran house. It is a large house on D Street, between Fifth and Sixth, a strip of parking separating it from Louisiana Avenue. Webster took up his home here in 1846, while serving in the Senate of the twenty-ninth Congress, his occupancy of it being marked by his second service as secretary of state, in the cabinet of President Fillmore, 1850-1852. Though neither as spacious nor as elegant as Corcoran house, it was larger than most houses of the day and better suited to the means of its occupant. It was a house of disappointment for Webster, for while he lived here the clouds of political disaster gathered and broke about his head; yet there is abundant evidence that he got much enjoyment out of life in the mean time. A lover of the pleasures of the table, he enjoyed them most when friends shared them with him. His dining room was in the basement after the manner

of Washington houses then and now, and often it held a goodly company, but more frequently two or three congenial spirits who drove dull care away in the approved fashion. Colonel W. W. Seaton, editor of the *National Register*, and long a conspicuous figure in Washington, was one of Webster's closest friends. Colonel Seaton, in his brief memoirs, has given us some interesting facts about Webster's life in the D Street house. He says:

"Mr. Webster was his own purveyor and was a regular attendant at the Washington Market on market morning. He almost invariably wore a large, broad-brimmed, soft felt hat, with his favorite blue coat and bright

buttons, a buff cassimere waistcoat and black trousers. Going from stall to stall, followed by his servant bearing a large basket in which purchases were carried home, he would joke with the butchers, fishmongers and greengrocers, with a grave drollery of which his biographers, in their anxiety to deify him, have made no mention. He always liked to have a friend



THE PENDLETON HOUSE, WHERE WILLIAM
C. ENDICOTT ALSO LIVED.

or two at his dinner table, and in inviting them *sans ceremonie*, he would say, in his deep, cheery voice, 'Come and dine with me to-morrow. I purchased a noble saddle of Valley of Virginia mutton in market last week, and I think you will enjoy it;' or, 'I received some fine codfish from Boston to-day, sir; will you dine with me at five o'clock and taste them?' or, 'I found a famous possum in market this morning, sir, and have left orders with Monica, my cook, to have it baked in the real old Virginia style, with stuffing of chestnuts and surrounded by baked sweet potatoes. It will be a dish fit for the gods. Come and taste it.'"

"D. W."

Here, too, is a characteristic little note of invitation addressed by Webster to Seaton:

"I am sitting down all alone, at five o'clock, to a nice leg of lamb, etc., and a glass of cool claret—Come."

Monica, Webster's faithful black cook, was one of the chief contributors to the pleasure he got from life after the gall of politics had tainted his honey. Ben Perley Poore says that "her soft shell crabs, terrapin, fried oysters and roasted canvasback duck have never been surpassed at Washington, while she could make a regal Cape Cod chowder, or roast a Rhode Island turkey, or prepare the old-fashioned New Hampshire 'boiled dinner' which the 'Expounder of the Constitution' loved so well. Whenever he had to work at night she used to make him a cup of tea in an old Britannia metal teapot, which

had been his mother's, and he used to call this beverage his 'Ethiopian nectar.'"

Webster himself pays tribute to Monica's skill and preserves her recipe for cooking tautog in another letter to Colonel Seaton, which he whimsically indorses "Confidential & Diplomatic."

"There are blackfish, sometimes called Tautog. Monica cooks them thus: 'Put the fish into a pan with a little butter, and let them fry till pretty nearly cooked, then put

in a little wine and pepper and salt, and let them stew.' She uses no water. 'A little more wine, pepper and salt to make a good gravy'—so says Monica, who stands at my elbow at half past five o'clock. A good way also to make agreeable table companions of these fellows is to barbecue them or broil them without splitting.

"D. W."

"Confidential & Diplomatic."

Such are the memories of the great "Expounder" that linger about the old house on D

Street. Alas! its glory has departed. Its once red brick front is painted a dingy yellow, and across its face is a sign which designates it as "Webster Law Building,"—for it is now a nest of police court lawyers. Adjoining it on the west stands the dignified old building built by Bulfinch, which was the first Unitarian Church erected in Washington. This once sacred edifice is now occupied by the police court of the District of Columbia, and where New Eng-



THE GENERAL SICKLES HOUSE.



GENERAL BURNSIDE'S HOME.

land's dignified Unitarians once went to worship God a procession of vagrants and criminals now passes in and out to and from the Black Maria, which has usurped the place of John Quincy Adams's coach, waiting at the curb.

At the southeast corner of Eighteenth and G streets stands the house built by Edward Everett and occupied by him during his brief service succeeding Webster as secretary of state in Fillmore's cabinet (1852), and later while senator from Massachusetts in the thirty-third Congress. The outward appearance of the house is unchanged since Everett's day. Jefferson Davis, afterwards president of the Confederacy, occupied the house while secretary of war under Franklin Pierce, and a third cabinet officer also dwelt here, Jacob Thompson, secretary of war under Buchanan. Captain Henry A. Wise, a naval officer who married Mr. Everett's daughter, subsequently occupied the house. In

later years it has been tenanted by the government, and was used for a time as a dispensary for the medical department of the navy. It is now occupied by the War Records office of the War Department.

Robert C. Winthrop, that splendid type of the Massachusetts gentleman and statesman, was the first New Englander in Congress, excepting Webster and John Quincy Adams, to have a private residence in Washington. At the beginning of his service he lived in Congressional boarding-houses; but with the opening of the thirtieth Congress he took the house now numbered 306 C Street, N. W.; and here he entertained brilliantly during his service as Speaker. The year following the close of his own service in Congress, on July 4, 1850, he gave a notable dinner, his successor in the Speaker's chair, Howell Cobb of Georgia, Vice-President Fill-



THE RESIDENCE OF GENERAL N. P. BANKS.



RICHARD OLNEY'S HOME.

more, Webster, Foote, Benton, Horace Mann and other distinguished guests being present. This block in which Mr. Speaker Winthrop's house stands has other dwellings made memorable by famous occupants. In the house at 334 C Street lived Thomas H. Benton of Missouri, and there John C. Fremont, the "Pathfinder," who lived in the house at 328 C Street, found the bride who became almost as famous as the daring soldier who stole her away from her unwilling father. Senator Benton died in the house to which allusion is made. Philip Barton Key lived in the house just across the street, built of brick with white stone facings, at the time he was shot by Sickles. Isaac Toucey of Connecticut, secretary of the navy in 1857, lived in the house on the northwest corner of C and Four and a half streets. This quiet block on C Street, now old-fashioned and out of date, still has one notable resident, Rev. Dr. Byron Sunderland, pastor

emeritus of the First Presbyterian Church, who has been pastor to presidents, was chaplain of the Senate in Charles Sumner's time, and has been an intimate of famous men in Washington for half a century. He lives in the house once occupied by John C. Fremont.

Samuel Hooper of Boston was one of the most distinguished New Englanders of his time at Washington. He was a representative successful merchant, who had given much attention to economics. He served in the House



HOUSE WHERE GENERAL W. F. DRAPER LIVED.

of Representatives from the thirty-seventh to the forty-third Congresses, inclusive. The house he occupied during all but the first year of his service stood at the northwest corner of Fifteenth and H streets, where the Shoreham now is. Charles Sumner was married here to Mr. Hooper's daughter. Mr. Hooper was a princely entertainer and invited Andrew Johnson to make the house his home for the period that inter-

vened between the death of Lincoln and Johnson's entry into the White House. He also entertained Vice-President Henry Wilson in this house for a time in 1873. Levi P. Morton lived in the house while a representative in Congress; and Senator Hale also lived here at one time.

Ritchie House stands next east of Corcoran House on H Street, facing Lafayette Square. It was built by Ritchie, the famous editor and government printer. John Slidell, one of the Confederate commissioners who was taken from the *Trent*, occupied it while he was a senator from Louisiana. After Slidell had left Washington to cast his fortunes with the South, the house was occupied by Gideon Welles of Connecticut, Lincoln's secretary of the navy. During the second Cleveland administration it was the scene of much social gayety while occupied by Daniel S. Lamont, secretary of war.

The famous name of George Bancroft is associated with two houses in Washington, one at 1623 H Street, where he spent the closing years of his life, and the other at 1653 Pennsylvania Avenue, which he occupied while secretary of the navy under Polk in 1845-46. This latter house was built about 1810, by Dr. Joseph Lovell, surgeon-general of the army. Soon after his death, in 1886, Francis Preston Blair, the elder, purchased the house and made his home there. John Y. Mason, Bancroft's successor as secretary of the navy, lived in the house from 1846 to 1849. Tom Ewing lived

here while secretary of the interior in Taylor's administration; and on the first of June, 1850, General William T. Sherman was married in this house to Miss Ellen Ewing. Another cabinet officer, Thomas Corwin, secretary of the treasury under Fillmore, occupied the house for a time; and in 1853 it became the home of Montgomery Blair, postmaster-general in Lincoln's cabinet. Since that time it has been occupied by descendants and relatives of Montgomery Blair, including Rear-Admiral Samuel Phillips Lee, who married a daughter of Francis Preston Blair.

General Benjamin F. Butler, one of



SALMON P. CHASE'S WASHINGTON HOME.

"EDGEWOOD," MR. CHASE'S SUMMER RESIDENCE.

the most notable figures in the House of Representatives in the period immediately following the war, lived for several years in a house at the corner of Fifteenth and I streets, on land ad-



SENATOR HALE'S RESIDENCE.

of the treasury under Grant, and senator from Massachusetts, occupied the house at 1100 Vermont Avenue, on the corner of L Street, during the latter part of his official life in Washington.

Tales are still told in Washington of the social triumphs of Kate Chase Sprague and the unfortunate ending of her love story. It is not to the pres-

joining Senator Chandler's residence, and now the site of the Hotel Normandie. About 1875 he built his castle-like stone house at the corner of New Jersey Avenue and D Street, S. E., now occupied by the United States Marine Hospital Service and the Coast and Geodetic Survey. In this house he lived until the conclusion of his service in Congress in 1879. When General Arthur went to Washington to be inaugurated president, he was a guest of Senator Jones of Nevada, who then occupied this house. General Butler was a frequent visitor to Washington up to the time of his death, which occurred in 1891, and his Washington home in later years was at 224 New Jersey Avenue, S. E., where he passed away.

Hon. George S. Boutwell, secretary

ent purpose that the incidents of that story should be recalled; but the



HENRY CABOT LODGE'S WASHINGTON HOME.

places where Governor Sprague and his young wife lived in Washington are of interest. Kate Chase was the daughter of Chief Justice Salmon P. Chase, who had a fine town house at 601 E Street, N. W., and a beautiful old country place, "Edgewood," which in those days was far removed from the city, in a scene of idyllic pastoral beauty. In these two houses Senator

Sprague and his wife spent the time of the senator's public service in Washington. Until within a year Mrs. Kate Chase, as she latterly preferred to be known, lived at "Edgewood" with her young daughters, who inherit much of their mother's fascinating beauty. "Edgewood" has now been sold for an orphanage, and the spacious grounds will not be wholly sacrificed to the subdivision agent, who has made some inroads upon the old estate. Chief Justice Chase's town house on E Street is now occupied by the Concordia Club, an association of Hebrew gentlemen.

Levi Woodbury of New Hampshire, one of the most distinguished men that state ever sent to Washington, was secretary of the treasury, secretary of the navy, and Supreme Court justice. During his service in the cabinet he lived in the house at 16 Lafayette Square. This is one of the old-time houses. Two other secretaries of the navy, Thompson and Southard, were sometime occupants of the house. General Sickles lived there at the time of the shooting of Key, in February, 1859. Schuyler



JUSTIN S. MORRILL'S HOUSE.

Colfax, with his mother and sister, occupied the house during his service as vice-president under Grant.

The substantial brick house at the northwest corner of Vermont Avenue and H Street, now a part of the Arlington Hotel, was Charles Sumner's last home in Washington. He first occupied it at the beginning of the fortieth Congress in 1867, and in it he died. It was a luxurious home, and in it were held many notable political conferences.

The most famous of Maine's representatives in Washington was James G. Blaine, the "Plumed Knight," representative, speaker, senator, candidate for president, twice secretary of state, and during the last ten years of his life the greatest figure in the Republican party. When Mr. Blaine first came to Washington, in 1863, as a representative from Maine, he took up his residence at 465 Ninth Street, where now is a block of stores. Later he lived



THE HOME OF REDFIELD PROCTOR.

on F Street; but his first election to the speakership, in 1869, found him occupying the house at 821 Fifteenth Street, in the fine row built by Fernando Wood of opulent memory. Here Mr. Blaine lived for many years, covering the remainder of his service in the House of Representatives and his entire senatorial career. He still occupied this house when called to the

modore Rodgers for a jackass, which the latter had brought from abroad. Clay sent the jackass to his stock farm in Kentucky, and on the land acquired by the trade Rodgers built a commodious brick house, which was to become one of the most notable memorials of statesmen in Washington. It was occupied by Roger B. Taney, afterwards chief justice, during his

term as secretary of the treasury, and again by Secretary of the Navy Paulding. Then it became a clubhouse, and from a window of this house Philip Barton Key looked across Lafayette Square for the handkerchief signal which invited him to the Sickles house. Ceasing to be a clubhouse, the building was sold, repaired and rented to William H. Seward, who occupied it while

secretary of state under Lincoln. To this house came Payne, the accomplice



THE MORTON HOUSE, NOW OCCUPIED BY
HON. CHARLES F. SPRAGUE.

post of secretary of state in Garfield's cabinet. Later he built the magnificent mansion just off Dupont Circle, now tenanted by Mrs. Westinghouse, whose famous entertainments there are a feature of the Washington social life of to-day. When Mr. Blaine again became an active factor in government, entering the cabinet of President Harrison as secretary of state, in 1889, he was occupying the famous old Rodgers house, which stood on Jackson Place, just north of Pennsylvania Avenue and facing Lafayette Square. Henry Clay once owned the lot on which this house was built. He is said to have traded the land to Com-



JUSTICE GRAY'S HOME.



CHIEF JUSTICE FULLER'S RESIDENCE.

of John Wilkes Booth, to make his unsuccessful attempt upon the life of Seward, who lay ill in an upper room. After Seward came General Belknap, with his dashing wife, and the Belknap scandal of Grant's administration. The Belknaps having passed from the scene, the war department occupied the house as headquarters for the commissary department. There were not lacking many people who shook their heads on learning that Mr. Blaine had bought the house for a residence. They declared that ill luck would follow him there. Nevertheless he proceeded to refit the house in luxurious style. The wide hall and stairway were wainscoted in oak, the drawing room, dining room and library in mahogany, and the chambers in poplar and pine. In every room was an open fireplace; and it became one of the fine homes of Washington. In this house Mr. Blaine's daughter Alice was married to Colonel John T. Coppinger. It was Mr. Blaine's last home. I

remember crossing the street in front of the house one rainy morning in January, 1892, just as Mr. Blaine left his door and, raising an umbrella, started on his short walk to the state department. He looked up and gracefully returned the respectful salute given him; but the old-time sparkle of his eye was gone. His face was already marked by a deadly pallor; his head, once carried proudly erect, was bent; and his steps were uneven. A year later he died in an upper room of the house where for a second time he had seen the presidency slip beyond his reach. Mrs. Blaine sold the house, and it was demolished in 1894 to make room for an opera house, which seems out of touch with its historic surroundings and a usurping vandal on the spot where great men conjured with the cards of fame.

Senator George F. Edmunds of Vermont lived for many years in the house numbered 1411 Massachusetts



ADMIRAL DEWEY'S HOME.

Avenue, on the terrace rising west from Fourteenth Street. In 1885 he took up his residence in the fine house built by him at 2111 Massachusetts Avenue where he continued until after the close of his senatorial service. Richard Olney occupied the house for a short time, while attorney-general in the second Cleveland administration. Since that time it has been the home of the widow of Ulysses S. Grant.

The late William C. Endicott, secretary of war in Mr. Cleveland's first administration, lived from 1885 to 1889 in the fine house at 1313 Sixteenth Street, just north of Scott Circle. This house was built by George C. Pendleton, of Ohio, who had previously occupied it.

General Nathaniel P. Banks, elected to the thirty-third Congress and made Speaker of the thirty-fourth after one of the most memorable contests in the history of the House, was eighteen years in all a member of that body, his final service being in the fifty-first Congress. His last Washington home was at 12 B Street, N. E.

Hon. Henry W. Blair of New Hampshire has from the time of his first coming to Washington been a lover of Capitol Hill. He lived for many years at 201 East Capitol Street, and now occupies the house numbered 213, in the same block. Mr. Blair, though no longer in public life, is a daily visitor to the capitol.

Hon. Richard Olney, the most notable figure in Mr. Cleveland's second cabinet, lived for a time at the Shoreham, and later in the Edmunds house, 2111 Massachusetts Avenue, before building his own fine residence, at 1640 Rhode Island Avenue. This house, outwardly ungainly, was within one of the most charming of Washington homes, during Mr. Olney's occupancy of it while secretary of state.

No man whom New England has sent to Washington has won greater respect or more genuine affection from his associates than Justin S.

Morrill. His long life of unselfish service and spotless integrity, marked by the loftiest and wisest statesmanship, ended in December, 1899, in the modest home where he had lived so long, a witness of and participant in the development of the capital for forty years. This house stands at No. 1 Thomas Circle. It was a quiet home, but once each year during the past decade or more the venerable senator welcomed his friends here on the anniversary of his birth, April 14. Presidents, chief justices, ambassadors, lawmakers, scientists, poets, artists have entered this house, delighting to honor the pure-hearted man and upright statesman who, though bowed by weight of years, still served his country with unswerving fidelity to the end of his long life.

The house at 1601 K Street is interesting from the fact that while a member of the fifty-third and fifty-fourth Congresses, General William F. Draper, lately our ambassador to Italy, dwelt here, and with his brilliant Kentucky bride made it the scene of princely entertainment. This house was afterwards occupied by General Russell A. Alger, secretary of war.

"Tom" Reed never "kept house" in Washington. During his earlier service he lived at the Strathmore Arms, then a favorite Congressional boarding-house, and again at the Hamilton. From the fifty-first to the fifty-fifth Congress he lived at the Shoreham.

To speak briefly of those who were famous in their day as representatives of New England statesmanship, yet have left but a record of moving about from place to place rather than any one locality especially remembered for their occupancy, it may be noted that Marshall Jewell of Connecticut, post-master-general under Grant, lived at 25 Lafayette Square; Henry Bowen Anthony, the Rhode Island senator, lived at Willard's, at 1400 H Street, and last in Washington at 1807 H Street; Horatio King of Maine, post-master-general in 1861, died in the

spring of 1897 at the house numbered 708 H Street, N. W., where he spent the closing years of his life, a sprightly, kindly old man, poor in purse, but rich in memory of the past; General Ambrose E. Burnside lived during his senatorial term at 1823 H Street; E. R. Hoar, Senator Hoar's distinguished brother, lived at H and Fourteenth streets, N. W., in 1869-70, during his brief service as attorney-general under Grant; Governor William Claflin of Massachusetts, while representative in the forty-sixth Congress, lived at 1413 K Street; and in the same Congress, Walbridge A. Field, representative from Massachusetts, and afterwards chief justice of the Massachusetts Supreme Court, lived at 1405 F Street; Henry L. Dawes, whose service as representative and senator from Massachusetts covered eighteen consecutive Congresses down to and including the fifty-second, lived first at Willard's, in 1857, later at the Ebbitt and at Wormeley's, and at 1406 L Street during his last term in Congress.

New England sends few rich men to Congress. Senator Hale, Senator Lodge, Senator Wetmore and Representative Sprague are those now in active service who command great fortunes wherewith to maintain luxurious homes.

Of the thirty-seven senators and representatives now holding commissions from the six New England states at Washington, twenty-five live at hotels or boarding-houses. Some prefer hotel life, beyond a doubt. It entails few social extravagances, and enables the Congressman to live within his salary. If he wishes the privacy of a home, he must maintain an establishment wholly out of keeping with a salary of \$5,000 a year. Hence it is certain that the historian of future years will find but few houses made notable by the private occupancy of the New England statesmen now in active service. New England's representative in the cabinet, Secretary John D.

Long, lives in modest apartments at the Portland, on Thomas Circle. Senator Nelson W. Aldrich of Rhode Island and Senator O. H. Platt of Connecticut are permanent dwellers at the Arlington Hotel. Senator Frye of Maine, the presiding officer of the Senate, lives at the Hamilton, Fourteenth and K streets, a favorite Congressional hostelry much affected by the Maine delegation in times past; for there have lived Speaker Reed, Congressman Dingley, Congressman Boutelle, and there at the present time is Hon. Charles E. Littlefield, the most notable example in recent years of a representative who has leaped into fame in the first session of his Congressional service. Representative Charles A. Russell, the able dean of the Connecticut delegation in the House, has lived at the Hamilton for many years.

New England's greatest and most famous figure in the Washington life of to-day is Senator Hoar. More than thirty years have passed since he began his illustrious service in the Federal City. Yet when he shall have passed from the scene,—many years hence, it is to be hoped,—there will be no house which may be pointed out as his and sought as a shrine by the grateful admirer of this most distinguished of our latter-day statesmen. An amusing letter, full of the senator's characteristic humor, may be quoted in this connection. The *Pittsburg Post* having reproduced a reported interview with Mr. Hoar, crediting him with having large wealth and with having stated in a Republican senatorial caucus that he would sooner New England workmen should live on fifty cents a day and codfish than that the force bill should fail to pass, Mr. Hoar wrote the editor of that paper the following rejoinder:

UNITED STATES SENATE.

WASHINGTON, August 10, 1890.

To the Editor of the *Pittsburg Post*: Somebody has sent me a copy of your paper containing an article of which you do me the honor to make me the subject. Who can

have put such an extravagant yarn into the head of so amiable and good-natured a fellow? I never said the thing which you attribute to me in any interview, or caucus, or anywhere else. I never inherited any wealth, or had any. My father was a lawyer in very large practice for his day; but he was a very generous and liberal man, and never put much value upon money. My share of his estate was about \$10,500.

All the income-producing property I have in the world, or ever had, yields a little less than \$1,800 a year. Eight hundred dollars of that is from a life estate, and the other thousand comes from stock in a corporation which has only paid dividends for the past two or three years, and which I am very much afraid will pay no dividends, or much smaller ones, after two or three years to come. With that exception, the house where I live, with its contents, with about four acres of land, constitute my whole worldly possessions, except two or three vacant lots, which would not bring me \$5,000 all told. I could not sell them now for enough to pay my debts. I have been in my day an extravagant collector of books, and I have a library which you would like to see, and which I would like to show you.

Now, as to office-holding and working, I think there are few men on this continent who have put so much hard work into life as I have. I went one winter to the Massachusetts House of Representatives when I was twenty-five years old, and one winter to the Massachusetts Senate when I was thirty. The pay was two dollars a day at that time. I was nominated on both occasions much to my surprise, and on both occasions declined a renomination. I afterward twice refused a nomination for mayor of my city, have twice refused a seat on the Supreme Bench of Massachusetts, and refused for years to go to Congress when the opportunity was in my power. I was at last broken down with overwork and went to Europe for my health. During my absence the arrangements were made for my nomination to Congress, from which when I got home I could not well escape.

The result is, I have been here twenty years as representative and senator, the whole time getting a little poorer, year by year. If you think I have not made a very good one, you have my full authority for saying, anywhere, that I entirely agree with you. During all this time I have never been able to hire a house in Washington. My wife and I have experienced the varying fortune of Washington boarding-houses, sometimes very comfortable, and sometimes living in a fashion to which no Pittsburg mechanic, earning two dollars a day, would subject his household. Your "terrapin" is all in my eye, very little in my mouth.

The chief carnal luxury of my life is in breakfasting every Sunday morning with an orthodox friend, a lady who has a rare gift for making fishballs and coffee. You unfortunate and benighted Pennsylvanians can never know the exquisite flavor of the codfish, salted, made into balls, and eaten of a Sunday morning by a person whose theology is sound and who believes in all the five points of Calvinism. I am myself but an unworthy heretic; but I am of Puritan stock of the seventh generation, and there is vouchsafed to me also some share of that ecstasy and a dim glimpse of that beatific vision. Be assured, my benighted Pennsylvania friend, that in that hour when the week begins, all the terrapin of Philadelphia or of Baltimore, and all the soft-shelled crabs of the Atlantic shore, might pull at my trousers legs and thrust themselves on my notice in vain.

I am faithfully yours,
GEORGE F. HOAR.

"The varying fortune of Washington boarding-houses!" That indeed describes Mr. Hoar's nomadic wanderings. On F, K, I, H and M streets, and again on Lafayette Square, are scattered the houses where he has been a "boarder." He now lives at the Richmond, a pleasant apartment hotel at H and Seventeenth streets, adjoining the house previously mentioned as the last Washington home of George Bancroft.

Hon. Henry Cabot Lodge was living at 1721 Rhode Island Avenue when first elected senator from Massachusetts. There is a Washington superstition which declares that political misfortune will follow a senator who builds a house for his own occupancy, while serving in the Senate. But Senator Lodge is not superstitious. He built a commodious house at 1765 Massachusetts Avenue, attractive, though unpretentious outwardly, but in the perfect taste and surpassing elegance of its appointments considered to be one of the finest homes in Washington. Unlike Mr. Quay, who failed of re-election after having built his fine house on K Street, Mr. Lodge was triumphantly re-elected to the Senate soon after occupying his new home, where he enjoys every luxury of his beautiful

summer home at Nahant, except the spacious grounds and the outlook upon the ocean.

Senator Eugene Hale of Maine married a daughter of the famous Zach Chandler, and in 1891 Mrs. Chandler built the magnificent house at 1001 Sixteenth Street. It is in this fine house that Senator Hale now has his home.

The house at 1701 Massachusetts Avenue was the home of Redfield Proctor of Vermont during his service as secretary of war in the cabinet of President Harrison. After his election to the Senate, as the successor of Senator Edmunds, he built a home of his own at the northeast corner of Fifteenth and L streets, where he now resides.

William E. Chandler of New Hampshire has been for many years one of the most interesting figures in Washington life. His spare figure and the ever present black rimmed eyeglasses, his caustic speech and preëminent ability to make his opponent in debate uncomfortable, identify him readily to the stranger looking down from the Senate gallery. He "looks like his picture." For many years Senator Chandler has occupied his comfortable home at 1421 I Street.

Representative Charles F. Sprague of Massachusetts has made his Washington home in the Morton house since the beginning of the fifty-fourth Congress. This imposing house, at Rhode Island Avenue and 15th Street, was built by Alexander Graham Bell, of Bell telephone fame, but is known as the Morton house by reason of its having been the home of Levi P. Morton while vice-president, from 1889 to 1893. The generous

yet ever dignified hospitality dispensed here by the most urbane of vice-presidents and his gracious wife was one of the social features of the Harrison administration. Representative and Mrs. Sprague have also given many magnificent entertainments in this house.

New England's present representative in the Supreme Court of the United States, Mr. Justice Gray, has a fine home at 1601 I Street, and Chief Justice Fuller, who, though appointed from Illinois, is a product of Maine, two or three years ago enlarged and greatly improved his present home at 1801 F Street.

The present heads of the army and navy are both New England men. General Nelson A. Miles, of Massachusetts, commander-in-chief of the military forces, lives in a substantial house at 1736 N Street; and Admiral George Dewey, of Vermont, in the house presented to him by the people, which is numbered 1747 Rhode Island Avenue.

Men now inconspicuous in their first Congressional service and others yet to come upon the scene will, in years to come, add to the list of Washington homes made memorable by distinguished occupants. Yet it may be doubted if there will be erected any pile of brick or marble which will awaken more interest or veneration in future generations than the old homes of Daniel Webster, Edward Everett, Charles Sumner and George Bancroft; and it is to be hoped that these houses which have sheltered the greatest of New England's public men may long be spared the ravages of time and the restless hand of improvement.



THE COST.

By Emma Playter Scabury.

War!
Over the land, a thrill,
A call "To arms;" from vale and hill,
Voice of bugles and tramp of feet,
 The history of a battle scar,
A ringing shout in the crowded street;
 A flash leaps out, like a floating star,
 Then a thunder crash on the hills afar.
The throng comes nearer, and yet more near;
 But I shut the window, and fasten it tight,
 For I think of the wife who weeps to-night
For the brave young husband, who is not here.

Right?
Freedom must not be chained.
Fling out the flags, let shot be rained;
 The band breaks out in a martial blast;
We talk of the tyrant and wrong to-night,
 We say that liberty speaks at last,
That war is a crime, but men must fight
To deluge the world in a flood of light.
But I think of a mother I know, with dread,
 In her chamber alone, on her bended knees,
 Who prays for her boy on the treacherous seas,—
Who, like Rachel, will not be comforted.

Free!
Ah, men must be men,
Through liberty's birthright, theirs again,
 And mothers and children no more shall cry
In their sun kissed isle of the sea.
 But a young girl sobs as she questions, "Why
Should I give my love for the war's decree?
There are so many, why was it he?"
And the band plays on, mid the tumult rife,
 And the dogs of war plunge out to the dawn,—
 And I think of love weeping on and on,
Of sister and mother and maiden and wife.

FROM JERUSALEM TO JERICHO IN NINETY MINUTES.

A MODERN PASSAGE OVER AN ANCIENT ROAD.

By Henry A. Clapp.

GEORGE ANDROS, headbook-keeper of the wholesale hardware house of Smith, Brown & Co., opened the front door of his neat cottage at Chestnut Hill, and gave his wife a parting hug and kiss. It was nine in the morning, and George was just an hour later than usual. That was because old Brown had learned the day before about George's sick baby, and had bidden the young man take his own time in reaching his desk.

"Wait, any way," old Brown had said, curtly, but kindly, "till the doctor has made his morning visit."

The visit had been made with cheering results; the baby was declared to be out of danger. Consequently the good-by embrace of the young couple had been tenderer than usual, and George was departing in the best of spirits.

"I shall walk the whole way, Mary," he said, "and do the four miles in fifty-eight minutes. That doctor's word has pinned a pair of wings on each of my feet. Bless the youngster! Dear me! I wish I could double my little pile for you and him. Five thousand dollars is a mighty small heap. It's slow business saving on a salary of \$3,000 per annum, when one has to keep such a *dear* wife and child."

The pair laughed a little over the little old joke, and Mary's heart was stirred with love and longing and uxorial vanity as she watched her husband down the brief side street and saw the beauty of his guileless face glowing in the sunshine. He turned into Beacon Street and set off at a brisk pace for Boston, the gilded dome of the State House oriflaming

for him whenever he raised his eyes. His mind's eyes were fixed, however, upon that tiny pile—only \$5,000—the hoardings of eight bachelor and two married years, plus the beggarly interest, grudged out by the savings banks, but unbrokenly compounded. Ten minutes brought him to the more thickly settled portions of Brookline and among fine large houses. From the porch of one of these houses, John Shepman, a lighted cigar between his teeth, came alertly down, almost as pat as if he had planned the meeting, fresh as a bridegroom, in a new spring cutaway, from the second buttonhole of which a big carnation radiated color and perfume. Mr. Shepman was a "promoter" and dealer in stocks, and George, who knew him a very little, greatly admired his bold and dashing style.

"I'll walk with you, Andros, if you don't mind, till my car comes along," he said with pleasant assurance; and the pair proceeded side by side. "Try the mate to this cigar, will you? Tip-top tobacco—brand a few of us got a corner on at Havana. Don't smoke? Well, you save money that way. And, talking of saving money, ever do anything in stocks?"

That was the beginning of a talk, the first words of which George never forgot, though most of what followed lay afterwards in his memory like a ball of many tinted threads inextricably tangled. Mr. Shepman's tongue ran smoothly and persuasively on. There were several good things in the market just then. He made it a general rule not to advise his customers about investing; but occasionally something turned up that was gilt

edged, two inches deep. Had George taken any interest in the new Industrial Consolidated Syrups. Never heard of it? Well, that was strange! No, of course it wasn't strange, and Mr. Andros must excuse the expression. It was natural for a man who dealt in anything to assume that all the world had the same knowledge as himself. But as to Consolidated Syrups, it was really a big thing. Listed on the Stock Exchange only a fortnight ago. Nominal par \$10, but only \$1 paid in, and probably no more ever to be called for. Sold, when it was first put on the market at one twenty-five; end of first three days, at two twenty-five; end of first week, at three fifty; and closed last night at five, on sales of three thousand shares. Bound to go up to ten, in his opinion, within as many days. Never knew a better chance for a man with some sand in him to double his money in just about no time.

George, who knew as much about shares as an average alderman knows about art, heard and wondered and thrilled with longing, listened and gaped, gazing now at the talker's handsome face and then at the glowing tip of his cigar, which Mr. Shepman was smoking with a good deal of persistent vigor.

"Why," George said to some intimate friends who heard the story afterward, "that fellow was like Browning's Pied Man of Hamelin, though he was puffing at a cigar, to be sure, and not at a pipe; and while he talked and talked to me, I was like one of those children in the poem,—or rather like one of the wretched rats. It seemed to see my small pile swelling and swelling, doubling and doubling. It was \$10,000 ten days ahead, and then something was going to be done with it to make it \$20,000 in a fortnight more. Hypnotism of an asinine subject, through his large ears, you might call it."

When Mr. Shepman paused after his three minutes' monologue, George found himself almost persuaded. But

somehow from the bottom of the shallows of his mind a few rational questions came to the surface.

"How about the great American Sugar Refinery, of which people said so much? Didn't that company make syrups also? Would it tolerate a rival? And the Glucose Trust out West—?"

Mr. Shepman's answers were prompt. Mr. Andros's inquiries were very shrewd, he said. The fact was understood to be that the Consolidated Syrups was organized in the interest of the Big Concern and as a kind of branch to its business, though from certain motives of policy the head sugar men had kept thus far in the background.

"And—hello! by Jove!—" said Mr. Shepman, interrupting himself, "here is the very man to tell you all about it, Mr. Turpin, let me introduce my friend, Mr. Andros. He and I were just talking Consolidated Syrups. He was thinking of taking a flyer in it, if it appeared to be a tiptopper. Mr. Turpin is a leading light of the Brokers' Board, Mr. Andros."

Mr. Turpin, who was a man built and appareled after the pattern of Mr. Shepman, but more sedate in manner and far more sober of face, joined in the conversation at once, but with no appearance of personal concern. He spoke slowly and with an impressive effect of withholding important favorable information or of conveying it with reluctance. George for the life of him could not afterwards recall much that Mr. Turpin said, or even a minute proportion of the grand things he insinuated. Havemeyer, Arbuckle, Matthiessen,—the names of all the kings of the Saccharine Dynasties came from Mr. Turpin's lips, emitted without flourish and with a certain tone of remoteness befitting their regal state, as by one as near to the Candied Thrones as, perhaps, a Cabinet Minister might be. Almost nothing was alleged in categorical English; but the Consolidated Syrups seemed to glow and to be encircled with the Bow of Fair Promise as Mr.

Turpin discussed the future of the new Trust.

"I was telling Mr. Andros," Mr. Shepman resumed, "that he ought to double his money, if he bought Syrups to-day at five, say, in ten or twelve days. How does that strike you?" To which, after a thoughtful pause of half a minute, punctuated by deliberate puffs of his cigar, Mr. Turpin replied:

"Well, Shepman, I should say that you were rather sanguine. I doubt if Mr. Andros could double his money—buying at five to-day—under three weeks or more. You see the men who are behind the Thing are conservative, and they don't mean to have it jump too fast."

Mr. Turpin's delay of thirty seconds and his grave repression of the oversanguine Shepman by doubling the time for the doubling of the invested money were too much for poor George, who succumbed completely. With the trembling eagerness of the inexperienced gambler, he gave his order to Mr. Shepman. It appeared that neither of the gentlemen owned shares in the Consolidated Syrups; but Mr. Shepman would have the purchase made directly after the Board opened at ten o'clock. How many shares would Mr. Andros take? George meekly replied that he had just \$5,000 and would buy one thousand shares. Mr. Shepman's question: "Shall I buy at the market, Mr. Andros?" The shares may open a little above the figure of last night's close, you know," troubled George a good deal; but on his hesitating rejoinder: "I don't know; I haven't any more money than that; you might buy me as many as that sum will fetch, mightn't you? Of course I should like a round thousand." Mr. Turpin gravely said to Mr. Shepman, "I think, John, that if you are on hand as soon as the Board opens, you will be able to fill Mr. Andros's order for a thousand at just his figure."

Thereupon Mr. Shepman took an account-book from his breast pocket

and jotted down George's order, saying, "I'll chance it, then; I'll undertake to get you a thousand at not more than \$5 each."

A moment later, the two financial gentlemen, as if by an automatic movement, looked at their watches, said: "9.20! Well, we must take a car," hailed an imminent trolley, and with a brisk good morning left George to continue his walk.

The whirring of the car wheels had scarcely become faint when a feeling of doubt, passing at once into a sense of fear, struck George like a cold wave. Was it something in the final manner of the two men,—something conclusive and definite, like the snap of a lock, in their good by and in their way of quitting him? Now he came to think of it, had he not intercepted two swift looks of congratulation, exchanged by the pairs of keen eyes? An attempt to ridicule away his fancies and his alarm proved futile. His terror grew with every second. He was walking rapidly on, but he could not feel his feet. Suppose the Consolidated Syrups was not what these men said. Suppose his thousand shares should fall off a dollar each,—or two dollars. Then, how his little pile would shrink! After all, what did he know of these promoters and brokers, except that they dressed well and smoked good cigars? The stolid, solid savings banks! how kind and friendly and faithful their stiff little books suddenly seemed, each with its six entry pages surrounded and safeguarded by sturdy ranks of by-laws! And he had gone and pitched away that bunch of them, kept snugly in his tin box—pitched his old friends away! and for what? O for a man to turn to for information or help! Almost as if in answer to the prayer, he was conscious that somebody was passing him, and looked up to recognize an acquaintance.

"Mr. Priest!" he said eagerly to a man of a firm, imperious face, dressed with scrupulous neatness and precision, "you know everything about

stocks. Could you—would you—might I take the liberty of asking you what you think of the new Industrial Consolidated Syrups?"

"H-m-m, somebody got you into *that?*" the gentleman dryly answered.

"Why, yes—that is—a little—I've bought—that is, ordered—some shares."

"You'd better have kept out of it, I should say. Doubtful lot of chaps handling it. Not much use to speculate in anything anyway, unless you're on the inside. Well, good morning. I'm rather late and must take a pace speedier than yours."

The man had gone, and what had been apprehension in George was congealing into conviction. He was almost sure he had been defrauded. But what was to be done? Could *anything* be done to save his little hoard? Perhaps if he took a car directly he might reach the Brokers' Board before ten and countermand the order. He looked at his watch. 9.37! Three miles to State Street! Too late by five minutes at least. Well, he might give an order to sell his shares at once and save some of his investment—most of it—perhaps all of it! Why not?

A wave of hope swept warmly through him; and, at the instant, he was aware of the crunch of a pair of stout boots beside him, and there was Levi Jones, the coarse mannered millionaire, who was his next door neighbor. Poor George in his misery forgot that he and Jones were merely acquaintances on a bowing basis. He appealed to the knowing financier, who might be sympathetic and able to advise him. Was Mr. Jones acquainted with Consolidated Syrups, and what was his judgment—

Mr. Jones's loud laugh broke off the inquiry. Was he acquainted with the Syrups? Well, rather! Knew the whole bilin' and brewin'. Blasted fraud and humbug, the whole concern! To George's question how such a stock came to be listed on the Board, Mr. Jones answered that that

rascal, Dick Turpin, managed the thing through; and to Andros's tremulous inquiry whether the stock had not risen rapidly and closed at five the night before, Mr. Jones replied that the whole thing had been manipulation and that the sales had probably been fictitious. "The bottom'll drop out of the Syrup jar to-day, I know for certain," he said; and for a last word: "Whatever you've put into the Syrups is in the soup, Neighbor Andros. Strike it all right off; put it all on the debit side of your profit and loss account, and go into something else—something you won't get stuck in—like Syrups. Ha, ha! Good day, good day."

Go into something else! The millionaire's advice to the penniless book-keeper—advice to the credulous fool who had made a gift of his wife's and baby's money—all they had in the world—to a pair of plausible rogues! He saw it all now. It was robbery. And then somehow a queer vision of his baby's hand, grown thin during the little fellow's serious sickness, came before his eyes and filled them with mist. He hadn't a penny now to put into that tiny palm. And Mary—he must move on. His legs were shaky, but he could not face a score of passengers; he would walk to the office. There were still two miles and a half to do. It didn't matter how long he took.

Five minutes later he found himself moving on pretty steadily, the sickness crowding on his heart, but not much impeding his gait. And then, for the first time since his encounter with Levi Jones, he looked up and saw some of his fellow travellers. A man was approaching, who had, he noticed, a very benignant, powerful countenance, lighted up by a pair of kind, penetrating eyes—an elderly man, with a long gray beard, who used a stout stick, but moved strongly and easily. Presently they confronted each other, and their glances met. The stranger stopped, and his look seemed to search George's spirit; that

he divined something of the younger man's great distress was plain. There was only an instant's hesitation before the word came, full, resonant, sweet:

"Excuse me if I take a liberty. You are sick, sir, and suffering. My house is here on the left. I have but just now quitted it. I should be pleased to take you in with me and to give you some restorative, so that you may go on your way rejoicing."

He had a rather old-fashioned manner, countrified but cultivated, and, though slightly touched by formality, irresistibly sincere and cordial. George yielded instinctively, as if he were accepting an offer of a glass of water, and they walked on together. In a few moments a question or two full of fatherly interest so wrought upon the young man that he told the whole tale of the half hour to his attentive listener. When George's last word had been said, the old man was a sight to see. He fairly radiated force and benevolence and righteous wrath and sympathy.

"The pirates! the cut-throats!" he said. "I know them well. At least I know John Shepman well. You have fallen among thieves, sir. Excuse me, what name did you say? George Andros? Thank you. Mine is Samuel Arey—generally known to my friends as Sam Arey. Sorry we never met before, and pleased to know you now, Mr. Andros. Smith of your firm and I were chums in a deestrick school in Maine. But no matter about that! The thing is to get you out of this hobble. Don't see, though, how we can countermand in season that order to buy the thousand shares." Mr. Arey looked at his watch. "No—9.50—quite too late! Whe-e-w! I really have an idea. How dull we old fellows are in remembering the new inventions! Here we are at my door. Step right in, Mr. Andros. We'll try my telephone. I know that blackguard Shepman's habits. He always goes to his office the first thing in the morning. He'll be punctual at the Board to-day, the

highwayman. He and his pals do their jobs through the regular forms when they can. The first sale after ten o'clock will be 1,000 Consolidated Syrups at 5—sure—if we don't get him now. Somehow he's never reachable at the Board. But we've an even chance of catching him, I think, before he leaves his room; his building is only a block away from the Exchange."

All the time Mr. Arey was talking he was moving, and by the end of his long speech the pair were in the old gentleman's library, which evidently served him for business as well as study. A second later, and he had sharply made the telephone signal and spoken into the transmitter with quick, clear enunciation: "Give me Boston, four, three naughts, seven, please!" Then to Andros: "I know the rogue's number as well as I know him." There was a moment's interval of heart-straining anxiety for George, and then he saw the old man, who was standing with the receiver firmly pressed to his right ear, glow with satisfaction. "Hello! that you, John Shepman? This is Sam Arey talking to you. Yes! Quite well, thank ye. Presume you're as usual. Prompt at your office, as always. Oh! in a great hurry to get over to the Board? Jesso, jesso. Well, I won't detain you a minute. Done any business this morning? I see. Taken some orders, but haven't executed any yet. Well, there's a gentleman here, who wants to give you an order over my telephone."

The old man motioned to George to take his place, and whispered softly and distinctly into his ear: "Don't give your name first; say like this, 'Mr. Shepman, I countermand and withdraw my order. I'm George Andros. Do *not* buy any shares of Consolidated Syrups for me.'" George meekly did as he was instructed, and the elder man watched for the flush which would fill the young man's cheek, when John Shepman's reply came snarling back through the wire.

The flush came as was expected; and Mr. Arey smiled friendly approval at George's quiet rejoinder: "No, Mr. Shepman, I don't know my own mind very well, when it comes to buying fancy stocks; and I'm easier sold than any share on your list."

A faint tinkle told them that John Shepman had broken the connection. Both men rose, and the elder, radiant with delight, exclaimed: "Well, that incident is terminated, as the lively French folk say,"—and at the same moment reached out a friendly hand to lay it on George's shoulder. Instantly the touch was turned into a grip, and then the grip was about George's waist. The excitement, the suspense, the reaction of joy—following a good many sleepless nights at home—had brought the young fellow almost to a faint, and his face was as white as chalk. In a few seconds Sam Arey had him lying comfortably on a lounge, his head near an open window, his face wet with fresh water, and a fan vigorously plied to speed evaporation. Then as the color began to come back to George's countenance, Mr. Arey moved with his habitual quiet quickness to an electric enunciator, gave an order through a speaking tube, and returned to continue his ministrations. In a few moments, with a tap on the door, arrived a cup of hot beef tea, the first spoonfuls of which the elder man administered with his own hand, until George sat up, laughed a little, and said:

"Mr. Arey, you are treating me as if I were a sick child or a wounded soldier." Presently he rose to his feet, ready to depart. "I do not know how to thank you, Mr. Arey," he said in a tremulous voice. "How kind you are! How good it was of you to interest yourself in the troubles of a perfect stranger!" Mr. Arey made a deprecating gesture at the last word. "Oh," the young man went on,—George was a little vain of the way he had kept up his Latin,—"I see. You live by the old Roman's famous motto: you are a man, and you count

nothing pertaining to humanity to be alien to you."

"Well," the elder gentleman answered, speaking as always with a strong gentleness, but for the first time slowly,—"well, Mr. Andros; Terence was a fine fellow and had some clear views of truth. That word you quote shows the largest of them. But I try to draw my inspiration from wells a good deal deeper than were sunk in the grounds of the Latin playwrights. You feel quite able to go on now? Good morning, then,—and God bless you. No matter for the two miles between our houses; we're neighbors now, of course."

It was half past ten when George took his seat at his desk. His manner was cheerful, but his face was so grave that for some time his associates did not dare to inquire about his child's health. Next to George, in the counting room of Smith, Brown & Co., sat the second assistant bookkeeper, Timothy Johnson, an old codger, at whom it was the habit of the office to poke a little mild fun, though the man's utter unconsciousness made the sport unremunerative. One of Johnson's queer tricks was that of taking out a worn Bible from the corner of a drawer and reading in it every day during fifteen minutes of his noon recess. George had often grinned at him and his "piety." To-day it happened that, at eleven o'clock, only Andros and Johnson occupied the office. George turned to the other, and said abruptly:

"Mr. Johnson, can you, will you look up the parable of the Good Samaritan for me in your Bible? I should like to glance it over now, if you will kindly take the trouble to find it for me."

With a faint smile of assent and without a word, the second assistant took out the volume and handed it open at the tenth chapter of St. Luke's Gospel—to his young superior; and George read:

"But he, willing to justify himself, said unto Jesus, And who is my neigh-

bor? And Jesus answering said, A certain man went down from Jerusalem to Jericho, and fell among thieves, which stripped him of his raiment, and wounded him, and departed, leaving him half dead. And by chance there came down a certain priest that way; and when he saw him, he passed by on the other side. And likewise a Levite, when he was at the place, came and looked on him, and passed by on the other side. But a certain

Samaritan, as he journeyed, came where he was: and when he saw him, he had compassion on him, and went to him, and bound up his wounds, pouring in oil and wine, and set him on his own beast, and brought him to an inn, and took care of him. And"—

The reading ended there. George Andros's head dropped upon the book, and two quick tears moistened the page on which the Great Parable was inscribed.

JUST A LOOKER ON.

By Annie T. Colcock.

THE hotel veranda was almost deserted. The empty chairs, still scattered in little groups of twos or threes or drawn around in friendly circles, spoke plainly of recent occupanoy, and told tales, too, on the little crowd of summer idlers who had deserted them for the green slopes outside, the tennis court or the many mountain paths that tempted by their friendly solitude. Arthur Brandt paused a moment on his crutches, and his gray eyes wandered over the vacant seats with a quiet amusement at the significance of their various positions. Two chairs, removed to a distant corner, standing in very close proximity and turning their backs unsociably on the world, hinted of flirtation; an even plainer inference was to be drawn from a solitary armchair, a crumpled newspaper, and a light sprinkling of cigar ashes on the floor; while a very atmosphere of gossip still lingered about a cluster of easy-chairs, grouped confidentially, with tiny snippings of embroidery silk scattered all around them.

The young cripple passed slowly along, scanning each seat with an observant glance. Two ladies were standing at the end of the veranda overlooking the tennis court, conversing in audible tones. As he came near them he caught sight of a little

mouse-colored volume lying beside an empty chair. Abandoning one crutch, he stooped carefully, picked it up and, after glancing at the fly leaf, slipped it into his pocket. One of the ladies looked round and smiled at him pleasantly; the other continued speaking in the same distinct tone as before.

"She is certainly wonderfully pretty still. I remember meeting her here about twelve years ago. She was then just seventeen, I should think, and the loveliest thing I had ever laid eyes upon."

"Strange, she has not married!"

"I thought she had; I have always been under that impression. Let me think—wasn't there somebody?"

"Naturally," laughed the other; "with girls like Eva Harrington there always is somebody—several somebodies usually."

"But I mean some one she cared for. Ah, I recollect now. She was engaged, and to a most attractive young fellow—the name has escaped me—but he was here, too, that summer. I remember thinking how sad it was when I heard of it."

"What, the engagement?"

"No, no. He died, quite suddenly. I think, not long afterwards."

"Ah-h!" said her companion with a note of pity in her voice. "So that

explains it. She looks like the type of woman who could be faithful to a memory."

Hastily regaining his crutch, young Brandt retreated out of hearing. He moved slowly and with evident effort, using only one foot to assist his progress; the other hung limply, the shrunken muscles lifting it several inches from the ground. His face was thin and sallow with ill health, but its lines were finely drawn, and a pair of intelligent gray eyes redeemed it from plainness. There was something boyish in the wave of the light brown hair across his forehead; but on the whole, in spite of his slight, fragile figure, he looked more than his nineteen years. At the other end of the veranda he threw himself into a chair and drew the little book from his pocket. Turning again to the fly leaf, he looked at the name, written in a pretty feminine hand—Eva Harrington.

"The type of woman who would be constant to a memory!" The words rang in his ears, repeating themselves over and over, "Constant to a memory!" He turned over the pages and read a few lines, but the printed words conveyed no meaning to him. Finally he dropped the book into his lap, closed his eyes, and went off into a reverie.

Little bits of evidence pieced themselves together in his mind. He thought of the shadows that lay under her dark eyes and played hide and seek with her dimples; it was such a totally different face in laughter and in repose. Twelve years—that would make her twenty-nine; and he was nineteen, and a cripple. Well, years make little difference; he rather resented the idea that she was so much his senior; as if he could not understand her as well as a man of thirty or forty! After all, should not age be measured rather in its relation to one's whole lifetime? He knew he had almost lived out his allotted span; competent medical authorities

allowed him only a year or two, at best. But a life is a life; and cannot nineteen years hold as many thoughts and hopes and pains and disappointments as three-score?

Twelve years ago! Death must have been very hard for that other, knowing that she loved him. He recalled a conversation they had had, some days before. They were out under the trees; she was sitting with a magazine in her lap, and he was lying on the grass at her feet. They had been reading some stirring sketches of the war, and he had alluded, with some bitterness, to his infirmity and its hopelessness.

"It would be some slight compensation, wouldn't it, if I had won those in the trenches before Santiago?" and he pointed to his crutches. "As it is, no one can cherish any illusions about me. I've carried those around since I was twelve years old. I've never run a race or kicked a football in my life; I'm just a looker-on, that's all."

Her eyes filled as she suggested, with a hopefulness her face belied, that as time went on his health and strength might improve.

He shook his head. "Time won't go on much longer for me." Then he had smiled up at her serious face. "They say 'whom the gods love die young;' but I've never been aware that I was particularly favored until this summer, when I met you. Now I have no right to complain, for to have had your friendship is enough grace for a lifetime."

She had stopped him then with uplifted hand and a horrified little cry. "Hush-h. Don't you realize what a terrible thing that is to say of me?"

He realized it now from her sad standpoint, and sighed. Twelve years ago, when she was only seventeen—Oh, the pity of it!

A light step echoed along the veranda, came behind him, and some one bent over the back of his chair.

"You found it, then;—but you are not reading? Why, I thought you

would be absorbed in it by now. Unappreciative boy, that is one of my favorite books."

She was smiling down at him, the dimples showing faintly. Her cheek was flushed a delicate pink. She took off her hat, and pushed back some loose strands of hair that wandered over her high white forehead. He noticed, for the hundredth time, the way it rippled over her head, gleaming redly on the crest of each soft wave, and growing dusky in its shadows.

"Since you were too lazy to read, why didn't you stay and see us win that last set?" she continued, swinging her tennis racquet lightly. "It was a glorious victory."

Young Brandt laughed apologetically, but his usual ready answer was not forthcoming. He reached for his crutches and rose from the chair, with a grace of manner, if not of movement.

"Don't rise," she exclaimed, "unless you will come with me into our sitting-room. It grows hot and noisy out here."

The empty chairs on all sides of them were being filled, and the buzz of conversation sounded all along the veranda as they passed farther down and entered, through a large French window, into a pleasant shady room on the western end of the building. He glanced round at the various little traces of her occupancy lying about the conventionally furnished apartment. She was domiciled here for the summer with the usual *entourage* of relatives; there were sisters, a cousin and an aunt; but these he knew very slightly. They belonged to the gayer element in the small social world of this little mountain hotel, and he had little in common with them. But with Eva, his friend, he spent many a quiet hour in this room. He often wondered how she would appear in the environment of her own home, in a far-away southern city; and he tried to picture her in a room made beautiful by her hands and telling, in every picture and bit of furni-

ture, in every tint and every ornament, of her taste and individuality.

A great bowl of heliotrope stood on a table near the window, filling the room with its fragrance. "Isn't this perfect?" Eva asked, bending over it and touching the purple sprays with light, loving fingers.

"Not quite," he answered, laughing, "till I open the window—if I may—and let the warm scent of the earth, the sunshine and a cool breath from the woods come in and mingle with the perfume."

She looked up and smiled. "You are right, I believe. Flowers are always sweetest out of doors."

"You see, where before it was a solo, we now have a symphony; the other odors have made the harmony complete."

Miss Harrington laughed outright, a merry peal. "You quaint boy!" she said, as she fastened a tiny spray in his buttonhole.

"The perfume of this flower is so suggestive of you," he remarked presently. "You should always have a bit of it about you."

"I don't believe in carrying one's atmosphere around with one," she answered. "It fogs the clearness of one's perceptions."

"Possibly it might make you, to some small extent, self-conscious; but you are one of those rare people who always carry their atmosphere with them. Every one who comes into contact with you feels it more or less; and for that reason, no matter how keen your perceptions may be, you can never form a perfectly true estimate of others as they are normally,—for, as you see them, they are themselves plus your influence."

"You are mistaken," she replied gravely. "What you say of me is necessarily true of everybody in some slight measure; but very few people are so sensitive to impressions as you are."

"Other people don't impress and influence me in the same degree," said the young fellow earnestly.

"That is only because you are yielding yourself to it voluntarily. Every soul must unconsciously exert more or less influence, but only on those who come within its reach. For instance, you might know that there are several currents in the ocean, but by avoiding them all you can keep your own course unimpeded."

"Whither does this argument tend, fair lady? It sounds mightily like a reproof. *Quid est demonstrandum?*"

Eva's laugh rang out again; there was a contagious merriment about it. "Don't expect a logical conclusion to a woman's argument," she said. "I'm going now to make myself beautiful for luncheon. Find your own application for it."

His eyes followed her smilingly as she left the room; then he exclaimed under his breath: "Well, if I'm in the current, let me stay there as long as I can; for I have no future to wreck in this life—and—that other fellow is bound to cut me out in the next."

* * * * *

The summer days slipped by, and the air grew crisp with the chill of coming frost. Little by little the crowd of busy idlers melted away, scattering to their several homes or in search of fresh pleasures elsewhere. Miss Harrington's little party still lingered, but the day of their departure was already fixed; and Arthur Brandt was going away on the morrow. The friendship between these two had ripened with each day they spent together; and now that the final one had come, the boy realized what it meant to him to have to leave her. He tried to say something of this as they took their last walk that afternoon.

"You will be glad to be at home again, though, won't you? That is half the pleasure of going away—the getting home," she said.

"Home!" repeated the young cripple. "I have only a married brother's house to return to. It doesn't seem very much like home." His voice had such a ring of sadness in it that

she turned the conversation to other subjects, hoping to divert him.

They were walking along a road that led round the side of the mountain at the foot of which the little hotel was situated. Through the trees, now putting on their bright fall coloring, one had glimpses of the little valley lying in a nest of hills, with tier on tier of mountains rising behind them, higher and higher, in faint and fainter tones of blue and purple. They paused presently where a break in the trees opened out a wider vista, and stood for a moment or two in silence, looking at the familiar view for the last time together, he thought, sadly.

"What an incongruity there is in the thought of any mere man owning one of those giants out there!" Eva said, pointing to the line of misty blue waves breaking on the horizon.

A whimsical smile lit up his pale face as he replied: "Every one has not your nice sense of proportion, you know. There are some people who are considerably bigger than the mountains. But can't you imagine what a strange fascination such a possession might have for one? It would stand there so unconscious of its owner! He might clear a bit of timber from its sides, blast out a road, or build a house or two, or set a bonfire blazing on its summit; but the mountain would outlive him in sublime indifference. In almost any other form, he might carry his wealth over the world with him; he might build palaces and tear them down; he might drive his car, or his great yacht, by steam and electricity, across land or sea; but the mountain would never move at his bidding, and I should imagine the thought of it, standing here unchanged, would throw a spell over him, and draw him always back to it. He would feel, in time, that he belonged to the mountain, rather than the mountain to him, and would be content, at last, to live here humbly in its shadow."

"I don't know," she said, thoughtfully. "Wealth seems to create a great unrest. The world is too small to suit the desires of some people." Her eyes wandered back across the valley with a wistful gaze. "Just so they looked when I was here twelve years ago. Isn't there something tragic in their very changelessness?"

Her companion watched her with an ache at his throat; he felt almost guilty in reading her thoughts. With all the friendly sympathy, he had never penetrated her reserve, and he felt she was unconscious now that he was gazing into one of the locked chambers of her heart.

"We grasp that with something deeper than our vision," he said gently; "for in reality their aspect changes with every passing cloud, and they are never twice the same. But the perishable part of us chafes against the thought of their permanence, their immutability. We know that they were here ages before we were born, and, though we should die or break our hearts to-day, they will be here to-morrow still."

She flashed a look at him that was full of feeling, and there were tears shining on her lashes; he wondered for whom they were. "You are very young to have thought that," she said presently.

He felt his crutches swaying unsteadily, and, moving backward a pace or two, he propped himself against the trunk of a tree, laughing softly. "Oh, I have lived—and looked on," he said.

With swift compunction she was at his side. "You are over-tired—I have let you walk too far. Lean on me as we go back. Come, I am stronger than you think. I must make you take a good rest or you'll be quite unfit for the journey to-morrow."

He declined her assistance with a great assumption of gayety, and hobbled on alone. But when they reached the cosy little sitting-room in the hotel he had to admit his fa-

tigue, and was glad to yield to her imperative command to throw himself on to the soft couch and be tucked around with pillows. As she made him comfortable, with little sisterly touches, it occurred to him to wonder if she had been with that other fellow when he died.

"Now, I'm going to read to you," Eva announced brightly, seating herself in a high-backed chair on the other side of the room, and taking up a book of quaint old ballads. Long fingers of yellow light from the evening sun, striking through the western window, painted the opposite wall in a quivering tracery of leafy shadows on a red-gold ground. Sitting near, the girl's cheek was bathed in a glow of reflected light that softened all its contours. She opened the book at random.

"When shaws beene sheene, and shradd
full fayre,
And leaves both large and longe,
Itt is merrye walkyng in the fayre forrest
To heare the small birdes' songe."

The sound of laughing voices reached him from the tennis court, and he could hear the murmur of low conversation on the veranda; but above them the clear voice with its soft modulations rose and fell, the rhythm of the verses flowing smoothly and trippingly, as if at times the reader cared less about the thought than the charm of its musical expression.

"The woodwheele sang, and wold not
cease,
Sitting upon the spraye,
Soe loud, he wakened Robin Hood,
In the greenwood where he lay."

As Arthur listened, the thread of the little poem escaped him, while his ear became sensitive to each inflection of her voice—the tenderly spoken vowels, the soft slurring of the consonants, and the little catch in her breath at the beginning of each verse. She had a high brow, and the



Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence.

"SHE WAS SMILING DOWN AT HIM."

See page 413.

dark hair grew in a little wavy line on her temple; he remembered that he had always admired a low brow in a woman. His eyes wandered to her hand, and he watched the slim white forefinger slide along the top of the page and turn the leaf with a light touch. She wore no ring upon that hand, and only one—a diamond—upon the other. He saw it gleaming in the shadow of the book upon her knee; it irritated him, and he closed his eyes.

Twelve years seemed a long time to remember—twelve winters and summers—twelve springtimes of swelling buds and days when the air was moist and warm like a baby's breath, and the wood—the good greenwood—noisy with the twittering of birds building their nests and chirping long love-notes to their mates; and twelve times the nests had been left empty, and the woods had blazed into color under the touch of autumn, as she "laid her fiery finger on the leaves." Twelve years—ago—when she—and— Ah, yes! "Itt was merrye walkyng—in the fayre forrest—"

* * * * *

The sun was very low now. It had left the base of the mountain, and the road wound upward through the shadow. But far above a spray of crimson leaves caught a glint of color like the sparkle of red wine. The wind stirred the chestnuts on the mountain side, and shook the nuts from the half-open burrs. They lay all along the path and on every side, scattered over the spongy carpet of fallen leaves. She was as quick to spy them out as a little squirrel, and darted here and there, filling her pockets with great fat ones, glossy and brown, with a bit of silvery down still clinging to them. She laughed at him when he pricked his finger on a burr—"it was so like a man to try to wrest one from its thorny bed when there were hundreds of loose ones to be had for the gathering;" and when he ruefully examined his

wounded finger—"it was so like a man to make much of a little hurt!"

He charged her with ingratitude as he gave her a handful of his picking. She dropped them one by one into the pocket of her coat, counting them like a little miser.

"Thirteen, fourteen. Is that all? What a debt of gratitude I owe you!"

"The price of my heart's blood!" he reminded her.

"It's bad form to speak of the cost of one's gifts," she retorted, cracking one between her little white teeth.

"Give me half of that to liquidate the debt," he besought then.

"If I did you would be so far overpaid that you would never be able to square the account;" and then they both laughed light-heartedly.

Not much wit or wisdom, perhaps; but when seventeen and twenty-one go a-walking in the woods together, one doesn't expect much of either. At least, anything sounds witty from a pair of soft, red lips, with dimples lurking at the corners; and how wise is the wisdom of twenty-one years, with its untried theories and its gay philosophy!

He talked of his plans and his hopes, as they wandered on; and she listened, with a shadow of earnestness on her face. It all sounded so possible. Young eyes are never farsighted enough to see difficulties and disappointments ahead. And death? What had death to do with them?

He drew deep-chested inhalations of the bracing air, and gloried in the tingling of his blood, the bounding pulses of his muscular young manhood. He was conscious of a thrill each time he felt the ground under his heel. The moist earth yielded under his firm tread, leaving a well marked footprint beside the faint indentation of her little boot. Tall and slim as she was, the crimson wing in her hat barely reached above his shoulder, and he had to bend his head to look into her face. There was an expression in her dark eyes, as she lifted them to his, that sent the blood



Drawn by William Hurd Lawrence.

"IN THE APERTURE SHE STOOD AND BARRED THE WAY."

See page 420.

rushing to his head with the glad consciousness that she found him good to look at, and that she was too young and fresh and unspoiled to mask the pleasure under a feigned indifference.

The narrow upward path grew rougher with roots and stones; but she climbed so lightly and swiftly that his hand beneath her elbow felt no weight at all, till at last, panting for breath, she paused where the fork of two chestnuts, springing from a single root, narrowed the path to a width of scarce two feet. In the aperture she stood and barred the way, with a hand on either trunk, and looked down on him, breathless, but laughing; and the dimple in her flushed cheek turned towards him was like the shadow in the heart of a rose. The yellow leaves of the chestnuts glowed warmly even there, on the twilight side of the mountain, and a little higher up caught the last rays of the sun and turned to a vivid gold. Her slight, blue-clad figure, poised in the angle of the sister trees, stood out clearly against the background of bright foliage; and the red wing burned like a little flame above her dark hair, as if it too had been touched by autumn's finger.

A light wind set all the leaves rustling and drowned the sound of her voice when she spoke. His own was far away and unfamiliar; but he knew he was telling her, eagerly and passionately, how very fair and dear she was. He had taken one unresisting hand from the rough trunk, and was holding it between his great, broad palms; and she was listening, with the startled brown eyes wide open, when—behind him, there was a heavy, shuffling step, and he turned—to see his crippled self toiling up the mountain. No, not to see—for, when he tightened his grasp, his fingers closed around the bars of his crutches. It was a stranger, up there, clasping Eva's little hand!

The road was so steep—and his crutches were so heavy! As he

rested against them he could feel his heart beat suffocatingly. He looked up at Eva; her eyes were turned away, but he could see her face, and it shone with such a shy young happiness. Ah, that was their hour, twelve long years ago!—and he turned to leave them; but his crutches slipped—slipped and fell, with a rattle, on the floor.

* * * * *

The book lay closed on Eva's lap, with her finger between the leaves. She was looking out of the window at the gathering twilight; but, at the noise, she turned towards him with the same dreamy, listening look upon her face.

"Do you feel rested? I stopped reading when you fell asleep," she said.

The boy raised himself from the sofa. The room had grown much darker, and the red sunlight no longer danced on the white wall. The spell of the dream was still upon him, and it wrung his heart with a new pity for both himself and her. He picked up the crutch and stumbled over to her side, so that he could look into her face.

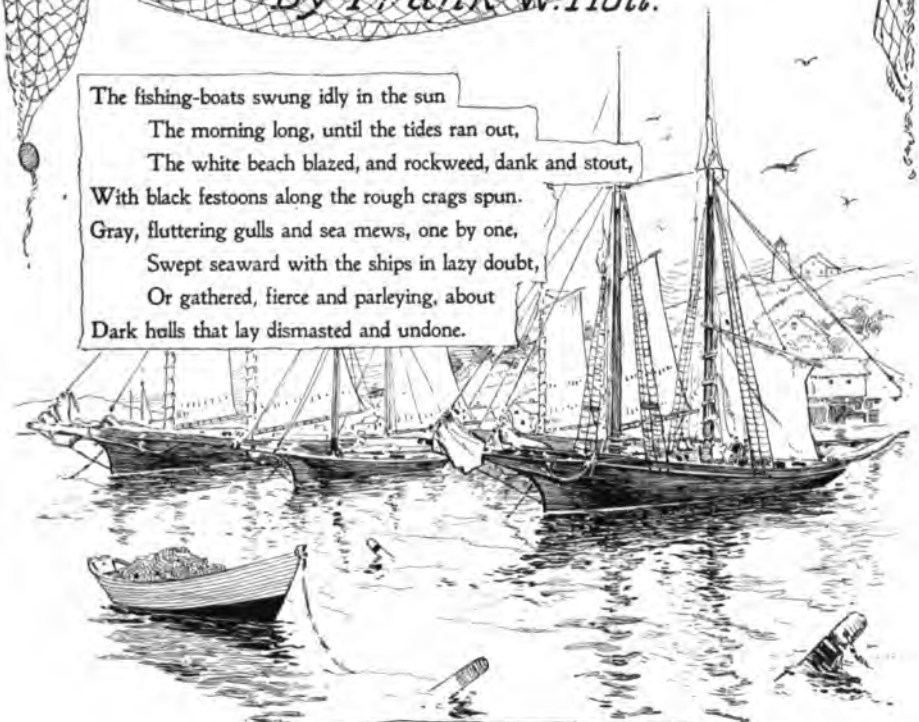
"Was it your thought, or mine?" he said huskily. "I was climbing the mountain with you twelve years ago," he continued, speaking rapidly,—"and you were younger, but no whit lovelier than you are now. And I—I was a *man*, with a man's strength, and a man's purpose, and a man's love that had a right to be told! Was it I, or another? For the cripple was there, too—I don't understand! Answer me. Was it your thought or mine, born in my brain or yours? Was it my dream, or your—memory?"

The color rushed over her face, and she drew her breath sharply. A moment passed, and then she put out one hand and laid it gently on his sleeve.

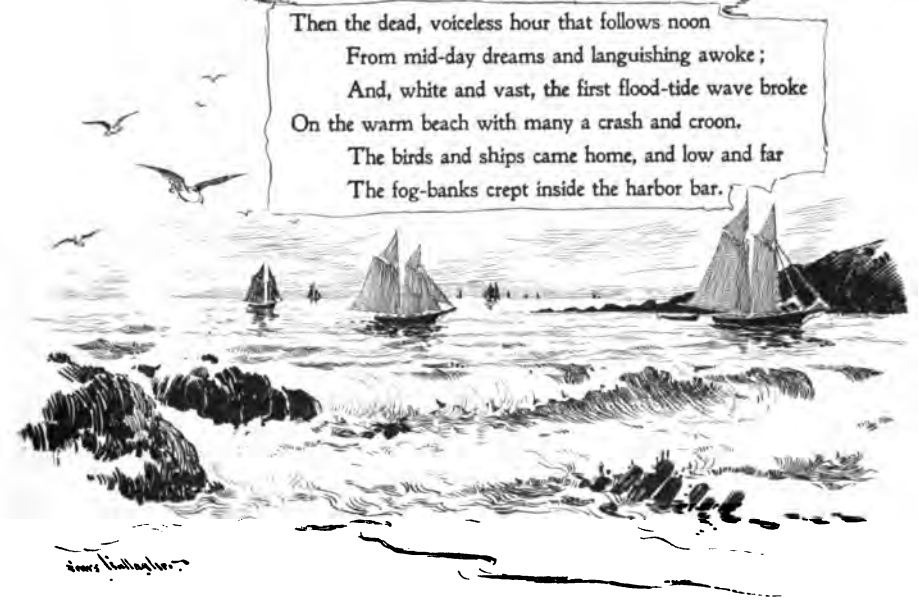
"You have been dreaming, I think,—and you are not yet quite awake, are you?"

AT TIDE TURN

By Frank W. Hutt.



The fishing-boats swung idly in the sun
The morning long, until the tides ran out,
The white beach blazed, and rockweed, dank and stout,
With black festoons along the rough crags spun.
Gray, fluttering gulls and sea mews, one by one,
Swept seaward with the ships in lazy doubt,
Or gathered, fierce and parleying, about
Dark hulls that lay dismasted and undone.



Then the dead, voiceless hour that follows noon
From mid-day dreams and languishing awoke ;
And, white and vast, the first flood-tide wave broke
On the warm beach with many a crash and croon.
The birds and ships came home, and low and far
The fog-banks crept inside the harbor bar.

James H. Hutt.



THE PASSING OF THE OLD RED SCHOOLHOUSE.

By Walter Sargent.

Illustrated from drawings by the author.

HOWEVER much one may rejoice in the progress, the development of industries, conveniences and advantages and the whole inspiring energy of the twentieth century, there is still something akin to sadness in the removal of old landmarks which have come to be seen through an atmosphere of fond associations. The intellect approves the change, but one regrets the disappearance of things so closely connected with the steps of the way by which one has come. These have the power to reproduce the moods of the past and increase the vividness of reminiscence. Then, too, they were familiar in childhood and seemed in that imaginative and poetic period to be prominent and essential parts of the universe,—and the universe some-

how appears to need a bit of readjustment after their removal. They were there when one came, and seemed matters of course, as though they always had been there, and always would and should be.

It is somewhat in this spirit that the child born in a quiet country town, away from the railway, views the schoolhouse, the church, the mill and the prominent inhabitants. That is at the age when events a month away are too far off to be anticipated with any eagerness, and when the summer vacation is so long that its latter end is hazy.

In many country places every journey is prefaced with a long ride to the railway station. It is nothing in itself. The real journey, the trip to the mountains or the ocean or the great city,

begins after the station is reached. But this ride gradually associates itself with all journeys, for it is the beginning of them all; and in after years it often proves more interesting than any other bit of travel.

There are many people for whom a country schoolhouse has gathered about itself similar associations—as associations as with many journeys into far lands. If such a one returns to his home town, and some night, happening to find that the gate of the schoolhouse yard has been left unlocked—if, which is rare, the schoolhouse chances, like one I think of, to have a yard with a gate—enters and seats himself under a familiar, well worn tree, he is likely to be surprised at the vivid depeopling of the place and the returning flood of forgotten things.

For myself, I find that nearly all schoolhouses of the old type have this power of summoning up what seem to be memories, even though I have no personal associations with the locations. Perhaps, after all, however,



FIGURE 2.

this is not strange considering the place that the district school, with its benches, its square stove, its woodpile, and its discipline, has had in the growth, the thought and

the literature of New England. To sit alone at twilight on one of the big benches in the back corner is to set in motion a procession of dreams that float away in effortless line, like the floating smoke from a joss stick.

The passing of the old red schoolhouse follows inevitably the progress of education in Massachusetts. A few such buildings as one reads about in old New England tales are still standing, and in use; but

yearly some of the few survivors disappear. Their places are taken by modern buildings better equipped for their purpose. The old red schoolhouse is not rebuilt. The ancient benches never reappear; nor, in practical soberness, could one wish it who has ever sat on them. They were hard, stern affairs; yet all the cutting and carving upon

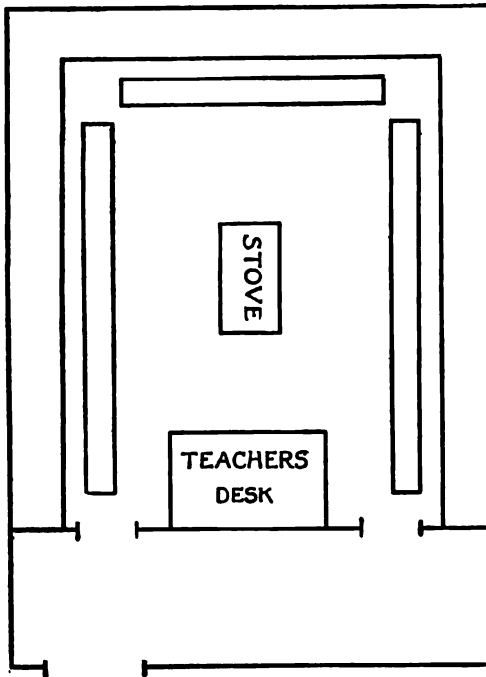


FIGURE 1.



FIGURE 3.



FIGURE 4.

them was not the reflection of fierce mental struggle, like that famous hole dug in the top of the table at Fontainebleau by Napoleon, as he sat, knife in hand, and listened to the inevitable.

The district system in Massachusetts was abolished in 1882, and with much contention, since it made the town, instead of the district, the educational unit; and we to-day are seeing another step in the evolution of school administration—the requirement by law that every town have the services of a school superintendent.

In the general satisfaction which we feel in progress, however, the times of the district system must not be looked upon as wholly a dark age. That system enforced and represented the conviction of the necessity of personal support for a vital object in the community's midst, and made

it a habit. This habit of local support was the primal condition of the success of a common school system.

Then, too, the interesting custom of boarding the teacher around was not a bad thing, if the teacher's constitution could endure it. He became acquainted with the community and the conditions in which his pupils lived. Nor can one feel that the comparative few-



FIGURE 5.

certain compensation. What there were were sought after and studied thoroughly. Dr. A. D. Mayo, in an article on the common school in New England, published in the Report of the Commissioner of Education for 1894-95, quotes the following from a letter from one who was once a pupil in a Massachusetts district school, as to the effect of Shakespeare on his youthful mind:

"A new doctor brought to town the

my father, 'Your boy is not a fighting character. He has been reading Shakespeare. That Shakespeare makes boys sassy, and we must put it down.' The good old doctor long ago went to his reward, but 'that Shakespeare' holds on."

The schoolbooks were few and written with a high purpose, if we may judge from their titles and prefaces—Webster's "Third Part," for example, bears this comprehensive title: "An



first copy of Shakespeare which I ever saw. Half a dozen of us boys and girls read it through in a week. I was so 'fired up' by the 'tragic muse' that I rose up from an hour with King Henry V to offer battle royal with a squad of good-natured big schoolfellows who never understood why they were set upon in that special way. But they rallied, and speedily I found myself 'reduced to the lowest terms.' The old doctor, who was jealous of the rival newcomer, said to

American Selection of Lessons in Reading and Speaking, calculated to improve the Mind and refine the Taste of Youth; and also to instruct them in Geography, History and Politics of the United States. To which are prefixed Rules in Elocution and Directions for giving expression to the Principal Passions of the Mind."

I seldom pass an old-time school without finding Whittier's words repeating themselves in my mind:



"Still sits the schoolhouse by the road,
A ragged beggar sleeping;
Around it still the sumachs grow
And blackberry vines are creeping.

"Within, the master's desk is seen,
Deep scarred by raps official;
The warping floor, the battered seats,
The jack-knife's carved initial."

With the recollection of what the old schoolhouse has done comes a desire to add something, if it be but a small bit, to the preservation of its memory! Among my papers I find some notes and sketches of the location and interior arrangement of two or three of these old schoolhouses, and I contribute them here as possibly being of interest to some who were New England country boys or girls.

One of the oldest and quaintest of these schoolhouses which I know stands on a hillside among the Berk-

shires, in western Massachusetts, not many miles from the New York line. As there will probably never be another like it, I have noted quite carefully the structure of the furnishings and their arrangement.

The plan of the room is indicated in Figure 1. The desks are built out from the walls on three sides of the room, while the teacher's desk occupies the space between the doors on the fourth side. In front of the desks are placed the seats, which have no backs. Their construction is shown in Figures 2, 3 and 4. The children thus sat with their backs to the stove, which was placed in the centre of the room. This was an advantage of considerable importance over the usual arrangement, which compels children to face a hot stove on cold days. They also sat back to the teacher. When a

benchful was called upon to recite, the right about face movement must have been an interesting bit of school gymnastics. The teacher's desk was of a shape I have never seen elsewhere. The point of view from the primary bench was especially imposing. (See Figure 5.) After they had been sitting upon one of these benches for a while, one dislikes to imagine how small children must have felt before the day was over.

I saw this schoolhouse of which I speak in use in 1892; but passing that way a few years later, I found it abandoned and rapidly going to destruction. The stove and seats were piled up in the entry, and the place looked desolate. Around it loomed the great hills. The town boasts three hills higher than Mount Tom or Mount Holyoke, the highest being 2,640 feet. The roadside was flooded with June sunshine and fruitful with wild strawberries. The schoolhouse had become indeed "a ragged beggar sleeping." Two views of its exterior are given in these pages.

A somewhat more comfortable style

of bench was the combination in which each desk formed a back to the seat in front of it. It seems strange that so great an increase to comfort as would have resulted from a variation from the rigid right angle of the vertical back and horizontal seat should not have suggested itself to the builders. In many district schools of olden time the benches were arranged on successively rising levels from the front to the back of the room. Illustrations of the interior of one very picturesque and well kept Massachusetts school of such a pattern are given on pages 426 and 428. This schoolhouse is in service at the present time.

The atmosphere of schools in towns farthest removed from communication with the course of large events is by no means alike in all, as might at first seem probable. Such schools appear more like different families. In one nearly all the children will be intelligent, quick, responsive and appreciative, while in a neighboring village the opposite will be true.

On being asked to "say something" to the children in some of these schools, I have frequently taken specimens from the bouquets which the pupils provide daily for the teacher's desk, and questioned the school regarding the growth and habits and construction of the flowers and trees and seeds common to the locality, and sketched upon the blackboard the growth and shape, or have held the plant in the sunlight with a sheet of paper between it and the children in such a way that they could note the marvellous delicacy and refinement in the outline of the shadow, which shows the beauty of the commonest forms.

Dr. O. W. Holmes speaks somewhere of a





lecturer as being haunted by the feeling that it is the same audience which follows him about from place to place and listens night after night. Often in a country school, when a flower is being examined, or the shadow of a plant held in the sunlight translates by its magic such feathery forms as the white seed globes of the dandelion or silky thistle-down into terms of black and white, I have seen an indefinable expression light up some face; and though sometimes it is a boy, sometimes a girl, now one of the younger and now one of the older pupils, it seems to be always the same child who has responded in that manner in the other schools and who will be met again in the future. It is amusing, if that be not too weak a word, to see how this especially appreciative child handles the seed or flower afterwards, as if it were something from another world.

Where strange comers are few, children seldom forget visitors. Tramping along a country road some fifty miles from home one after-

noon, hoping to reach the next village at tea time, I overtook a barefooted boy, who walked along in silence for a few moments and then said, as if continuing a conversation:





"Say, Mister, they *haven't* got but one on a side."

"What haven't?" I asked.

"Them maple seeds," he responded.

"One of them's always holler. I cut open a lot."

Then came to me a hazy recollection of having suggested in a neighboring school, a year before, that the question of one of each pair of maple keys being empty might be interesting to investigate.

An old record sums up the duties of a New England schoolmaster of 1661 as follows:

"1. To act as court messenger.

"2. To serve summonses.

"3. To conduct certain ceremonial services of the church.

"4. To lead the Sunday choir.

"5. To ring the bell for public worship.

"6. To dig graves.

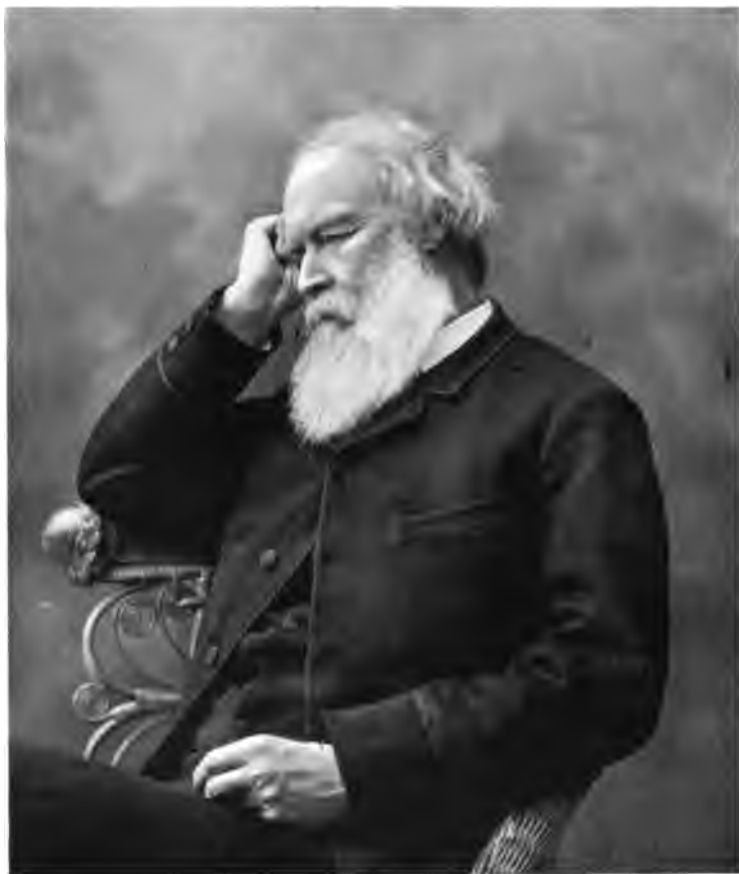
"7. To take charge of the school.

"8. To perform other occasional duties."

The duties of the school-teacher to-day are not so widespread, but perhaps are no less arduous. There has

been a marked improvement in the quality of teaching, and in the wages paid, in country towns, during the past few years. The recently established normal schools have made it possible for nearly all towns to secure graduates, well equipped and trained. The state also offers to towns under a certain valuation opportunities for increasing the salaries of teachers. As a result, many of the smallest places are giving their children a public school training of the best quality. With all the new improvements and privileges, however, none of us may forget the sturdiness and shiftiness developed in the old district school, nor cease to be grateful for what of good the system had.

The early love for education endures. It is taking advantage of the present improved opportunities, and in not a few cases we see the new methods in the old quarters; so it may be that the last days of the red schoolhouse will be its best. They will not be the best, however, unless what was really strong in the old goes on with what is good in the new.



ROWLAND EVANS ROBINSON.

THE CHRONICLER OF "DANVIS FOLKS."

By Henry Lincoln Bailcy.

A MILE north of the village of Ferrisburgh, Vermont, on the old stage road to Burlington, is the Robinson homestead. Tall Lombardy poplars are the sentinels at the gate, and on rising ground far back from the road is the farmhouse, half hidden by a grove of locusts, maples and elms.

Newport, Rhode Island, was the family home from the time when Rowland Robinson came over from England, in 1675, until 1791, when his

great-grandson, Thomas, attracted by the fame of the Green Mountain State just admitted to the Union, brought his wife to the infant city of Vergennes. But city life under such conditions as Vergennes then afforded had its drawbacks; and, resolving that if he were to live in the country it should be country both in name and in fact, he moved once more, four miles northward, purchasing in the wilderness an estate where a house had already been erected, which three

generations of his children have since called home. Here he found his situation quite rural enough; tradition has it that he lost his way once and spent the night in the woods only a few rods from home.

The house had been built of planks fresh from the forest and the sawmill, and, seasoning as it stood, it soon developed huge cracks. But newspapers had followed Robinson into the wilderness, and layer after layer of the precious sheets was applied to those insatiable cracks, until 1804, when probably lath and plaster came to the rescue. In 1814 a two-story front was added, and the men shingling the roof stopped often in their work to listen to the cannonading from the battle of Plattsburg.

In front, to the right and left, one sees the fertile stretches of the Champlain valley, with just a glimpse of the lake here and there, four miles away, and range after range of the Adirondacks piled up on the western horizon. Behind and above the house is one of the finest apple orchards in Vermont, a part of the farm; and far to the east

the Green Mountains limit the view, with Camel's Hump, the giant of them all.

One hesitates to say too much about the genial atmosphere within, lest he transgress the bounds of that very hospitality which he would praise. A cordial reception awaits the entering guest. It shines in the faces of the family, it crackles from the old fireplace, it displays itself at the bountifully spread table. Youth and age are met together in the furnishing of the home. The wooden latch, the rare china, the antique furniture, the Revolutionary relics, the antlers of moose and elk, all point to long ownership of these family heirlooms; and the modern touch is supplied by the huge iron safe of the town clerk at one end of the house and the library at the other, its table covered with the newest books and its walls adorned with a score or more of pictures from the brush and pencil of Mr. and Mrs. Robinson and their daughter Rachael.

In the east room of the old house Rowland Evans Robinson was born,



MR. ROBINSON'S HOME.

May 14, 1833; and there he died, October 15, 1900. He was the son of Rowland T. Robinson, and grandson of Thomas, the Rhode Island emigrant. His mother was the daughter of a New York artist, and granddaughter of Colonel George Gilpin of Virginia, one of General Washington's staff and a pallbearer at his funeral. Aside from Colonel Gilpin, all of Mr. Robinson's ancestry for several generations was of the Quaker faith.

The boy's visible inheritance was the farm. He was the youngest of four children, and it fell to his lot to be his father's right-hand man. He was nominally a farmer all his life, but was never destined to be the man with the hoe. The farm yielded him a living, but it would have been better for him financially had he given it over twenty years ago to the care of a man with a taste for farming, and devoted himself exclusively to art and literary work. He loved the estate and spent much in improving it, but he never was an agriculturist. He had a rich artistic inheritance and a love of nature, and, holding communion with her visible forms, he heard her various language. He may have been sent to the school of plough and scythe; he surely learned from the book of nature with rod and gun. The artist within him saw and remembered. His facile pencil was always ready. The tubs of butter that he sent to market bore often upon the cover some political cartoon or comic sketch. Some of his cartoons were published. One of last year's best jokes proves to have come from a published sketch

of Mr. Robinson's thirty years ago:

"*Young Lady*: You cruel boy to take those dear little birds away from their mother!

"*Urchin*: She won't care; that's the old bird on your hat."

Close by the home is another house falling into ruin and long used only to store odds and ends from the farm.



Its plastered walls are literally covered with studies of all sorts drawn at leisure moments years ago. An unmistakable group of faces is labelled, "Scots wha hae." One large picture in three parts reveals the artist's dislike of farm drudgery. Memory recalled the woman in the kitchen working the old-fashioned upright churn; that was "Past." The "Present" was almost too painful to mention, with the artist grinding at the circular

churn. The "Future" pictured him stretched in his easy-chair, newspaper in hand, while an angel visitor turned the crank. There was truth in the prophecy, for his milk is separated and churned by steam.

His sketchbooks, too, are full of dainty studies of the woods, of the farm, of the city and its people, and of Nantucket and the sea. They cover nearly twenty years, up to 1886, when failing eyesight compelled him to give up the work he loved. Mr. Robinson is known as an author, "the blind Vermont author"; but first of all he was an artist, and because of this his literary career later was made successful. In the early seventies he spent some time in New York as a designer on wood; but the hurry orders that always came just before publishing day, requiring a great deal of night work, proved too exacting upon his eyes, never strong. Thenceforth he worked at home leisurely and as the spirit moved him, drawing upon the blocks the pictures which others were to engrave and which they frequently signed with their own initials to the detriment of the real artist. His love of nature led him to study the trees and birds and beasts, and to draw them. To gain publication for his pictures it was necessary to accompany them with a trifle, at least, of letterpress; and by degrees he drifted into using his pen as well as his pencil. Among other articles were two series of contributions to the *American Agriculturist* on the game birds and the game animals with which he was familiar. Other work was assigned him, such as illustrated descriptions of marble quarrying and copper mining; but the work, though well done, was perfunctory, for life underground had no attraction for him while the woods and streams and sunlight still existed.

Nearly twenty-five years ago Mr. Robinson began to write an occasional sketch for *Forest and Stream*. His contributions were so acceptable that in a short time he was given a

place on the staff, which proved a life appointment, and was asked to fill a column every week. But to this request he wisely replied that he could not drive his muse. When he had something to say, he must say it, but he would not become a mere hack with the sole ambition of filling space. Fortunately for his literary work, he had never to face the alternative of writing or starving, and a publisher's entreaties for copy afforded him a minimum of anxiety. Yet he wrote often, chiefly but not exclusively for *Forest and Stream*, through whose columns most of his books were first given to the public in serial form. His work made its way on its own merit. He belonged to no literary circle of mutual admirers, who advertise each other. He was not a city man constantly under foot in publishers' offices and compelling their attention by persistent presence. An unknown man in an unknown town, his work must win with no push or pull save merit; and it did. His first magazine article, "Fox Hunting in New England," *Scribner's*, 1878, was submitted by mail to an editor who had never heard of him. It read well; but was it true to the subject? Who was the author? Was he an authority on fox hunting? Let him be identified by proper references. So the references were sent, investigated, deemed satisfactory, and the article was published on its merits, while Mr. Robinson was as proud as any other who sees his first magazine article in print. It is now a chapter in the Century Company's "Sport with Rod and Gun." Since that first venture, others of the prominent magazines and periodicals have found him an acceptable contributor.

A sad affliction was it when his eyes began to fail; but for the public it became a source of lasting enjoyment. He had begun before this his stories of "Danvis" life; but as the mists obscured his vision and the darkness encroached upon him by degrees, it drove him from outdoor re-

sources to himself,—and when at sixty total night came on, he had half a century of reminiscences of nature to draw from; and well did he use his treasures. Here is where the artist came to the support of the writer. He had used his eyes to good advantage, and had seen more than most of us do in a longer life. As the burning coal gives out the sunlight stored within it in ages past, his blindness served to give back to the world the brightness of his experiences.

His books may be classified in general as history, nature studies and the Danvis stories, but the classes overlap in several books. There are six of the "chronicles of Danvis" as another reviewer has called them: "Uncle Lisha's Shop," "Sam Lovel's Camps," "Danvis Folks," "Uncle Lisha's Outing," "A Danvis Pioneer," and "Sam's Boy," not yet published in book form. When the author was a small boy he accompanied his father on a trip to the town of Lincoln, some twenty miles to the southeast, up among the mountains. It was a great event in his life and made a deep impression on him. Silent and bashful he seemed to the kind people whose homes he visited; but not a detail was lost upon him, of the mountain scenery or the indoor life. Fifty years later he reproduced those mental photographs as the background from which the citizens of Danvis stand out as he has painted them. Whatever plot there is in any of these stories is of the simplest kind. There has been no attention paid to plot. They are simply photographs of Vermont life and character in the decade of 1840-50. The arrangement of the chapters is not essential to one's interest in them. There are a few words of introduction usually to denote that this chapter tells of events a few days later than those just narrated, but many of the pictures might be transposed in the albums with no detriment whatever. For the most enjoyment in the series one should read them in the above

order; but every book and almost every chapter can stand alone if need be. The author has interwoven with the scenery of the mountain town and the lake-shore his own boyhood recollections of men and things, his experiences in hunting and fishing, and the stories swapped in the country store and around the kitchen fire.

Like Dickens, Mr. Robinson is an author without heroines. The men are in the foreground; they are almost the only characters. Foremost is Uncle Lisha Peggs, over whose door the inscription "E. Peggs Boots" sufficiently declares his occupation. His shop is the evening rendezvous where a dozen neighbors meet for social chat and to measure ability in telling the biggest story of personal adventure. A true child of the mountains, his heart grows sick of the prairie when he goes to live with his son in the new state of "Westconstant," and homesickness finally brings back the old couple, too old to stand transplanting into an alien soil.

A close second in popular affection is the tall backwoodsman, Sam Lovel, who would rather hunt than eat, and whose fondness for the chase interrupted his courtship for many months, because his dog started up a fox just before the critical moment in his love-making. He lost the fox, too.

Then there is Gran'ther Hill, the hero of "A Danvis Pioneer," a toothless veteran now, who fit to Hub'ton and Benn'n'ton, sceptical as to the worth of the younger generation, and lamenting the vanished days of Ethan Allen and Seth Warner, when men wuz *men*; and his son Joseph, rotund and easy-going, whose stories always limp, while he pauses in every paragraph to discuss the exactness of each minute detail; and Joel Bartlett, Quaker, painfully repressing the pucker in lips that want to whistle; and Solon Briggs, ludicrously but vainly trying to be worthy of his name, but coming off second best in

his wrestling with the biggest words in the dictionary. These and others do we see in many a chapter; and last but not least, Antoine Bassette,—Ann Twine his neighbors make it,—a French Canadian, self-exiled into the freedom of the states, but not yet enjoying the freedom of the English language save in his own estimation, the hero of every story that he tells, and always able to tell the most improbable one of the evening.

The Danvis women are introduced chiefly to round out the stories when the stage setting is an interior. Only four rise to any prominence: Aunt Jerusha Peggs, motherly old soul, true companion to Uncle Lisha; Huldah Purington, later Mrs. Sam Lovel, whose boy, under the tutelage of Uncle Lisha in all the craft in which boys delight, is the hero of the final volume, "Sam's Boy"; her mother, Mrs. Pur'n'ton, doleful comforter of those in distress; and Joseph Hill's wife, M'ri, frail, careworn, and cumbered with much serving.

Through all the books there runs a delicious vein of humor, which the author possessed in rich abundance, and which, however he might strive to make it subordinate, constantly comes to the surface. A lover of these books skilfully wove together in dramatic form a number of these scenes; and the play of "Danvis Folks" was happily staged at Rutland, Vermont, a few years ago, the blind author and Mrs. Robinson being the guests of honor on that occasion. As he listened to the interpretation of his characters as the play went on, he laughed till his cheeks were wet, exclaiming to his wife: "I didn't know Danvis Folks was so funny!"

The charm of these stories is first of all in their delineation of real life sixty years ago. We are glad to have preserved for us such pictures as the June training, the wolf hunt, the paring-bee, the raising, the district school meeting, camp life, and the underground railroad. The elder Robinson was a prominent abolitionist; and

often in boyhood did the author see his aunt start up garret with a plate piled with provisions, which always came back empty. The children had learned that those were times when, having eyes, they should see not; and never did they betray any knowledge that that mysterious thoroughfare from the South to Canada had a station beneath their father's roof.

Some of the Danvis folks are drawn from life; others are imaginary; yet all are true to life. Sam Lovel Mr. Robinson called a creation, not a portrait; but those who know the author best are sure that he put his own spirit, perhaps unconsciously, into the heart of this Danvis Nimrod, on whose shoulders farm life rested uneasily and who was only too ready to respond to any invitation of friends or of nature to get out into the woods. A volume of nature studies, "In New England Fields and Woods," gives utterance to this spirit in the sketch of "June Days," which closes with these words: "Sad indeed must it be to have a soul so poor that it responds to no caress of nature, sadder than any imposition of servitude or exile which yet hinders not one's soul from arising with intense longing for the wide world of woods and waters when Kukushna (the cuckoo) sounds his soft trumpet call."

Readers who are not fond of dialect will find quite a little of these books not to their liking. There is here presented so faithful a reproduction of both Yankee and Canuck patois, that an eminent critic has named Mr. Robinson as fourth among the dialect writers of the world. He was the first author of any prominence who attempted the French Canadian, and he was so successful that few will care to follow him lest they suffer by comparison. His Yankee speech is not that of conventional writers. His quick ear noted its many variations, and each of his characters has an individuality of speech and accent.

But those who rate him as only a dialect writer are far from knowing

him. He was no less a master of choicest English, rivalling Burroughs and Thoreau in the field where they have won their fame. He refused to fall into habits of slovenly writing. The best possible was always the ideal he kept before him. Thoroughness is the mark of all his work,—no scamping of obscure or minor details. If you are reading, you can see every leaf a-quiver in the breeze, the chipmunk on a log, and the wild flowers nestling between the roots of some great tree, hear the chatter of the jay or the whir of the partridge, and catch the play of sunlight and shadow through the forest aisles. His drawings are equally careful. The smallest leaf is as accurately veined as if it were the centre of the picture. A study of his sketchbooks makes one sigh for an edition of his works illustrated by himself.

His historical work began many years ago, when he wrote the chapter on Ferrisburgh for Miss Hemenway's *Gazetteer of Vermont*. The spirit of research thus aroused was never lost, and it bore other fruit in later life. The publishers of the American Commonwealths series found him an authority on his state history, and at their request he wrote for the series the volume: "Vermont, a Study of Independence." This is his most valuable work. His stories will wear well,—each volume has sold better than its predecessor; but this history is of more enduring quality. It will not supersede as an authority some older and larger works; but as a popular statement of the struggles of the early settlers to maintain their independence as a separate colony or state, and their final admission into the Union on an equality with both New York and New Hampshire, this book will remain unexcelled. It is as interesting as any novel; for the author wrote not merely to record the facts, but to make his readers see them. The Revolutionary period proved so fascinating to him that four other volumes followed touching the

same epoch; two stories for young readers, "A Hero of Ticonderoga" and "In the Greenwood"; "A Danvis Pioneer" already mentioned, full of adventure from Connecticut to Canada before and during the war; and a study of Ethan Allen, soon to be published as one of the Beacon Biographies.

An unusual blind man indeed was Rowland Robinson. On a July day the latch of his door was lifted and I was introduced to him.

"I'm glad to see you; for I call it seeing."

He lay in bed, in the same room where he was born and died, his eyes looking anything but sightless; indeed, he has been called the most graceful blind man one ever saw. Near him was his writing tablet, a grooved board which enabled him to follow the lines, with a half-finished page. A great cluster of roses shed their fragrance round him, and a devoted daughter was at hand to read to him or serve him. Medicine vials on the stand bore silent testimony to his sufferings; for an internal cancer made the last year or two full of pain. Yet his voice rang almost as cheerily as in the olden days when summoning some friend to join him for an outing. Few men with good eyes can write accurate and acceptable history. This man, in the last stages of failing sight and during seven years of blindness, battling also with incurable disease, dared and succeeded. It was a triumph of spirit over body, a success which ranks him personally in the class of which Francis Parkman is a distinguished example. Writing was at times his only relief. Often when the pain was greatest he took his tablet and followed Ethan Allen to the defence of some Green Mountain boy, or wandered with Sam Lovel and his hound over the Danvis hills.

Since 1870, when he married Anna Stevens of East Montpelier, he has had a most helpful and energetic wife. She encouraged him in his literary

work, revising his manuscripts and typewriting them for the publishers; often they painted on the same canvas; she manages house and farm, and is the town clerk. Not a little of his success is due to the wise helpfulness of Mrs. Robinson. The children, Rachael, Rowland and Mary, have inherited one or all their father's sunny disposition, his love of nature and his skill as an artist.

The two portraits accompanying this sketch are natural; the author posed for neither. A friend in the woods with a camera in 1887 asked

him to keep still a moment as he was sketching with his penknife on a bit of fungus taken from a tree. The result presents him as he used to be. In 1898 he spent several hours in a studio, trying to secure a satisfactory portrait. Nervous over the repeated failures, he retired to the side of the room waiting for Mrs. Robinson to be photographed. Resting there easily, he was seen by his wife, who motioned to the photographer; he took the hint and silently secured the portrait which stands at the beginning of this word of appreciation of Vermont's illustrious author.



PEACELESS LOVE.

By Cale Young Rice.

I SAY unto all hearts that cannot rest
 For want of love, for beating loud and lonely:
 Pray the great Mercy-God to give you only
 Love that is passionless within the breast.
 Pray that it may not be a haunting fire,
 A vision that shall steal insatiably
 All beauteous content, all sweet desire,
 From faith and dream, star, flower and song and sea;
 But seek that soul and soul may meet together,
 Knowing they have forever been but one,
 Meet and be surest when ill's chartless weather
 Drives blinding gales of doubt across their sun.
 Pray, pray, lest love uptorn shall seem as nether
 Hell-hate and rage beyond oblivion.

THE CHRISTMAS PEACEMAKER.

By Virna Sheard.

LIFE was a series of abbreviations to Lucinda Ellen, even to her name, which in the beginning had been cut down to Cinders.

The only things she appeared to have been given ungrudgingly were eyes and hair. The eyes made one think of that dog in the old fairy tale who had optics like saucers, they were so big, yellow brown, and pathetic. The hair matched in color and was unsubduably curly.

Time for Lucinda Ellen was a succession of weeks, filled in by blue Mondays—with no holidays, jolly Saturday afternoons or peaceful Sundays to leaven the lump. The world's population she insensibly divided into two classes, with one crowned head: boarders who paid, boarders who didn't, and Mrs. Stogers.

Her dream of luxury was the front parlor, and her ideas of art were bounded on the right by a portrait in oils of the deceased Stogers, and on the left by some vegetables and feather flowers, under glass shades in the same room. The antimacassars which strewed the unyielding parlor furniture were mysteries of exquisite handicraft to Cinders, and created in her a wild desire to duplicate their knotty stitches. Her surreptitious attempts to copy these unlovely things resulted in a few puckered, begrimed specimens of crocheting and many tears, but they proved beyond question that the feminine instinct to make something useless, under the impression that it is ornamental, was strong within her.

Six years before, Mrs. Stogers had taken the child from one of those homes for orphans where all the little children wear clothes made of the same material, cut by one pattern; and six years—when a person is but thir-

teen—to look back upon is practically always.

During that time Cinders had washed dishes, battled with dust, and run endless messages on small, weary feet, till "the trivial round and common task" had done their best to sandpaper away the intense feelings and vivid imagination which live in almost every child and are its birthright. That they had not succeeded was a sort of miracle.

Love had never come her way. Yet it did not follow that because nobody loved Lucinda Ellen, she did not know what love was. Far from it. She had always loved something, if it had been only a rag doll, and upon this object, whatever it happened to be, showered a positively abject devotion. It was the way she was made. At present her heart's delight was a diminutive one-eyed cat, whose size was no indication of youth, for he was popularly supposed to be enjoying his ninth life, there being those who testified to having seen him at least eight times ready for burial. In color this animal rivalled the ace of spades. In voice and temper he commanded respect from both man and beast. To Cinders alone was shown the soft side of his nature, and he would follow her about tirelessly, making a sound in his throat like a small steam piano.

When night came, and the last dish had been shelved, the kitchen swept, and the stove garnished till it satisfied the soul of Hannah—Mrs. Stogers's prime minister and, incidentally, cook—the child would go wearily up the many stairs to her own room under the roof with its one tiny, slanting window looking upward at the stars. The cat always followed warily, eluding with a vigilance born of knowledge the all-powerful Mrs. Stogers;

and when Cinders curled herself up on the chair that stood beneath the window, he would spring to the back of it and say, in his own fashion, all the nice things he could think of to the forlorn little maid. He would even tap her face with his soft black paws and tousle the bronze tangles of her hair. Cinders would rest there, her wondering eyes watching the stars, twinkling so far off in the mysterious sky, her mind possessed by many strange thoughts; and the weird black cat would keep her company.

One evening early in November she had come to her room very tired. It had been a Monday of deepest indigo, and the spirit of the child rebelled against fate. A fierce hatred of Mrs. Stogers and Hannah possessed her, and filled her eyes with hot tears. The heavy drops splashed down upon the cat in her arms and disturbed him. He did not like or understand tears,—they were wet and uncomfortable; but looking up into the troubled face he knew that she was unhappy, so gazed at her sympathetically with his one blazing eye and purred his loudest.

Cinders stroked him with her hard little hand, and gradually the tears stopped. She was not given to weeping or self-pity, but was of a sunny nature that sought, like a flower in a dark place, for the light. It was very quiet in the attic. The deep, muffled purring accentuated the stillness. Now and then some giddy young mice behind the wall squeaked and scuttled away to their homes.

"The moon was afloat, like a golden boat,
On the sea-blue depths o' the sky."

The child gazed at it entranced. It was so rarely beautiful, that golden moon, and it shone just as much for her as for the rest, she thought. Not the rich people, or the Queen, or Mrs. Stogers had more right to it. It was God's moon, and He just lent it to the world. And so it was with the sunshine, and the wild flowers, the waving trees, the blue of the sky and the sea and the air,—all these best things

in the world were made for her, Cinders, as much as for anybody. There was comfort in the thought, and balm for her bitter little heart.

Suddenly there floated through the room a sound so sweet, so thrilling sweet, she sprang to her feet, clasping the cat tight as a protection, for she was half afraid. Some one was playing on a violin, but that the child did not know, and a fancy floated over her that an angel had slipped down into Mrs. Stogers's attic on a bar of moonlight, and had brought his harp with him. Her breath came fast, for she did so love music. The street pianos were her chiefest joy, and a German band, no matter how broken-winded, had hitherto filled her with ecstasy; but this was different,—Mrs. Stogers's walls had never echoed to such sounds before. The music went on, a tender, simple melody with a minor undertone through it, and it was played by a master hand.

Cinders stole out into the hall and listened. The door of the next room whence the sound came was ajar, so she pushed it open quickly. A man stood there, his violin tucked under his chin. A lamp, fastened against the wall, shone down on him. He was young and very good to look at. He stopped playing after a few moments, and as the child moved to go, saw her.

"Hello!" he said, smiling, "who are you?"

"Cinders," she answered, drawing a long breath. "Oh! you do play lovely, sir."

He laughed a little. "Come in," he said, tuning the violin. "Come in if you'd like to. I'll play again. It's refreshing to be appreciated, it's charming;—a new sensation in fact. It's what we all want, don't you know, to be appreciated." Then, as she sidled into the room half shyly, "Are you appreciated, little one?"

"No, sir," she said, her mouth drooping. "Oh, no, sir, I ain't."

He raised his eyes and saw the small figure standing in the full light.

"Great Cæsar!" he cried, with a soft whistle. "What a regular little witch! Is that your familiar spirit? Where did they ever get you?"

"From a home," said Cinders, "an'—he ain't a spirit—he's a cat."

"I see he's a cat," returned the young fellow. "Oh, yes, decidedly a cat, and a bad-tempered one, to judge by the waving of his tail. Do you remember what George Eliot calls a cat's tail,—or it may have been a dog's tail?"

"No," she answered, her great eyes alight.

"Well, it's rather good. She calls it 'the appendage whereby he expresses his emotions.' What's your friend's name?"

"'Phisto," she said, soberly.

"Mephistopheles, possibly?"

"Yes, sir; that's what Hannah named him 'cause she says he's a perfect devil, an' that's the name of a devil she saw in a play."

"Hannah has a sense of the fitness of things. But you, you were never christened Cinders in a Christian land?"

"Oh, no, sir; my name's Lucinda Ellen, only Mrs. Stogers says life's too short to call me that."

"I retract the compliment I paid Hannah. Any one possessing an idea would have turned Lucinda Ellen into Cinderella. Don't see how they could have missed it."

He touched the violin string softly, then dropped the bow.

"What do you do with the cat when you ride out on your broomstick?"

"When I do what, sir?"

"When you take your midnight airing in your peaked cap and red cloak, that kind of thing. Where do you leave the brute, Mrs. Witch? Or do you take him along as a mascot?"

"I ain't a witch," said the child, gravely.

"Come, come," answered the young fellow, smiling; "you're not Cinderella, so you must be the witch. Besides, they always have eyes like yours and just such hair, and there's the

black cat. He's convincing. The *tout ensemble* is perfect."

"Well, I ain't a witch," she replied again. "I wish't I was; then I'd change Mrs. Stogers into a cow, an' Hannah into a monkey, an' I'd turn things to gold, an' live in a castle. An' I'd never do anything but listen to music, like you played, an' I'd have fairies bring me ice-cream on little trays every hour, an' I'd buy a real diamond collar for 'Phisto, an' I'd marry a prince."

"Like me," he said, looking amused; then, as she did not answer, began to play.

Cinders listened as one under a charm. Her heart ached with the sweetness of the sounds, for the violin spake a language she understood. It told her the same things as the rain that pattered on the roof and the wind that blew about the house on wild nights. When the passionate notes ceased, her curled lashes were wet and her face white and eager.

"You have a soul, you queer little thing," said the man.

"Everybody has a soul," she replied softly, "even cats."

"Do they? Well perhaps, but not the same kind. No. If people felt my music as you do, I would have my pockets full of gold, little Cinders, instead." He stopped abruptly, then went on. "Where's your mother?"

"I haven't any—nor a father—nor nobody."

"We're in the same boat then," he answered. "But you have friends?"

"Only him," she said, stroking the cat. "I sort of belong to Mrs. Stogers. I should think you had friends, sir, lots of them—you're so big—an' beautiful looking."

He gave a short laugh. "I have an aunt, an aunt who thinks she owns me body and soul."

"Like Mrs. Stogers does me?"

"Yes, probably. But this aunt of mine has a mortgage on me, unfortunately. I have lived with her. I owe her everything. She is still liberal. She says I may be rich going her way,

with the alternative of being poor going my own. It can be seen," with a shrug, "which I have chosen. It was the one possible way; a man can't be browbeaten."

"Like Mrs. Stogers browbeats me?" she broke in sympathetically. "No, of course not—but—but—what if your aunt loves you? Wouldn't that make it different, sir?"

The boyish face, looking down at her, darkened. "There is love," he said, "and love. Yes, there are those who might think she loves me, little one. If so, it's a parody on love. I say, a blind, selfish, domineering thing is not worth the name." He was talking to himself now.

"I must go," said the child, drawing a long breath. "Mrs. Stogers wouldn't let me be bothering you."

"Oh, you haven't bothered, you have flattered me. I find I can move an audience to tears."

"Do you play—for—for—money, sir?" she asked diffidently.

"I am glad to say I do. To-morrow night I take my position, second violin in an orchestra. It has been no money and semi-starvation; now it will be second fiddle and the affluence of Mrs. Stogers's attic. But there's the future."

"Will you play some other time?" she asked wistfully.

"I will."

"Thank you, an' good night, sir," said Cinders, closing the door.

When he was alone the man stood thinking. "I feel better," he said, half aloud, "much better; not so light-headed and shaky. Knocking around so long alone took the courage out of me. It's a good thing to talk to somebody when one's down on one's luck, if it's only to a child."

As for Cinders, the melody she had heard sung itself to her till it put her to sleep. Every evening before Dan Thorald went to the theatre, he played on the small brown instrument, and Cinders and the cat listened. When he returned late, the child lying awake on her little bed close under the roof,

would sometimes hear the music that charmed her again. Through the days, after rehearsals, Thorald stayed in his room writing, as though life depended upon it. If Cinders had a spare moment she would look in at him quickly, to make sure he was there. When the man chanced to see her, he called her in, but she invariably refused the invitation, though the black cat, who was her shadow, always accepted with alacrity. Thorald was strangely attracted by the odd child, and would talk to her on such occasions in his half-earnest, half-whimsical fashion.

"I forgot to dust when you were out, sir," Cinders remarked one day, standing at the door.

"Don't trouble," he replied, smiling. "Somebody, very æsthetic, once said, 'Remove not dust, it is the bloom of the ages.'"

The child looked puzzled. "It couldn't have been Mrs. Stogers," she replied; then, her tone changing, "Oh, you do write a lot; isn't it pretty cold to be writing in there so long?"

"You forget the stovepipe," he answered.

"The stovepipe!" she said, scornfully. "Ye don't think that gets ye warm?"

"Assuredly; else what's its mission?"

"There ain't any fire in the stove it's catched on to. I asked Mrs. Stogers to have a fire into it, but she won't."

"Thanks, but don't bother," he replied.

"I s'pose you think I've troubles o' my own," she said, quaintly. "Well, I forget 'em when I hear your music, Mr. Thorald, and if I'm angry, the wickedness jest goes right out o' my mind. Truly it does."

"There was a king once, named Saul," said Thorald, "and one played to him upon the harp; but I don't suppose you know the story."

"No," she answered wistfully, shaking her head.

"I'll tell it to you some time, not now. I must work. When this opera

is finished my troubles will be ended, Cinders."

"What's a opera?" she questioned.

"Music, said Thorald,—“music and more music, set to words. This is going to New York—to make my fortune—or—”

"Or what?"

He shrugged his shoulders.

"It is going—for all the world to hear, that's all."

"I'm glad," she answered, radiantly. "All the people will clap their hands and call fer you, like Hannah says they do at the theatre."

"They may," he answered.

"Oh! they will," said the child, wisely. "An' I am glad—for you—but," passionately, "when you get rich—I won't never hear you play again."

"Yes, you will, I won't forget you, Cinders, if that time comes."

"Won't you?" she cried. "Oh! won't you, Mr. Thorald?"

"Not I; you're such an uncommon, odd little piece. I couldn't if I tried."

"Maybe you'll go back to your aunt," she suggested.

"Certainly I will—when I get rich. It's only when a fellow's poor he don't go back, you see."

"Yes, I see," she said, nodding. "Come on, 'Phisto, we must go."

Thorald heard her slipping down the hall in shoes that had probably served Mrs. Stogers faithfully. On the stairs one fell off and bumped to the bottom.

The man smiled, then grew grave. "By and by," he said, "I'll look after that child a bit."

He finished his work and sent it away, then tried to put in the time practising, but the weather was frosty, and his fingers could not handle the bow.

Cinders fretted at the thought of him in the cold room, where he sat reading, his overcoat buttoned to his throat.

December came in with heavy snow and a biting wind from the north.

Then the child grew desperate.

"Please, Mrs. Stogers, won't you give Mr. Thorald the little room where the stove is?" she said timidly.

"Won't I what?" cried the landlady.

"Won't you let him have the empty room an' a fire in the stove?"

"Well, I never! That I won't! He don't pay enough for what he does get. I've no use fer proud ones like him—poor as poverty, an' holdin' their heads above them that has seen better days."

"It's awfully cold," said Cinders; "awfully, awfully cold, Mrs. Stogers."

"One 'd think this was the North Pole, 'stead of Vermont, to hear you. Goodness me! it's only seasonable and pleasant. You complain of yer own room, child."

"No," cried Cinders, her eyes flashing. "Oh, no, I'm used to it, but he isn't. He's a gentleman."

"Or thinks so!" retorted the woman, "a-carryin' round a dress suit in that swell leather case o' his. A dress suit, my gracious! I don't care whether he goes or stays. I'm tired to death of the noise he makes on his fiddle."

Cinder's red mouth set itself firmly. There was no use in talking to Mrs. Stogers, she thought. A person who called music a "noise"—no—no use.

When the landlady was busy elsewhere, she fled to the wood shed, gathered her skirts full of wood and toiled up the back stairs noiselessly. She fastened the door of the empty room, and started to light the fire.

A few minutes later Thorald, on his way to the attic, heard sharp screams as of a child in terror. He thought of some little children who lived in the house, and often played about the halls, and sprang up the stairs towards the sound. As he reached the landing Cinders rushed towards him, her short tindery dress ablaze. To catch her and rub the flames out with his hands, against his coat—any way—was the work of a moment, and soon she lay in his arms,

a rumpled, frightened little heap, but safe.

"You've burnt your hands," she sobbed. "Oh! I know you have, I know you have."

"Are you hurt much?" Thorald asked, his voice rather shaky. "I think you must be hurt, Cinders."

"No," she said, "I don't b'lieve I am. My clothes are all woollen but that dress. I jest got caught on top like, like Hannah's pies does sometimes," with a queer little laugh. "I guess I'll be kind of brown like them, but"—pushing back her curls—"but you've burnt your hands, Mr. Thorald."

"Yes, rather, not very badly. I'll send Mrs. Stogers up and then see to them. Cinders," he said, "it's a good name for you after all. You tried to make it fit this time."

"I was lighting the fire in the room under yours," she said in a half whisper. "Jest wait till Mrs. Stogers knows, that's all."

A heavy step sounded on the stairs, and the landlady's voice greeted them.

"Who's been settin' the house afire an' yellin' so?" she cried, coming into view, but stopped short, her eyes falling on the still trembling child and her unsmiling lodger.

"It wasn't the house," Cinders explained rather faintly; "it was me. I lit the fire, and caught my dress. Mr. Thorald put me out, the flames you know, and he burned his hands."

There was never a heathen who raged as Mrs. Stogers did then. No thought of sympathy entered her mind, and as nothing could stop the avalanche of words, Thorald went out. When he returned his hands were bound up, and his spirit was rebellious, for he knew it would be two weeks before he could touch his violin. Yet he was not without hope, so long as his manuscript did not fail him.

If the opera was received, he would go home for Christmas victorious, and show the woman who thought she ruled his destiny that he was able to

do his own work in the world, in his own way. Yes, if he succeeded he would go home, but—

Oh! these awful "buts" that turn us off at right angles from our heart's desires. What Thorald did not count upon was illness—that thief in the night.

One morning, two weeks before Christmas, he did not come down to breakfast, and Mrs. Stogers mounted the steep stairs to ascertain the reason. No answer was given to her knocking, so, the door being unlocked, she went in. Her lodger was tossing his head to and fro on the pillow. He called Mrs. Stogers "Aunt Emily," and she said afterwards the way his eyes stared gave her chills, so she sent him to the hospital.

Cinders watched the ambulance take him away, then she rushed to her room and flung herself down on the floor. She did not cry, for it had got past crying with Cinders. "If I knew where that old aunt lived, I'd find her," she said, sitting up and gazing with melancholy eyes at Mephistopheles. The cat rubbed a ribby side against her dress for answer.

"There might be a letter or something in the leather case," she went on thoughtfully. "I don't like lookin', but I guess I must."

She stole into the deserted room softly; the emptiness, the stillness, was unbearable, and in a fever of hope and fear she searched quickly. In a pocket of the dress suit, despised of Mrs. Stogers, was a letter directed to "Miss Emily Thorald." Then followed the name of a town Cinders had heard mentioned often, for it was not far away. She smiled as she spelled it slowly over.

"I'll write," she said, rejoicing in the accomplishment, which had been acquired with infinite pains in the odd moments Mrs. Stogers had given for conscience' sake to what was called her "education."

"Yes," she said again, "I'll write, an' get the money from my bank for the paper and stamps."

This bank was a tin building kept by Mrs. Stogers in her own room. Any coin of the realm that Cinders chanced to receive she was condemned to deposit therein. Now, she abstracted this building from the site it had so long occupied, and shook out enough coppers to make her purchases, then wrote as follows:

MISS EMILY THORALD:

Your nefu is took ill with a fitt of sickness. If you dont come to him he will dye. There aint nobody cares if he does or not, but me. He is at the Hospittle, and is out of his head. Hana says the Hospittle is orful.

With Resspec,
LUCINDA ELLEN.

This Cinders posted, then waited. More than a week went by. She escaped once and went to the hospital. The porter told her Thorald was very ill, that no one had come to see him. The child made up her mind on the way home that she would go for Thorald's aunt herself. There was a desperate pain at her heart that made inaction impossible:

About dusk she slipped out of the house, dressed in what Mrs. Stogers called her best clothes. The tin bank was clasped to her breast. The cat followed, scenting adventure in the air. The city looked gay and bright at this dusky hour. The great buildings were trimmed with the snow's ermine and the frost's lace, as in honor of the approaching feast-day. Lights winked at the lonely little girl from friendly-looking houses. There was cedar before the shops, and bunches of glistening holly behind the windows.

She passed butcher shops, where rows and rows of turkeys, all butchered to make a Christmas holiday, hung stiff in death, and where pigs of cheerful countenance, adorned with paper roses, and holding lemons in their mouths, appeared to rejoice in their fate. On and on sped her light footsteps, for she knew the way. Her starry eyes saw the beautiful city, and it seemed as a city in a dream. Silver

sleigh bells rang on the frosty air, but she did not know she heard them.

The man in the ticket office at the station stared as she asked for her ticket and handed him the tin bank.

"Break it open," said Cinders, "an' take out the money, please. I think there's enough. I tried to get it open, but I couldn't."

So far her faith in humanity had not been corroded. The official wrenched the box open, took the needed amount and handed back the rest with the ticket. He looked amused, but kindly. People were all kind, she thought—the brakeman who helped her aboard the train, the conductor, all of them.

Perhaps it was because the Christmas spirit was abroad in the land, or else that the serious little face, framed in its bronze brown hair, the eager, appealing eyes, and tremulous red mouth were hard to resist.

The train sped on through the white country and Cinders waited, the cat, who had escaped all pursuit, purring calmly beside her.

At the right station she got out, carrying Mephistopheles, and stood alone on the empty platform. An ancient cab was awaiting possible passengers. Cinders went to the driver and asked him if he could take her to Miss Thorald's house.

"I want to get there very quickly," she said, "and here's the money," handing him the balance on hand.

"All right, lady," he answered; "get right in; ye'll be there in a jiffy."

If it had been daylight he wouldn't have called me that, thought the child.

As to how she should return home she did not trouble. No thought of Mrs. Stogers disturbed her. No fear, though the hour was late and the place strange. One idea alone held her mind.

After a little while the cab drew up before such a house as Cinders had seen in pictures. She stepped out and, going up the steps, pulled the great brass bell-knob. A man an-

swered the door, a stiff, wooden-looking man.

"I want Miss Thorald," Cinders said eagerly, "an' I want her at once, if you please."

The butler led her in and went for his mistress. The child waited in the great hall calmly, as one who had come on a mission.

A woman came towards her presently—a stately woman, very beautiful, who did not look either old or young, but something of both. Cinders sprang to her with outstretched hands.

"Why didn't you come?" she cried, reproachfully. "I told you how ill he was. Are you so angry you will let him die all alone?"

The woman grew white and caught her breath strangely; with one hand she unfastened the lace at her throat.

"I don't understand. Who are you, child. What have you come for?"

"The letter," Cinders said incoherently,—*"the letter, you know. I waited for you to come."*

"I know nothing of any letter!" answered the other. "Sit down and tell me what you mean."

Little by little Cinders told her story—of the man in his attic room; of the music she loved, and the opera that had been sent away; of the cold, cold days, and the unfortunate fire she had started. It was a childish tale, much mixed in the telling, but the listener understood at last.

"If they took his opera in New York he was coming home for Christmas. When people are successful they come home. When they ain't, why they don't," Cinders ended gravely.

"My proud boy," said the woman, her lips quivering; "my proud boy!"

Then she kissed Cinders softly, passionately. "That might have made me harder still," she said. "I had other desires for him—but now—oh! you good little thing—you poor little thing, you shall take me to him at once, at once."

"It was very queer to be kissed," Cinders thought, as she fell asleep

that night in a little white bed in one of the big beautiful rooms. "Very, very queer, indeed."

It had not been possible to reach the city till next morning. At noon Miss Thorald entered the white hospital ward and found the one she sought. But it was not that day that he knew her, nor the next. She listened to him talking—of the hours spent in the cold, lonely room—of his work—of Cinders—the only one who had seemed to care.

"You are a little witch," he repeated often; "you see into the future with those solemn eyes. Yes. And the black cat. He knows too. I charm you both, though—with the music. There was a king named Saul and one played to him upon the harp. But you don't know that story. Some day I will charm the whole world, so—"

The woman prayed as she listened.

As for Cinders, Miss Thorald kept the child with her. Never, never was she to go back to Mrs. Stogers. For there are ways of settling things when one has a friend rich and determined; and Cinders had found such a friend.

It was Christmas day that they went together into the ward where Dan Thorald lay. He would know them, the nurse said. They might stay for a little while.

"Why, it's Cinders and Aunt Emily," he cried weakly, as they came near.

Cinders dropped down by the bed and hid her face against it.

Presently she looked up with tear-filled eyes.

"I guess you don't know it's Christmas," she said.

"Christmas! No, but I might have, I've got such a lot of presents—Aunt Emily, and you, little one, and this victorious letter from New York. Mrs. Stogers brought it. At first the nurse wouldn't read it, for fear excitement would kill me. I told her I'd die if she didn't. That ended it," he said, pausing between the words, but smiling happily.

"Oh! I'm glad—so glad," cried Cinders, clasping her hands.

"I knew I could count on you; but, Aunt Emily, you won't mind if I go my own way—now? It will be a successful one."

"Go your own way, dear heart," she answered softly. "I will follow. It is what women always do—in the end. I mind nothing—for I have you again—my Christmas gift—from God."

"And you, Lucinda Ellen," Thorald said, after a few moments, and with a low, shaky laugh, "don't you want a Christmas box too?"

"I jest want to stay here," she answered, eagerly.

"You shall stay—not here exactly, but with Dan and me, for always," said Miss Thorald.

"So I may be sure of an admirer and applause," put in Thorald, who would talk. "You're a luxury I'm to be treated to. We're lucky to have been the first to discover you, Lucinda Ellen, for you're a sort of curio, an original, and Aunt Emily, being a collector, realizes that probably there's only one of the kind on the market, don't you know."

CHARLES DUDLEY WARNER.

By Newton Marshall Hall.

THEY say that he is dead;
But when the leaves burn red,
To celebrate the triumph of the year,
I know his gentle spirit will be here.

I know that when the breeze
Blows softly in the trees,
When fields are green beneath the April rains,
I still shall meet him in the budding lanes.

When summer's highest tide
Floods all the country side,
My quiet garden paths he will explore,
And I shall see him through the open door.

Before the backlog's glow—
The world is white with snow—
Once more the old familiar group will sit,
And taste the piquant flavor of his wit.





THE SOLDIER THAT NEVER RETURNED

By Charles Francis Saunders.

HOME from the war, with tattered banners flying in the breeze and uniforms soiled by the stains of battle, the regiment marched jauntily through the city streets, to the strains of triumphal music and the vociferous plaudits of the crowds. From burnished rifles and drawn swords the sunlight flashed; there was flourish of bugle and rat-a-tat-tat of drum as to hoarsely shouted commands the columns wheeled rank by rank from one street into another. What is more glorious than war—what more sweet than the coming back of the conquering hero to his people?

In a small room on the fourth floor of a house so far away that no faintest echo of the clamorous welcome reached it, a woman sat sewing busily, her young face marked with lines of care, but beautiful still. On its back, on the floor, a baby lay, blinking lazily at the ceiling and counting its toes. Now and again the woman would put her work down and, going to the window, look up and down the street as though expectant of one who did not come. Once a couple of soldiers appeared in the street, and she threw

the window up and, leaning far out, watched eagerly until they passed the house without ever turning an eye towards it, when she lost interest in them and returned in evident disappointment to her work.

So, until the gathering shadows made an end of work; then she sat gazing dully out into the ruddy west, where the embers of the dying day still glowed under a bank of ashen clouds. But she saw no sky, no west; what she did see was, through the veil of the year that was gone, a man—he was then the man of all men to her—standing again before her in the uniform of his country's army, a sergeant's chevrons on his sleeve. How bravely she had given him up to fight in the cause of oppressed humanity; what prayers she had poured forth that he might return to her unharmed out of war's vortex; what faith had burned within her that, if he did return, he would come bringing his sheaves of fame! Again she remembered the joy that came to her with the first letters from camp, and then from the front, with news of his safety and high spirits; and again she felt the awful weight that pressed upon

her heart to suffocation when the letters began to grow briefer by and by, and fewer and farther between,—when, at last, one brought no money, because he said he had to meet some little debts he owed the boys, debts of honor that could not be postponed. He felt sure that, with her economical ways, she would not miss the money—that once. Of course she would not miss the money; she could earn by her needle enough to keep herself and the baby, if she gave up one of their two rooms,—and, to be sure, one room was all they really needed. Then the aching suspense of the long silences! More than “that once” the money did not come; and it was needle of lead and thread of tow that worked to keep the wolf from the door. Again she saw herself, when for weeks no letter would arrive, anxiously scanning the newspaper lists of killed and wounded and sick, half fearful, half hopeful, of seeing the one name she knew; but it was never there. Her head was almost bursting now. O, why had he not come?

There was a shuffling of feet on the stairs, and the sound of voices.

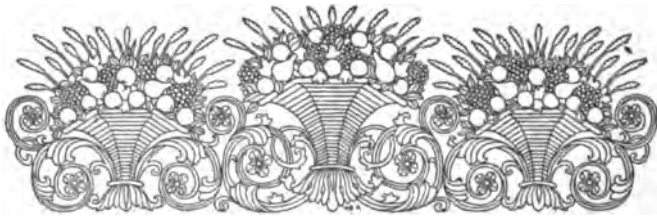
“Brace up, Jim, you’re home now; let go, can’t you?”

The woman sprang trembling to her feet and quickly struck a light. Something fell heavily against the door; there was an indistinct curse; then the door yielded to a fumbling at the knob from without, and a soldier with a sergeant’s chevrons on his dirty sleeve staggered into the room, only to fall on the lounge in a drunken stupor.

The woman stood motionless in the middle of the floor, her face white as marble. For a moment—it seemed an eternity—her eyes were fixed upon the features she knew so well; but where was the *man* she had loved?

She stooped and tenderly raised the child from the floor—it was asleep—and, folding it in her arms, leaned wearily against the wall. From the poor, blanched lips a quivering prayer arose:

“God of the widow and fatherless, forsake us not!”

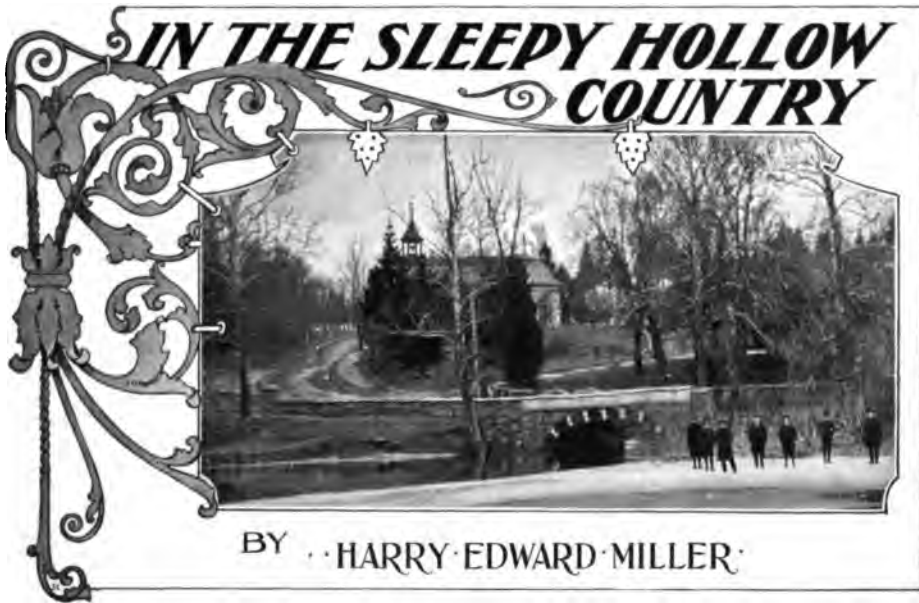


THE WORLD'S IN THE HEART.

By Lawrence Gilman.

WHAT do you say: “’Tis autumn,
And the trees have been bare for long?”
Nay, it is radiant summer;
My heart sings a lover’s song.

What do you say: “’Tis spring-time,
And the orchard’s in bloom on the hill?”
Nay, it is cheerless winter;
My songs of love are still.



FEW regions have been more kindly disposed toward preserving its own traditions than the Sleepy Hollow country. When, in 1609, Master Hendrick Hudson discovered the river now bearing his name, and sailed up between the rugged mountains towering over the water, his crew felt that at last they had entered the land belonging to the lord of dreams. Soon after Hudson had made known to the people of Holland that a marvellous stream coursed from the north woods to empty into Manhattan Bay, the hardy Dutchmen began to investigate its mysteries, and then to settle along its shores. By these pioneers no legend, however unimportant, was permitted to be forgotten; and it is to them we are indebted for the many traditions with which this locality has become invested.

It is that section of the Hudson's eastern shore, where are situated the widely famed Sleepy Hollow, Tarrytown and Irvington, which now concerns us. Irvington and Tarrytown,

in Westchester County, are respectively twenty-two and twenty-five miles from the Grand Central Station in New York. The brook fifty yards south of Sunnyside marks the division between the two villages. By travelling northward, we soon reach the André monument on Broadway, and likewise the André Brook, separating Tarrytown and North Tarrytown. To the stranger, the two Tarrytowns appear as one village, and doubtless they will eventually become such, since a great proportion of their residents are in favor of uniting forces. North Tarrytown is often called Mount Pleasant; but the first name, it seems, is the more exact.

Sleepy Hollow and its cemetery are reached soon after we have left the André monument, these being within the jurisdiction of the upper Tarrytown, and surrounded by the numerous homes which have been erected since Ichabod Crane dwelt here as a learned pedagogue.

The origin of the name of Tarry-



TARRYTOWN AND THE HUDSON.

town has been the subject of many inquiries. Some antiquarians have suggested that, as the Dutch word "tawre" means wheat, the village derived its name signifying "wheat town," from the fact that this cereal was once plentifully grown hereabouts. Other authorities scout this idea, holding that wheat has never been extensively raised in the section, and that, furthermore, the word Tarrytown arose at a much later period than the Dutch settlement. David Williams, one of Major André's captors, was born in the village. He writes that at the time of his birth, 1754, the place was still called Philipse's Manor, in honor of its situation in that manorial estate. Granting this to be true, the village may have been named subsequently in honor of John Tarry, who travelled from Long Island, became a resident here, and was soon thoroughly interested in all the affairs of the locality. Even as late as the Revolution, the village was sometimes spelled as Tary Town, and again as Terrytown. Irving's humorous version has reference to the narrative of the Dutch housewives, who knew this as Tarrytown since it was a foible of their masters to loiter here on market days. For such occasions, the Dutchmen assembled at the village taverns to celebrate the departure of the trading sloops, which were to voyage down the river to New York; and not then being satisfied, the worthy housekeepers inform us the lords of the dominion still remained at the taverns, that they might be prepared to honor with appropriate beverages the return of the trading vessels.

As early as 1641 the Wequaesqueek Indians are mentioned as occupying the land around Tarrytown. Even down to 1659 there was an Indian settlement in this particular locality, which the aborigines styled Alipconck—the place of elms. The village of the Indians, we are informed, was on an elevation in the southern part of Tarrytown, while doubtless there

were other wigwams somewhat to the north of this hill, and more near the junction of the Pocantico River with the Hudson. Upon the eminence where the Indians had previously dwelt, a redoubt was to be seen during the Revolution; and it was from this fortification that the British sloop-of-war *Vulture* was bombarded, when she had become grounded in the river on a ballast reef nearly opposite the earthworks. The *Vulture* was awaiting the return of Major André from West Point.

Undoubtedly, the earliest settlers built their unpretentious homes along Water Street in Tarrytown. This highway, containing some of the oldest houses in the vicinity, is very near the Hudson and but slightly elevated above it. We must not forget the families which early turned away from the river and straggled inland to a more eastern part of Westchester County, which the pioneers of Sleepy Hollow graciously termed "the country over back." There are not a few families yet inhabiting Tarrytown and Irvington who trace their ancestry back to those hardy Dutchmen.

About the year 1680 Frederick Philipse, whom the Dutch styled Vreedoyck Felypsen, or Sir Vredryk Flypse, a resident of East Friesland, in Holland, purchased from the little Indian tribe already named territory upon which he might build a residence overlooking the Hudson. By some writers the date of the first transfer of land is given as nearer to 1665 than to 1680. However it may be, Philipse received a royal grant from the king of England in 1680, allowing him to make extensive purchases of the Indians' domains. Whether or not he had erected his home on a strip of land acquired previously to the royal

permission is a subject over which some have disputed.

The Dutch may have been here a quarter of a century or more prior to 1680, because a tablet over the main doorway of Sunnyside states that the house was built in 1650, just thirty years after the *Mayflower* dropped anchor in Plymouth Bay. The year 1623, we are told, is the first date at which the Hollanders can possibly be credited with selecting places of residence on the Hudson north of New York. If this is true, the arrival of the Pilgrims anticipated the Dutch settlers along this beautiful stream by a brief three years.

The Philipse manor house of Sleepy Hollow, which stands near the mouth of the Pocantico River, or the Sleepy



RAILWAY STATION.

Hollow Brook, if you please, was no sooner finished than the construction of a mill, with a mill pond, was begun close to the mansion. My lord's castle and mill were most stanchly built of oak, and as a consequence are standing to-day, while the two hundred and fifteen years or more of their existence have wrought a thousand changes about the Sleepy Hollow country.

The patent belonging to Frederick Philipse covered the territory from "Spyten Devil's kill, running north along the river [Hudson], until the kill of Kitchawong [Croton River], and Ect." All these possessions were denominated by the general title of Philipseburgh; but more particularly was the hamlet so called which was springing up around the stronghold

of the first lord of the manor. In fact, the completion of the Philipse house started the building of many other domiciles, which now were appearing more rapidly than at any time preceding 1680. The Philipse family continued in possession of their manor until the Revolution, when, because they were partisans of the crown, the estate was forfeited to the government of the thirteen colonies.

One of the first objects which the residents of Tarrytown and Irvington take a visitor to see is the famous little

are placed at some height from the ground; and this, if the narrative is authentic, was intended to prevent any stray arrows from Indian marauders doing injury to the congregation, for when the Dutchmen were seated, the missiles would pass above their heads. The door of the church now faces the west, thus fronting towards the Hudson; but previous to 1837, it opened more to the southeast. The undersized and odd church bell, which is still suspended in the turret of the church, was cast in old Amsterdam in



OLD PHILIPSE MANOR HOUSE AND MILL, SLEEPY HOLLOW.

Dutch church of Sleepy Hollow, with which Irving's legend made his readers familiar more than three-quarters of a century ago. The small edifice is constructed of gneiss and granite from Westchester County, while its well seasoned beams of oak offer a stubborn resistance to the encroachments of time. We must also remember that some bricks were used about this building, and that they were brought from Holland, because the pioneer Dutchmen were not equipped for producing bricks. The windows

1685, and then presented to the society by Frederick Philipse. An inscription on the bell gives this passage: "Amsterdam, 1685, *Si Deus pro nobis quis contra nos*" (If God be for us, who can be against us?) As the pioneers from Holland were surrounded by the treacherous "heathen Indians," this text was considered a most appropriate selection.

The particular year when the church was built is yet a problem, although without much doubt it was some time between 1683 and 1690.



OLD DUTCH CHURCH, SLEEPY HOLLOW.

Near the door is a tablet inscribed: "Erected and Built by Frederick Philips and Catherine Van Cortlandt, his wife, in 1699." We are told that this tablet was not placed in its position until the time when the church was being repaired in 1837, and that the date 1699 is certainly erroneous. In the will of Catherine Van Cortlandt we mark that she bequeathed her beaker and tablecloth "in trust to and for the congregation of the Dutch church, erected at Philipsburgh, by my late husband, Fred'k Philipse, dec'd, according to the discipline of the Synod of Dort." From this will, dated January 7, 1730, it appears that my lord of the manor alone was responsible for the existence of the church, or else Catherine wished him to have sole credit for its erection.

In 1697 Jan

Ecker became the first accepted deacon for the society, and in the same year the first regular minister was employed. He was the Rev. William Bartholff of Hackensack, New Jersey, who in the church annals is described as "the learned and Godly Dominus Guillaume." This pastor came from Hackensack three or four times annually to preach at Sleepy Hollow, continuing there as the parson until 1715. Since 1870 the Rev. John Knox Allen of the First Re-



INTERIOR OF THE OLD DUTCH CHURCH.

formed Church in Tarrytown, has preached in this smaller edifice on Sunday afternoons usually from August to November; and sometimes other ministers are invited to occupy the quaint and elevated pulpit, which faces the body of the church once occupied by the sturdy Dutch settlers. This little Dutch church is the property of the First Reformed Society, which, on account of its growth, was obliged to

recognition of the year 1697, when the Dutch Association called its first minister, and in honor of the two centuries and over which have looked upon the building. On Sunday morning the Rev. Mr. Allen began the services in the First Reformed Church by preaching a sermon appropriate to the occasion. In the afternoon the observance was continued in the Sleepy Hollow structure. In this building an olden time ceremony was held, with



THE SLEEPY HOLLOW BROOK.

erect a more commodious place of worship. Likewise, the Second Reformed Church of Tarrytown was organized in 1837 by members who had removed from the parent association. These two Reformed churches had charge of the recent bicentennial of the Sleepy Hollow church, which was observed on Sunday and Monday, October 10 and 11, 1897. The event received much attention throughout the country; and as a result many strangers were drawn to this region to participate in the commemorations. The two hundredth anniversary was in

the selected choir accompanied by a violoncello. The church will barely accommodate two hundred, but it was crowded to its fullest capacity, while some who could not gain an entrance occupied the windows and others wandered about the old cemetery, endeavoring to decipher the verses on the lichen-covered headstones. In the evening an address by Hamilton W. Mabie attracted a crowd to the First Reformed Church. All day Monday the Sleepy Hollow church was open to the public. The church had been somewhat repaired for the celebra-



SUNNYSIDE.

tion; while the architect, in making the changes, had been careful to follow the original lines of the building. The celebration closed on Monday evening, when a large assembly gathered in Music Hall, Tarrytown. A chosen choir rendered the national anthem of Holland. Mr. Edgar M. Bacon read an original poem, and the principal address was delivered by Colonel Theodore Roosevelt, himself a member of the Dutch Reformed Church.

Whoever strolls through the Sleepy Hollow of to-day must observe that the region has seen countless transformations since the age represented in Irving's legend. The milldam built by Frederick Philipse, along whose banks Ichabod Crane wandered between church services piloting groups of the Dutch maidens, is no longer kept filled with water, and we can only view the ground which it formerly covered. Over the dry bed of the milldam courses the rapid Sleepy Hollow Brook, or Pocantico River. It comes tumbling down through the steep hills forming a glen at the north, rushes by the church and then under the bridge of the main

road, when it is soon buried in the Hudson near the white tower of the Kingsland Point lighthouse. We pause on the bridge while viewing the stream, and note that close to the edges of the more hurried current are a score of quiet, mirror-like pools, in which we see the sky reflected. Although this modern structure is one of brick and stone, we can imagine



WASHINGTON IRVING.



THE BROOK AT SUNNYSIDE.

that it is the wooden crossing which has been replaced by the present bridge, and over which, riding down the highway from the east, the Headless Horseman galloped after Ichabod Crane on his return from the quilting bee at Mynheer Van Tassel's.

"Pocantico still rolls his stream
Beneath the bridge of Irving's dream,

As when he heard the tramp and scream
Of Ichabod, that fearful night,
When Brom Bones gave him such a
fright."

The schoolhouse where Ichabod Crane taught has long ceased to exist, if indeed it ever had an actual existence in this neighborhood. The edifice believed by many to have been his



JAMES KIRKE PAULDING.

little empire was situated on the Sleepy Hollow road, just north of the western entrance to the grounds belonging to the family of the late Stephen D. Law. The present old schoolhouse of Sleepy Hollow was not built, it is represented, until 1835.

While we linger on the bridge that crosses the rapid Pocantico, the constant passing of bicyclists, and the passing, perchance, of a stray automobile, all of them journeying over the Albany post road between Tarrytown and Sing Sing, inform us that modes of travelling have been discovered which were not dreamed about when Ichabod bestrode the perverse saddle horse, known to Hans Van Ripper, its owner, as Gunpowder. If we are to completely understand how the world has progressed since this valley was frequented by the schoolmaster, let us have a glimpse of the famous Empire State Express, which dashes by Sleepy Hollow each morning.

The Sleepy Hollow cemetery begins at the church, which is surrounded by the oldest stones, while on the hill sloping to the north is continued the newer part. Certainly, few cemeteries of any country have a more attractive location. On the eastern side of this necropolis the land falls precipitately to the channel of the Pocantico, and then abruptly rises to Tarrytown Heights, at a considerable altitude above. The western section of the ceme-

tery forms a gradual slope to the shore of the Hudson, visions of whose broad stream may be caught through the trees.

This burial place, particularly its more modern section, was first styled the Tarrytown Cemetery; but at the suggestion of Irving, one of its promoters, the name was changed to the Sleepy Hollow Rural Cemetery. Numbered with those interred here is Christopher Collins, the first man who planned the Erie Canal. For some years he was counted as a resident of Tarrytown. Close to the little Dutch church we see two headstones, one of which is at the grave of General Adam Badeau; the other marks the grave of Henry B. Dawson, the historian. Another monument which attracts us is that standing near the western gateway of the cemetery. It was erected in remembrance of those volunteers of the civil war who were sent out from this vicinity; about thirty of whom are now sleeping in the plot, in whose centre stands their memorial. Elsewhere is a substantial cenotaph of the rugged Quincy granite, placed here to honor the soldiers who fought in the Revolution. It is located in that part of the cemetery known as Battle Hill, because in 1779 the Continental troops formed a redoubt at this point and posted a battery to command the Albany post road below. A section



THE JACOB MOTT HOUSE.



THE IRVING LOT IN SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY.

of these Revolutionary earthworks has been allowed to remain undisturbed. Not a hundred feet to the north is the monument and family plot of the Delavans. Here is buried General Daniel Delavan, who was a staunch friend of both Washington and Lafayette. General Delavan, together with ten of his brothers, served in the Provincial army. It is extremely doubtful whether any other family supplied eleven soldiers for the Revolution: moreover, there seems to be no such record for the civil war.

Nearly underneath Battle Hill, on the ground descending towards the little Dutch church, we distinguish a plot surrounded by a thickly grown box hedge, and now crowded with plain white marble headstones. Approaching nearer, we count thirty-nine graves. Here the Irving family slumbers; and in the centre is the stone marking the grave of the beloved author. The first headstone was ruined by people who chipped it to pieces for mementos! The new stone, with its rounded corners, seems never to have been molested. It bears the simple inscription:

WASHINGTON IRVING,
BORN
APRIL 3, 1783.
DIED
NOVEMBER 28, 1859.

Yearly, lovers of the great genius come on pilgrimages to his grave; and not alone are they seen here in the summer time, but many have halted at the gateway of the plot under the gray skies of December.

Turning southward and following Broadway through Tarrytown, the old Albany post road—we arrive at Sunnyside Lane, which turns west from this most travelled thoroughfare and leads in the direction of the Hudson. We notice that bubbling along by the side of our shady avenue is the little Sunnyside Brook. At the end of the lane is a low stone residence of the Dutch style of architecture. Over the main porch of the house is inscribed:

ERECTED
ANNO 1650,
REBUILT BY
WASHINGTON IRVING,
ANNO 1835.

GEO. HARVEY,
ARCHITECT.

This is Sunnyside, which Irving purchased in 1835, together with fifteen acres surrounding it. The structure has been for years much overgrown with ivy, wisteria and Virginia creepers. The outlook from the place affords a fine panorama of the Hudson, upon which one's eyes may dwell with contentment from morning till evening. Previous to the spring of 1897, the mansion was the property and residence of two nieces of Irving, who were with the author at the time of his death. Having become en-

held in the sweetest reverence throughout the Sleepy Hollow country. Not many localities have honored a gifted man more than Irving has been honored in the region which he so beautifully described. The people have ever fondly called him "our own Washington Irving." He mingled in the neighborhood gatherings; and with all whom he conversed, his genial nature was a magnetic force, quickly drawing their hearts to him. He had a decided preference for children's parties. At one such enter-



From an old print.

THE CAPTURE OF MAJOR ANDRÉ.

feebled by age, and no longer desiring to oversee the estate, they disposed of it to the present occupant, Mr. Alexander Duer Irving, a grand-nephew of the author. He has made some repairs and changes, while still preserving the quaint architecture as remodelled under the great author's directions.

Numerous anecdotes have been related to illustrate Irving's interest about his neighbors. Not the people of high standing alone concerned him, but the poor received many a generous gift. His name has always been

tainment, a little girl named Grace Wilson, who had become fatigued by dancing, rushed up to him and exclaimed: "Oh, Washington Irving, I am tired as a dog's hind leg!" The incident was always remembered by Irving with amusement.

Until about 1888, there was standing on Water Street in Tarrytown a crumbling structure familiarly termed the James Kirke Paulding house. This was formerly the place where cultivated people met, drawn by Paulding, the writer, who was to become the secretary of the navy

under President Van Buren. With Washington Irving and his brother, William, Paulding was a collaborator on "Salmagundi," the new world "Spectator," begun by them in 1807. In 1800 Paulding removed from Tarrytown to New York; but during his residence in the village a frequent visitor was the youthful Irving. When the lad came to the Paulding house on one of his vacations, we are told that he rambled southward along the Hudson until, arriving at Sunnyside, he asserted that the place before him was just such as he desired to own—a wish which was to be satisfied in the years that followed.

While our thoughts are concerned with Irving and Paulding, we are reminded that Westchester County holds an important place as the home of distinguished authors. Among these was Poe, who lived in his little cottage at Fordham before that town was enveloped by New York. J. Rodman Drake resided on the shores of the Bronx River, and Cooper within the boundaries of Mamaroneck. At the present time Edmund C. Stedman lives at Bronxville, and Julian Hawthorne as well as John Habberton, at New Rochelle.

The Paulding house suggests to us another wooden habitation, known as the Jacob Mott place, whose situation was on the east side of Broadway,



MONUMENT MARKING THE PLACE OF MAJOR
ANDRE'S CAPTURE.

next to the Tarrytown Second Reformed Church. The old house was destroyed in 1897, that the new Washington Irving High School might be erected on its site. According to our author's statement to Jacob Mott, Sr., after whom the house was named, this domicile was the home of Katrina Van Tassel when courted by Ichabod Crane, although in the "Legend" he has represented Sunnyside as then her dwell-

ing. It is evident that Katrina lived at Sunnyside during the Revolution, and then, when an older damsel, in the Mott place. In "Wolfert's Roost" Irving relates that one Van Tassel occupied the Dutch mansion upon which the author bestowed the title of Sunnyside, and that the interior of the building was burned in the war by a company of British sailors, who left only the stone shell remaining. At a later day it was repaired and again tenanted by Van Tassel; but throughout the intervening months, we are given to understand, the owner inhabited the Mott house. During this special period, it appears that the celebrated courtship saw its beginning and lamentable failure. The Mott building has been further honored by the fact that Washington once went there in the Revolutionary days to visit a wounded soldier.

Some there are who contend that

many of the scenes of Irving's "Legend" belong farther up the Hudson and at Kinderhook, instead of Tarrytown and Sleepy Hollow. It might be well for the reader to remember this before determining the exact situation of each and every point which he finds described in the story. In fact, we must not treat the work like a historical narrative, but remember that it is the "Legend of Sleepy Hollow," in which the romancer employs the romancer's rights. Here it is that he chose to locate the scenes of his little drama, and it is this locality and no other which has derived unending fame from being represented as the abode of the credulous schoolmaster and those associated with him.

In front of the school lately erected and named as a memorial for him, it has been suggested that a life sized bronze statue of Irving might fittingly be placed. There being no such memorial either in Tarrytown or Irvington, the suggestion should not be suffered to miscarry. The plan of naming schools after distinguished men is one which should be followed throughout the country; and it is



MONUMENT TO ISAAC VAN WART.

pleasing to note that such a plan has been followed in the Sleepy Hollow



REVOLUTIONARY MONUMENT, BATTLE HILL, SLEEPY HOLLOW CEMETERY.

country by remembering its most important celebrity.

Eleven years previous to his death, Irving became a member of Christ Episcopal Church, in Tarrytown. Here he was a regular attendant, and one of the most honored members of the society. His long remembered obsequies were held in this church, of which he had been for some time a warden. He died near the end of November, 1859; and when his neighbors learned that his wonderful pen would never be taken up again, they could say with his admirers throughout the world, far beyond the Sleepy

warm, that the villagers could not but liken it to the character of their sleeping friend and neighbor. Just before reaching the grave, the procession crossed the Sleepy Hollow bridge, which was heavily draped with black, thus recognizing the pen which had given it its distinction.

On April 3, 1883, the centennial of Irving's birth was celebrated in the Second Reformed Church by the Washington Irving Association, of Tarrytown. Judge Noah Davis presided, and among those who gave addresses were Donald G. Mitchell and Charles Dudley Warner. Letters were



THE COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE AT IRVINGTON.

Hollow country, what Lord Byron said after he had read Irving's story of "The Broken Heart," "God doesn't send many such into this world!"

Upon the receipt in New York of the intelligence of his death, flags were lowered to half mast, and on the day of his funeral the church bells of that city were tolled, while the shopkeepers of Tarrytown closed their places of business.

From Christ Church, the funeral procession moved up Broadway towards the Sleepy Hollow cemetery, followed by a great concourse of his friends. It was the first day of December; yet the air was filled with genial sunshine, while a haze like that of Indian summer hovered about the landscape. The day was so bright, for all the mist, and the sunshine so

read from John G. Whittier, George William Curtis, John Jay, Governor Cleveland and others of prominence. During the centennial, Sunnyside was opened for inspection, and was thronged for a number of days by eager visitors.

With the greatest portion of Westchester County, this Tarrytown locality was included in the celebrated neutral ground. Excepting the seizure of Major André, the Sleepy Hollow country did not perform an active part in the Revolution, as did some villages adjacent to it. The contest surged almost up to its doors, the battle of White Plains, for instance, being fought only six miles to the east. Yet the inhabitants here devoted all their strength to sustain the American cause. General Howe, in



LYNDEHURST, HOME OF MISS HELEN M. GOULD.

speaking of the Hollanders along the Hudson, said in 1777, "I can do nothing with this Dutch population; I can neither buy them with money, nor conquer them with force." Governor William Tryon of New York was so incensed at what he considered the perverse patriotism of the people of Tarrytown, that he proposed the burning of their village. Luckily his commands never found execution. Happy, too, was this population, that it did not experience such a cruel raid as Tryon led through southern Connecticut, in the April of 1777.

On the 10th of October, 1776, 1,100 British soldiers, who had sailed from Peekskill during the previous night, landed at Tarrytown and encamped upon its heights. Some three weeks later, presumably following the engagement at White Plains, a division of the British army occupied ground in Irvington leased by Captain Buckout, a worthy veteran of the French and Indian war, then ninety-four

years of age. There is a tradition about Katrina Van Tassel, who lived at Sunnyside when these soldiers camped in Irvington, which concerns her much prized live stock; and she is declared to have guarded jealously her gander and flock of geese from the greedy Hessians, who threatened their

existence. With an air of mystery, she conjured the men never to interfere with her poultry, as the geese would eat the grass from the grave of the Hessian who injured them. Thus warned, these hirelings next attempted to secure a supply of pork, and hung a slave named Cæsar three times nigh unto death, because he would not reveal where his master had secreted his hogs.

In January, 1777, just after the defeat of the enemy at Princeton, Washington decided to remain at Morristown, in New Jersey, and direct a movement which might divert part of the British forces from New Jersey to the support of New York City and



ROCKWOOD HALL, RESIDENCE OF MR. WILLIAM H. ROCKEFELLER.



MISS MASON'S SCHOOL.

thus, by weakening their numbers, permit him to strike a decisive blow, perhaps resulting in the surrender of the remaining troops. He ordered General Heath to march down from Peekskill, through Tarrytown, towards the island of Manhattan. This expedition, led by General Lincoln, was begun on the 14th, the soldiers arriving at Tarrytown the same day, and continuing there until the 17th. American troops were now moving from four points in Westchester County for the purpose of threatening New York: General Lincoln from Tarrytown; General John M. Scott from White Plains; and Generals Wooster and Parsons from New Rochelle and Eastchester. As the British failed to withdraw even a company of their Jersey forces, however, the campaign accomplished nothing that Washington desired.

The 4th day of October, 1777, saw an expedition under Sir Henry Clinton sailing up the Hudson, Clinton's objects being to draw the attention of the Colonial authorities from Burgoyne's army marching from

the north, and eventually to form a junction with Burgoyne. By way of gaining control of the Hudson, Clinton proposed to destroy the American stores at Peekskill, and all of the fortifications commanding the Highlands. Five thou-

sand men from his ships were landed at Tarrytown on the day that the vessels departed from New York, and found here only Colonel Luddington with five hundred Continentals to oppose them. Under these discouraging circumstances, Luddington very wisely retreated, while the British vainly attempted to surround his men. On the day succeeding, which was Sunday, Clinton, with three thousand of his army, travelled up to Verplanck's Point, eight miles south of Peekskill. General Putnam, who was stationed at Peekskill, the gateway of the Highlands, hastily organized the most available reinforcements, and by Monday afternoon could marshal two thousand men to resist the British. As soon as Clinton had given the im-



WASHINGTON IRVING HIGH SCHOOL.

pression that he was aiming at the supplies in Peekskill, he speedily embarked at Verplanck's Point, and then began a series of manœuvres which resulted in the Americans losing Forts Clinton, Montgomery, and Independence, the southern guardians of the Highlands. Although a heavy misfortune was experienced in the destruction of these strongholds, the Colonial forces retrieved it by a greater victory won but ten days later, which forever prevented Clinton from combining with the invaders, who were directing their course towards a meeting with his soldiers. On the 17th of October one of the world's decisive engagements had ended, and the magnificent army of Burgoyne surrendered on the battlefield of Saratoga.

The allied troops of Washington and Rochambeau marched through Tarrytown in July, 1781, to threaten the British in New York. In his diary for July 2, 1781, Washington writes of this march: "I made a halt at the church [Sleepy Hollow] by Tarrytown, till dusk."

On the 15th of the same month there was an encounter off the shore of the village, which historians are pleased to style the Action at Tarrytown. While two British sloops, two tenders and one galley were sailing up the Hudson towards West Point, they saw coming towards them from the north two American sloops. These were loaded with valuable stores of powder and cannon. To prevent the enemy from seizing these supplies, the Americans ran in to Tarrytown, hoping to unload a part of the stores with expedition. Unfortunately, the sloops were grounded in the harbor. No soldiers, excepting a sergeant's guard, were then at Tarrytown; but Colonel Sheldon's mounted dragoons were rapidly hurried up from Dobb's Ferry, and began unloading the vessels. The enemy soon came abreast of the scene, opened fire, and despatched gunboats and barges to destroy the American sloops. Then be-

gan a fierce hand to hand struggle, in which the British fired our vessels, but the Americans extinguished the fire, gallantly driving off the enemy and saving the boats and the stores. Washington publicly thanked the American's for their splendid behavior in this encounter. On the western wall of the main railway station at Tarrytown is a bronze tablet, unveiled July 15, 1899, by the Sons of the Revolution, to celebrate this event of July 15, 1781.

One of the stories which has come down from the Revolution is that in reference to a corps of British refugees, who were playing cards in the tavern of Elizabeth Van Tassel, the Jacob Mott house, at Tarrytown. Near twilight, a handful of Americans under Major Hunt silently encompassed the inn. Then the Major, having armed himself with a heavy club, gave the signal, when the volunteers rushed in and captured the startled British, while Hunt shouted as he waved his cudgel: "Clubs are trumps, gentlemen!"

During the Revolution there was another tavern at Four Corners, about four miles east of Tarrytown. The proprietor was Mistress Betty Flanagan, who is so humorously characterized in Fenimore Cooper's "Spy." To the novelist we are indebted for the information that Betty originated the drink known as the cocktail. "The Affair at Young's House" was a minor battle of the war, fought at Four Corners, between 600 of the enemy and 450 Continentals. Apparently, this is the encounter described by Cooper in the pages of his great historical romance.

One of the highest points of land around Tarrytown is Prospect Hill. It was a watch-tower for the Americans throughout all the conflict with England; and from its elevation Washington observed the British war vessels on the Hudson.

But the event of supreme importance concerning the Sleepy Hollow country's usefulness to the colonies

was the interception and arrest of Major John André. It is told that André, having started from Pines Bridge, was advised to follow the road to White Plains and thence south to the British lines. Had he acted under these directions, perhaps he would have reached the English army in New York with the valuable drawings of West Point safely in his possession. But upon learning that more British sympathizers were likely to be met with on the Tarrytown road, he changed his course, and thus was soon confronted by his captors. When they concluded that no ordinary prisoner had been placed in their power, Paulding, Williams and Van Wart hurried him about a mile north-east from the scene of the capture, to the old Landrine house, which is yet to be seen on Tarrytown Heights. The structure was one of the American points of rendezvous while the Revolution continued. After a brief halt, André was hastened inland to North Castle, and then to South Salem.

Every onewho hasperused Irving's "Legend" is acquainted with the gigantic tulip tree, under which the British spy was taken. It was one hundred and eleven feet in height and at its base twenty-nine feet in circumference. The tree was struck by lightning and split asunder on July 31, 1801, the day when word was first brought to Tarrytown that Benedict Arnold had died in London.

When Martin Van Buren was president, he stopped while journeying through Tarrytown, and became interested in placing a monument near the site of the tulip tree to commemorate the seizure of Major André. On Monday, July 4, 1853, the corner stone of such a monument was laid, the services being in charge of the Monument Association, a society whose duty at the present is to see that the memorial and its surroundings shall never become neglected. Addresses were presented by Colonel James A. Hamilton, son of Alexan-

der Hamilton, and Henry J. Raymond, editor of the *New York Times*. The monument was finally dedicated on the succeeding 7th of October. It is a simple tapering monolith of native dolomite, the expense of which was assumed by the citizens of Westchester County.

The morning of September 23, 1880, was broken by the ringing of bells and firing of guns around Tarrytown. The United States vessel of war, *Minnesota*, anchored near the shore, and answered the national salute of Battery C of the 3d. U. S. Artillery, which occupied the crest of a hill immediately above the village. It was just one hundred years since Major André had yielded to the three patriots; and the monument of 1853 was to be unveiled that day, after having been remodelled. Nearly sixty thousand people were attracted to the locality by the celebrations. A parade led by General James W. Husted finally arrived at the memorial. Here ex-Governor Samuel J. Tilden officiated, and Hon. Chauncey M. Depew delivered an address.

A bronze figure of a yeoman was now seen crowning the monument, making the total height twenty-seven feet. The figure is that of John C. Paulding; the face is correctly delineated, copied from a painting of this leader of the three young men who once held the destiny of America at their command. The bronze exhibits Paulding grasping his rifle alertly, while he carefully examines the stranger riding down Broadway, by the side of which road is their place of concealment. In a moment more the three yeomen have faced the traveller, and Major John André is ordered to dismount. The side of the monument towards Broadway was also finished with a bronze bas-relief, copied from A. B. Durand's picture showing the search which has disclosed the fatal papers in the spy's boots. This bas-relief is the work of Theodore Baur. Isaac Van Wart, one of the little band, is buried in the

cemetery of Elmsford or Greenburgh, his birthplace, which is three miles southeast of Tarrytown. In 1829, a suitable monument was placed by the people of Westchester County to mark the grave of the patriot.

During the civil war the office of the provost marshal was located in Tarrytown; and during the New York draft riots of 1863 a number of companies were stationed at this place, while two men-of-war anchored in the harbor. To the war, Tarrytown and vicinity sent more than four hundred men. Among these was General Adam Badeau, a member of Grant's staff, as well as his private secretary and historian. Horatio Wood, another native of Tarrytown, became secretary to Admiral Farragut. Captain Lorimer Worden, who commanded the *Monitor* when it attacked the *Merrimack*, was born in northern Tarrytown, March 12, 1817.

There are innumerable attractions about the Sleepy Hollow country which have inclined many people to summer here, and not a few New Yorkers to live here. Not alone the literary and historical atmosphere makes it thus favored, but its healthful situation and superb scenery beget a deep love for the region. Here we find homes of beautiful architectural designs with broad and well kept grounds and streets. Directly in front of us is the Tappan Zee, the broadest expanse of the noble Hudson. To be reached by the ferry is the beautiful town of Nyack, built along the hills on the opposite shore of the stream. Looking northward we see the Hudson gleaming in the distance, overshadowed by the Highlands rising around Sing Sing and Peekskill. Across the river is an elevation of the Palisades called Point-no-Point, and southward these formidable ramparts stretch far down the river's western banks.

Tarrytown and Irvington have utilized the partly natural and partly artificial terraces ascending from the Hudson, so that the towns occupy the

side of the hills. These eminences reach an altitude, with Tarrytown Heights, of perhaps five or six hundred feet above the river level.

Each hilltop is crowned with a costly mansion; of a truth, castle is often a more appropriate word with which to describe these residences. Many of the homes already built have been modelled on the colonial style of architecture. The group of colonial houses surrounding the André monument is worthy of every visitor's notice. One of the houses which will quickly attract the visitor is the place at Irvington formerly the home of Alexander Hamilton. It was known to the statesman as Nevis, being the namesake of that island in the West Indies, where he was born.

So rapidly has the Sleepy Hollow world changed since Irving's death that one of the foremost magazines is now issued at Irvington, within a mile of Sunnyside. The large Cosmopolitan Magazine building is near the shore of the Hudson. This is the first magazine to remove from the metropolis to the country, and it has gained many benefits by taking such action. The home of its editor and proprietor, Mr. John Brisben Walker, is not far away. Irvington is also the residence of Dr. Albert Shaw, editor of the *American Review of Reviews*. Major Bright, editor of *Christian Work*, with Carl Schurz and Minna Irving, claim Tarrytown as their home. Rafael Joseffy, the Hungarian pianist, has made his residence for some years on Prospect Hill in Tarrytown. Hamilton W. Mabie, author, editor and lecturer, was at one time a resident of Tarrytown; and so was Frank Vincent, the author and traveller, and Alexander Slidell Mackenzie, the naval officer, who wrote the lives of Oliver H. Perry, Paul Jones and Stephen Decatur. Mr. Mackenzie died in Tarrytown in 1848. Robert Havell, the eminent English engraver and publisher, who spent fourteen years as head engraver for Audubon's

"Birds of America," was induced to come to this country by Audubon himself. Mr. Havell first settled in Sing Sing, and then removed to Tarrytown, where he lived until his death.

Near Irvington are the summer homes of Charles L. Tiffany, Edwin Gould and George Gould. Lyndehurst, a castle-like structure belonging to Jay Gould until his death, is now occupied by his daughter, Miss Helen M. Gould. Chief Justice Noah Davis, now at an advanced age, still resides on Tarrytown Heights. Here Stephen D. Law and George W. Parsons, widely noted New York lawyers, lived until their late decease. At no great distance from the Philipse manor house is the Kingsland home, the former dwelling of Mr. Ambrose C. Kingsland. As mayor of New York, Mr. Kingsland welcomed Louis Kosuth, the exiled Polish patriot, who came to America in 1851. Near the Kingsland house is that at one time occupied by General James Watson Webb, the journalist and American minister to Brazil. General Webb transferred the place to General John C. Fremont, who, after residing in Tarrytown for a few years, sold the house to Mr. Kingsland. Waldheim, the home of Mr. William H. Webb, one of the world's most famous ship-builders, will be pointed out to the stroller about Tarrytown. A little north of the village, on the highway to Sing Sing, is the house where from 1848 to 1852 lived Commodore Matthew C. Perry, whose expedition to Japan resulted in that country's ports being opened to the trade of the nations. While here, Commodore Perry was often an attendant at the little Dutch church. At North Tarrytown resided Brigadier General Henry Storms, who, until his death in 1874, was long associated with the military affairs of the state. In his possession was the sword worn by General Winfield Scott in the battle of Lundy's Lane. Mrs. Jane G. Phelps, widow of Anson

G. Phelps, the distinguished philanthropist, is yet living in the vicinity of the Kingsland place. North of Tarrytown are the elegant summer mansions of Mrs. Elliot F. Shepard and Mr. John D. and William H. Rockefeller.

Irvington is a new village compared with Tarrytown. It is situated on the territory once the property of the Philipse manor. There is one legend affirming that the renowned Captain Kidd, who secreted his riches somewhere between New York and Sing Sing, favored Irvington in this respect. The wealth, however, has never been unearthed. Mr. John Jay—not the John Jay of the Revolution—who had purchased property here, caused it to be surveyed for a village under the name of Dearman. In 1854 the name was changed from Dearman to Irvington, bringing from Washington Irving a grateful letter for being so remembered by his neighbors.

Of churches, Irvington has the Episcopal, called St. Barnabas; a Presbyterian, Methodist-Episcopal, and Roman Catholic church. In Tarrytown is the St. Mark's Memorial Church of Washington Irving, Christ Church, Baptist, Shiloh Baptist, First and the Second Reformed, not to forget the little Dutch church of Sleepy Hollow. There are also the St. Paul's M. E. Church, A. M. E. Zion, Asbury M. E., St. Teresa's, Beekman Avenue M. P., the Pocantico Hills' Union Church, and the Church of the Transfiguration.

Among the private schools for young women are the Castle, Miss Bulkley's Seminary and Miss Metcalf's school. The young men have St. Matthew's Military Academy and the Irving Institute, the last established in 1838 and named in honor of the author, who was always interested in its welfare.

Both Irvington and Tarrytown have free libraries and reading rooms. Part of the Tarrytown library building is occupied by the Young Men's Lyceum. There is a Fortnightly

Club of a literary nature organized some thirty years ago in Tarrytown.

September 1, 1846, saw the *Pocantico Gazette* issued, as the first newspaper of the locality. This small publication of eight pages was followed by the *Tarrytown Advertiser* in 1868. At present there is the *Irvington Gazette*, and in Tarrytown the *Argus*, *Press-Record* and *Mount Pleasant News*.

There are two important clubs near the Sleepy Hollow country. The famous Ardsley Club is close to Irvington; and between Tarrytown and White Plains is the Knollwood Golf and Country Club.

The White Plains trolley road has been extended to Tarrytown, and as another road is completed between Mamaroneck and White Plains, electric cars connect Long Island Sound with the Hudson River. The New York Central and the New York and

Putnam are the two railroads passing through the land of Sleepy Hollow. The Central Station is an attractive structure; and the fountains, lawns and plants surrounding it are noticeable. The passenger who steps from the train to this station gains at once a pleasing impression of Tarrytown. The river traffic now supports magnificent steamers; the days of the slow travelling sloop have vanished with the stagecoach and spinning-wheel.

The last thoughts of the visitor to Tarrytown are of him who has made this a classic region and caused it to be known not only throughout his own land, but in the lands most distant. Not the beautiful scenery, not the homes of wealth, have created that atmosphere of romance enveloping the neighborhood with its dreams, but that marvellous hand, which for two-score years has rested in the cemetery at Sleepy Hollow.



CORAL CACTUS AND ROSY CAKE.

By Alice Morse Earle.

PENELOPE PRINCE and Jane Cotton were garden playmates in an old New England town. They could not remember when they had not been playing in a garden together; they had apparently been born in a garden like Adam and Eve. They had played tea table under a pear tree before they could read, with tea sets of acorns and rose hips; and they had eaten hollyhock cheeses and sunflower seeds and rose leaves and sorrel until they had been forbidden ever to taste either of these most interesting but sickening foods again. They had dressed each other in caps and aprons of grape leaves and necklaces of lilac petals, and had sat for hours with laboriously extended fingers in order not to destroy their beautiful gloves of foxgloves. They had made bur baskets and given poppy shows together, and had solemnly eaten a rosy cake together.

The making and eating of rosy cakes was one of the curious folk customs of New England children. These cakes were concocted of layers of rose leaves sprinkled with powdered sugar and cinnamon, and then carefully enfolded in slips of white paper. They were then left in the garden over night, pressed between two flat stones, which were carefully covered with grass and leaves. These rosy cakes were englamoured with sentiment; for they were never concocted to be eaten greedily by their maker, but were a true love token, a symbol of affection; they were given in secrecy to another person who also ate them in secret, and the twain were by this deed linked in bonds of eternal friendship and confidence.

It was natural that these garden bred children should truly love flowers; and when they were women they

still passed many hours together planting and weeding in their garden borders, exchanging seeds and slips and bulbs.

When Penelope married Jesse Greene, who was Jane's own cousin, they felt themselves as closely related as sisters; and no happier days ever came to either than were spent in planning and planting Penelope's new garden. Jane gave of her best to beautify her friend's home. But a serpent came into this Eden. Jesse was "grasping"; and when his grandfather, and Jane's, died, there was "trouble over the property"—an old story and a universal one; in every old New England town nine-tenths of the old families have had "trouble over property." Wherever you hear country folk talking, there will be heard the tale of petty meannesses and plots and quarrels over the scant dollars of some dead man. In this case a bank book had disappeared, and Jane's father had openly accused his nephew of stealing it. And the saddest result of all this quarrelling was that Penelope and Jane never spoke to each other again, in spite of the bond and spell of the rosy cake.

It would seem at last when all concerned in the quarrel were dead save the two elderly women, that they might have been happy once more in their gardens and have consoled each other in their loneliness. For Jane never had married, and had spent her life caring till their death for her aged parents and a remote cousin, who through some inscrutable cause had settled in the house as a family tyrant; and Penelope by middle age had lost her husband and three children. But each worked on in her garden alone, and in place of the old affection there sprung up a bitter

jealousy of each other's flowers and shrubs, which sundry mischief-making neighbors liked to stir up by hints and questions, and even reports of the floral glories owned by the other. Jane's garden was at the side of her house and sheltered from outside view by a high privet hedge, one of the few hedges in town. Penelope's lay in front and at one side, and was enclosed by a low white picket fence. Jane could see the progress of this garden as she passed it on her way to church or the store, while her own never was exposed to Penelope's view. She was spitefully glad of this, save at rare moments when some glorious blossoming border or shrub made her long for Penelope to see and envy her triumph.

A bitter rivalry existed between the two women in acquiring new plants; and stern and constant were their efforts to prevent any rare seed or slip from going to each other's garden. Jane often gave seeds to neighbors only upon condition that none should ever be given in turn to Penelope; which fact being duly communicated to Penelope elicited the stinging retort that she would burn up any flower that came from Jane Cotton's garden.

It was autumn, and both gardens were desolate wrecks. An early frost had killed all the salvias, calendulas, marigolds and ageratum, just as they were in their highest beauty. Jane had saved her Japan anemones by covering them with newspapers and sheets; and both old women were completely exhausted by the sudden labors thrust upon them of potting in a single day their plants for their winter windows. Jane had to have the doctor for the "crick" in her back, which kept her at the later moments of the afternoon from work and made her lose several cherished plants. Therefore Penelope had the best winter showing; and the triumph of all her windows was a plant which she guarded and watched for a special purpose,—a cactus of quicker and

more tender growth than many of its family, albeit surrounded with fierce spines, and said to bear exquisite great pink blooms. She was rearing it for a gift to the minister at the "Silver Donation Party." He had been "settled" twenty-five years, and was much beloved, and his parishioners vied with each other in thoughts of beautiful or useful gifts.

No one knew what Jane Cotton was going to give. "She's closer'n a chestnut bur," said Mrs. Hopkins, who tried to find out. It was to Mrs. Hopkins, however, that Jane confided in triumph that she too had a coral cactus coming to her from Boston, "one just like Mrs. Greene's, only bigger." This confidence was used in bitter evidence against her at a later day.

The morning of the third Sunday in October saw the dawn of Indian summer. A sense of warmth and beauty covered the little town. It surrounded Penelope Greene, and in its glow she threw open her windows, that the plants on her window seats might share it. It was an unusual thing for her to do; you all know how rarely windows are opened in a New England country house, either in summer or winter,—and perhaps that was why, when she came downstairs, sombrely clad for meeting, she forgot about the open windows, and left her house through the Sabbath day front door with sunlight and fresh air pouring in. She remembered just at the close of the second prayer,—remembered with a startled exclamation, which she turned into an agonized cough. Strongly did she think of leaving the church and returning home at once; but her stern New England conscience was stronger still, and through the long psalms and sermon she rigidly sat, till the last notes of the doxology were silenced; then she hurried out, dreading to find a sudden cold east wind which would blight her treasures. But warmth and sunlight still covered the earth, and she found them

basking in the sunlight—all but one, the coral cactus. She had left it proudly triumphing in a front window, and she found her home bereft. The plant was not blighted, but it had vanished—flower pot and plant vanished through the open window.

It would be idle to detail the town talk which was thrown back and forth from the early morn of Monday anent the disappearance of this coral cactus. The news of its theft was carried to the neighbor on either side of the bereft one by the stout French Canadian woman who came each week to wash and iron. Before she began her work, she ran excitedly to secure Sympathy and Advice. Both appeared with shawls over their heads. Sympathy begged Mrs. Greene not to fret too much, as it might have been silver spoons instead of the cactus; while Advice reproached her for not having "come over after sunset to let us know." It would have been wicked to visit a neighbor for advice or help during the Sabbath—but after sunset was different. Since the husband was a justice of the peace, he ought to have been told. "I felt too bad," fairly sobbed poor Mrs. Greene. "It had four blossoms comin'; I could see the buds pressin' out, two on each side; and I ain't selfish in my grief either, for I was goin' to give it to Dr. and Mrs. Peabody for the Silver Donation Party."

No one could tell who first connected the fact of the disappearance of the coral cactus with the other fact, that Jane Cotton had not been present at the Sunday service on that eventful day. This was so unusual as to be unprecedented, for she was devoted to church and pastor. Soon it was told from one to another that "she says her back was so stiff she had to stay a-bed all day." Mrs. Hopkins said, "She seemed spry enough Monday morning." A kindlier soul answered, "I don't know nothin' better for a crick in the back than to stay in bed a day or two—it always cures

mine." Soon another bit of testimony was added—that Jane Cotton kept her kitchen door locked all the time, and when two visitors pounded so persistently that she opened the unwilling portal, there on top of the kitchen table by the window turned bottom side upward was the biggest washtub—"just as if it was covering up something she didn't want no one to see."

Worse was to come. Smoke was seen to issue from the chimney on the west side of the house, a chimney which ran from the parlor and spare bedroom. There was no fire in the parlor—this was easily learned; hence one must be burning in the bedroom. And part of her plants had been carried up to this bedroom, and Jane sat all the time in this room where neither she nor any of her family ever sat before. Callers could hear her descending the stairs while they listened eagerly at the door, and the living room showed she did not sit in it.

It is impossible to express the indignation and sorrow of Dr. Peabody when, at the end of three or four weeks, it was plainly said to him that every one believed that Jane Cotton had stolen Penelope Greene's coral cactus. The value of the plant mattered nothing, though Penelope acknowledged she had paid three dollars for it; but he was grieved and amazed that old neighbors and friends could believe such a thing of any fellow Christian and church member. More astounded still was he when at the deacons' meeting held after the Friday evening prayer meeting it was resolved unanimously that they investigate the matter themselves and see whether the coral cactus was concealed in Sister Cotton's spare bed-chamber. He reasoned with his deacons till the unseemly hour of 11 P. M.; he assured them she was innocent—that he knew it; but they listened pityingly. He begged them not to destroy the happiness of his silver anniversary by this contempt-

ible deed, nor the happiness of his beloved parishioner by such an accusation. He reasoned with them in succession all day Saturday, and he preached a terrible sermon to them on the Sabbath on this bitter text from Habakkuk: "O Lord, wherefore lookest thou upon them that deal treacherously, and holdest thy tongue when the wicked devoureth the man that is more righteous than he?"

And through the sermon Jane Cotton sat calmly. Oh! it was a grand sermon; and on Monday morning the committee—the oldest and youngest deacons—went to her house. "I go too," said the doctor grimly, "to prove you your stiff-necked intolerance and cruelty, and to bring God's word of comfort to your innocent victim." The deacons could scarcely have borne such words save from one so honored and beloved and at a time so near a touching church anniversary. No one of the three men ever remembered how the cruel accusation was worded to the unhappy woman; but no one of them ever forgot her stricken countenance.

"Come!" she said, with an indescribably noble gesture; and she walked firmly and silently before them to the upper room—thrusting aside even the kindly doctor and his tender words of trust and comfort.

There stood at each window, smiling in the sunlight, pots of glowing scarlet geraniums and graceful begonias, a little orange tree with glossy leaves grown from a seed sown some three-quarters of a century previous, pots of wild ferns, and a musk plant—all the old time window treasures—but no coral cactus. "Thank God!" said the parson, as they stood before the flowers.

All the bedroom furniture had been removed from the room, save six or eight chairs. On four of them were set the bars of a quilting frame, on which was spread a quilt as gorgeous in color as the flowers in the window.

It was Jane Cotton's surprise for the Silver Anniversary. She had been piecing it in her living room, and had turned the washtub over it to hide it from her visitors; and she had then retreated to the upper chamber to set her quilt and keep her secret from her prying neighbors.

The shame-faced deacons left her with the unwonted words of apology and regret which come with such halting throes from New England lips, even when New England hearts are profoundly moved; and the parson knelt in prayer—and soon he too was gone. She sat in her high backed chair staring at the fire in the Franklin grate, until it died out, and unconsciously she fell asleep from exhaustion of mind and body. She woke at midnight, stiff and chilled, and crept to her icy bed. In the morning the deacon's wife found her when she came with scant words of comfort and remorse; but she was cold no longer—she was burning with "lung fever." She grew steadily worse, in spite of lavish care and attention, and on Saturday was dying. At her request Dr. Peabody came to her bedside, with thoughts of unspeakable grief and tenderness. She begged him to close the door, and as he knelt by her side she told him in feeble voice, but in full detail, the story of her theft of the coral cactus—that she had gone with a strong basket when all were at church, and carried it home in a triumph which quickly fled as she saw the eyes of suspicion cast upon her and realized that none would credit her story of the purchase of a similar plant in Boston; until at last in fright she burnt the beautiful plant into ashes. The sorrowing parson tried again and again to make her cease her miserable story, saying she knew not what she said; but she persisted with monotonous voice, and at the close fainted before he could speak a word either of mild reproach or of comfort. The physician at once banished him from the room and

forbade any further speech with the sick woman; and at night she died.

The parson hastened home and called his wife to his study in an agony of distress and told her of the painful scene.

"And yet you were so sure she was innocent!" she said.

"Sure she was innocent!" he fairly shouted. "Why, I had a letter from that Widow Jordan last week, saying she had heard there was talk that Jane Cotton had stolen Mrs. Greene's coral cactus; so she wrote me enjoining my secrecy, saying that after she sold her shop and had packed to go West, she stole the cactus from the

window, took it out of the flower pot, and carried it away in her bandbox to give to her sister in Michigan; and I don't know where she lives, nor her sister either—and I never shall know whether she or Jane Cotton stole the cactus."

But Jane Cotton's old neighbors believe she did not; and when poor old Penelope walks feebly in her garden, trying to pull the most flaunting of its weeds, she thinks sadly of the little girl who hung dandelion curls in her companion's hair and lilac chains around her neck, and with whom she ate a rosy cake, promising thereby eternal affection and tenderness and trust.



LIBERTY.

By John Vance Cheney.

THERE was no crown upon her lifted head;
 Her mien the only sign of empery;
 All eyes drew unto her as to the tree
 Alone in a green field. The young day sped
 Glad light her way, and birds in bowers led
 Her praises, saying in their minstrelsy,
 Not Love herself was fairer than was she;
 And the pure air repeated what they said.
 So hailed her every life that could rejoice,
 And, worshipful, laid offerings at her feet;
 Earth gave her joy and, giving, won her own.
 One shape there was whose harsh, irreverent voice
 Refused to mingle with the music sweet;
 On that she looked askance,—on man alone.

EDITOR'S TABLE.

OUR plea in these pages last month was for the constructive way in politics and education, a policy of generosity in creative and upbuilding things, as the true means of saving the awful costs of penalty, repair, correction, and destruction. Our text was the word of Victor Hugo: "Whoever opens a school closes a prison." It might have been a book which had just come to us and lay upon the table. About the lesson of that book we shall say something here. It is a little book, of less than a hundred pages, which one can read in an evening; and our best service will be done if we prompt our readers to read it. The book is by Albert E. Winship, the editor of the *New England Journal of Education*, and bears the title, "Jukes—Edwards."* The two names thus brought together are the names of two families—one a family which has perhaps furnished a larger number of criminals and paupers than any other family in America; the other the illustrious Edwards family, descendants of Jonathan Edwards. Mr. Winship calls his book a study in education and heredity; and he has taken these two families, contrasted bad and good, representatives of the mischief-makers and benefactors in society, the wasters and the builders, to see what right and wrong training and environment have to do in making people constructive or destructive forces in the world.

* *

About the Jukes Mr. Winship says but little, because another has said

*Published by R. L. Myers & Co., Harrisburg, Penn.; New England Publishing Co., Boston. Price, 50 cents, cloth; 25 cents, paper.

much. In 1874 Richard L. Dugdale was employed by the New York Prison Commission to make certain investigations in the prisons of the state; and in the course of his investigations he was surprised to find six criminals in different prisons whose relatives were mostly criminals or paupers, and more surprised to find that these six criminals, under four different names, were all descended from the same family. This led him to make the thorough critical study of the Jukes, which has become famous in the literature of degeneracy and crime. The results of Mr. Dugdale's studies were embodied in the report of the New York Prison Commission for 1877, and the account was afterwards reprinted by Messrs. G. P. Putnam's Sons, under the title of "The Jukes."

Juke is not the real name of any family, but a general term covering forty-two different names borne by a large number of degenerates in whose blood flows the blood of one man. The word "Juke," we believe, means rooster, and was chosen as describing creatures whose habit was to have no home or nest, but to roost away from the places where they belonged. The founder of this large family of mischief-makers, whom Mr. Dugdale styles "Max," was born about 1720, of Dutch stock. Mr. Dugdale learned the details concerning 540 descendants of "Max" in five generations and concerning 169 who married into the family; and he traces in part others, carrying the whole number of the family investigated up to 1,200. It appears that 310 of the 1,200, more than one in four, were professional

paupers; 300 of the 1,200 died in infancy from lack of proper conditions of life; 50 women lived lives of notorious debauchery; 400 men and women were physically wrecked early by their own wickedness; there were many imbeciles and many insane; there were 7 murderers; there were 60 habitual thieves; there were 130 criminals, convicted more or less often. The 1,200 altogether cost the state for their crime and pauperism more than \$1,250,000, or more than \$1,000 each, including men, women and children. They contributed nothing to the prosperity and upbuilding of society, but constituted as a body an appalling wasteful and destructive force.

This is certainly a startling story—the more startling since, as the Jukes rarely married foreign-born men or women, it may be called a distinctively American family. It was a family marked almost universally by idleness, ignorance and vulgarity. They would not work and they would not study; and the weak ones almost all became paupers and the strong ones criminals,—criminals of the meanest kind, not in fields requiring brains or nerve, but in fields where crime is peculiarly disgraceful and contemptible. As Mr. Winship puts it: "They are not even respectable among criminals and paupers."

There is probably not nearly so much as some folks used to say and think in the notion that "blood tells." Environment undoubtedly has ten times as much to do as heredity in making men what they ought or ought not to be. But undoubtedly also there is something in blood; and the Juke blood was very different, we are sure, from the Edwards blood. When this is conceded, however, it remains true, as Mr. Winship implies, that if "Max," the father of the Jukes, had been properly trained, and if his family had been well brought up, we should have no such story as that which Mr. Dugdale has given us. "Had he remained with his home folk

in the town and been educated and thrifty like the rest of the boys, he might have given the world a very different kind of family." He was not himself at the start a very bad fellow. He was jovial and popular, liked to tell vulgar stories to make others laugh, would not go to school, took to the woods to get away from good people and from preaching, and his headquarters in the woods became a seat of shiftlessness and gradually a notorious cradle of crime. That is the story of the beginnings. If the boy could have been given a different squint, if he had been taken in hand by the right people, if the best things in him could have been appealed to and stimulated, it is not preposterous to prophesy that the 1,200 criminals and paupers would never have descended from him and that the state, instead of paying a thousand dollars apiece for having these 1,200 people in the world, would have been enriched to double that extent by their contributions to the general stock and general welfare.

* * *

The thing that chiefly impresses us in this miserable story is the utter lack of discipline which we find in the family from first to last. There was no training of any kind, industrial or intellectual. Only 20 of the 1,200 learned a trade, and 10 of those learned it in the state prison. Those who were employed were never regularly employed; and Mr. Winship truly says: "A habit of irregular work is a species of mental or moral weakness; a man or woman who will not stick to a job is morally certain to be a pauper or a criminal, while men who work regularly, even at unskilled labor, are generally honest men and provide for the family." If the Juke boys and girls had been kept at school, like other boys and girls, they might have grown up like others to be decent and respectable men and women. But scarcely any of them were ever at school for any consider-

able time; and probably no one of them ever had so much as a common country school education. Upon this point Mr. Winship speaks wisely:

"One great benefit of going to school, especially of attending regularly for eight or ten months each year for nine years or more, is that it establishes a habit of regularity and persistency in effort. The boy who leaves school to go to work does not necessarily learn to work steadily, but often quite the reverse. Few who graduate from a grammar school, or who take the equivalent course in a rural school, fail to be regular in their habits of effort. This accounts in part for the fact that few unskilled workmen ever graduated from a grammar school. It is very difficult to find any one who is honest and industrious, pure and prosperous, who has not had a fair education, if he ever had the opportunity." "A boy that leaves school and shifts for himself by blacking boots, selling papers, and 'swiping' fruit often appears much smarter than a boy of the same age who is going to school all the time and does not see so much of the world. A boy of twelve who has lived by his wits is often keener than a boy of the same age who has been well brought up at home and school; but such a boy knows about as much and is about as much of a man at twelve as he will ever be, while the boy that gets an education becomes more and more of a man as long as he lives."

* *

So much for the Jukes. Mr. Winship devotes to them but one of his dozen chapters. The main purpose of his book is to present, in a study of the Edwards family, the obverse picture to that painted by Mr. Dugdale, to show the virtue of good training and environment as over against the waste and mischief from the lack of both. "Of all the problems which America faces on the land and on the seas," are the first words of his preface, "no one is so important as

that of making regenerates out of degenerates." He emphasizes the fact of the contagious nature of moral as well as physical diseases; and his painstaking study of the Edwards family is itself an inspiring emphasis upon the great correlative truth of the contagious nature of moral health, the leavening, pervasive influence of good habits, good surroundings and good education.

"Education," says Mr. Winship, "is something more than going to school for a few weeks each year, is more than knowing how to read and write. It has to do with character, with industry, and with patriotism. Education tends to do away with vulgarity, pauperism and crime, tends to prevent disease and disgrace, and helps to manliness, success and loyalty. Ignorance leads to all those things that education tries to do away with, and it tends to do away with all the things that education tries to cultivate." This is Mr. Winship's way of saying what Victor Hugo said in his aphorism, "Whoever opens a school closes a prison." Had the Jukes been kept in school as boys, the chances are that they would not have been kept in prison as men. They paid the penalty, and society paid the penalty, of their ignorance, when they might have reaped the fruits of their education and virtue. Whoever opens a school closes a prison. Whoever closes a school opens a prison or a poorhouse. The principle could not be more impressively illustrated than in the contrasted pictures of this little book; and the positive side of the argument, the story of the Edwards family, is a gospel of incitement and encouragement which should find its way to every American school and home.

By a curious coincidence, as concerns the contrasted stories of this book, the president of the New York Prison Commission at the time when it employed Mr. Dugdale to make a study of the Jukes was a descendant of Jonathan Edwards. Jonathan Edwards was certainly a good man to

set over against the founder of the Jukes family in a comparative study in education and heredity. Perhaps we have had no more powerful mind. Daniel Webster pronounced his "Freedom of the Will" "the greatest achievement of the human intellect;" Dr. Chalmers accounted him "the greatest of theologians;" Robert Hall went so far as to call him "the greatest of the sons of men;" and thoughtful critics like Moses Coit Tyler and President McCoch, in our own day, have rated him as the greatest and most original thinker that America has produced. He was born in Connecticut in 1703, a few years before the notorious "Max" came into the world; and "his intellectual life," as Mr. Winship puts it, "has thrilled in the mental activity of more than 1,400 men and women of the past century and a half, and has not lost its virtue or its power in all these years."

* *

We glanced at the beginnings of the ancestor of the 1,200 Jukes. It is useful to go back to the home, the training and environment, of the ancestor of the 1,400 Edwardses who are the subject of Mr. Winship's study. Mr. Winship tells us something of this ancestor's ancestors; we could wish that we had corresponding facts as to "Max's" antecedents. The Edwards family, which is of Welsh origin, can be traced back as far as 1282. Richard Edwards, who, going from Wales to London about 1580, was a clergyman in the Elizabeth period, was the father of William, the first New England Edwards. His son, Richard, born at Hartford in 1647, was a prosperous merchant; and Richard's son, Timothy, the father of Jonathan, after taking all attainable honors at Harvard College, became the pastor, for sixty-five years, of the church at East Windsor, Conn. A better home, better nurture and discipline than those of

Jonathan Edwards could not well be imagined. "His parents and his grandparents were ideal American, Christian, educated persons. He was prepared for college by his father and mother. At twelve years of age he had a good preparation for college in Latin, Greek and Hebrew. He entered Yale College at twelve. He not only knew books, but he knew and loved nature." The fifth in a family of eleven children, he had the helpful companionship of older and younger brothers and sisters. The general social and religious environment was essentially that pictured with such unique fidelity and power by Horace Bushnell in his address on "The Age of Homespun." Dr. Bushnell's picture was of Litchfield, Conn.; but the conditions were substantially the same and the period the same as those in which Jonathan Edwards's character was formed,—and there were never conditions or a period which shaped stronger men.

We are concerned here with education, with the time and conditions in which character is determined; and we do not follow Edwards to his church at Northampton, which church on the frontier he made the largest and most influential Protestant church in the world and the centre of the greatest religious awakening of modern times, nor to his subsequent great intellectual career. It is important to observe that his wife, Sarah Pierpont, was his worthy mate, one of the noblest, most beautiful and high minded of women. Her inheritance was even more refined and vigorous than his. Her father was one of the most famous of New Haven ministers, and on her mother's side she was a granddaughter of Thomas Hooker. It was to her that the charming environment of the Edwards home was chiefly due. What was the outcome? "Of the three sons and eight daughters of Jonathan Edwards there was not one, nor a husband or wife of one, whose character and ability, whose purpose and

achievement, were not a credit to this godly man. Of the seventy-five grandchildren, with their husbands and wives, there was but one for whom an apology may be asked, and nearly every one was exceptionally strong in scholarship and moral force." The three sons graduated from Princeton, and five of the daughters married college graduates. Of these eight men, one was president of Princeton and one president of Union College, four were judges, two were members of the Continental Congress, one was a member of the Constitutional Convention, one president of the Connecticut house of representatives, two were state senators, three officers in the Revolutionary war, one was an eminent divine, and others were eminent in other fields.

Mr. Winship traces the family down through successive generations. Among the 285 college graduates of the family he finds 13 presidents of colleges and other higher institutions of learning, 65 professors, and many principals of important academies and seminaries; among these are such men as Presidents Dwight and Woolsey of Yale, President Gilman of Johns Hopkins, and Professor Park of Andover. In Yale alone there have been more than 120 graduates, among them nearly 20 Dwights, nearly as many Edwardses, 7 Woolseys and 8 Porters. In Amherst at one time the family was represented by President Gates and Professors Mather, Tyler and Todd. The family has had more than 100 clergymen and theological professors; more than 100 lawyers, 30 judges, perhaps the most eminent teacher of law in the country—Theodore W. Dwight; 60 physicians, all marked men; 75 officers in the army and navy; 60 prominent literary men; numberless captains of industry; more than 80 public servants of the State—mayors, governors, representatives in Congress, senators, and foreign ministers. It has been a healthy and long lived family; while

of the Jukes—law-breakers, paupers, cowards, scorners of religion, schools and books, everything which the Edwardses were not—440 were more or less viciously diseased.

* *

The claim is not made that these two families, with similar training and surroundings, would have had the same history. But the claim is made that without the education and environment which it had, the Edwards family could not have maintained its record, and that if the Jukes had been kept properly at school and church and work, the worst that is in their record would never have had to be written. Shiftlessness, ignorance and neglect, largely the failure of society to deal with the situation, perhaps to deal with one man, in a constructive way, have given to the world a family of 1,200, mostly paupers and criminals; while a high original purpose, good surroundings and good education have given to the world a family of 1,200 of the "world's noblemen."

* *

"There was but one for whom an apology may be demanded," says Mr. Winship of the grandchildren of Jonathan Edwards. The one is of course Aaron Burr; and to him Mr. Winship devotes one of the most interesting chapters of his little book. It is an apology for Burr, an effort to show that his miscarriage was really due not to any original bad qualities, but to bad training and management in childhood and youth, and that his case therefore goes to prove the main thesis of the book, that education is the principal and almost omnipotent thing. Mr. Winship's chapter is a pregnant political as well as educational study, tracing Burr's public life in parallel lines with that of Hamilton, his great rival, emphasizing Burr's varied and distinguished services and the almost universal

honor which he had won up to the time of his duel with Hamilton. "Had Burr died in that hour, history would have a different place for him as well as for Hamilton. In his death Hamilton was glorified; and from the duel came all the ills that befell Aaron Burr." Burr's defects and sins Mr. Winship frankly admits, but he adds: "Censure him all you choose and then look at the conditions of his childhood and wonder that he lived to fifty years of age before the lack of early care brought forth its fruit." His childhood was in many respects most unfortunate. He was a boy of fine natural endowments, born into a good home; but his father, mother, grandfather and grandmother all died when he was a mere infant, and he went to live with an overburdened uncle, unable to give him the attention he needed. He never had a home such as his sensitive nature demanded, and after he went to college, at the age of twelve, he never had even the apology of a home. His treatment at school when he was four years old was so severe that he ran away and could not be found for three days. At seven years of age "Uncle Timothy" took him in hand for throwing cherries at his aunt, offered a long prayer of warning after lecturing him, and "licked me like a sack." At ten he ran away from his dreaded uncle, who clearly roused everything bad in him, and went to New York and shipped as cabin boy. His uncle following and finding him, he climbed to the mast-head and would not come down until his uncle agreed not to punish him. These are samples of his experiences; and his later experiences with the hard and repellent theology of those

who tried to make a minister of him did not help matters. "Who that reads of the childhood life of this orphan"—this is Mr. Winship's final word, upon Burr's case—"can wonder that he lacked patience under the severe reverse of political fortune at fifty years of age? That he is the one illustrious exception among the 1,400 need cause no surprise. . . . The right training would have enabled Aaron Burr to go into history as the noblest Roman of them all."

*
* *

The Christmas gospel is the gospel of childhood, the gospel of the cradle, of beginnings. This little book furnishes the Christmas gospel with impressive illustrations and the foil of solemn warnings. Church, state, society, the family may learn from it anew the imperative necessity of starting boys and girls betimes on the right road, of surrounding them in the impressionable years with the things that sweeten and strengthen, that purify, incite and command; they may learn the lesson of the frightful cost and tragedy of aimlessness and drifting, of ignorance, lawlessness and neglect. The Christmas gospel, re-enforced by all the stern realities of life, is the gospel of Christian nurture, the gospel and the law of the constructive way.

*
* *

The authorship of the story, "Behind the Veil," in the November number of the magazine, was ascribed by a mistake to John P. Reynolds, Jr. The story was written by Miss Theresa Reynolds.





JOAN OF ARC, BY FREMIET.
See article on "Memorials to Women."

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

JANUARY, 1901.

VOL. XXIII. No. 5.

THE RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY.

By Edward Fuller.

IT is a somewhat trite saying that the "State of Rhode Island and Providence Plantations" occupies a place in the history of our country quite out of proportion to the actual extent of her territory. Since the days when Roger Williams first tried—to quote his own language—"the lively experiment to show that civil liberty may be most successfully established, and best be maintained, with a perfect freedom of opinion in all religious concerns," to our own times, "Little Rhody" has held her own bravely; and if occasionally she reminds us of the little tailor going about with the placard "seven at one blow" pinned to his back, in the main her pride in her industry, enterprise and progress may be considered quite pardonable when a comparison is made with states having a much larger population. She has produced men whom the country at large delights to honor; and at all times, once having made the attempt to accomplish something, she has been prompt and strong in the performance of her plans. Her conduct during the Revolution may be taken as an evidence of this. It was a remarkable proof of the honor and loyalty of the people of Providence, at the time of the burning of the *Gaspee*, that, although all the participants were well known, their names were not

divulged in spite of the large rewards offered. The island suffered greatly from being for so long more or less the point of attack; but what was lost as regards material prosperity was a gain to her reputation for pluck and bravery. Men like Stephen Hopkins, Colonel Christopher Greene, Lieutenant Colonel Olney, Nicholas Cooke, the "war governor," Colonel Joseph Durfee, the adventurous Silas Talbot and a host of others will always be remembered for the part they played in securing the independence of their country.

Yet in spite of the valuable services rendered by Rhode Island in the long struggle with Great Britain—perhaps in a measure on that very account—she was somewhat slow to consent that her individuality should be merged in a confederation; but when she finally yielded and accepted the Constitution, there was no state more loyal to its precepts or more ready to fight for them when that became necessary seventy years after she first bound herself to fulfil them.

It will be seen, then, that the historical field of Rhode Island is a large one. For a time after peace was restored, people were too busy establishing industries and attending to the material wants of humanity to realize how great was the necessity for the preservation of all the written



RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL SOCIETY BUILDING.

records which in after years would be invaluable to the historical student; but in the early years of the present century there was a general feeling among the educated people of the state that some action ought to be taken to preserve the various documents of historical interest which were being lost or destroyed through accident or neglect. This feeling was intensified by the fact that some very valuable records had disappeared in this fashion—having been made into pulp for paper, or used to kindle fires (after the manner of Massinger's plays in the hands of Mr. Warburton's cook), or accidentally burned. So it was proposed that a society should be organized whose possession of such documents would sufficiently guarantee their safety.

It was on the nineteenth of April, 1822—a day most appropriate from its importance in American history—that a meeting was held in Provi-

dence, at number 3 South Main Street, "to take into consideration the propriety of forming an historical society for this state at this time." Jeremiah Lippitt was chosen chairman and William R. Staples secretary of the meeting; it was voted to form such a society; and William Aplin and William R. Staples were chosen a committee to draft a constitution and by-laws and a petition to the General Assembly. Evidently they set about their work in earnest; for by the twenty-seventh of the same month we find the record of another meeting at which they reported the petition. William G. Goddard was appointed a committee to present this; and the names signed to it—all honorably familiar in the annals of the state—were Jeremiah Lippitt, William Aplin, Charles Norris Tibbits, Walter R. Danforth, William R. Staples, Richard W. Greene, John Brown Francis, William G. Goddard,

Charles F. Tillinghast, Richard J. Arnold, Charles Jackson and William E. Richmond.

This petition was passed by the General Assembly on the ninth of June in the same year; and the first meeting of the corporators was held on the twenty-ninth, at the old Manufacturers' Hotel, opposite the First Baptist Meeting-House. The charter received from the Assembly was adopted, measures were taken to provide a constitution, and it was voted that the date of the annual meeting of

of note who took part in the beginning of the institution were Moses B. Ives, John Howland, Albert G. Greene, Christopher G. Champlin, Robert H. Ives, John Carter Brown, Philip Allen, John R. Bartlett, Joseph Mauran, Job Durfee, Rowland G. Hazard and Usher Parsons. These early members included many citizens of distinction, as has been said. The first president, James Fenner, who held the office for eleven years, had been United States senator for three years, and at two different



CENTRAL READING ROOM.

the society be the anniversary of the granting of the Rhode Island charter of 1663. Since this date was July 19 (corresponding to July 8, old style), the first annual meeting soon followed, Moses Brown serving as chairman. James Fenner was made the first president of the society, Henry Bull and Theodore Foster were appointed vice-presidents, and John B. Francis, treasurer. Others

times governor of the state, at one time holding the office for four years and at another time for seven years. John Brown Francis, the treasurer, was for one year senator in Congress and for five years governor. John Howland, who succeeded Governor Francis as treasurer, was prominent in business circles and a man of large and varied information as well; he was treasurer for nine

Jon: to say that if we worship him as God, we must worship him as Christ is the same
 is a ground consequent for Christ as he is the way is not opposite to the
 worship, but hath a pointed institution worship the way what in
 scrip: againe by all those holy scriptures of worship in
 Christ. because he is the truth is another abolishing the book of
 which must needs be much more a curse than any to it or take
 from it againe. By to say that is no inordinat way in case Christ
 is our life is cross to the scriptures of truth and the truth of the
 thing for though Christ be the image of the case and goddome in the
 gods of all grace yett he is not the thing it self it cannot be
 he has wrought a new creature in us & so it is we must be
 in grace and in the knowledge of Christ 2 pet 3. 18. to the second againe
 I am war when pat: toward to no nothing save Christ & grace
 it is not opposite to or admittall of the knowledge of any war of grace
 and inordinat worship but of human and carnall exaltation and
 one reason. By: if it were that Christ is formed in us but
 follow that that we see that there is no inordinat way in us
 no wis: but the contrary where war Christ wille he sanctify: us
 and changes them in to his one image 2 cor 3. 18. in 2 cor 12. 2
 and these haue of taken paine to gather up your verses in to place
 and then bringe it in to the point it is the same as the
 ing: of
 his 4 of the 11 month
 1644

John Eliot

LETTER OF JOHN ELIOT, 1644.

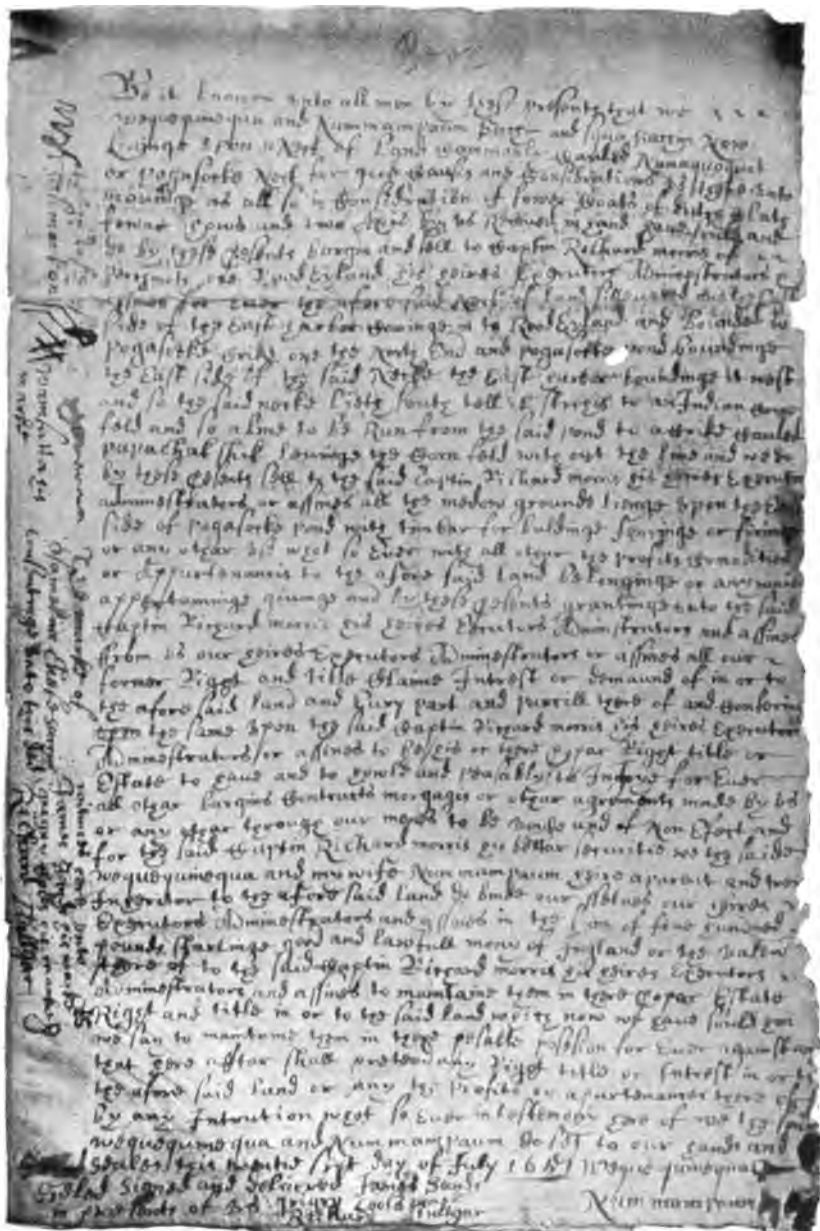
years, and then became the second president, holding this office for twenty-one years. Albert G. Greene became the third president, after having been cabinet keeper for ten years and vice-president for six years. He was for a long time a prominent member of the bar and was afterwards appointed to the bench. He won also some fame as a poet. "The Baron's Last Banquet" is still familiar; others of his verses have not been wholly forgotten. One poem which he wrote won something like universal fame; the lines on "Old Grimes" are repeated by many who never heard of their author. In its humble way "Old Grimes" is an immortal lyric.

The first secretary of the society, William R. Staples, was also for five years its cabinet keeper. He held with honor various posts of importance, and was for fourteen years chief justice of the Supreme Court. William G. Goddard was for seventeen years a professor in Brown University, for nine years in the chair of

moral philosophy and metaphysics, and for eight years in that of belles-lettres. He was long a trustee of the society, and was one of the most efficient contributors to its literary progress. Theodore Foster was a man of strong literary tastes. He spent a great part of his life in collecting materials for a history of Rhode Island, which unfortunately he did not live to complete. His papers on the subject were purchased by the society in 1834 for the sum of three hundred dollars. They are most valuable and contain much information not elsewhere to be found.



KING PHILIP'S BELT.



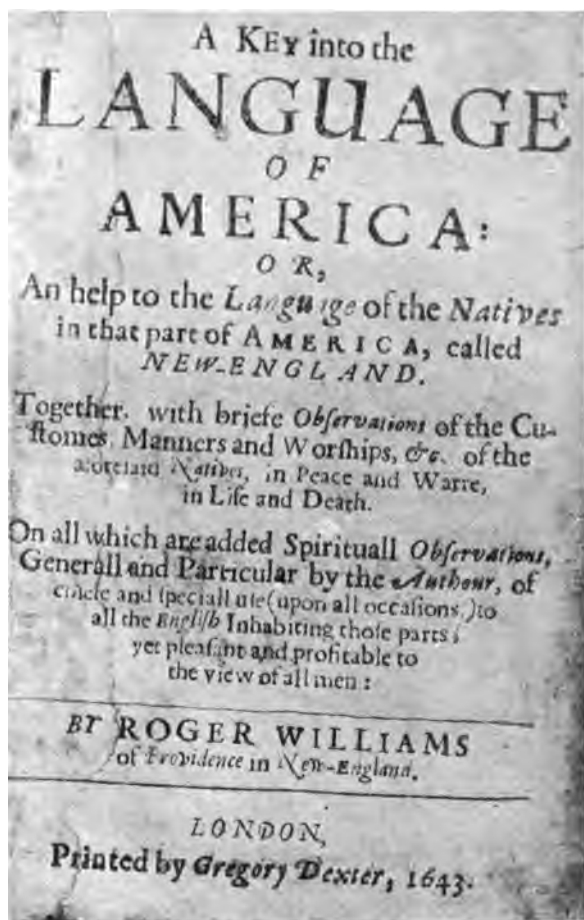
INDIAN DEED, 1651, WITH MARKS OF MASSASOIT, WAMSUTTA, AND PHILIP.

Mr. Foster was senator from Rhode Island for one term. Job Durfee was another member of the Supreme Court, appointed associate justice in 1833, and ten years later chief justice, an office which he held until his death

in 1847. His familiarity with local history was very great, as his addresses before the Rhode Island and Massachusetts Historical societies indicate. He wrote poetry too—poetry of a highly metaphysical cast. Moses

making an excellent situation for the present cabinet, which was finally built here, after a great deal of discussion as to the expediency of using this site. The building was dedicated to historical uses on the twentieth of November, 1844. The exercises took place in Manning Hall, where Professor William Gammell, afterwards one of the presidents of the society, delivered a brilliant and scholarly address on its scope and uses. In time the greatly increased usefulness and constantly accumulating material of the society demanded a larger building, and the needed changes were most successfully accomplished. The greatly improved cabinet was reopened November 3, 1891, when the late George Moulton Carpenter, a distinguished member of the bench and first vice-president of the society, made a fine address upon "Modern Historical Aims and Methods."

Besides the collection of old manuscripts to be preserved in its archives, the founders of the society had in mind also the reprinting of such valuable works relating to local history as were rarely seen in circulation. The first publication undertaken was Roger Williams's "Key to the Languages of America," which had very nearly been lost sight of, and of which only two copies were known to exist. The reprint made in Providence in 1827 was taken from a manuscript copy in the Bodleian Library at Oxford. In addition to reprinting valuable works, we find an attempt in the year 1833 to have original publications. Aaron White was appointed



TITLE-PAGE OF ROGER WILLIAMS'S "KEY."

to prepare a memoir of William Blaxton, the interesting individual who left one place after another in disgust and finally settled at Study Hill, now a part of Lonsdale. As he was rather typical of the early settlers of the state, headed by Roger Williams, he perhaps deserved to have the record of his wanderings preserved. Many other publications and reprints followed these; so that now the collections of the society constitute a valuable library of the history, literature and archæology of the state of Rhode Island.

During the first six years of the society's existence no effort was made to have any lectures or papers other



INDIAN IMPLEMENTS.

than reports delivered before its members. The first attempt ended in a rather laughable failure. It was announced that the Hon. William Hunter of Newport would address the society at the State House on the thirtieth of October, 1828. The company assembled, but the gentleman failed to appear, and after waiting for some time they consoled themselves by a social entertainment, which if less instructive than the expected lecture, was probably much more lively. In 1834 a serious effort was made to have lectures read before the society, in order to stimulate the public interest in its purposes, but it was not successful. In the following year, however, twelve lectures were given; and from that time many important and interesting papers have been read by lecturers as distinguished in other fields as they were conversant with the particular subjects treated, and heard not only by members but by such of the public as cared for these subjects. In looking over a list of the titles of lectures delivered during a period of sixty years, one would naturally be impressed with the large range of subjects, though a closer examination would show that almost all of them have a distinct bearing upon the history of the state. Of late years the number of papers given during a

season has greatly increased; and while in the beginning the lecturers were usually members of the society, it has become the custom within the last decade to obtain the services of prominent outsiders, who would be more likely to select less familiar subjects and to infuse greater freshness in their manner of treating them.

Naturally in every organization of this kind very much must depend on the efforts of the chief officers, as well as upon the coöperation of the members in general and of the whole community. The Rhode Island Historical Society has been singularly fortunate in this respect. From its foundation to the present day its presidents in every case have been fitted to sustain the dignity of the office; there is not one name in the list which is not widely respected.

James Fenner 1822-1833
John Howland 1833-1854



FIELD FAMILY CHEST, BROUGHT OVER IN 1637.



GOBLET CAPTURED FROM THE "GASPEE."
PSALTER USED BY GABRIEL BERNON.

Albert G. Greene	1854-1868
Samuel G. Arnold	1868-1880
Zachariah Allen	1880-1882
William Gammell	1882-1889
Horatio Rogers	1889-1896
John H. Stiness	1896

A brief account of the first three presidents has been included in the story of the founding of the society. A few words must be said of the rest. Samuel Greene Arnold was the writer of the "History of Rhode Island" and a most ardent and well informed student of other branches of history. He served the state in various ways, in local offices, and as lieutenant governor and United States senator. Zachariah Allen was a man of great breadth of mind and generosity of heart. His scientific works are well known—one of the chief being "The

Source and Supply of Solar Heat." He was one of the founders of the Providence Athenæum, and it was through his influence that the copy of Roger Williams's "Key" was procured from the Bodleian Library. He was a philanthropist of the highest type. Professor William Gammell, who succeeded Professor Goddard in the chair of rhetoric and English literature at Brown University, was also a man of wide interests and varied learning. He was president of the Athenæum for many years, and he was vice-president of the His-

torical Society before he became its president. He filled the latter office until his death.

Under the two successors of Professor Gammell the work of the society has gone steadily on. Judge Rogers was president at the time of the reopening of the cabinet in 1891, and took a deep interest in the improvements in the building. Since his first connection with the society he has always shown great and practical interest in its welfare, and during the six years of his presidency he served most acceptably. He has been always a remarkably public spirited man, having been admitted to the bar



MODEL OF THE OLD NARRAGANSETT CHURCH.

in 1858, and resigning the office of police justice to take part in the civil war, during which he was brevetted brigadier general of United States volunteers. After the war he was attorney general for a number of years, and since 1891 he has held the office of associate justice of the Supreme Court. Judge Rogers's res-



JACKET WORN BY COMMODORE PERRY IN
THE BATTLE OF LAKE ERIE.



DRUM FOUND ON THE FIELD
OF BUNKER HILL.

ignation as president of the Historical Society was accepted with the greatest regret that the services of one so well fitted for the position should be lost; but it was universally regarded as fortunate that one so able and popular as Judge Stiness should be chosen for the office. As presiding officer he has given the same general satisfaction that has been felt at the performance of his numerous other duties, all of them most honorable, and it is hoped that he will long be able to continue in the position.

In the earlier part of the career of the society the duties of the librarian and cabinet keeper were naturally neither so important nor so onerous as they became afterwards. The office was invariably filled by men who made the interests of the society their own, without any idea of adequate reward. The list of such officers for the northern district follows, the office of cabinet keeper for the south-

ern district having been discontinued in 1880. The state was originally divided, it should be said, into two districts, Providence being the centre of the one and Newport of the other.

William R. Staples.....	1822-1824
Joseph Howard.....	1824-1826
Albert G. Greene.....	1826-1836
William R. Staples.....	1836-1841
George Baker.....	1841-1845
Thomas C. Hartshorn.....	1845-1848
George W. Greene.....	1848-1851
Edwin M. Stone.....	1851-1880
Amos Perry.....	1880-1890
Clarence S. Brigham.....	1900

A word should be said concerning the Rev. Edwin Martin Stone, who was for twenty-nine years librarian and cabinet keeper of the society for the northern district. He resigned in 1880, when it was decided to discontinue the southern cabinet and to place the northern upon a different basis. Dr. Stone was for many years in charge of an enterprise carried on by Providence Unitarians, for the bettering of a large portion of the poor at the North End who were without religious influences. He was

the author of a number of historical works, of which the largest was "Our French Allies." He also wrote "The Life and Recollections of John How-



GUN USED BY GENERAL NATHANIEL GREENE.

land." As cabinet keeper he did a great deal to save all historical papers from waste and to preserve them in the cabinet; although, since the rooms then were not regularly open, the manuscripts and other valuable historical records and relics kept there were not so generally useful or so widely appreciated as they afterwards became. His published reports of his labors in historical and genealogical research constitute the most valuable portion of the yearly

recognized what he had done and felt grateful to him. The society, when he first took charge, was far from fulfilling the expectation of its founders. Mr. Perry brought order out of chaos. His knowledge of men and books, his enthusiasm for scholarship, his literary taste and historical zeal—all these were devoted unsparringly to the work. The post might have been an honorable sinecure; but that was not his conception of his duty; he freely gave of his best to the



THE ART GALLERY.

proceedings of the society during his librarianship.

His successor, the late Amos Perry, to whom death came so recently, held the office of librarian for nineteen years, having been secretary for seven years previous to this. Mr. Perry's labors for the institution he loved were beyond praise. Perhaps they were never appreciated at their full value by the people of Rhode Island; but certainly scholars the world over

service of the society and the state. Under his administration the library was properly arranged and catalogued; the valuable documents were made accessible for students; all the resources of the institution became available to all who had any claim upon them. Mr. Perry was always most hospitable to visitors, and his varied store of information on every topic was open to them. It was surprising how many persons went to



REV. JAMES MC SPARRAN.

him with their difficulties and came away satisfied. That much abused adjective, "encyclopædic," could honestly be applied to his range of knowledge. Men like him are rare in any community—rarer, perhaps, in Rhode Island than in some other states.

Mr. Perry's interest in educational matters never failed. Himself a teacher in his earlier years, he realized keenly the importance of intelligence in a self-governing community. He was one of the founders of the Rhode Island Institute of Instruction, and was for a time vice-president of the American Institute of Instruction. During his first journey to Europe, which lasted two years, he visited many of the leading schools and colleges in England and on the Continent. His relations with Brown University were close and cordial; he esteemed it next to Harvard, and he was as constant in his attendance at the commencements in Providence as at those in Cambridge. How he loved his own college his



HANNAH MC SPARRAN.

whole life showed. Except for the years while he was consul at Tunis or visiting in Europe, he never failed to be present at the commencement exercises and at the class dinners.



RT. REV. THOMAS M. CLARK.



MARY WINTHROP WANTON.

Classes were small at Harvard in 1837, when he was graduated, and class friendships endured with a constancy and warmth impossible in these days. He was present at the fiftieth anniversary of the class in 1887, when the bottle of old Madeira which had been put away for half a century was drunk. Of the Harvard Club of Rhode Island he was an honored member. There have been graduates of the old university in Cambridge more widely known than Mr. Perry, but none who have lived more useful lives or who have cherished more deeply all the best hopes and inspirations that come from the benefits she confers on her sons.

But the Rhode Island Historical Society is in a peculiar sense his monument; for none of those connected with it have deserved more highly than he the gratitude of its members. His work will remain through all the

chances and changes that the future may bring. His memory will be honored as that of one who was faithful to his opportunities—a man stanch, loyal, upright, sincere. He had strong convictions and he maintained them unwaveringly; but he was not narrow in his sympathies, and he could respect opinions with which he did not agree. His life was longer than that of most men, and no one could say that his career was cut off untimely. Yet the loss to his friends and to the state was none the less irreparable because it came so late. He died in the full enjoyment of his faculties, in the midst of his activity, as he himself would have desired had the choice been left to him; and dying he left a name without blemish, a reputation to be prized and cherished by his family, his associates, his friends and neighbors, and the wider



GOVERNOR JOSEPH WANTON.



JAMES FENNER.



JOHN HOWLAND.



ALBERT G. GREENE.



SAMUEL G. ARNOLD.



ZACHARIAH ALLEN.



WILLIAM GAMMELL.

**PRESIDENTS OF THE
RHODE ISLAND HISTORICAL
SOCIETY.**



HORATIO ROGERS.



AMOS PERRY.
The late Librarian.



JOHN H. STINESS.

public who knew him only by what he did.

It is now thirty-one years since Mr. Richmond P. Everett first gave his services as treasurer of the society, and in all this time these services have been particularly faithful and efficient, deserving the recognition not only of the members of the society, but also of all persons reached by its benefits.

The present cabinet has been widely useful. Since 1880, when Mr. Perry became librarian, it has been open regularly each day, the present hours being from nine until four o'clock, except on Saturday, when it closes at one o'clock. For several years past four assistants have been fully employed, under the direction of Mr. Perry, in carrying on the work of the library. The services of one are entirely taken up with the cataloguing of the many books and pamphlets which are constantly sent or brought to the cabinet. The time of another is devoted to the preservation and classification of the old manuscripts which come into the possession of the society in a more or less dilapidated condition; and by this means they are made of use to the many persons to whom the library is so great a boon. Inquiries for information on all sorts of questions have been answered by the examination of some of these documents, which are carefully kept under lock and key; it having been found in the earlier days of the society, before the cabinet was regularly opened, on Mr. Perry's appointment, that a great many losses were occasioned by allowing them to be at the mercy of chance comers into the building.

The rules in relation to the use of the library are very liberal. Strangers may have access to the rooms and books upon the written request of any member; but all are made welcome who come to examine the building and its interesting contents. Since the enlargement of the cabinet the usefulness of the society has

greatly increased. Every post brings letters requiring much thought and involving much labor. Every day there are visitors to the rooms demanding information on all kinds of subjects. As one enters the door one goes first into the old building. The walls of this apartment are lined with cases of manuscripts and works relating to the history of Rhode Island. Perhaps the first object that meets the eye is the drop scene of the old Providence Theatre, giving a panoramic view of the east side of the town as it was in 1808, which is hung opposite the entrance, resting on the gallery. This view was taken by the well known scene painter, Warrall, of Boston, in the year 1809. It was procured by the society, after long negotiations, in 1833. Until the enlargement of the cabinet there was no convenient place to hang anything so large, so that it was necessarily kept rolled, and was somewhat injured by the inevitable rubbing. Once, however, in 1859, the picture was on exhibition for a number of weeks in Pioneer Hall, and at the same time a number of delightful talks were given by the Hon. Walter R. Danforth, taking the old drop scene as a subject upon which to discourse of old Providence days. It is gratifying that a picture showing so clearly the primeval appearance of College Hill can now be seen at any time.

From this room opens the portrait gallery, in which the lectures are now given, and which is hung with many rare and valuable portraits of noted Rhode Island men and women. Here look down the faces of Governor Wanton and his wife, of Dr. MacSparran, whose curious diary was published only the other day, and Mrs. MacSparran, of Commodore Perry, of William Ellery Channing, of Bishop Clark, of George III and his wife, the "sweet queen" of Miss Burney's too grateful recollections. The rooms on the right and left of the portrait gallery are taken up with various local histories, arranged and

classified according to states and towns, the right wing of the building being filled with matter pertaining to the New England states. Upstairs is the genealogical room, where not only a good if not large collection of printed works relating to that subject may be found, but also many valuable manuscripts which have been presented to the society from time to time, many of these through the liberality of Mr. John Osbourne Austin, the well known genealogist. Among the most valued are the notes of the Rev. James P. Root, who was indefatigable in his researches. On the right side also is a room devoted to works of general literature; in the middle stands a carved chest, presented by a member of the Field family, which was brought from England more than two hundred years ago. Above these rooms, in the third story, is the newspaper room, where bound files of old Rhode Island newspapers are kept in such a fashion as to be consulted easily by those seeking information from them. Here may be found regular files of the *Newport Mercury*, the oldest newspaper in the state, dating from 1758, as well as the *Providence Gazette*, beginning in 1762 and continuing to 1832. The first volume of the *Providence Journal* is of the following year, and is the beginning of an unbroken series down to the present time. It will readily be seen that these papers are often invaluable in throwing light upon some mooted point in either history or genealogy.

Directly opposite this room, on the left hand side of the building, is the museum, which is filled with many valuable and interesting relics of the men whom Rhode Island is proud to claim as her sons. Here may be found the gun claimed to have been used by Roger Williams (though this is somewhat doubtful) and the apple-tree root which is said to have outlived Roger Williams's grave when that was discovered in Dorr's Lane in 1860, also very rusty nails taken from

the coffins of Roger and his wife. Among the other most interesting curios are the French psalter used by Gabriel Bernon while a prisoner in France, some exquisite needlework done by his daughters, General Greene's gun, a silver goblet taken from the schooner *Gaspee* when it was burned, a quaint old stove used in the family of Governor Nicholas Cooke, and a large collection of Indian implements. Downstairs in the safe are the jacket and sword worn by Commodore Perry in the battle of Lake Erie. In this place also is kept one of the most valued possessions of the society—an original copy of Roger Williams's "Key to the Indian Language." This was purchased in England in 1808 by a subscription of two hundred and fifty dollars, raised by some of the most prominent members of the society. There is now only one other existing copy of the original work, and this is owned by the Lenox Library of New York. Some valuable early deeds are also preserved in this safe, along with the Rev. Enos Hitchcock's diary and a collection of autograph letters formerly owned by William Ellery Channing. Of the many other interesting letters and documents there is not space to speak.

Enough has been said, perhaps, to show that the society is worthy of its name and of its purpose. It is just in the condition now when its opportunities for usefulness are many. It is to be hoped that the next ten years may bring a development of its resources and a widening of its scope much more than proportionate to the work of the last ten, and that the nineteenth of April may be recognized by all Rhode Islanders as a date to be remembered, not only because it saw the first battle for the independence of their country, but also because it recalls the founding of an institution which has materially assisted in the truest elevation of the community and the state. During the last winter some remarkably en-

tertaining and valuable lectures were given in Sayles Hall, Brown University, and these drew large audiences. Dr. Edward Everett Hale, the Hon. Charles Francis Adams and Mr. Frederick W. Holls, secretary of the American legation to the Hague Peace Conference, were among the lecturers. Similar lectures will be

given the present season. Work like this must have a permanent influence upon the intellectual life of Providence, as well as win new supporters for the Rhode Island Historical Society, which will worthily carry on the enterprise which now draws near to the end of its first century of honorable existence.

IOLANTHE.

By C. L. Clarke.

EVERARD DUNBAR, alone in his little room in the office of the *Tolchester Courier*, scribbled the last line of a bunch of copy, glanced hastily over what he had written, and then rose and stretched himself.

"I think I am getting a little sick of it all," he said, audibly. "It is a ridiculous occupation, and I ought to have put my foot down when old Bluenose got me into it. I have been a success certainly, but then, I might have been equally successful as a cook or a man-milliner, and that would have been just as absurd for an able-bodied man. I am tired of it and disgusted with it, and for two pins I'd chuck it up to-morrow."

He knocked the ashes out of his pipe against his heel, and laughed rather grimly, as he did so.

"If they could only see me," he said, "how some of them would open their eyes; how they will open them some day; and now for dinner and to dress for the small-and-early at the Walcotts'."

Everard Dunbar was a young man who, some years previously, had drifted into journalism after undergoing the initial stages of preparation for several professions, and had done fairly well. As a reporter he had proved himself better at serving up his news in attractive form than in hunting for it. He had a good style, and on more than one occasion had

written a flippant editorial on local politics, which the chief editorial writer, jealous of any encroachment on his special department, had nevertheless liked well enough to use. He had been finally assigned to special work, and had proved a success.

The *Tolchester Courier* was a paper which had a large circulation, particularly its Sunday edition. Its departments were generally conceded to be almost equal to those of any metropolitan journal, and of all its special features the brightest, in the estimation of the reading public, was its "Woman's Empire," conducted by "Iolanthe." Iolanthe's "Hints on Fashions," "Medical Suggestions," "Answers to Correspondents," and "Side Talks with Girls" were universally read, not only by the women folk of Tolchester and the surrounding district, but often by the sterner sex also. In her "Answers to Correspondents" were replies to women of all ages, on all conceivable subjects, and many read them for the sake of speculating on the queries which had elicited them. It was evident that Iolanthe was the repository of the secrets of half the female population of Tolchester.

And yet a strange mystery surrounded the "identity of Iolanthe." In the heading which adorned the top of her page she was depicted as tall and slender, with abundant masses of hair, and a Grecian profile. As no

one resembling this picture had been seen in Tolchester, it was clear that the portrait was to a large extent an imaginary creation of the *Courier* artist; nevertheless, the impression made on the public was decidedly favorable to Iolanthe's personal appearance, and it was currently reported that a certain young lady, a devoted admirer of the gifted writer, had given her lover his *congé* on hearing him express his conviction that Iolanthe was stubby, with red hair, and a squint.

No one outside of the *Courier* office had ever seen Iolanthe. Members of the staff smiled indulgently when female relations or acquaintances begged to be informed what her real name was and where she lived. Sometimes they returned such preposterous answers that the questioners grew offended, but so far the secret had been guarded as religiously as the Free Masons' ritual.

"My dear," said the chief editorial writer to his wife, "the—the woman's employment with us is strictly on the understanding that her name is not to be divulged. When it becomes known she will quit. If I were to tell you, you would, with the best intentions, no doubt, go cackling it all over the place, and we should lose a valuable and, I may say, cheap feature. Iolanthe is a myth, so far as the public is concerned, and we will let her remain so."

It was rather late when Dunbar, in company with his particular chum, Cassels, also of the editorial staff of the *Courier*, presented himself at the Walcotts' dance and was effusively greeted by the hostess.

"Naughty man," she said, shaking her finger at him, "to come so late, when I have been dying to introduce you to quite the nicest and prettiest girl I know. Come along now;" and Dunbar was led across the room to where sat a tall, decidedly good-looking girl, with a rather haughty expression.

"Alma," said Mrs. Walcott, "let me

introduce Mr. Dunbar, a great friend of mine; Everard, this is Miss Tressilis."

The young lady bowed formally, and with an air of indifference, which suddenly changed to one of animation when Mrs. Walcott continued:—

"Mr. Dunbar, dear, is one of our rising journalists. He is on the *Courier*."

"I am very glad to meet you," said Miss Tressilis, smiling pleasantly. "A dance? Oh, certainly!" and she held out her programme, on which Dunbar, unrebuked, proceeded to inscribe his initials several times.

The two hours that followed were very pleasant for the young man, and after he had danced three times with Miss Tressilis he was inclined to agree with Mrs. Walcott in the opinion which she had expressed about her.

It was while they were seated in a remote and comfortably cushioned nook after the fourth dance together, that Miss Tressilis broke a rather long silence by saying:—

"You are on the *Courier*, are you not, Mr. Dunbar? Mrs. Walcott mentioned it, I think, when she introduced you. Are you an editorial writer?"

"I have not yet climbed so high," replied Dunbar. "At present I do special work."

"But I suppose you know everybody on the paper, don't you?"

"Well, not every one, Miss Tressilis. You see there are a good many in the business department and the pressmen and stereotypers and mailers with whom I am brought very little into contact. My acquaintance is pretty much limited to the editorial floor and the composing room."

Miss Tressilis did not seem to be paying much attention.

"I wonder whether you would do me a great favor?" she said.

"If it is in my power you may rely on me," replied Dunbar, gallantly.

"Tell me," said the girl, fixing her large and luminous eyes full on Dun-

bar's,—“tell me Iolanthe's real name.”

Dunbar felt himself growing red. “It is an office secret,” he replied. “Why are you so anxious to know?”

“Because I love her,” replied Miss Tressilis, in a voice that quivered with emotion. “She is so true, so noble-hearted, so feminine; don't you think so?”

“Feminine?” replied Dunbar; then, recovering himself, “oh, well—yes, if you say so, no doubt she is.”

“Do you know,” continued the girl, “for weeks it has been my dream to meet her, to put my arms about her and kiss her and tell her how I love her. Is there any possibility of my dream coming true, Mr. Dunbar?”

“Er, well, really, you know, hardly, I am afraid,” replied Dunbar. “She—she is very anxious that the identity should be kept secret. She dreads publicity and all that, you know; she is the sensitive and retiring sort.”

“I know she is, the dear”—Dunbar winced—“but if you will not tell me her name, at least tell me what she is like. No, stop, I will describe her to you and you shall tell me whether I am right. In the first place she is tall and dark.”

“You are right, so far,” replied Dunbar, glancing almost unconsciously at a mirror that hung opposite.

“And she is very handsome, is she not?”

“Well, no, I am afraid not,” was the hesitating reply. “At least not particularly so,” he added, seeing the disappointment in the face of his fair questioner.

“But I know she has lovely eyes, large and dark and soulful.”

“Dark eyes? Oh, yes, certainly.”

“And soulful,” insisted Miss Tressilis.

“They are full of something,” replied Dunbar; “perhaps it is soul. I am sure I don't know. You see, I never gave the matter very much thought.”

“I can see her,” said Miss Tressilis,

with a dreamy look in her own beautiful eyes, “sitting in her office, fitted up like a boudoir, with lovely pictures and knickknacks all about her. No one could have such beautiful thoughts unless they were surrounded by beautiful things. No woman, at least.”

“It makes a lot of difference,” said Mr. Dunbar, “but you are sadly mistaken. Iolanthe's office is far from resembling a boudoir.” Here he broke into a laugh which he abruptly checked. “I beg your pardon, I am sure, for smashing any little corner of your idol, but really, Iolanthe's office is fitted up just like mine.”

“And what is your office like?” asked Miss Tressilis, with interest.

“Well,” replied Dunbar, “to be exact, there is an old desk and a pair of hard-seated chairs, a table for filing exchanges, a waste-paper basket and a couple of cuspidors.”

“A—what?” asked the girl, opening her eyes. “Cuspidors?”

“Yes, but I need not have included them in the inventory.”

“And you say that Iolanthe's room is exactly like yours—with cuspidors?” asked Miss Tressilis, in horror-stricken tones.

“Ha, ha! To be sure not,” replied Dunbar, with an embarrassed laugh. “I was thinking of my own room.”

There was a minute's silence, and then Miss Tressilis turned to her companion.

“I am going to confide in you,” she said. “I am one of Iolanthe's most constant contributors.”

“Yes, I know you are,” replied the young man, absently.

“How could you possibly know that?” asked the girl, opening her eyes. “I enclose my name, but my *nom de guerre*, or whatever you call it, is quite different; no clew at all. How could you possibly know? Surely, surely, Iolanthe does not show the letters she receives to others in the office. Oh, that would be horrible! If I thought some man had seen those letters I should die with mortification.”

The girl's anxiety was so evident that Dunbar hastened to reassure her.

"Do not disturb yourself," he said. "On my honor, no one sees those letters but Iolanthe, who would deserve a good thrashing if it were otherwise."

"What a horrible way to speak of a woman!" said Miss Tressilis, evidently much relieved. "But tell me, how did you know that I was a contributor?"

Dunbar flushed a little. "Well—you know," he said, "any one not a fool could see that. No woman could take such an interest in the editor of a page like that without—oh, without writing to her and telling her, and all that sort of thing, you know."

"But you spoke with so much certainty," said the girl; "quite as if you knew all about it, not as if you merely surmised it. But I suppose it is all right. Oh, yes, I write to Iolanthe constantly. I tell her all kinds of things, and ask her advice about, oh—lots of things that a girl wants to know."

"Personally," said Dunbar, "I think these question columns for women's pages are rot. They pay the paper, of course, or we wouldn't run them; but—don't be offended—I don't think they are quite healthy. A girl writes to me—that is, of course, supposing I am a woman editor—and wants to know whether I think the young man who is paying her attentions is really in earnest, and then she tells me what he does or says, and how he looks at her, and all that sort of thing. How am I to know from such data? If I reply, 'I fear the young man is trifling with your affections,' I may be doing a very estimable young fellow a great injustice; if, on the contrary, I encourage the girl to receive the attentions, I may be helping a worthless scoundrel. And then, again, it's not good for the girl to be exposing her secret thoughts to a stranger like me, instead of her mother. I—er—I am

still speaking, of course, from the standpoint of a woman editor."

"It seems almost a pity you are not one," replied Miss Tressilis, with some resentment. "You seem to know a good deal about it; and I don't agree with you at all. I think it is good to have some one—some kind, loving woman, such as I am sure Iolanthe is—to confide in and ask advice from."

"Even in matters of the heart, as I believe these affairs are called?" hazarded Dunbar.

"Yes, even in that; I know a girl who was saved from a great deal of misery by Iolanthe. She wrote the girl a private letter, exposing a young man who was paying her great attentions."

"But that was because the girl mentioned the name of the cad in question in her letter. Iolanthe happened to know a good deal about him."

"I suppose you would think that rather a sneaking thing for a woman; but pardon me, how do you know that the name was mentioned?"

Dunbar looked slightly nonplussed. "Why, how could Iolanthe have possibly warned the girl against any special man if she did not know him?" he said.

"No, I suppose not," replied Miss Tressilis, in rather a doubting voice. "Tell me, Mr. Dunbar, do you know Iolanthe very well? And do you admire her very much?"

"I can't say much as to admiration," replied Dunbar, "but I will admit that I am exceedingly solicitous about her welfare."

"One of her best friends?" queried the girl in a low voice.

Dunbar laughed rather bitterly. "I don't know," he said. "Some people would tell you that I am Iolanthe's worst enemy."

"You are very mysterious," said the girl, almost fretfully, "and I hate mysteries. I always think the Sphinx must have been an awful old bore."

"Which is as much as to say that I am an awful bore?" asked Dunbar.

"Oh, no, I didn't mean that, but you see you have done nothing but talk of Iolanthe, and one is apt to get a little tired of one subject."

"I?" cried Dunbar in astonishment, at this instance of feminine inconsistency. "Why, you—"

"Oh, yes, I know what you are going to say," broke in the girl, "but let us change the subject; you have been the Sphinx, now I will be the Delphic oracle, or whatever it was that used to answer foolish questions from behind a curtain. Look." She caught a curtain that hung behind the seat, and with a pretty gesture shrouded herself in it. "Now, I give you three questions. So think of something important."

It was while Dunbar was hesitating over how personal he dare make his inquiries that Cassels's most unmusical voice broke in:

"Well, Iolanthe, old man," as the speaker laid a hand on Dunbar's shoulder, "if you have got all the fashion pointers you need and have entertained enough of your interesting contributors, let's be hoofing it home."

In speechless horror Dunbar gazed into the face of his friend, and saw out of the corner of his eye the curtain swing back and a pale, set face looking at him.

"Oh, I beg your pardon!" said Cassels, thunderstruck at this apparition. "I thought you were alone." He was conscious that he had given his friend away, but happily ignorant of the extent of his ill-doing.

"Is this the person?" asked Miss Tressilis, in a dreadful voice, and laying considerable stress on the word "person," "who writes under the name of Iolanthe?"

"Why, you see," Cassels was beginning, with a very red face, when the girl turned on Dunbar.

"Are you Iolanthe?" she asked, sharply.

"There is not much use in denying it," replied Dunbar. "Yes, I am."

"I should not think it would hurt

you much to deny it," said Miss Tressilis, with bitter scorn, "an untruth or two extra would not make much difference."

"I think, old man, I will wait for you in the library," said Cassels, and fled ignobly.

"I am not aware of having told any untruths," said Dunbar, trying rather unsuccessfully to assume an air of offended virtue. "I do not think I have stated anything that was not strictly so, and, besides, I was anxious that my secret should not leak out."

"So *you* are Iolanthe," said Miss Tressilis, looking at him with an expression which called the blood into his face. "You, a man with a strong body and with brains, and yet you prefer to twaddle to a lot of women in print instead of doing a man's work."

"You spoke differently of my work just now," replied Dunbar, a feeling of annoyance overwhelming his embarrassment. "I don't think you characterized it as twaddle then."

"That was when I thought it was written by a woman," replied the girl. "Oh, it is horrible, ghastly! To think that you have read my letters. How hatefully you must have grinned over them! You are not very likely to marry, Mr. Dunbar, now that you have seen what an unutterable donkey a woman can make of herself."

This was a change of front with a vengeance.

"I told you just now that I heartily disapproved of women's pages," replied Dunbar, "but you disagreed with me. I am at least consistent."

"And you mean to imply that I am not, I suppose, but how dare you call yourself consistent? If you disapproved, why did you lend yourself to encouragement?"

"We have to do a good many unpleasant things in our business," replied Dunbar, rather weakly.

"Unpleasant? Dishonorable, you mean," replied Miss Tressilis. "No, pray, don't try to excuse yourself, you

are not only dishonorable, but ridiculous, and I," and she added, with a little gulp, "I suppose I have made myself ridiculous too, but then I didn't know, and you did. I think I will wish you good evening, Miss Iolanthe. No, thank you. I can find my own way back without an escort. I should say chaperon, I suppose." And with these words Miss Tressilis arose and departed, leaving her companion looking decidedly crestfallen.

When Dunbar went down alone to the cloak-room, he found Cassels waiting for him with contrition stamped on every line of his features.

"I'm awfully sorry, old chap," that young man said. "I wouldn't have skipped out if I hadn't seen that you both would rather have had it out alone. Was she—was she one of your congregation?"

"Oh, all right!" replied Dunbar, shortly. "I suppose it had to come out sooner or later, though the time was rather inappropriate. Yes, she was one of the flock, all right."

"She didn't seem to take it very kindly," ventured Cassels, with a lively recollection of a set face and flashing eyes. "Was she mad?"

"Just a little," replied Dunbar, with a mirthless laugh. "Oh, yes; she called me dishonorable and ridiculous, and left me standing there feeling both. And the worst of it is that she is just the nicest and sweetest girl I have ever met; but my goose is cooked now. She will never recognize me again."

"Oh, yes, she will," replied Cassels, hopefully. "She is hot now, but she is sure to be interested in you."

"You can bid good by to Iolanthe," said Dunbar, after a short silence, "a long and fond farewell. Tomorrow, after I have had a little talk with Bluenose, Iolanthe's funeral will be conducted with neatness and despatch, and you fellows won't have to strain yourselves to keep your wives and sweethearts from finding out who she is."

"And the paper?" queried Cassels.

"The paper?" replied Dunbar, with great emphasis,—"the paper be damned."

* * * * *

It was just a year after the Walcotts' party that Mr. and Mrs. Dunbar sat in their little drawing-room, Mr. Dunbar in an easy-chair, with his wife comfortably established on the arm.

"Do you remember what I said to you a year ago to-night, Everard?" asked Mrs. Dunbar.

"You said so many things, dearest," replied her husband. "Please particularize."

"I asked you whether you thought I should ever be able to put my arms around Iolanthe's neck, and kiss her, and tell her how much I loved her."

"I remember very distinctly," said Dunbar; "and what a shock the question gave me."

"And you said it was extremely unlikely?"

"I believe I did."

"Well," replied Mrs. Dunbar, putting her arms around him and imprinting several vigorous salutes on his lips, "it only shows, Everard, that whatever else you may be, you are a very poor prophet."



FLY LEAF RHYMES AND DECORATIONS.

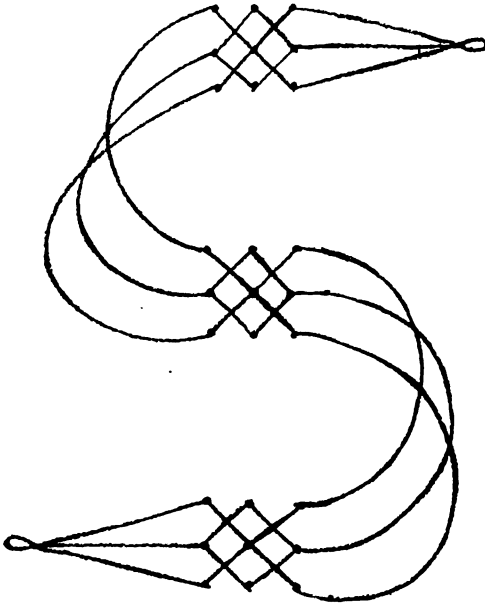
By Fanny D. Bergen.

A DISTINGUISHED scholar remarked in my presence some years ago that there was little folk-lore to be gathered nowadays among children of the better classes in cities or large towns. The baby passes from the nurse's care to the kindergarten, where carefully selected amusements, songs and cut and dried plays are deliberately taught to the poor little well trained marionettes. From the kindergarten the children go through grade after grade of the great public schools, where, alas! there seems to be a lack of time to think, to read, quietly and unconsciously to develop sterling character and sound culture of both head and heart. There is not the old sweet leisure of the country-bred child, to keep alive by tradition, with variations and adaptations, the games, customs and superstitions that go back in many instances to far-away ancestors. In the densely populated parts of the United States, the old-fashioned district school has for the most part disappeared and been lost in the extension into country places of that system over which educators struggle and labor and in which, at best, on account of mere numbers, the individual must too often be neglected. But in a few quiet corners in New England, in sequestered parts of the Southern States and here and there over great tracts in the Middle West, that interesting and unique pedagogical microcosm happily still survives. Those whose early school days were spent in a large city public school, with its hurry, with all its measured-off requirements, with the necessary military discipline, with the schoolbooks in latter days often public property,

can scarcely realize how different was and is the school life of children in the district school. There time often hangs heavy when bad weather prevents the out-of-door games, rambles in the woods and the picnicking at noon time customary where most of the pupils bring dinner baskets with their mid-day meal.

There is time in school hours for books to become well known to their owners; often the same reader, speller, arithmetic or other schoolbook has not only been passed down to the child from older brothers and sisters, but the latter may have inherited it from the parents. The books are often covered and kept with great care. I well remember how in my own country school days many of the children used a "thumb paper" to protect the pages from being soiled at the bottom by the thumb, which naturally rests there as the child reads or studies from an open book. Sometimes this "thumb paper" was merely a bit of folded newspaper or wrapping paper, but often it was made with care from a piece of new blue-lined foolscap; and this was indeed a luxury in days when paper was used with an economy quite incomprehensible to city boys and girls of to-day. The mother of one little girl was dexterous in folding a square of paper in a certain fashion which commanded the admiration of her comrades. This child now and then gave such a folded paper to a schoolmate, and it was used and treated as a valued gift. Again, a piece of bright blue or red glazed paper was secured to make one of these bookholders. Some of the little girls—I fear the lads were not

so careful—fastened the “thumb paper” to the book by attaching it to a long thread, which could be slipped



around the outside of the book at the back and snugly tucked in the angle between the open pages. Where children are not surfeited with toys and amusements, little things have such power to please that if a child's mother had allowed from her workbasket a yard of gay colored sewing silk with which to tie the “thumb paper” to her book, the favored one was the cynosure of her mates for days. It is not strange, under conditions where there was so little to distract, that active young minds should search every word and every page from cover to cover to find some diversion besides the conning of lessons, familiar as a half remembered tune, from the younger ones having heard them recited by older pupils term after term.

Hence probably arose various conventional designs, that were common on slates as well as on the insides of the covers and on the fly leaves of old schoolbooks, besides a multitude of doggerel lines regarding their

ownership. I have been much interested in finding how widespread is a certain one of these fly leaf decorations. It was called a Spanish S in northern Ohio, where I knew it more than forty years ago, and I find that the children of to-day in the very same school still make it under the same name. Country children in Prince Edward Island are familiar with this ornamental letter, and they, too, call it a Spanish S. A lady of fifty years, reared on Martha's Vineyard, used to make it when she was a little girl, and tells me that she and her schoolmates made T's and W's also after the same pattern. At about the same time this S was a common picture on slates and fly leaves in Massachusetts and New Hampshire. It is made by children on the eastern shore of Maryland, and was drawn there twenty-five or thirty years ago. A gentleman who has passed his seventy-fifth milestone remembers it in his boyhood, which was spent in Cambridge.

He also recalls two others of these apparently meaningless designs, over which country school pupils have worked with a zeal that has kept them alive in various places even till to-day. One is made by drawing equidistant from one another sixteen

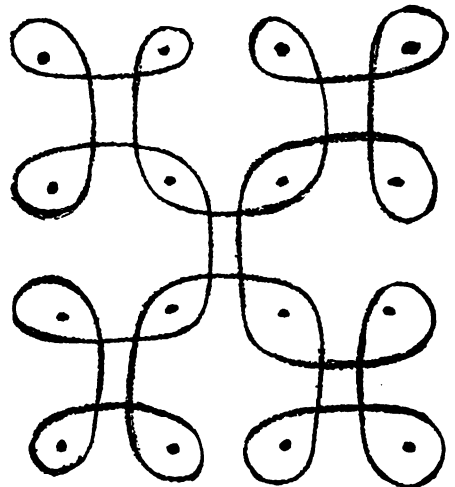


FIGURE 2.

dots or small circles. Then a consecutive line is drawn so as to enclose in a loop one after another of these dots, until the last is enclosed, when the line joins its beginning and thus forms the pattern, Figure 2. Children here and there all the way from

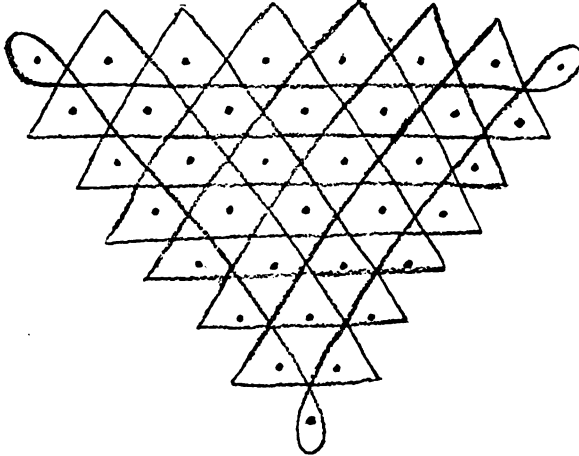


FIGURE 3.

Massachusetts to southern California to-day amuse themselves by drawing this figure. It shows skill to make the square symmetrical, and neatly and evenly to draw the line without removing the pencil until the last loop is formed.

The third of these formal illustrations, which my friend remembers as current among his schoolmates in Cambridge some sixty-five years ago, is this. I have found it familiar to children in parts of Pennsylvania, on the eastern shore of Maryland, and in northern Ohio, and I doubt not further research would find it even more widely distributed. As far as I have been able to learn, children in America give no name to this design; but North of Ireland peasant chil-

dren draw it and call it a basket of eggs. If made by a painstaking child, the triangles are exactly alike and the dot which is seen to be enclosed in most of the triangles is exactly in the centre. (Figure 3.)

I have recently learned that, strangely enough, the two designs just mentioned are commonly made in their books by village school children near Riga, in Russia.

Another favorite figure to draw on fly leaves was a cubical box, and the boy or girl who could draught one with mathematical accuracy was thought very clever.

A border like Figure 4 is or was a somewhat common decoration for the margins of leaves of schoolbooks. I know of one child who especially

disliked to learn her spelling lesson, and therefore many a page of her speller was carefully adorned with a daintily drawn border after this design. I may remark in passing now that the child has grown into a young lady, that she is one of the deftest of



FIGURE 4.

embroiderers. Children in the country schools on Martha's Vineyard are fond of drawing pictures of boats in their books, particularly in their geographies, both on the margins and on the bodies of water there represented.

Individual children often have certain pet designs with which they half unconsciously cover a fly leaf, a book cover or any blank surface that chances to offer. Sometimes the pattern affected by one lad is taken up by his schoolmates, and thus arises a fashion in a school. In Cambridge, Mass., in three different schools, I am told that many children are wont to fill up odd minutes by repeating over and over a design made by a continuation of carelessly drawn W's, row after row, one above another, as shown in Figure 5.

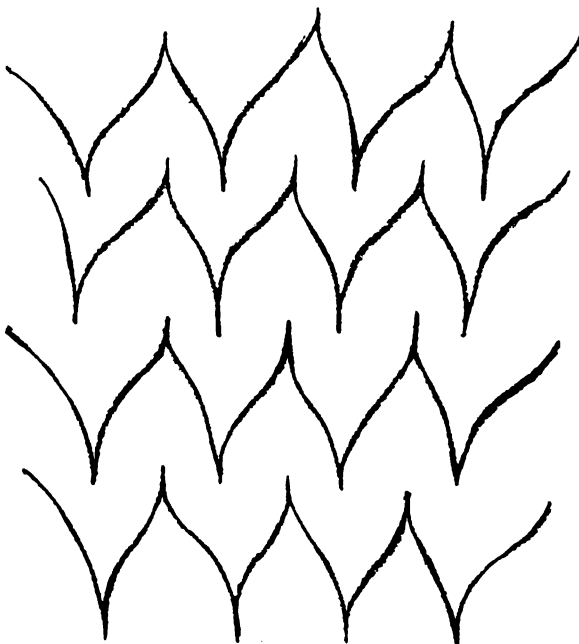


FIGURE 5.

I know of a certain boy who had a mania for covering any available paper with isosceles triangles, inside which a face was simulated by drawing two marks for eyes, one for a nose and a fourth for a mouth. (Figure 6.)

Figure 7 recalls the well known child's picture of a cat (or whatever quadruped you may choose to label it), with

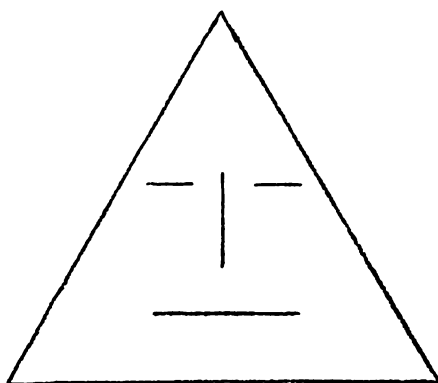


FIGURE 6.

its very triangular face, and also the profile portraits of men and women of a decidedly Aztec type.

I am unable to trace either the age or the origin of a somewhat familiar quatrain, of which the first two lines are composed of words respectively beginning with the letters of the word *preface* taken in order, and the last two are composed of the same letters taken in the reverse order:

"Peter Rice eats fish
And catches eels.
Eels catch alligators;
Father eats raw potatoes."

In these old fly leaf lines the rhyming of alligators with potatoes shows that not in our generation began that peculiar carelessness in sounding the letter *r* which to-day

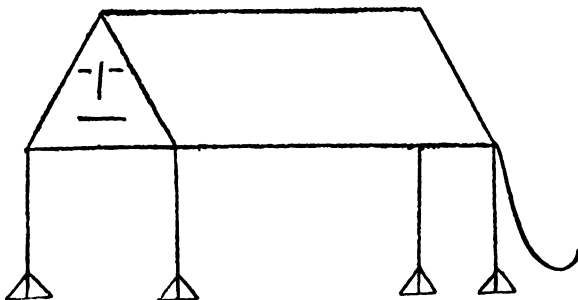


FIGURE 7.

characterizes a majority of New England reared people, as it does also the dwellers in many portions of the South. Observing teachers, in and about Boston, have told me that, as a result of the elision of final *r* and the addition of *r* to words ending in a vowel, pupils have not infrequently wholly lost the ability to recognize the sound of this letter or to notice its omission. For instance, a child of a very refined and cultured family, upon being corrected for sounding the *t* in the word *often*, looked in the dictionary to make sure that her teacher was correct. When she learned without doubt that the *t* was silent, she said, "Well, I suppose I must say *offen*, but I don't see then how you can tell that from 'offan' as an *offan* child!" A super-refined college bred woman whom I chance to know always speaks of her two sisters Etta and Ida as "Etter and Ider." Now in our well known rhyme, built upon the word *preface*, whether the words ending the last two lines are to be made to rhyme by eliding the *r* at the end of *alligator* or by annexing *r* to *potato* I cannot say; probably it is a matter of taste.

I lately asked a country girl from the North of Ireland whether she had ever heard among her schoolmates any lines made by using words that begin with letters of the word *preface*. She at once said, "I made up something one day to tease a boy and girl that we didn't like. The boy's name was Peter Rocks, and his sister's name was Annie. They were always fighting the rest of us, and we didn't like them at all. So one day as I was looking in my book, where it said 'Preface,' I began to make up something about this boy and girl. Two or three of the other children helped me. What we wrote was, 'Peter Rocks eats fish, Annie caught eels.'" This North of Ireland girl declares she never heard of our well known "Peter Rice" lines, and well remembers how about a dozen years ago she and her companions composed

the lines about Peter and Annie Rocks, which they made it a fashion in the school to call out, to tease the unpopular brother and sister. It is most interesting to find country children three thousand miles away evolving a meaningless formula so strongly resembling the one known here in the United States for several generations. Possibly the latter was originally brought from Great Britain; but, be that as it may, I am convinced that the Irish one is original. In the same parish school in the North of Ireland, the children have a schoolbook legend, the words of which severally begin with the letters of the word *contents*. It is: "Cows ought not to eat nasty turnip skins." I have not heard in the United States of any sentence based upon *contents*; but from a village in western Massachusetts is the following nonsensical acrostic on the word *finis*:

"F for figs,
And I for jigs,
And N for knuckle-bone-eoh,
I for Jack, to break his back,
S for Simpson-son-eoh."

The word *and* at the beginning of the second and of the third line spoils the perfection of the acrostic, but apparently was put in for the sake of the metre. The use of *i* as interchangeable with *j* evidently shows that the rhyme is of considerable age,—that is, that it dates back to the time, familiar to all readers of English books printed a century or more ago, when either of the two letters was used at the discretion of the writer or the printer. Spelling *knuckle* with an initial *n* seems, however, to be mere poetic license.

In general, the custom of inscribing doggerel lines in connection with the name of the owner of a book is obsolete, except where we yet find the district school. But one such inscription has come to me, written in a French book about ten years ago by a pupil in a large private fitting school not far from Boston. On the

title-page of the French story is written in pencil:

"Let all who would these pages scan,
Learn the fate of this poor man!"

An index finger points to the inside of the cover, and there one finds a tombstone outlined, with a skull and crossbones drawn at the top; then neatly written:

"Here lies the miserable body of Poor
Harry Black, Esq.
Who was placed in the Rowen and Mil-
man School by a cruel parent and
allowed to die
from
Too much French!"

A large collection of old school-books in the Harvard College Library has been examined, with the expectation of finding many rhyming inscriptions. A great number of these were given by Charles Sumner, and another considerable portion by a well known clergyman. Both had apparently been too careful lads to scribble in their schoolbooks, and too particular in their purchases to accept any but clean copies; so but one or two rhymes were found in the volumes inspected. One decoration, however, was found, which I knew long ago and which has had wide favor as an ornamentation for school-books, namely, the tracing of the head and inscription of a coin. In the time when a bullet or a bit of sheet lead was apt to constitute part of the furnishings of a schoolboy's pockets, it was customary to get the imprint of both the obverse and the reverse of a coin, or perhaps of several, by holding the blank sheet of paper closely against the penny, quarter-dollar or other piece of money, and then thoroughly rubbing the paper with the freshly cut surface of the lead. In more modern times I suppose a lead pencil serves the same purpose.

In the antiquarian museum in Concord, Mass., is a Bible on the fly leaf of which at the end of the volume is inscribed:

"Margrett Rogers, her Book,
gave to her by her Worthy Mamma
the 7th day of May 1787.
Steal not this book
for fear of Shame
for here You See
the Owner Name
Peggy Rogers."

The warning is written like poetry, though no line save the first begins with a capital letter. This is one of the commonest book rhymes. In different localities it is variously combined with other lines. The most complete version that has come into my hands is remembered as current in Boston about 1850, and the same one is known by school children to-day in Medford, Mass.

"Steal not this book,
For fear of shame,
For here you see
The owner's name.
If this book you steal away,
What will you say
On Judgment day
When God will say,
Where is that book you stole away?"

"Then I will say,
'O, do not so';
And He will say,
'Go down below!'"

The following rhyme ranges all the way from Massachusetts to California:

"If this book should chance to roam,
Box its ears and send it home;"
or sometimes, less elegantly,
"Give it a kick and send it home."

One from western Massachusetts is:

"If in this book my name you see,
You'll know that it belongs to me."

Then the owner's name is signed.
Another from the same locality is:

"Steal not this book, for if you do,
John Smith will be after you."

There are many variants to the second line of this couplet, such as:

"My wrath will surely follow you."

or,

"You'll feel the leather of my shoe."

or,

"The devil will be after you."

In northern Ohio and in north-western Missouri is found the menace:

"Steal not this book
For fear of life (or of strife),
For the owner carries
A butcher-knife."

In Maine the last verse runs, "a big jackknife."

From the eastern shore of Maryland comes this:

"Steal not this book, my honest friend,
For fear the gallows will be your end.
The gallows is high, the rope is strong,
To steal this book you know is wrong."

A rhyme from Dundee, Scotland, runs:

"If I should chance to lose this book
And you should chance to find it,
Remember that my name is Rob;
McDougall comes behind it."

Quite another class of verses occurs, in which the threatening note is dropped and a vein of sentiment or of piety appears instead. A quatrain from Prince Edward Island copied from an old autograph album, but which is equally appropriate for schoolbooks, is:

"May Barnstead is my name
And single is my station;
Happy will be the man
That makes the alteration."

In northern Ohio a book rhyme of frequent occurrence is:

"Mansfield is my dwelling-place,
America's my nation;
Ira Newlon is my name,
And heaven my expectation;"

or, sometimes,

"Christ is my salvation."

From the North of Ireland comes a very similar sentiment, with an additional stanza:

"Mary Johnson is my name,
Ireland is my nation,
Clady More's my dwelling-place,
And heaven my expectation.

"The grass is green,
The rose is red;
Here lies my name
When I am dead."

From County Cork, Ireland, come the two following:

"Maggie Murphy is my name,
Coachford is my station,
Magorna is my burying-place,
And Christ is my salvation.
When I am dead and in my grave,
And all my bones are rotten,
This little book shall tell my name
When I am quite forgotten."

"Maggie Murphy is my name.
With a pen I wrote the same.
The pen is blind and cannot see,
So blame the pen and don't blame me."

A German rhyme from near Riga is:

"Büchlein, Büchlein, lass' dir's sagen,
Wenn dich jemand will weg tragen,
Schrei' ganz laut: 'Lass mich in Ruh,'
Ich gehör einer Sondern zu."

A charming macaronic rhyme for which I am unable to give the locality runs as follows:

"Aspice Pierrot pendu
Qui hunc librum n'a pas rendu.
Si hunc librum redidisset
Pierrot pendu non fuisset."

But perhaps the most interesting of these fly leaf inscriptions that has fallen under my notice is one alluded to by Dr. Holmes in "The Autocrat of the Breakfast Table:"

"Hic liber est meus,
And this I will show;
Si aliquis rapit,
I'll fetch him a blow.
Per patrem per matrem
I vow I will fell him,
For stealing away
Meum bonum libellum."



PUBLIC MEMORIALS TO WOMEN.

By Augusta W. Kellogg.

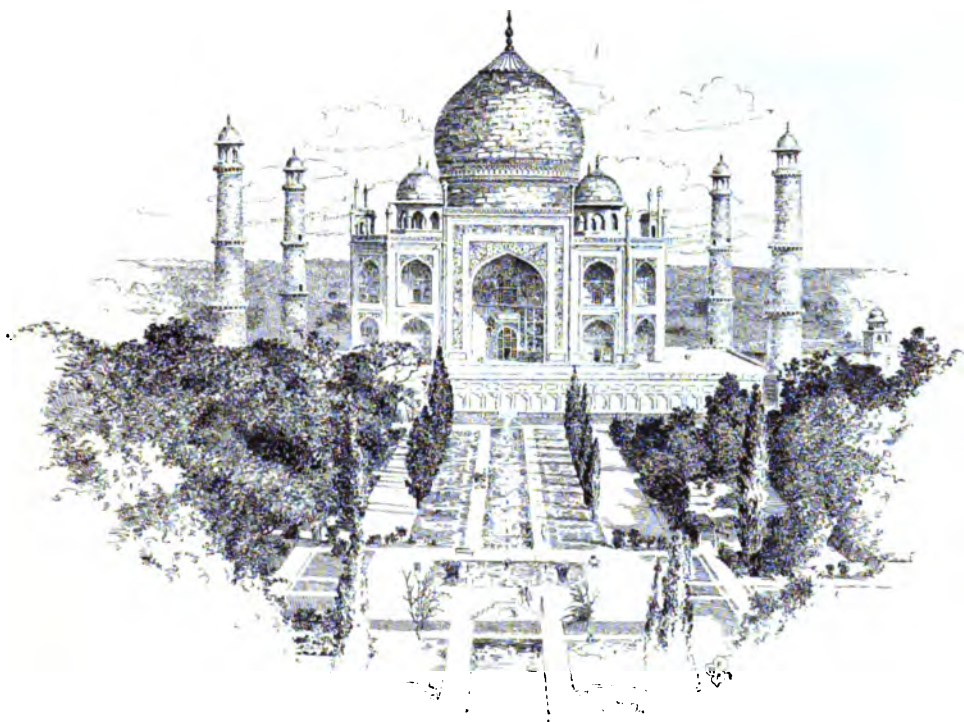
PUBLIC memorials are but the expression of public sentiment, the outward and visible signs of existing ideals. They are meant to confer honor upon the living, to keep alive the memory of the dead, and to hold in perpetuity the remembrance of historic events. Often they embody religious ideas and poetic fancies; they are indeed among the earliest illustrations of universal history.

From very ancient times—centuries before Christ—a common commemoration of notable deeds and persons was the striking of coins and medals; and it is from such mementoes, preserved in numismatic collections, that much of our earliest knowledge of history has been obtained. These particular memorials are, of course, practically indestructible. There are coins existing and in circulation to-day in China bearing the names of rulers who departed this life two thousand years ago. The old Greeks and Romans contributed liberally to this field of illustrated history, their gods and goddesses furnishing an inexhaustible store of models. The money of Argos and Croton bore the image of Juno; Diana embellished the bronze coins of Antoninus Pius; the Venus of Milo figured on the obverse of those struck in the reign of the younger Faustina; Venus Genetrix on the large bronze of Hadrian's Empress Sabina, and the crouching Venus on that of Julia Domna, wife of Septimius.

It was an easy transition from these ideal forms to portraits of important persons. As early as 482-3 A. D., an effigy of the Empress Theodora appeared, with that of her husband, the Emperor Justinian, on the coins of the realm, and her name was cited with his in public decrees, during a reign which saw the erection of the

Cathedral of Santa Sofia, and the codification of laws which remain in so large measure the fundamental basis of good government to-day. Another Theodora, wife of Michael VIII, Palæologos, under whom the Greeks regained their ancient possessions, is also perpetuated on coins. A medal still preserves the features of Pulcheria, to whose pious efforts it was due that the last flickering flame was extinguished on pagan altars, in the reign of her father, Theodosius.

A fashion of commemorating uncanonized as well as canonized individuals by the erection of temples, fountains, tablets, obelisks, pyramids, friezes and statues obtained very early in the history of the world. Many of these marked the burial places of kings and queens. The most remarkable one in the world was built by the Shah Jehan in memory of his favorite wife, Mumtâz-i-Mahal, somewhere between 1628 and 1658. The structure consists of a splendid mosque, tall minarets, with gardens of cypresses, paved walks along intersecting canals, fountains, pavilions, a marvellous collection of perfectly subordinated parts, all enclosed in an ornamental wall of red freestone. It is beautifully placed on the southern bank of the river Jumna. The white marble was brought by hand carriage, a distance of six hundred miles, from Kandahar, an eastern province of Persia. The mausoleum itself is surrounded by two courts, an outer and inner, surmounted by a dome eighty feet high, under which is a trellis-work cut in marble. The windows of fretworked marble are so arranged that through the double courts the glaring light of India is tempered to a gentle radiance. The exterior architectural details are enriched by inlayings of colored precious stones, agate,



THE TAJ-MAHAL.

jasper and bloodstones, combined—as in all Mahometan countries—in fruits and foliage. For twenty-two years twenty thousand men wrought to fulfil the dream of loveliness of the Taj-Mahal.

Dating back fifty years B. C. is the tomb of Cecilia Metella, which stands upon the Via Appia and is a conspicuous landmark for all the region round about Rome. Cecilia was the daughter of Quintus Cecilius Metellus, who as conqueror of Crete did not hesitate to add Creticus to his already unwieldy name. She was the wife of the Triumvir Marcus Lucinus Crassus. The walls of this circular tower are a hundred and thirty feet high and thirty-five feet thick. It was originally faced with travertine and crowned by a richly carved marble cornice. There is no record of any earlier use of marble for architectural purposes. Following the Roman fashion, Urban VIII rifled it of its cut blocks in order to build the Fountain of Trevi.

In 1299 Boniface VIII gave the monument to the Gaëtani family, and they made it a citadel of an extensive fortress, which extended over both sides of the Via Appia. No one could pass in or out of the city by that highway without paying toll. There are still the remains of an elegant Gothic chapel below the surface, apparently of the early decorated English type of Edward I. Byron says:

“Thus much alone we know—Metella died
The wealthiest Roman’s wife; behold his
love—or pride.”

Even the royal sarcophagus was removed by Paul V, and is shown to-day in the courtyard of the Farnese Palace.

Very little too is known of Cleopatra, queen of Egypt. It is true Shakespeare has delineated one side of her character; but it may be well to recall that her lineage through a long line of Macedonian kings was both ancient and honorable, and that



CONSTANTINE AND SAINT HELENA.

(Courtesy of Little, Brown & Co.)

she herself was an ancestress of Zenobia, queen of Palmyra. During her reign a temple was begun at Dendereh, about fifty miles from Thebes. It was, like all Egyptian work, of large proportions, but while imposing, is not thought to have harmonious beauty. Cleopatra's portraits were sculptured on its walls and were of colossal size, incorporated in the architectural ornamentation. Observers have not recorded that these presentments "do make defect perfection," although Dean Stanley considered them probable likenesses. At all events, Cleopatra was the last queen of Egypt to be thus represented.

Constantine named the most important forum in Constantinople the Augustæum, in honor of his mother, Augusta, St. Helena. Among the hundreds of statues, grotesque and barbaric as some of them were, adorning this forum, the best represented the emperor and his mother upholding a cross. Every Eastern orthodox church keeps a copy of this relic among its icons. There was in this forum also a single statue of St. Helena, supported by a porphyry pedestal, on passing which Constantine always made a sign of respect.

His subjects who knew the fate of poor, smothered Fausta and that of his unjustly condemned son, Crispus, may well have admired these outward tokens of family regard. St. Helena died in 328 and was buried in the porphyry sarcophagus, now to be seen in the Vatican. On the front and back at the upper angles are busts of Helena and also of Constantine. On the cover are lions, wreaths and winged genii.

The Louvre possesses two of the oldest statues in the world. They are of calcareous stone, between four and five feet high, and labelled Sipa and Mesa. Sipa was a priest of the White Bull, and Mesa, his wife, was of royal descent. They belong to the dynasty that built the great pyramid, and are not less than six thousand years old. Mesa is clothed in a tunic with a V-shaped neck, and wears a round



DIANA OF THE EPHESIANS.

dozen green bracelets on each arm. Fascinating green stripes under her eyes enhance, let us hope, their brilliancy. The head is surmounted by a wig several sizes too large.

Another limestone portrait, and one that may possibly dispute the claim of antiquity with the above, is that of Mertello, in the Leyden Museum. She is described as the "Beloved of her Father, the Administrator of the Great Hall of the Palace, Mistress of the Royal Wardrobe and Superintendent of the Chamber of Wigs and Head-dresses, also wife of Khufu, Builder of the Great Pyramid and first king of the fourth dynasty."

To this same fourth dynasty belongs also a life-size statue of Nefert, wife of the royal prince, Ra-ho-tep. She is a typical Egyptian beauty and sits, a near neighbor of Mertello, in a limestone chair under glass. She is of a pale yellow complexion, *en grande tenue*, a flowing tunic, rich necklace, long black wig cut à la Van Dyke.

In Ghizeh is a colossal head of Queen Hatasu, regent of Egypt for seventeen years, during the whole reign of her brother, Thosthenes II, and a part of that of Thosthenes III. This was 1600 B. C. Her throne, by a strange fatality, now finds itself—the oldest piece of furniture extant—in the British Museum. There is a seated statue of Hatasu in the Berlin Museum. She has been called the Queen Elizabeth of Egypt. She erected two magnificent obelisks, one of which, in memory of her father, Thosthenes I, still stands at Karnak.

Assur-bain-pal was a learned sovereign, if he may be judged by his library on the Tigris of 10,000 stone books or tablets. He and his spouse are now occupying decorated chairs in the British Museum, hobnobbing in delightfully conjugal style over a shallow wine cup. This group belongs to the remote antiquity of Memphian art. The Egyptians placed portraits of the dead upon

their tombs more than a thousand years ago, the walls whereof still remain as instructive commentaries on the life, manners and costumes of the epoch.

Until 330 B. C. Greek sculpture consisted of freehand carving of the ideal. To this end, paganism, with its innumerable divinities, could supply subjects forever. Artists had but to choose the most beautiful human features, and to blend them in a composite work. The Venus de Medici was the standard for a physically perfect woman. Her height was five feet three inches, her chest a fraction over thirty-three inches, and her waist twenty-seven inches and three-tenths. The "attributes" of the divinities labelled and, at the same



QUEEN VICTORIA, MONTREAL.

time, limited the artistic imagination. In Greece and Rome, Diana was always a huntress; but the Diana who fell from heaven upon her silver shrine at Ephesus embodied the idea of fruitfulness. Mythological stories got themselves cut in the living rock, as witnessed poor, disfigured Niobe, seated despairingly, with folded arms,

KENSINGTON GARDENS.



ABERDEEN.

in a niche under the cliff of Sipylus, a mountain of Lydia in Asia Minor.

"And now, so runs the tale,
There, as she melts in shower,
The snow abideth aye,
And still bedew yon cliffs
that lie below
Those brows that ever weep."

The Athenians were prompted by remorse for the murder of Socrates to commission Lysippus to make an iconic statue of the dead philosopher, which happily preserves his features for posterity. Portrait statues became fashionable in Greece only when the demand for representations of



WINDSOR.



MONTREAL.

victorious athletes turned the attention of sculptors to its supply. Roman portraiture opens a whole art world in itself. Julia, daughter of Augustus, was carved as Minerva, Livia as Ceres, etc., while thousands of iconic statues rose in the Forum. The last work of antiquity to be found in European museums is the presentment of the Emperor Pupienus, who was killed in a revolt, 234 A. D.

Then at last came Christian art, which "sacrificed beauty to human spirit triumphant over suffering, sorrow and sin." The period of decline



CHARING CROSS,
NORTHAMPTON.

for both Greek and Christian art dates from the practice of portraiture. Lübke says: "When no ideal tasks are undertaken in addition to portraiture, sculpture loses the fountain from which it would have drawn its advancement to pure beauty, freedom of composition, nobleness of lines and grace of forms." L'Hermitte, a French writer, expressed his opinion that the degree of glory to which a nation attains is largely due to the respect shown

to the memory of its great men, and that a means inciting to noble deeds and great thoughts is to keep incessantly under notice the examples it is best to follow. He even suggested that examples to be avoided might be advantageously displayed. But *à propos* of this says some one: "There is scarcely a capital city in all Europe but has its pompous bronze statue or two of some periwigged, hook-nosed emperor in a Roman habit, waving his bronze *bâton*, on his broad-flanked bronze charger. How absurd these pompous images of defunct majesties look, for whom no breathing soul cares a half penny!" Illustrating the truth of this, it may be remarked that the first bronze statue to be set up in England was erected in 1678 to Charles I, than whom perhaps no man ever de-

served one less, for it commemorated "the vicious life of a man born in the purple, who never did good, but positive harm, to his fellow-men."

The little figure of Queen Anne in front of St. Paul's, London, "has gained picturesqueness through age and the fine old railing of wrought Lomberhurst iron which surrounds it." It is specially well set and historically interesting because of the frequent state visits Queen Anne made to St. Paul's to return thanks for the Duke of Marlborough's victories. She is set up again in Queen's Square, Westminster.

At a side entrance of St. Dunstan's Church toward Fleet Street there is a statue of Queen Elizabeth holding the orb and sceptre. Before the Great Fire it was on the west front of the old city Ludgate.



QUEEN LOUISE.



EMPRESS AUGUSTA, COBLENTZ.

No one in the world has had so many statues erected in her honor as Queen Victoria. There is an equestrian group in Liverpool by T. Thornycroft in front of St. George's Hall, dating from 1870; one in Peel Park, Manchester; Theodo's group of the Queen and Prince Consort at the entrance of the corridor which runs around the great quadrangle at Windsor Castle. Space has been left for a companion statue to the Prince Consort, by Marrochetti, over the gateway of the new Queen's Schools at Eton. The royal academician, Edgar Boehm, the Hungarian, made a statue of Her Majesty for the first jubilee. It is placed in the courtyard of the University of London, Burlington Gardens. Another in marble, by Lough, is in the centre of the large cloistered court of the Royal Exchange. On the Albert Embankment is another in terra cotta. Louise, Duchess of Argyle, has executed two of her royal mother; one is placed in the Kensington Gardens, the other in Montreal, Canada. There is also a monument to Queen Victoria in George Square, at Glasgow,

by Marrochetti, erected 1849, very pleasing; and monuments in Aberdeen, Edinburgh, Bombay and in several of the Australian towns.

Aside from the accident of royal prerogatives, few women have been honored with statues in England. One of Mrs. Sarah Siddons was unveiled a few years ago. The portrait to be copied was selected, after a careful study of all existing likenesses of the actress, from Reynolds's celebrated painting, representing her as the Tragic Muse. The statue, to quote a newspaper description, "is of the best Sicilian marble, and the pedestal of selected Portland stone. The design is by M. Chavalliaud. The memorial is placed in a beautifully timbered triangular space, facing Harrow Road, near Paddington's old cemetery, now a public garden. Mrs. Siddons lived in Paddington Parish for twenty years, on Westbourne Farm, the site of which now forms a part of the Great Western Railway terminus. Sir Henry Irving unveiled the statue, sixty-four years after her death. He said of her: 'Sarah Siddons added lustre to the history of



MARIA THERESA, VIENNA.

her time. The sunshine of her genius touched with gold the prose of common life, and the ablest men and women of her day knew and valued her work and her worthiness. . . . Good work of any kind never dies, but sends on its influence from age to age; and here, at the end of the

century, whose beginning she brightened, her countrymen assemble to do honor to a great actress.' The inscription reads:

'Sacred to the memory of Sarah Siddons, who departed this life June 8, 1831, in her 76th year. Blessed are the dead which die in the Lord.'



AT VERSAILLES.



AT BONSECOURS.



JOAN OF ARC.

dred women have found sepulture in the Abbey. Among the earliest dates noted is 1117. The list includes queens and their daughters and the mothers of a few crowned heads. One of the most striking among these monuments is that of Queen Philippa, wife of Edward III, who died in 1369. The effigy is in alabaster and shows a plain Flemish face in a hideous horned head-dress. There are, or rather were, seventy statuettes and figures

colored and gilded upon the tomb.

Some of the Abbey memorials were to persons having other merits than those of brevetcy, though the list is a short one. Margaret, Countess of Rich-



AT DORÉMY, ON THE HILL.



AT DORÉMY, BEFORE THE CHURCH.

of black marble, bears an inscription composed by Erasmus, commemorating pious foundations, which include professorships in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge, and also the founding of St. John's College, Cambridge. Elizabeth Russell was called "the child of Westminster," for she was born in the Deanery, christened in the Abbey, and spent her twenty years in its shadow, and her remains fitly repose under its groined arches. She was maid of honor to Queen Elizabeth. Lady Elizabeth Nightingale lies in St. Andrew's Chapel,

mond, was the mother of Henry VII; in an impressive tomb. Death and her bronze effigy, on a pedestal is represented as sending the dart



LUXEMBOURG JOAN OF ARC.

which the victim's husband vainly endeavors to ward off.

Lady Augusta, wife of Dean Stanley, has been allotted a place on several counts. She descended from the family of Robert Bruce and was the daughter of Lord and Lady Elgin. For twelve years she maintained the gracious hospitality of the Deanery to rich and poor. She was maid of honor to Queen Victoria, by whose special request she was buried in Henry VII's chapel.

No one can explain why Richard Steele's wife found a niche in the Poets' Corner a full decade before the satirist himself was conveyed there. Cromwell's favorite daughter Elizabeth found her last resting place under the noble pile. Mrs. Garrick was laid beside her husband, David Garrick, in 1822, since which time, until the death of Mrs. Gladstone, no burial of any woman, save Lady

Augusta Stanley, had taken place there.

No memorial in England is more familiar to the daily London crowds surging about its base than that of Charing Cross. Its story is this: in 1290 King Edward I was hurrying north to lay claim to the kingdom of Scotland, by virtue of the betrothal of his son, the first Prince of Wales, to Margaret, its young queen. Margaret died on her journey to England, but notwithstanding that, it was proposed to make good the claim. King Edward charged Queen Eleanor (of Castile) to follow him to Scotland, but she fell ill of a fever and died near Grantham in Lincolnshire. The king immediately retraced his steps, and followed her bier during the thirteen days in which the procession was on its way to London. At the end of each day's journey, an ecclesiastic came to take the bier before the high altar of the nearest church. At each of these places

the king vowed a cross in memory of the *chère reine* (which words have been corrupted into *charing*). True to his word, thirteen of these crosses once existed; but only three, one at Northampton, one at Waltham and one at Geddington, now remain. That in London is a modern reproduction. Her tomb in the Abbey is of Purbeck marble, a graceful piece of pure Gothic, the sides arcaded with trefoiled and crocketed niches, each containing a blazoned shield. The diaper work on surfaces of pillows, etc., cunningly interweaves lions and castles (badges of Leon and Castile). The gilt bronze effigy is by Torel, a conventional representation, but declared one of the most beautiful specimens of that kind of mediæval art.

Probably there are few travellers in foreign lands who do not add a picture of Queen

Louise of Prussia to their collection of souvenirs. The beautiful figure recumbent on her tomb at Charlottenburg has excited universal admiration. It was indeed the work that placed the sculptor, Rauch, among the leading artists of his country. The soft draperies and partly veiled, very youthful head make as lovely a figure as it is possible to imagine. Rauch also executed an upright statue of the same queen, which is at the New Palace, two and a half miles from Potsdam. In the Thiergarten at Berlin is the fine bronze by Encke.

Louise, who died in 1810, was the wife of King Frederick William III and mother of Kaiser William, first emperor of united Germany, whose assumption of the imperial crown at Versailles, during the Franco-Prussian war, is recent history.

When this Kaiser William was crown prince, he married Augusta Maria Louise Catherine, daughter of the grand duke of Saxe-Weimar, whose mother was daughter of Paul I of Russia.

Goethe was her tutor, and said of her that she was "endowed with a many sided and harmonious culture." Augusta was much beloved by her subjects, and her long and virtuous reign with Kaiser William is a bright page in modern Continental history. She had a sincere love for art and science, and was distinguished for a broad and intelligent philanthropy, which caused her to

found hospitals, seminaries and model tenements. The parkway, called the Rheinanlagen, overlooking the city of Coblenz was laid out at her suggestion; and it is here on the Luisenplatz that her monument was placed on the anniversary of the birth of her son, the lamented Emperor Frederick. The statue is the work of Karl Friedrich Moest of Carlsruhe, is of white Carrara marble, above life size, clad in royal robes of impressive flowing lines.

The magnificent monument to Maria Theresa, by Professor Zumbach, in Vienna, is perhaps the most pretentious ever raised to a woman. It attracts attention as much on account of the life-size *alti-relievi* of the shining lights of her court—among whom are Haydn, Glück, Mozart, Kaunitz, thirty in all—as for her own qualities. There has lately been unveiled at Pressburg, by the Emperor Francis Joseph, a newer statue of Maria Theresa. It is an equestrian figure attended by a guard in the costume of the pe-

riod, and is the work of a Hungarian sculptor, Johann Fadrusz. A memorial of the late Empress of Austria, so recently murdered, is proposed to be set up at Budapest, but its form has not yet been decided upon.

At Orense in Northern Spain a statue was unveiled last year to the memory of Señora Arenal, a Spanish woman whose life had been spent for philanthropic purposes in the study



MARGARET HAUGHERY.

of criminology and sociology. Isabella, the Catholic, by Manuel Oms, is set up in Madrid. She is supported on one side by the great captain, Gonsalvo, on the other by Cardinal Mendoza, thus guided by the military power and guarded by that of the church. The date of the monument is about 1883.

No people is fonder of burying its dead and erecting monuments under the almost ironical inscription *à perpétuité* than is the French, *sous lesquels ils reposent jusqu'à ce qu'on les chasse*, as some one has said in reference to the insecurity of the fame, even that of the dead, in that mercurial climate. But the romantic figure of Joan of Arc seems to have made an abiding impression upon the French imagination; and while emperors follow kings, and presidents succeed emperors—until it is quite soberly suggested that busts and statues should be so constructed as to suffer decapitation with at least as much ease and precision as their prototypes—the heroic maid who saved her king still retains the loyal devotion of her countrymen. She has been given more statues than any



NARCISSA WHITMAN.

other woman, always excepting the present queen of England. Every one knows the gallant little horsewoman on the Place des Pyramids, near the rue de Rivoli, in Paris (see frontispiece). This statue was the subject of enormous criticism, and E. Frémiet, the artist, when long past the prime of life, undertook to re-

HANNAH DUSTON,
PENACOOK.

l'éans Maid several times; once as a pedestrian at Versailles. again as pedestrian on the steps of the Museum at Orléans, and once as equestrian statuette, presented to the city of Orléans by Queen Amélie on Joan's fête day, May 3, 1855,

and now in its museum. She is also represented as a prisoner in armor, by Barrias, at Bonsecours. On the hill overlooking her birthplace at Dorémy, Prosper d'Epinay has made a colossal equestrian figure. Before executing this admirable work, the artist had made a "very animated bust of Joan of Arc, realizing the marvellously strange union of mysticism and martial ardor that makes the Maid of Orléans one of the most attractive and enigmatical figures in French history." This bust was brought to America by Mrs. Phebe A. Hearst, and will find its niche in the gallery at Washington. As Rheims is so intimately associated with the dauntless Maid's career, it is

model and improve his work. This new model he exhibited at the Paris Exposition in 1889; but the French authorities refused to make an exchange of the old for the new, and it is now in Fairmount Park, Philadelphia.

The Princess Marie d'Orléans, daughter of Louis Philippe, modelled the Or-



AT HAVERHILL.

specially fitting that P. Dubois's statue of her should adorn that city.

Some of these statues carry a sword, some the oriflamme; the first was meant sometimes as a symbol for a weapon of mystic powers, the hiding-place of which was claimed to have been revealed to her through a vision. She herself said that she loved her standard forty times more than her sword; and no doubt it was far more inspiring to her followers. One of the charges brought against her at her trial was that she had dared to carry this pennon into the Rheims Cathedral and to hold it upright during the ceremony of Charles VII's coronation. This long, narrow, white pennon was blazoned on one side with the Deity between two angels, and on the other, the arms of France on a ground strewn with *fleurs-de-lis*. There is another equestrian statue at Orléans, by D. Foyatier; a bronze statuette of much merit in the Odiot collection;

and a quite unique one of wood at the Musée de Cluny. There is also a bronze made in 1880 by A. Le Veel. One by the Count du Passage presents her on horseback trampling a leopard under foot. It is interesting as marking the time before a rampant lion was England's symbol.

Louis Philippe lined an avenue leading through the Luxembourg Gardens to the palace with statues of women occupying more or less high places in France. They are, on the right: Clotilde, queen of France, by

Klagnan, Anne de Provence by Hussan, Anne de Bretagne (twice queen of France, being wife of Charles VIII and of Louis XII) by Debay, Anne d'Autriche by Ramy, Anne de Beaujeu by Gatteaux, Valentine de Milan by Huguenin; on the left are Joan of Arc by Rude, Catherine de Medici, mother of Charles IX, by Feuchères, Clémence Isaure* by Auguste Préault, Marie de Medici by Clesanger, Jeanne Hachette by Bonasseaux, *La reine blanche*† by Thérasse, and Velléda by Maindron.

Some writers think these images artistically fine, others scruple not to say that "*Cette galerie d'héroïnes en corps de jupe et en diadème dont la taille colossale est déjà une faute, et dont l'exécution présentait dans les détails des difficultés presque insurmontables,*" est ridicule.

A memorial to Rosa Bonheur has been set up at Fontainebleau; it represents her "in a long, blue peasant's blouse, partially covering

the velveteen trousers, with her kindly face under her short, bushy white hair." This artist lived for many years, and up to the time of her death, at By, a



JEANNE MANCÉ.

* A German, Roschach by name, declares that Clémence Isaure, the Provençal poetess, never existed; that the name became known through a poem by Florian a hundred years before; that the *jeux floraux*, of which the earliest record found is in 1488 were originally in honor of the Virgin Mary, *virgo clemens*; that the name Isaure was added in the following century, and her arms appropriated by the magistrates of Toulouse because they bore a garland of iris.

† *La reine blanche* is the name given to the widows of the kings of France, because it was their custom to dress in white as a mourning for their husbands. At the end of the 16th century this usage prevailed, for we read that in 1575 Henri III went to salute *la reine blanche*, his sister-in-law, Elizabeth of Austria, widow of Charles IX.

few miles from Fontainebleau, and near the charming grape-growing country of Thomery.

Since the civil war, fame won in battle is that which has received the most recognition from the American public. Our national capital fairly bristles with mounted generals, for which the open spaces in Washington are specially adapted. Still, genius, statecraft and benevolence have not been left without a fair share of our appreciation.

Of the few statues erected to women in the United States, not one has been due to factitious circumstances. There is one—and that the first to be set up in this country—which expresses homage to pure goodness and unselfish devotion to humanity; two commemorate incredible courage in defence of honor and freedom; while yet another celebrates pioneer efforts for promoting the higher education among women. However women stand here before the law, whatever their statutory status may be, their statutory record is no mean one.

The city of New Orleans has honored the park at the intersection of Camp and Prytania streets with the name and statue of Margaret Haughery. Charity and health were the only tools which this remarkable woman brought to the work of carving out a noble and heroic life. With these she achieved much in the community whither she had come, an alien, young, poor and friendless. Seeking service as a laundress in the St. Charles Hotel, she saved enough money to buy a few cows and to es-

tablish a milk route. She made a voluntary offering of her profits to the various charitable organizations of the city. Everything prospered under her hand. She took a bakeshop in payment of a debt, and immediately added the sale of bread to that of milk. Sometimes when the yellow fever was ravaging the South, and the asylums were temporarily taxed to their utmost to feed and shelter the remnants of suddenly decimated families, it was to Margaret Haughery, "the Orphans' Friend," that they looked for almost their sole support.

This simple, grand woman could neither read nor write; but at her death she bequeathed a considerable fortune to the charities of New Orleans, and such was the height and breadth of her liberality that she made no conditions regarding sect or color. The unveiling of her statue, less than a score of years ago, was attended by all classes, rich and poor, and the ceremonies were a beautiful testimonial to a lovely character.

Two hundred years ago—in the spring of 1697—a



HARRIET BEECHER STOWE.

party of Indians swooped down, in their terrible fashion, upon the farmhouse of Thomas Duston, who lived with his wife and children near what is now Haverhill, Massachusetts. The attack was so unexpected and fierce that the farmer had only time to seize his gun, mount his horse and by incredible skill so manage as to protect his seven terrified children in a retreat before the enemy to a place of safety. The other members of the family, Mrs. Duston, a new-born baby and a neighbor, Mary Neff, were



MARY WASHINGTON MONUMENT.

thus left behind to the mercy of savages. The story of their terrible march through the wilderness with other captives, of the murder of the child, of the encampment near the junction of the Contoocook and the Merrimack, and of the massacre of the sleeping Indians by the desperate women and a boy, who then escaped in a canoe down the Merrimack to Haverhill, is well known.*

In 1874 the citizens of Penacook, N. H., the town now standing on the site of the Indian camp, raised a statue in commemoration of the brave deed. It stands on the spit of land now connected with the main by railway and highway bridges. It is

of Concord granite, and bears upon the pedestal these inscriptions:

"Heroum Gesta
Fides—Justitia
Hannah Duston
Mary Neff
Samuel Leonardson
March 30, 1697.
Mid-night."

This is on the west side; opposite, on the east, are these words:

"March
15—1697—30
The War-Whoop, Tomahawk, Fagot and
Infanticides were at Haverhill.
The Ashes of the Camp-fires at Night and
Ten of the Tribe are Here."

On the southerly side is this 'extraordinary production:

"Statua
1874.
Know ye that we with many plant it;
In trust to the State we give and grant it,
That the tide of time may never cant it,
Nor mar nor sever;
That Pilgrims here may heed the Mothers,
That Truth and Faith and all the others,
With banners high in glorious colors,
May stand forever."

It is proper to add that this composition was accepted as from one of the largest donors to the monument fund, and that his life was ended shortly after in an insane asylum. Five years after the erection of the Penacook statue, that is, in 1879.



HARRIET L. PACKER.

* See "Annals of Old Haverhill," in the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE* for July, 1890.

Haverhill marked the site of the capture by a bronze figure of the heroic woman. It is prettily set on a sloping hillside in a small common in the centre of the town; and beautiful trees surround it. The granite pedestal bears bronze panels in relief, commemorative of the husband's defence of his children, the capture of the women, the slaughter of the Indians, and the return in the birch-bark canoe.

It is not easy at this distance of time to compute the utter lack of interest in the education of women that prevailed at the beginning of this century. It was so complete that only a flash of inspiration from heaven could have revealed it to the young New England woman who was chosen as the bearer of light into the darkness. Emma Willard, the third woman in the United States to receive the appreciation of an outdoor portrait statue, was a laborer in a new field. She was not only a teacher of others, but of herself, inasmuch as her untried plans required constant revision and much experimenting.



HARRIET MARTINEAU, WELLESLEY COLLEGE.



POCAHONTAS.

(From a copy of the painting in the Berton rectory, Norfolk, England.)

A great work demands deep foundations, solidly laid, for which time and wisdom are needed. But perhaps patience with ignorant or cruel criticism was the chief virtue Mrs. Willard had to exercise. It was while her school was at Waterford, New York, that she applied to Governor Clinton for a share of the public educational moneys, and so well did she present her cause that the gubernatorial recommendation of the measure to the legislature was heartily given. But, even so, prejudice was too strong, and the claim was not allowed. Later, however, when, unaided, this persevering woman had firmly established the famous Troy Female Seminary, a proper proportion of the State Literature Fund was grudgingly accorded. For over thirty years Mrs. Willard worked her way on these advanced lines; and it would not be possible to estimate the beneficial results that appear to-day in the altered conditions of the higher education for women.* Within a few years the Emma Willard Association has raised a monument on the grounds

*An illustrated article upon Emma Willard and her work is to appear in an early number of the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*.—EDITOR.

of the seminary. It bears these words:

"In honor of
Emma Hart Willard, who on this spot
established, A. D. 1821, the first Seminary
in America for the advanced education of
women.

Erected by her pupils and friends."

A. D. 1895.

Her most enduring monument

The Educated Woman."

The first white woman to settle in the state of Washington was Narcissa, daughter of Judge Prentiss of Alleghany County, New York. With her husband, Dr. Marcus Whitman, she went as a missionary to the Oregon Indians. The journey from Pittsburg to St. Louis consumed two weeks; then by the Mississippi and Missouri rivers they reached the town of Liberty, from whence they began their long and dangerous horseback ride of two thousand miles across the American desert. Eventually they arrived at Fort Walla Walla. After some years of labor among the Indians, Dr. Whitman, in 1842, became anxious to represent the condition of things in his territory at Washington, District of Columbia, and set forth to repeat his experiences of the outward journey. A local paper says: "It is just to rank Marcus Whitman with Fremont and other great pioneers; but the magnificent courage of the now childless wife, left behind to endure that year of agonizing waiting, also deserves recognition." He was absent eleven months, during which time no intelligence of him was received. By 1847 a little community of about seventy persons had gathered for the winter in Walla Walla. They were pursuing their usual vocations, the children in school, the men at the sawmill, the women in household duties, when Indians appeared and massacred them wantonly and with diabolical treachery. After Dr. Whitman was killed and his wife wounded, she was placed upon a settee to be carried to another house, under promise of

protection from the savages. As soon as the *cortège* reached the door, a shower of bullets met them, and the poor woman fell, pierced by a dozen balls. The Daughters of the Revolution of Tacoma in 1899 erected a statue to this noble woman surmounting a bronze drinking fountain, which stands in Wright Park.

Especially well placed in the Place d'Armes at Montreal is a monument in honor of the founder of the city, Maisonneuve. Among the little company led by this pioneer settler was a noble woman, Jeanne Mance, well known for her self-sacrificing ministrations among the fugitive Indians. M. Philippe Hébert, the artist, has put her among the four subsidiary figures on the corners of the base of the Maisonneuve monument. He has represented her as stooping in the act of binding up the wounds of a captive boy. The figure is full of tenderness, benignity and charm.

It is sometimes said that American history is uninteresting because women have had so little political influence in the country. The generation now passing, however, has been too intensely excited over the civil war and the emancipation of the slaves ever to forget that this emancipation was due largely to a woman's voice ringing out in no uncertain tones the sympathy and indignation she felt at "man's injustice to man." The facts about slavery were little known and less appreciated in 1852. News was carried slowly, and travel of Northerners to the South was not common. "Uncle Tom's Cabin" came like a thunderbolt from a clear sky, and without doubt was the beginning of the end. A few years ago the Harriet Beecher Stowe Memorial Association decided to erect a statue to testify its appreciation of her work and genius. A commission was given to Mr. W. Clark Noble, and a plaster cast was finished and put on exhibition in the capitol at Hartford, Connecticut. Mrs. Stowe's son, the Rev. Charles E. Stowe, protested in

the most Beecheresque style that "no more useless or unsightly way of wasting money, generally speaking, is known to man than that which finds expression in the statue nuisance." He further said that "the ordinary bronze statue ought to be regarded as a terrible penalty to be inflicted only on great offenders against society, like Adam, Captain Kidd or Benedict Arnold." Naturally, the Connecticut legislature in the face of this objection failed to make the appropriation of \$5,000 that had been solicited from it, and the matter has been allowed to rest. It will be remembered that a similar association of well-meaning admirers was restrained through an appeal to the courts by aggrieved relatives from according a like tribute to another "victim."

It is probable that the legislature of Illinois will grant \$9,000 towards a statue to Frances E. Willard, to fill one of the two places to which that state has the right in the rotunda at the capitol at Washington. It will be the first one erected to a woman in that Court of Honor.

Space has been given at the New York State House at Albany, on caps of columns, for "four heads of typical women." These places have been adjudged to Molly Pitcher, Harriet Beecher Stowe, Susan B. Anthony and Clara Barton.

Perhaps the only instance where the United States government has placed a monument for a woman is in memory of Mary Washington, at Fredericksburg, Virginia, where she died in 1789. It is in a lovely spot on the estate of her son-in-law, Colonel Fielding Lewis, now owned by the Society for the Preservation of Virginia Antiquities. It will be remembered that it was when General Jackson was on his way, in May, 1833, to lay the corner stone, that he was attacked, when sitting at a table in the cabin of the steamboat, by Randolph, who, with a large number of citizens, came aboard to pay their respects to

the President. The excitement was intense when it became known that an attempt to pull Jackson's nose has been made, and Randolph was pursued and captured, but rescued by his friends. Mary Washington's body was laid in the Ball graveyard, near Leesburg, Virginia. The plot was given to the Virginia Society by Colonel George Washington Ball of Washington, District of Columbia, and is by it kept in excellent condition.

Prominent people are interesting themselves in the purchase and preservation of the historic building, 239 Arch Street, Philadelphia, in which the first flag of the United States was made by Betsey Ross.

A Colonel Legge, married to Eliza Washington, died in 1670. Above the tablet on his tomb in Holy Trinity Church, London, is the Washington coat-of-arms, consisting of five alternating bars of red and white, above which are five pointed red stars. It is more than suspected that this device furnished a design for our national flag.

It has not been considered outside the province of this article to mention a few quasi-public testimonials to feminine worth and benevolence. Among the most worthy to bespeak respectful attention is that to Harriet L. Packer, foundress of the Packer Institute in Brooklyn. The Female Academy of that city was burned January 1, 1853, and on January 3 the trustees received an offer of \$65,000 for the building of "an institution for the education of her own sex in the higher branches of literature." It was "the largest gift that had been made to education in this country, and its significance was the greater for the reason that at that early date, and unhampered by conditions, it was given for the advancement of the education of women." Mrs. Packer's bust, wrought from Carrara marble by Charles Calverley, is placed most effectively in the chapel of the institute, in a niche lined with red Italian

marble. It bears the inscription: "Matri Suæ Hupisce Fundatori Academix a Filio Filiaque Dedicatum."

In the beautiful rotunda of Wellesley College stands the presentment of Harriet Martineau, the work of Anne Whitney of Boston. There is a bronze bust of Maria Mitchell, the astronomer, set in the *façade* of her Observatory at Vassar College, and one of Mrs. Frye in the Friends' School at Providence.

The H. Sophie Newcomb Memorial College was founded in New Orleans in 1886, by Mrs. Josephine Louise Newcomb, as a memorial to her daughter, and is devoted to the higher education of women. The college buildings occupy several acres in extent and are in the best residence section of the city. The buildings, six in number, are of substantial character and attractive in architecture. Few, if any, other large institutions have been built, equipped and run by one donor.

Das Ewige Weibliche has in all ages proved a prolific subject for the sculptor's chisel. There are in the Louvre eleven Pash't for one Phtah, and dozens of Venuses are scattered through the European museums for one of her lord. Bartholdi's Liberty holding high her torch in New York

Harbor, Rauch's splendid Germania in the foreground of the Rhumhalle at Munich, the graceful Victory pirouetting in the sky above Paris, St. Gaudens's Diana, French's goddess of the superb lagoons at Chicago, —these and numberless others demonstrate the possibilities of feminine garb and lines for the plastic art. *Motifs* might be suggested from our own history. Pocahontas, of whose services Smith wrote to Queen Elizabeth, "During three or four years she, next to God, was still the instrument to preserve the colonies from death, famine and utter confusion"; Molly Pitcher, who fired the last gun at Fort Clinton and received a lieutenant's commission from Washington; Catherine Schuyler, setting fire to the ripe grain fields lest the British reap the harvest; Mary Lyon, the founder of Mount Holyoke College; little Sojourner Truth, whose memory is even now but a faint echo in the land; Lucy Stone, Harriet Hosmer, Charlotte Cushman and many another should have their memories preserved for us abidingly by the sculptor's hand. Carlyle said: "Hero-worship is the deepest root of all; the taproot, from which in a great degree all the rest are nourished and grown."



THE WATCHER.

By Emery Pottle.

UNDER the silent, white-souled stars I bow,
 Alone in that vast hour when dies the year,—
 On that strange border-land of Then and Now,
 The acreage of doubt and hope and fear.

ALL FOR DOLLY.

By Miss Jane Pratt.

THE beginning of the quarrel was in no way unique. Two queer Yankees who were old when the century began, as obstinate as King George and as reckless as Jacobins, a family feud, houses side by side, hens, a garden, a new fence, a disputed boundary line—so far, though the actors would have given a twang of originality to the multiplication table, the incidents were most commonplace. From the time, however, that Madam Wainwright and her maid pulled down Captain Lamb's fence, the fence which encroached on the Wainwright estate, hostilities became fantastic.

Captain Lamb scorned to take away the rails which the two strong armed women had thrown on to his land. He swore about these encumbrances to 'Bijah Munn, his hired man, and added picturesque denunciations of his neighbors.

"By the Lord Harry," he shouted, as he mounted his favorite horse, "it's a pity they have done away with ducking stools and the stocks! They used to know how to keep these infernal petticoats in order in old times. She is training up that young woman to be a second like herself. I pity the man that gets her!"

'Bijah said nothing, but, taking up his hoe, started for the potato patch. But he moved slowly, and the Captain was well down the road on his black horse before his hired man reached the well-sweep, where he turned and advanced toward the dividing line between the two premises, whistled softly and called under his breath: "Ho, Dolly!"

In answer to this summons, Dolly appeared at the kitchen door, looking uncommonly pretty in her trig blue calico. But as she only shook her dish cloth at 'Bijah and said, "Don't

bother!" he turned and made his way to the potato patch, looking, however, not quite disconsolate.

Meanwhile the Captain on his big black horse was galloping to the county town, and that afternoon a strange row of hideous, grinning masks appeared in his windows looking towards Madam Wainwright's. There were two in each lower window, most grotesquely painted, most horrible.

As the dusk came on, candles were placed behind the painted horrors, and they were moved about and made to change places with each other as if some witches' carnival were going on. Madam Wainwright stood a long time by her broad seated window, a regal figure in her short waisted, narrow skirted gown, her chin in the air, her eyes shooting out arrows of defiance, as she remained immovably fixed, half fascinated by the grotesque performance. But suddenly, as whimsical as a girl with a lover, her face suggesting mischief a-brewing, she turned from the window quickly, and walked rapidly into the dining room, where her voice was heard, loud and authoritative, "Dolly!"

There certainly was a moment's noise and clatter in the kitchen, but the mistress paid no attention to it, she was so intent upon regaining her place by the window; and, once there, Dolly immediately appeared, a little flushed and embarrassed, but attentive and alert, as always.

"Dolly," said her mistress, "come and watch these inventions of Satan. They'll make a pleasant variety for you. I am going out, and I don't want any of their tricks to escape us. It would be too bad, after the Captain has taken so much pains. Sit down on that chair, and don't you get up once, not once, nor take your eyes off

them." Dolly obeyed, asking no questions, and Madam Wainwright, in bonnet and cape, went out of the house.

Thus left, Dolly watched the masks with wonder, listening all the while for some noise in the kitchen. There was not a breath; but presently, looking toward the dining room door, she gave an involuntary start; for there peered 'Bijah Munn's two small black eyes.

"Why, 'Bijah, how you frightened me! And aren't you ashamed to come in here?"

"Took off my boots in the kitchen, so as not to disturb you; and saw the old Madam go out, anyway. What are you doing?"

"Watching the masks Cap'n 'Lisha has hung in the windows. Don't they almost scare you?"

'Bijah crept stealthily in his stocking feet to Dolly's side, and peered out into the thickening twilight, where the lighted masks showed plain. "Well, I'll be blowed," he ejaculated with admiration; "the Cap'n can't be beat!"

But Dolly was in no mood for conversation, though she had been chattering fast enough in the kitchen a few minutes before. Now she said irritably: "Oh, do go back, go home. What if the Madam should come in and find you! I should sink through the floor,"—at which 'Bijah retired in limp dejection.

Soon Madam Wainwright appeared, smiling and triumphant. Throwing her cape aside, she displayed two large dinner horns. "The Captain goes to bed with the chickens, and as soon as the old chicken peddler gets to sleep we'll give him a little serenade. I'll call you when I want you."

Dolly was an independent Yankee girl; but she knew better than to make a protest against the most unconventional of her mistress's plans; so when she was summoned later, she appeared with never a word, and received the larger of the two horns

with no more than a glint of a smile in the corner of her eye.

Madam Wainwright was majestic. She had thrown the window wide open. The Captain's house was dark. The two women lifted the horns to their mouths and began to blow. The horns had a peculiarly hoarse, ear-splitting sound, and they blew valiantly. Presently the heavy knocker of the front door sounded.

"The neighbors think we are calling for help," said Dolly, and went to answer it.

"Who was it?" asked Madam Wainwright as she returned.

"Miss Maria Lane."

"What did you tell her?"

"That we did not want anything," answered the young woman.

"That's right," said her mistress, with beaming face.

"But it would be awkward," continued Dolly musingly, "if there was anything the matter with us. Cap'n 'Lisha and 'Bijah are the only men folks any way handy."

"Hold your tongue, Dolly. We can get along without any men folks awhile yet;" and the trumpet blasts were resumed. But the enemy's walls did not fall, and the Captain's heart was not softened. Instead he swore to himself under the bedclothes and vowed vengeance.

About two weeks after this, 'Bijah Munn, sitting in Dolly's well scoured kitchen, found himself in an unusually talkative mood. The slack jointed Abijah was, under ordinary circumstances, slow and taciturn; but in his stolen visits on Madam Wainwright's maid, the knowledge of adventure and of danger, mingled with the warmth of Dolly's presence, brought him a strange sense of life and excitement. It appeared to him a sort of heaven in which he sat. The kitchen floor and table were white and shining; the pewter plates shone on the dresser. A bed of coals still glowed in the fireplace, on one side of which stood Dolly's spinning wheel, on the other Madam Wainwright's dye pot. Dolly

herself, sitting on a rush bottomed, straight backed chair beside the shining table, was knitting a stocking; and as she knitted, it seemed to 'Bijah that her needles, clicking and flashing in the candle light, sent little delightful pricks and sparkles all over him.

"Cap'n 'Lisha," he said, hitching his chair a little nearer, "is a strange man. I've worked for him now nigh unto twenty year,—and yet I don't half know him yet." After a pause, during which he watched with a sort of fascination Dolly's flashing needles, and nothing was heard but their rapid click and the slow and solemn ticking of the tall clock in the corner, he asked in a half whisper: "Have you ever heerd tell what he has in the garret?"

"Is it there, what folks say?" asked Dolly quickly, looking into his long, bony face like a startled child.

"As sure as the world," answered 'Bijah in sepulchral tones, "there under the east window, in plain sight, black and shiny, and all ready, with his name on the lid—the handsomest coffin you ever see." Dolly shuddered. "You don't mind my telling you, do you?" he asked, showing a delicacy quite unknown before in the slow witted Abijah.

"Oh, no," she answered eagerly, "tell me some more."

"Some folks say," he continued judicially, "that he sleeps up there in the old coffin; but as to that, I reckon they're wrong. Howsomever, this I do know,—just before bedtime he goes up every night and takes a look at it; and not only that, but into every room in the house he goes with his candle, peeking into every corner and into every wardrobe and closet—I've seen him, though I kep' mighty quiet; and last of all he goes to every outside door and locks every one of them. And yet to see the Cap'n you would think the devil himself wouldn't frighten him; and he fit like a tiger in the war, they say. Folks is queer!"

'Bijah stopped, almost exhausted with the unusual length of his re-

marks; and a minute after, Dolly, who had been listening with open eyes to his tale, was yawning. If he had told her that the black coffin had a way of standing up on end and walking about the house on stormy nights, it would not have kept her from yawning long. A good night's sleep had come to be Dolly's one desire. If Captain Lamb went to bed with the hens, Madam Wainwright was a regular owl, and every night since the appearance of the masks, except Saturday nights, she had begun at some unearthly hour tooting one of the big horns out of the window—and usually she made Dolly join her with the second horn. And while Dolly's nights were thus spoiled at the beginning, they were also shortened at the end; for the Captain had not vowed vengeance in vain, and now every morning, as soon as the first streaks of day appeared, his five great dogs, awakened by his kicks and blows, began a most terrific howling. He knew that Madam Wainwright, "old Tory cumberer of the earth," enjoyed nothing better than her morning nap; and this was his answer to her trumpet blasts. Morning and night the war continued, and all day long the masks grinned and grimaced from the Captain's keeping room windows.

Only on Saturday at sundown they were taken away, and on Sunday morning the dogs and Madam Wainwright—and Madam Wainwright's maid—slept in peace. Then, when the sonorous great church bell rang the first time, Madam Wainwright donned her puce silk gown and her long, narrow black cashmere shawl, her high crowned, flaring brimmed bonnet with its nodding purple plumes, and her mitts; and in the next house Captain Elisha put on his silk stockings with his best brass-buckled shoes, his blue knee-breeches and coat with brass buttons, and figured waistcoat set off by the broadest and whitest of shirt ruffles and the highest of chokers, and, taking his tall white beaver hat and his gold-headed

cane, was ready for the second bell—at which they both emerged, as if pulled by one string, from their stately front doors and paced solemnly and sedately, looking neither to one side nor the other, to the brick meeting-house facing the common. There Dolly and 'Bijah from their humble seats in the gallery, and all the rest of the respectful congregation, saw them walk up the broad middle aisle and take their places in the two square pews just in front of the high pulpit, the one on the right hand and the one on the left.

But Sunday night the horns were heard again; and Monday morning the howls and yelps of the dogs began earlier and louder than before.

"Do you suppose the Cap'n and Madam like going on in this way," said Dolly to 'Bijah, "or only keep on because neither one will stop first?"

"Wal," answered 'Bijah, gazing at his great awkward hands critically, "folks is put together so crisscross that it is difficult to say. The Cap'n, he doesn't seem to be pinin' any. But,"—with a softer tone in his voice,—"you don't like it, little girl, do you?"

"No," said Dolly, "I don't like it." Her mouth had a pathetic droop, and 'Bijah fancied she looked pale in the candlelight. He thought how her folks were dead, and how she must endure all her tyrannical mistress's freaks with never a murmur. He thought, too, of the pile of gold pieces which he had in an old sock, concealed where nobody would think of looking, and of the little house on the Wapping Road which was for sale. He looked at the droop of Dolly's mouth, and he thought of the gold pieces and the little house and lot; but all he said was: "Good night, Dolly. It's time I was going home. And you'd better go to bed."

Dolly shook her head. "Oh, no, Madam Wainwright will be after me before long."

At the time of 'Bijah's return the

Captain was making his nightly journey over the house. His inspection seemed more searching than usual; for not only did he peer into every corner and under every bed, but sometimes, as if not satisfied with his first inspection, he returned for a second. Peering and bending thus, with the candle spluttering near its socket, he looked a much older man than in the daytime. When he mounted the attic stairs stealthily in his list slippers, he was bent as if under the weight of eighty years, and when he emerged from the cavern of the stairway into the large, dark attic, the flickering candle showed his face drawn and heavily lined. It seemed as if he were afraid of the shapes of blackness around him and of the all-enveloping shadows. His candle was no more than a firefly, and only enough light came in through the small, round windows to change the gowns and sunbonnets hanging on the walls into ghostly women. The place was full of them. One was beckoning, waving her arm slowly back and forth. As if in sympathy, the candle flame swayed, and at the same time the Captain felt a strong breath from behind him, which made him tingle and shiver as if it were from another world.

Just then there was a rustle under the east window, a strange, penetrating stir from the coffin which stood there. He became rigid with fear; his very blood seemed turning to stone. And then—oh, ye powers!—from the coffin arose, slowly, a white apparition. At this moment the swinging window behind him banged heavily and the candle flame leaped forward and went out. He was frozen with terror, but he made a tremendous effort to escape from that awful whiteness over the coffin and from the wild, rushing horror of wind in the midst of which he found himself. He leaped madly down the stairs, going faster and faster as he heard above him in a croaking monotone:

"Think on your sins, think on your sins, Cap'n 'Lisha!"

It was some time after this that the braying of the horns began. Captain Elisha had, with great difficulty, his hands shaking so much he could hardly accomplish it, locked the outside doors as usual, and then, after a good draft of cider brandy to calm his nerves, he had gone to bed. Lying there and listening to the insistent horns, it seemed to him as if their unmelodious, insulting strain finished the tragedy acted that evening. The powers of darkness had hold upon him, and these were the fiends rejoicing in his downfall. One of the horns blared loudly, and the perspiration started from his forehead. He shook, poor man, there on his bed, and clutched his hands in misery,—he, the hero of three battles!

The next morning Dolly awoke with a start, to find it bright daylight and to hear the kitchen clock striking six. The dogs had been silent that morning, and upon going downstairs she noticed that the masks had been removed from the windows. What did it mean? When she carried her mistress's coffee into the great dining room, where that lady sat erect and dignified at the head of the heavy oak table, she scanned her face as if she almost expected to find there some explanation of this sudden cessation of hostilities; but Madam Wainwright's face wore an expression of studied calm. Dolly felt rebuked by its blankness. However, she could not help being devoured with curiosity, and she cast many glances in the direction of the Lamb homestead, hoping she might catch a glimpse of Abijah.

Abijah was not visible; but soon her eyes were rewarded by a strange sight. From the Captain's front door issued the Captain himself, all in his Sunday best, carrying his gold-headed cane; and he was coming, he was certainly coming, toward the house. In a minute Dolly heard the front knocker, and it was with some

trepidation and with much excitement that she went to answer its summons.

On the broad stone step stood Captain Elisha; and he asked if Madam Wainwright were at home. Dolly knew that she was in the parlor, busy with her rug work, and she opened the door into that stately apartment, announcing, in a somewhat shaken voice, "Cap'n Lamb." She saw Madam Wainwright rise from her rug frame, and she saw the Captain stand, hat in hand, bowing low; and then, catching one of her mistress's glances directed toward herself, she retreated hastily.

Madam Wainwright, left alone with the Captain, waited for what he had to say; and he was soon about it—but in no brusque or hurried manner. Placing his left hand on his heart and bowing again, he began:

"Madam, it gives me great pleasure to wait upon you this morning. I come to beg that all hostilities may be at an end between us and to ask in what way I can have the honor of serving you."

It took no appreciable time for Madam Wainwright to adjust herself to the new condition of things. With never a quiver she answered:

"Captain Lamb, your wish for peace is no greater than mine. You honor me by your courtesy. I beg you will take a chair." Madam Wainwright had been a great belle in her day, and she smiled graciously now.

The Captain was somewhat less master of himself, and he rejoined, slipping into his testiest tone: "I hadn't thought of that! I hadn't thought of that, Madam!"

"But I am sure you will not refuse a lady's request, even in these times."

He, soothed by her manner, and feeling it incumbent on him to disprove all Tory criticisms of the new times, bowed again, and saying, "With your permission," sat down somewhat stiffly; whereupon Madam Wainwright, going to the corner cupboard and opening its diamond-paned glass door, arranged two wineglasses

and a blue china plate, upon which she placed some pound cake, on a lacquered tray. Then she left the room for a minute. The Captain sat perfectly quiet; and soon appeared his hostess, large and hospitable, with a bottle of wine in her hand. It was her choicest gooseberry, and, putting the tray on the table beside the Captain, she filled the two glasses and sat down herself.

"Allow me," said that gallant officer, touching her glass lightly with his, "I drink to the fairest of ladies."

There was certainly a tiny blush of pleasure on the old woman's cheek as she bowed her thanks; but the occasion was too formal for general conversation, and after the Captain had drunk his wine,—Madam elegantly sipping hers meanwhile,—he arose and, retreating backward, bowing all the time, made his way to the door. His hostess accompanied him into the hall, where she dismissed him with her finest courtesy.

Having once got safely rid of him, the old coquette could not forbear a little exultation. She performed one or two fantastic dance steps there in the hall and threw her arms above her head in delight; then, hurrying out to the kitchen, she greeted Dolly with, "My dear, the old Captain has come to terms. Such manners! I haven't seen such manners since I was a girl!" she clapped her hands in glee.

"And the fence—did he promise to put up the fence where it belongs?" asked Dolly, standing motionless, with her hands in the bread dough.

"The fence? There was nothing said about *fences*!" exclaimed Madam Wainwright in words ringing with scorn; and Dolly, feeling that she had shown her ignorance of the manners of high society, went meekly on with her kneading. But only for a minute; for no sooner did Madam Wainwright turn to leave the kitchen than she found herself confronted by a befloured and blushing maid, who, courtesying low before her, said:

"Ma'am, I want to ask, if 'Bijah Munn should wish to sit up with me of an evening now and then, would you be willing, ma'am?"

The suddenness of this question, coming into the midst of Madam Wainwright's tumultuous thoughts, might have been expected to stagger her; but, as you have noticed, that lady's mind adjusted itself very quickly to new ideas—and, besides, she had some sharp eyes of her own. At all events, she gathered herself together at once and answered graciously:

"As far as I know, Abijah Munn is a very respectable man, and you are a good girl, Dolly; and if he wants to sit up with you, I haven't a word to say against it."

So the story of the great quarrel ends most conventionally with a "Bless you, my children, bless you, be happy." Abijah certainly looked happy that evening, sitting in Dolly's shining white kitchen, with an air of security in his happiness which he had never had before. It was not only that he no longer feared Madam Wainwright's entrance, but also that he was at last sure of Dolly; for she had to-night said, "Yes," to a question which before she had never allowed him fairly to ask. She sat in the rush bottomed, straight backed chair, knitting as before; but her face had a new placidity. Abijah had been telling her about the little house on the Wapping Road.

I wonder if he told her too about his short stay in the Captain's coffin, and about his croaking cry, "Think on your sins, think on your sins, Cap'n 'Lisha!" If he did, she certainly proved a most discreet confidante; for though to this day you may hear in Chesley the story of the grotesque warfare carried on between Captain Elisha Lamb and his neighbor, Madam Kate Wainwright, and of the Captain's dignified and elegant request for peace, never a word are you told about his visit to the attic on the evening before his surrender.

REMINISCENCES OF SHAYS'S REBELLION.

By Park Holland.

*Edited by H. G. Mitchell.**

ON the third of January, 1785, I was married, after which I turned my whole attention to the tilling of a small farm in the north part of Petersham, Massachusetts, which I had bought and begun upon before the commencement of the Revolution. In June following we went to housekeeping, and for five years I made farming my chief business; but I had a part in some of the events which took place during that time. As I was out in Shays's Rebellion, so called, I will endeavor to describe the origin of this unfortunate affair. It will, however, be a difficult task fully and clearly to explain what arose from several causes. The principal may be said to have been a sudden flow of hard money and an uncommonly large importation of foreign goods. The reason why money was so plenty in the New England states, and particularly in Massachusetts, was that the French fleet, after the close of the war, came to our coast in great need of all kinds of provisions, thus raising prices to an unusual height as well as opening a ready market for the sale of our products. Thereupon the opinion became general throughout the country that money and many kinds of goods which had been very scarce during the war were now becoming very plenty. The money, especially in the hands of the poorer class, was soon spent, and the people found themselves in debt as far as their credit would permit. Add to this that there was a large tax out, and generally un-

paid. These circumstances, with several others, soon rendered money as extraordinarily scarce as it had previously been abundant.

In 1786 the cry of scarcity of money became quite alarming, and those who were most distressed or most deeply in debt began to hold town and county conventions, corresponding with one another, so as to be as uniform in their proceedings as possible. The result of their deliberations was that it was thought best to prevent the sitting of the courts of Common Pleas, as there was an unusual number of suits to be brought before them. When the court began to assemble at Northampton, within and for the county of Hampshire, a large body of people put themselves under the command of a certain Captain Day, and refused to allow the officers of the law to enter the courthouse and proceed to business; and the sheriff, though a resolute fellow, did not deem it prudent to disregard their orders. However, they finally concluded to let the court enter the house and adjourn to some future day. The court attempted a sitting at Worcester soon after, and met with similar success.

The county conventions not being dissolved, the dissatisfied, who daily became better organized by general meetings, the sending of delegates, etc., finally concluded to prevent the sitting of the Supreme Court. This they justly calculated would make a general disturbance throughout the Commonwealth, and be a serious affair before it ended. They also found it expedient to make choice of a commander-in-chief and other officers of different grades. The General Court, which was now sitting in Bos-

*This account is taken from the second part of Mr. Holland's reminiscences, the first sketch of which was made by his own hand in 1834. In 1841 it was rewritten under his direction, at Eddington, Maine, by his daughter, Bathsheba Ivory Holland, apparently at the request of the Hon. Charles S. Davis, of the Order of Cincinnati, to whom it is inscribed.—H. G. MITCHELL.

ton, seeing that all legal proceedings had come to a standstill and the discontented party was increasing in numbers, thought it necessary without loss of time to raise an army of sufficient size to quell the rioters at one bold stroke before they gained greater strength. They immediately voted to raise eight thousand men, to be properly equipped, and gave the command of them to General Lincoln, an old and experienced officer of the Revolution. The other officers were selected from the militia, and the number of men each captain should raise from such towns as were named in their orders was duly apportioned. These troops were raised and equipped, and marched to their place of rendezvous at Worcester.

Some time in December I was appointed to take command of the company raised in the towns of Petersham, Athol and Rutland. It was immediately filled by voluntary enlistment. Among the private soldiers were thirteen old commissioned officers—one of them General Rufus Putnam, in whose regiment I had served in the Revolution.

During these transactions Captain Daniel Shays, commander-in-chief of the malcontents, was not idle. He had, it was said, collected eight or ten thousand men, a part of whom, under the command of Luke Day, were somewhere in the vicinity of West Springfield. Another large force, commanded by Adam Wheeler, gathered at Princeton, and thence marched to New Braintree; while Shays, with the main body, was in or near the town of Pelham. While General Lincoln and his troops lay at Worcester, news arrived that Shays and his division were on the march to Springfield, to take possession of the stores, arms, ammunition, etc., deposited there. General Lincoln moved immediately to Brookfield, where he halted for the night. The next day we continued our march. On the way, some time before noon, we heard that Shays had already reached

Springfield and had had an engagement with General Shepard, who was there guarding the government property with a detachment of Federal troops. He soon began to meet stragglers from Shays's retreating army—among others a party in a sleigh with the bodies of two of their dead, of whom a soldier remarked, "Poor fellows! they've had their grievances redressed forever!"—the redress of grievances being a phrase much used among them. It was with no little grief that I recognized in one of the dead men an old friend named Spicer. I had known him as a faithful soldier during the war, and he had at various times manifested much affection for me.

On our arrival at Springfield we found that Shays had made a rapid retreat toward Pelham. General Shepard gave us an account of the battle, if such it could be termed, to the following effect: Shays and his army were found to be marching rapidly over the Plains to Springfield. General Shepard immediately sent one of his aids with a flag to inform him that, if he advanced any farther, he should fire on him. Shays returned no answer, but continued his march with increased rapidity. The General then ordered his fieldpieces to be loaded, some with balls and some with grapeshot. When the approaching forces were within reach of his guns he ordered one of the pieces to be fired over the men's heads. It was done; but they only quickened their step once more, instead of halting, as he had hoped they would. Another piece was now ordered to be fired with as good aim as possible at the main body. This shot had the desired effect, a rapid and disorderly retreat, in which the dead and one man who was mortally wounded were left on the field. General Shepard remarked to me that at no time in his life had he been called upon to perform so painful a duty as when he ordered good aim to be taken at Shays and his men, many of whom

had fought at his side and stood firm through the most trying scenes of the late war. I had served in Shays's company, and knew him to be a brave and good soldier; and I can truly say that I did not regret not having arrived at Springfield in season to see him and his mistaken followers fired on as enemies.

While Shays was advancing on Springfield, Captain Day had collected a considerable force on the opposite side of the river, at West Springfield, to reinforce him if necessary. Therefore, as soon as Lincoln's men had taken some refreshment, we crossed the river to call Captain Day to account for his movements. But on arriving there we found that he had thought best to disband his troops; and neither he nor any of his men was to be seen. We next marched to Old Hadley, thinking it possible that he might collect his men there and attempt to join Shays at Pelham.

We remained at Hadley two or three days, to refresh ourselves and wait for our artillery to overtake us. On the third day of our stay, about sunset, we received orders to march immediately, as we supposed, for Pelham. The fact was, General Lincoln had received information that Shays had left Pelham and was on his way to Petersham. Late as it was, we left immediately. The weather was at first comfortably warm; but, about ten or twelve o'clock in the night, the wind changed to the northwest and blew furiously. It was accompanied by a violent snow squall, and became intolerably cold. The snow was deep, but as there was a fine sleigh-path, the travelling would have been good had it not been that our artillery was in front, with wheels so much wider than the road that the track was filled with the loose snow, which rendered walking as uncomfortable as can well be imagined. We reached Petersham about sunrise the next morning, tired, hungry and frozen, having travelled, in the course of the night, thirty miles, the hardest march I ever en-

dured. I was myself badly frost-bitten, and I found but two in my whole company who had not suffered more or less in the same way.

Shays, being informed that General Lincoln was close in his rear, thought best to leave town; and so sudden was the movement, that many of his men left their provisions, sometimes on the fire cooking for breakfast. Our quartermaster had gone in advance of us, to look out for houses to lodge in. When, therefore, we reached the main street, we had only to take possession of such as were pointed out to us. Some of them were still occupied by Shays's men, who soon left and gave us peaceable entrance; and never were a good fire and breakfast more heartily enjoyed by any set of men than by us that wintry morning.

The main body of Shays's troops marched through the town to the northern bounds, passing through a valley which was in some measure protected from the cold. Here they made a halt, probably to consider what it was best to do next, whether to make a stand and give General Lincoln battle, or continue their retreat. They appear to have chosen the latter, as many of them returned to their homes. The place where they halted was immediately in front of my home, where my family then were. The latter, as may be imagined, felt themselves in a very unpleasant situation, since it was well known that I was out in Lincoln's army, and of course unfriendly to Shays. They had reason to expect some abuse from Shays's men. My wife was at this time confined to her chamber by illness; but as soon as she saw that they intended to halt, with her usual presence of mind she told the young man who was staying with her to make a good fire in every room of the house, and bring from the cellar and the pantry everything she had prepared and offer it to them for breakfast. The house was soon filled to overflowing with men half starved and half frozen, among whom was a

Mr. Converse, now quartermaster, an acquaintance of ours. My wife sent for him and told him she had done all in her power for their relief and comfort, and hoped he would see that they did no damage in the house. He assured her that he was very grateful, and that he would as far as possible comply with her request; and he kept his word. When, therefore, they had eaten and warmed themselves to their satisfaction, they departed, having done no damage, except to clear the house of everything eatable in it.

As I before observed, when we arrived in the main street of Petersham we found houses provided for us. The one assigned me was near at hand, and had a good fire in it. We had hardly begun to thaw our frozen ears and toes, however, when we were informed that a part of the house was still occupied by Shays's men. - We were not yet in fighting order; still, after we had in a measure recovered the sense of feeling, I proceeded to look a little to our neighbors. On inquiring, I found that they had all left immediately on our arrival, retreating so hastily that the officers had left their swords and the men their fire-arms. We enjoyed our breakfast. I needed as well as relished mine, as will appear when I state that I had performed the long march of the night before in the cold without a morsel of supper. I was engaged at a court martial in Hadley when orders to march reached me, and when I returned to my company they were all ready to start. But this was not my first, nor did it prove my last, lesson in the art and mystery of living without eating.

About noon, after General Lincoln's troops were comfortably settled in their quarters, it was reported that a company of Shays's men were quartered in a house in the southern part of the town. I was ordered to take my company, with a sufficient number of sleighs, and bring them immediately to headquarters. When we had proceeded about two and a

half miles, we came upon them in a house about two hundred rods from the road. I called a halt and sent a sergeant with a flag to inform the captain that he was requested to appear at our quarters. The sergeant returned, saying that the captain would soon send an answer. He and his men finally concluded to surrender, tackled their horses, loaded their baggage, and came to us, saying that they were ready to go wherever they were wanted. We marched to General Lincoln's headquarters, and I informed him that I had brought the men as ordered. I then introduced Captain Foote, the commander of the captured company. After the usual civilities, the General asked him what he wished to do. He replied that his most earnest desire was to return home with his men. Said the General: "That is the very best thing you can do, and I earnestly wish it," adding also: "You are now at liberty to go." They then bade General Lincoln and the rest of us a friendly good-by and, with eyes filled with tears of joy and gratitude, took their departure. I have seldom seen so many men so happy as they were. They would be the last to lift their hands a second time against the government.

When we had been in Petersham a few days, we were ordered to the town of Barre. We had been there but a little while when a report reached us that several of the inhabitants of our town who were out in Shays's army had returned. A number of our men at once volunteered to go and see how they were conducting themselves. Some of these volunteers being rather reckless fellows, our colonel desired that I should go with them. We set off, and some time in the evening, quite late, arrived in town, where we found the men quiet and peaceable at their own homes. Some of our party had gone ahead of the rest to the house of one Jeremiah Gallants, who had been a conspicuous figure in the rebellion. Finding him in bed,

they ordered him to get up immediately, telling him that he must go to headquarters to be tried by court martial and probably hanged. The poor fellow, though an old soldier, was panic-struck. On my arrival, he sprang to me for protection, and begged that I would not suffer him to be abused. I told him that he should not be ill treated; that he might stay at home in peace; but that, if required, he must give bonds for his appearance at the next session of the Supreme Court. These assurances made him quite happy, and after receiving a thousand thanks I left him. One thing influenced me in his favor. He had been out in the Revolution in the same company with me, and fought like a good fellow—which I had not forgotten, if he had. We all returned the same night without doing any further mischief or accomplishing much good.

From Barre we next moved to Rutland. At this time it was proposed by the government to disband the army and raise a regiment by voluntary enlistment to serve six months unless sooner discharged; and officers were commissioned for that purpose. General Newhall, who was appointed to command the new organization, urged me to take a major's commission; but after considering the matter I preferred to return home. Thus, after a campaign of about six weeks, I reached my farm in safety.

In the course of the season, many who were leaders in the rebellion were required to give bonds for their appearance before the Supreme Court, which was to sit at Worcester in the following September, and a few

were imprisoned. At the sitting of the court I served as a grand jurymen; and it turned out to be a long and disagreeable job. I ought here to mention that the government had previously appointed two commissioners, General Lincoln and Otis Allen, who were invested with authority to pardon all they considered deserving. The result was a pretty general amnesty, there being very few exceptions. The mild measures taken by the government were the best that could have been proposed to bring these erring men to a sense of their duty and make them good citizens of the state for the future. The regiment which was raised marched to the county of Berkshire, where the rebels had become troublesome to the rest of the inhabitants; but the disturbance there was quieted with little difficulty, so that the troops were disbanded in the course of the season.

Thus ended the famous Shays's Rebellion, more happily than we expected at its outbreak. Let me observe that there are many things to be considered before we condemn the mistaken followers of Daniel Shays. Their leaders were ignorant, and many of them deceived. Moreover, our government was a new and untried ship, and we had no chart of experience for our guidance. We who had stood by the side of these men in severe battles with a powerful enemy, and witnessed their hardships and sufferings, borne without a complaint, would much rather remember the good service they rendered their country than dwell upon what historians have pronounced a blot on the nation's annals.





"THE Heart of the Commonwealth." Just when, why or by whom Worcester first received the appellation may never be known. As far back as the twenties



BOSTON STONE.

of this century it was in vogue. Did some fanciful observer of the map imagine that Massachusetts with Cape Cod, so extended and flexed, was the state's left arm, reaching out towards the folded right on Cape Ann, both hemming in Cape Cod and Massachusetts Bays, the latter laving the face of Boston, possibly the Bay State's head? If so, what more natural than that Worcester, a little to the left of and beneath a pectoral zone, should be termed the heart of the prostrate figure, whose trunk stretches away to the west? The bustling enterprise of the town may have suggested the term as specially applicable to its central and throbbing relation to the state. Finally some early *quid nunc*, attracted by the name, may have remembered that the seal of England's Worcester contains a pear, which, inverted, is suggestive of the conventional figure of a human heart, and, with characteristic American keenness, may have exclaimed, "Our Worcester is the Heart of the Commonwealth!"

Between the Worcesters of Old

and New England the most cordial relations have long existed, and their respective officials have often exchanged greetings. Hospitalities have been accorded on each side of the ocean to past officers of the respective cities; and in the public library of each may be found reminders of the other's generosity and thoughtfulness. *Berrow's Worcester Journal*, established in 1690, when the western Worcester had for six years been a name only, is a regular part of the latter's reading-room outfit. Though evidently named for the prosperous shire of Britain or after Cromwell's "Crowning Mercy," just how the name came to be applied is as much a mystery as is the source of her euphonic pseudonym.

Those who ride by express from Boston to Worcester, making the forty-four miles in just one hour, hardly realize that in this distance they have really climbed nearly five hundred feet, since Worcester's City Hall is four hundred and eighty-two feet above the sea level. As little do they appreciate the difficulties that beset Ephraim Curtis in 1673, and those who followed at a later period, in their efforts to locate homes in this, to the Boston of those days, "Far West." Twice were the beginnings



OLD CANNON.



THE OLDEST HOUSE ON MAIN STREET.

destroyed by the Indians. Though in 1684 the name of the settlement was changed from Quinsigamond to Worcester, it was not till 1713 that the first permanent settlement was effected, by Jonas Rice from Sudbury. So ready, however, were people to follow that in four years there were two hundred people in the place; two years later a church was organized, and in 1722 the town was incorporated.

The early story of the settlement contains numerous mentions of King Philip's plots with neighboring savages; and, like so many other New England towns, Worcester has its tragic tale of death and captivity at Indian hands. "Digory Serjent," in 1703 or 1704, paid the penalty of his temerity with his life, for he had persistently refused to follow the other settlers to Marlboro for safety. The father, gun in hand, was slain and scalped on his own hearthstone; the mother, weak and faint was killed early on the northward march, while the five children were carried off to what proved, for two of them, a life-long stay among their captors in Canada. Imaginative people fancy that they can point out at this day what was the cellar of the unfortunate settler's cabin on the shores of Lake



THE OLD EXCHANGE HOTEL.

Quinsigamond.* Be this as it may it is certain that Indian traces will ever linger in the rhythmic names which the children of the forest first gave to local scenes. *Wachusett* in the distance, a vision of loveliness to mountain lovers, is a fit companion to the beautiful appellation of the state itself. To those journeying Paxtonward, *Asnebumskit* gladdens the eye; while Mount St. James, the site of Holy Cross College, can never supplant the more euphonious and significant *Pakachoaog*, where in days of old missionary John Eliot assembled his dusky hearers. In whatever way the writer may spell the name of the beautiful lake which, in the language of the late

Dr. George H. Gould, "like a jewel begems Worcester's extended forefinger," nothing can more become our speech than *Quinsigamond*.

Though located on through highways, both east and west, north and south, for many years Worcester lacked much of being the foremost township in the county. In 1791 it ranked third, being exceeded then by

* Several years ago, at the expense of Mr. H. H. Bigelow, Andrew O'Connor, a local artist of taste and talent, cut from brown stone a heroic figure which he called *The Pioneer*. Upon the sides of the base, in *bas relief*, he represents what might have been the home life of the early settler and what from savage hands was too often his fate. The monument completed, now waits permanent bestowal in Lake Side Park.



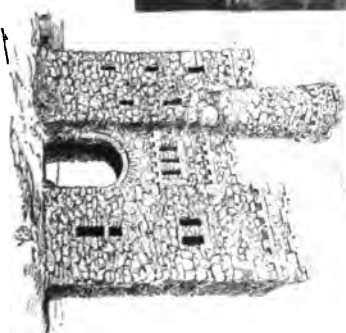
GENERAL JOSEPH WARREN HOUSE, NOW NO. 1 FOUNTAIN STREET.



LAKE QUINSIGAMOND FROM DAVIS TOWER.



WORCESTER FROM BANCROFT TOWER, BANCROFT HILL.





OLD CITY HALL AND OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

Brookfield and Sutton, though the county's first historian, the Rev. Peter Whitney, dignifies the town with the first place in his list because of its being the county seat. However, as years advanced, the natural advantages of the place attracted business, and these advantages were in time supplemented by the Blackstone Canal and various railroads. The town's growth and development were inevitable, and in 1848, having outgrown its early garments, it became the sixth city in the Commonwealth in point of date of charter, in time to advance to the second station as regards wealth and population. The unfortunate natal day, February 29, prevented the celebration of its semicentennial on that date, as February, 1898, had no 29th, consequently the fête was discreetly postponed to a later and more favorable season, viz., from the 20th to the 24th of the following June.

Like Topsy, Worcester "just grew." The sinuous brook, always well filled from near-by wooded

sources, flowing from North Pond southward towards the Blackstone, very likely drew the settlement from the lake to its fertile banks; and here came in time Main Street, adapting its course to the devious ways of the



GOVERNOR LEVI LINCOLN.

stream itself. Mill Brook long since ceased to be in evidence, for years ago it was walled over, and many a middle aged pedestrian of the city has for the most of his life walked over the extended tunnel, wholly ignorant of the water flowing beneath him.

Streets grew slowly. Lincoln is a modern name for that part of Main Street which, bending eastward, leads towards Boston. A small red sandstone in the walk and close to the fence of No. 40 Lincoln Street has, since the days of Governor Hutchinson, in 1771, told its ever true tale to all beholders. Plantation Street commemorates the days when the settlement was called Quinsigamond. Jo Bill, now Institute Road, was a travelled path from almost the earliest date. Summer came in time as the first thoroughfare parallel to Main. Front, leading eastward from Main Street, at the Common, dates from 1785. Two years later Mechanic was opened to afford a road to the new cemetery located there; but as late as 1829, when Clarendon Harris published his map, there were only fifteen streets in the town. In the intervening seventy years this number has grown to nearly seven hundred. They are not laid out grid-iron fashion, *à la* Philadelphia, nor do they follow some other established rule, as in Washington; but they have picturesquely adapted themselves to the natural formation.

Sometimes they run directly up a steep hillside, as in George and State; they have, when possible, sought the crest of an elevation, as in Harvard and Providence; in some cases they exist for no particular reason other than that the openers had land to sell. While the result is not as confusing as in the built-up cow paths of Boston, it is at times sufficiently diverting, as when the weary traveller follows an ancient sheep way in zigzag



SOLDIERS' AND BIGELOW MONUMENTS ON THE OLD COMMON.

fashion from Main to Chestnut Street, along what is called Sudbury, passing Eden as he climbs.

In few cases did the engineer make his street absolutely straight. There was always some motive that induced a deflection, and if his avenue had reason to cross Main Street, it was ever rutable to make a jog, more or less pronounced. Not only did he thus secure variety, but it became desirable to apply different names to what are seemingly the same streets,

east and west of the central artery. All thoroughfares that touch Main either begin or end there. It is by no means an endless task to acquire the names of Worcester's principal streets, but the system is purely arbitrary. Letters and numbers have

It is only recently that Worcester ceased to hug the immediate vicinity of her old Common, if indeed she has even yet quite given up this characteristic. For generations it was thought that trade could not flourish a stone's throw away from Harrington Corner, but

the moving of the Boston Store in 1884 to the new Clark's block, facing Park, effectually disproved this theory, and the building of the Lowell block on Norwich Street in 1897 was a still



CITY HALL FROM THE COMMON AND CITY HALL PLAZA.

no place in their nomenclature; but there is a deal of family and political history suggested in Lincoln, Salisbury, Chandler, Green, Paine, Waldo, Bancroft, Washington, Adams, Jefferson, Phillips, Fremont and Douglas Streets.

further refutation of the old assumption.

The motto of ancient Worcester, *civitas in bello et in pace fidelis*, applies equally well to her younger namesake. From her scant population she sent her sons to fight the

French and Indians. An old cannon, unmounted and reduced to the prosaic duty of a fence-post, at the side of the American Antiquarian Society building, is a memento of colonial provision for emergencies, though it never saw severer service than that of loud speaking on patriotic occasions, incited thereto by youthful Worcester. When British arrogance became too conspicuous in 1775, her people were again astir in behalf of their rights. Tory citizens were compelled to depart, among them Judge James Putnam, the law preceptor of John Adams; and Clark Chandler, town clerk, had to dip his finger in ink and smear out an offensive entry made by him in the town records. Hither came the family of General Joseph Warren during the British occupation of Boston. To Worcester Isaiah Thomas brought his printing press from the same city just before the battle of Lexington, and here, May 3, 1775, he reissued his *Massachusetts Spy*, a paper still

exhibiting an Argus eye in its titlehead.

Worcester escaped being a royal outpost, though General Gage, in February, 1775, sent out officers to thoroughly inspect the region; and when Boston was evacuated plans were found for building a fortress on Chandler's Hill, with an extensive encampment, but the events of April 19, 1775, effectually ended all calculations in this direction.



UNION STATION AND LION.



THE POST OFFICE.

No legend of the last century is more vivid than that which depicts a hatless, coatless rider, spurring his exhausted steed through the main street of the village and shouting the news of the fight at Lexington and Concord, that very day occurring. With dramatic effect his white horse falls dead near the Old South Church, but upon a fresh beast he continues his course southward, in a few hours to summon Putnam from his ploughing and Arnold from his store. No one ever identified the rider, but his mes-



GEN. WM. S. LINCOLN.
GEN. A. A. GOODELL.

GEN. GEO. H. WARD.
GEN. JOSIAH PICKETT.

GEN. CHARLES DEVENS.
GEN. A. B. R. SPRAGUE.

CIVIL WAR GENERALS.

sagewas effectual in speedilyarousing the minutemen, who flocked to the Common, and, after fervent prayer by the Rev. Thaddeus Maccarty, marched away, under the command of Colonel Timothy Bigelow, to the scenes whence swept that "next breeze from the North," foretold by Patrick Henry. Captain Benjamin Flagg soon followed with others; in all one hundred and ten men left Worcester on April 19. The rolls have for-

tunately been preserved. The list is a proud one; and any family finding the name of an ancestor therein may felicitate itself on a patent of nobility, prouder than that preserved in Battle Abbey.

A worthy tribute to Revolutionary valor is the monument erected to the memory of Colonel Timothy Bigelow, who commanded the 15th regiment on many a bloody field. Hewn from white marble, it was dedicated

on the very day, April 19, 1861, when representatives of a later generation of Worcester citizens were, with comrades from other portions of the Commonwealth, marching through Baltimore. In the northern part of the city near Five Points, so called, where lived a member of the Curtis family whence



THE YOUNG WOMEN'S CHRISTIAN ASSOCIATION.

came George William Curtis, may be seen the stumps of trees for more than a hundred years known as the Burgoyne Chestnuts. They were the result of seed dropped by British captives on their way to Boston from Saratoga. They had left the banks of the Hudson in the height of the chestnut season, and stray fruit remaining in their possession developed into trees five and six feet through. They grew and flourished for more than a century.

In 1814 the Light Infantry, now Worcester's senior military company, then ten years old, under the command of John W. Lincoln, marched to Boston with the Worcester Artillery to repel expected British invasion. While the campaign was bloodless, the company's disposition was good, even though New England was not eager for the

war. The grave of Captain George Lincoln in Rural Cemetery attests Worcester's spirit in the strife with Mexico, for the gallant captain, son of Governor Levi Lincoln, was shot dead at Buena Vista while serving on the staff of General Wool.

In more recent years no part of the Commonwealth responded more heartily to the call of country than Worcester. Hence in 1861 marched the 3d Battalion, the 15th, 21st, 25th, 36th and 51st regiments, while Worcester provided, besides a considerable

part of the 34th, 42d and 57th regiments. Prominent among the men who then left home for the tented field were Charles Devens, George H. Ward, Josiah Pickett, A. B. R. Sprague, A. A. Goodell and William S. Lincoln, all of whom attained the rank of general, in full or brevet, before the war was over; while Lieutenant Willie Grout, killed when swimming the Potomac after the Ball's



E. A. GOODNOW.



STEPHEN SALISBURY.



INSTITUTE PARK.

Bluff disaster, gained even wider fame as the youth for whom was written "The Vacant Chair," sung at the end of the century with as much feeling as when, nearly forty years ago, the hero's death inspired Henry S. Washburn to write the poem.* The soldiers' monument on the Common, a creation of Randolph Rogers, bears the names of those from Worcester who fell in the strife and marks the starting point for the exercises of each recurring Memorial Day.

Nor was patriotism less evident in April, 1898, when the Spanish war called another army into existence. There were many Worcester men in the 2d and 9th regiments which set their faces Cubaward. These soldiers, too, gave a good account of themselves and in their record added to the glory of Worcester.

But it is not upon war and its story that Worcester chiefly builds. Her callings have been those of peace. From the primitive industries that located themselves on the banks of

Mill Brook to the enormous mills of the American Steel and Wire Company, the growth has been gradual and constant. Nothing like a boom ever struck the town. The same tenacity which made early settlers cling to their habitations in the beginning days prompted later generations to persevere in planting



Photograph by Osgood Plummer.

PARK COMMISSIONER E. W. LINCOLN.

* See article in the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*, April, 1897, on "The Vacant Chair."



1. LIEUT. E. N. BRANCHLEY,
6th U. S. Infantry.
Killed at San Juan.
2. MAJ. H. B. FAIRBANKS,
2d Mass. Vols.
5. CAPT. C. S. HOLDEN,
Co. H, 2d Mass. Vols.

3. CAPT. E. G. BARRETT,
Co. A, 2d Mass. Vols.
4. LIEUT. COL. E. R. SHUMWAY,
2d Mass. Vols.
6. CAPT. F. L. ALLEN,
Co. C, 2d Mass. Vols.
7. CAPT. J. MOYNIHAN,
Co. G, 9th Mass. Vols.

WORCESTER OFFICERS IN THE SPANISH WAR.



Copyrighted, 1899, by J. E. Purdy & Co.

SENATOR GEORGE F. HOAR.

and inventing, till the result stands in the firm, strong city of to-day.

Conservative from the start, Worcester has been a constant exemplar of Pope's advice in his *Essay on Criticism*; for while by no means the last to lay the old aside, she has seldom, if ever, striven to be the first to try the new. Street railways were paying enterprises in smaller places long before the Heart of the Commonwealth extended her system beyond a single tinkling line,



Y. M. C. A. AND PUBLIC LIBRARY.

which, through Main Street, connected Catharine Street and Webster Square; and even then a good fall of snow would drive the whole concern from wheels to runners. Again, Boston cars were driven by electric motors many a day before the company here could be made to believe that electricity had come to stay.



MR. HOAR'S RESIDENCE.

Once accepted as a fact, however, the city seized and developed the principle to the degree that to-day she is the centre of the most comprehensive system of trolley lines in the country, while her own local routes, have placed the outskirts of Worcester within ten minutes' ride of City Hall.



S. S. GREEN.

Middle aged people returning to the city after thirty years' absence miss the old Norwich Street Station, whence trains had departed for Boston since 1835 and for Nashua and Norwich only a few years less. Old things have passed away, and since 1875 trains have rolled out from the Union Station and from that exclusively since 1877. Built by the Boston and Albany Company, covering between two and three acres, it provides terminal facilities for the Fitchburg, Boston and Maine and New York, New Haven and Hartford systems. The architect's chief triumph was

reached in designing the vast arches which, with a keystone height of 35 feet and a chord of 114, span the tracks. The bases of the eastern arch are supported by granite lions *sejant*, so symmetrically wrought as to win the admiration of the passing thousands. Unweariedly they have borne their burden for more than a quarter of a century.

Worcester celebrated her semi-centennial the same year in which she dedicated her new City Hall. When in 1848 she laid off her town habiliments she merely changed the name of the brick edifice, then twenty-three years old, standing in the northwest corner of the Common, from Town to City Hall. Commonplace as the edifice looked, it was replete with

1851, the neighboring space was filled with an eager throng that hung upon the notes of Jenny Lind, who, to an audience that had taken every seat at in those days fabulous prices, gave her farewell concert in Massachusetts.

The elaborate structure which now bears the title of City Hall had its corner stone laid September 12, 1896, General A. B. R. Sprague being mayor, though the building was pro-

ART MUSEUM.



First Unitarian Church.

Worcester County Courthouse.

American Antiquarian Society.

LINCOLN SQUARE.

memories of Worcester. On its walls might have been inscribed the municipal history for three-fourths of a century. In its main assembly room were heard the voices of Webster, Clay, Lincoln, Sumner and indeed almost every notable of state and nation from 1825 onward. In December,

jected during the preceding mayoralty of Henry A. Marsh. The architects were Peabody and Stearns; the builders, the Norcross Brothers of Worcester, the most famous firm in their vocation in America. The formal dedication came April 28, 1898, Rufus B. Dodge, Jr., being mayor.



POLYTECHNIC INSTITUTE FROM BLISS'S FIELD.



Admirably appointed, costing nearly a million dollars, it satisfies a degree of Worcester pride long wanting.

Upon one of the landings lead-

Worcester's first church, whose two structures, from early house to the strongly framed building of 1763, stood here for nearly two centuries; that from the Common on which the City Hall stands started the minutemen for Lexington in 1775; that at an earlier date Governor Belcher had come hither from Boston to hear the impassioned preacher, George Whitefield, saying to him, "Cry aloud and spare not;" that gun and schoolhouse had given place to monuments and trees; and that, under fully grown elms in the southeast part of the Common sleep the forefathers of the hamlet; that their names and



CLARK UNIVERSITY.

ing to the main entrance of the City Hall is imbedded a bronze star, which shines above the site of the west porch of the Old South Church, in which stood Isaiah Thomas when, for the first time in New England, was read the Declaration of Independence. On the face of the landing itself is a bronze tablet bearing the following inscription:

HERE JULY 14, 1776, THE DECLARATION OF INDEPENDENCE WAS FIRST PUBLICLY READ IN NEW ENGLAND BY ISAIAH THOMAS FROM THE WESTERN PORCH OF THE MEETING-HOUSE LATER KNOWN AS THE OLD SOUTH CHURCH.

Other tablets might fittingly be placed, stating that the edifice occupies a part of the site devoted to



HOME OFFICE BUILDING OF THE STATE MUTUAL LIFE ASSURANCE COMPANY.

their years, transcribed by the late William S. Barton, then a college youth, spread upon the slate memorials still lie above their remains, with several feet of loam between them and the feet of generations which, to paraphrase Bryant, walk not less proudly that their ancestors moulder beneath them.

It is not the fault of the Post Office that its beautiful proportions, fashioned from white marble, are hidden by what has long been known as the Flatiron Block. Some day, when certain pressing improvements in the way of water supply and sewage disposal have been met, the city will take care of this matter and bring the



OREAD INSTITUTE.

tion. When the bronze statue of General Charles Devens shall have been erected upon the grounds or at the immediate front, the effect will be excelled by hardly anything in Massachusetts.

The American Antiquarian Society, whose collection in some respects is the most valuable in America, has its building alongside the new Courthouse. The Worcester Society of Antiquity, further north, is comfortably housed, and its rooms are well filled with local relics of every description.

The Art Museum, still young, is nevertheless a strong and attractive institution, due largely to the munificence of Stephen Salisbury and the late Mrs. Helen C. Knowles. While now attractive and useful, it is only



ENGLISH HIGH SCHOOL.

building out of its retirement. It was opened in February, 1897, having cost \$400,000.

In these days of sky-scrapers, the way in which Worcester County's



CLASSICAL HIGH SCHOOL.

Courthouse hugs the earth is really refreshing. Solid and with foundations as broad as law itself, this immense granite edifice, an outgrowth of the Greek fronted structure long the crowning glory of Court Hill, is just nearing comple-

the beginning of things to be.

Were the average Worcester citizen to be asked to name the man most noted in her annals, the usual reply would be George Bancroft. Born on Salisbury Street, in a house but recently destroyed, here was



PROMINENT EDUCATORS.

spent his boyhood. A son of the Rev. Aaron Bancroft, he had the advantages of a minister's home in his boyhood; hence he went to Harvard, Europe, Round Hill, and to his immortal history of the United States; and hither were brought back his remains, when the long journey of life was over. They rest with those of

Street a library of more than 100,000 volumes which, under the unrivalled direction of Librarian S. S. Green, is doing incalculable good in an intellectual way.

A long article might be written on the charitable and Christian institutions of Worcester alone; but reference can be made only to its two



CROMPTON AND KNOWLES LOOM WORKS.

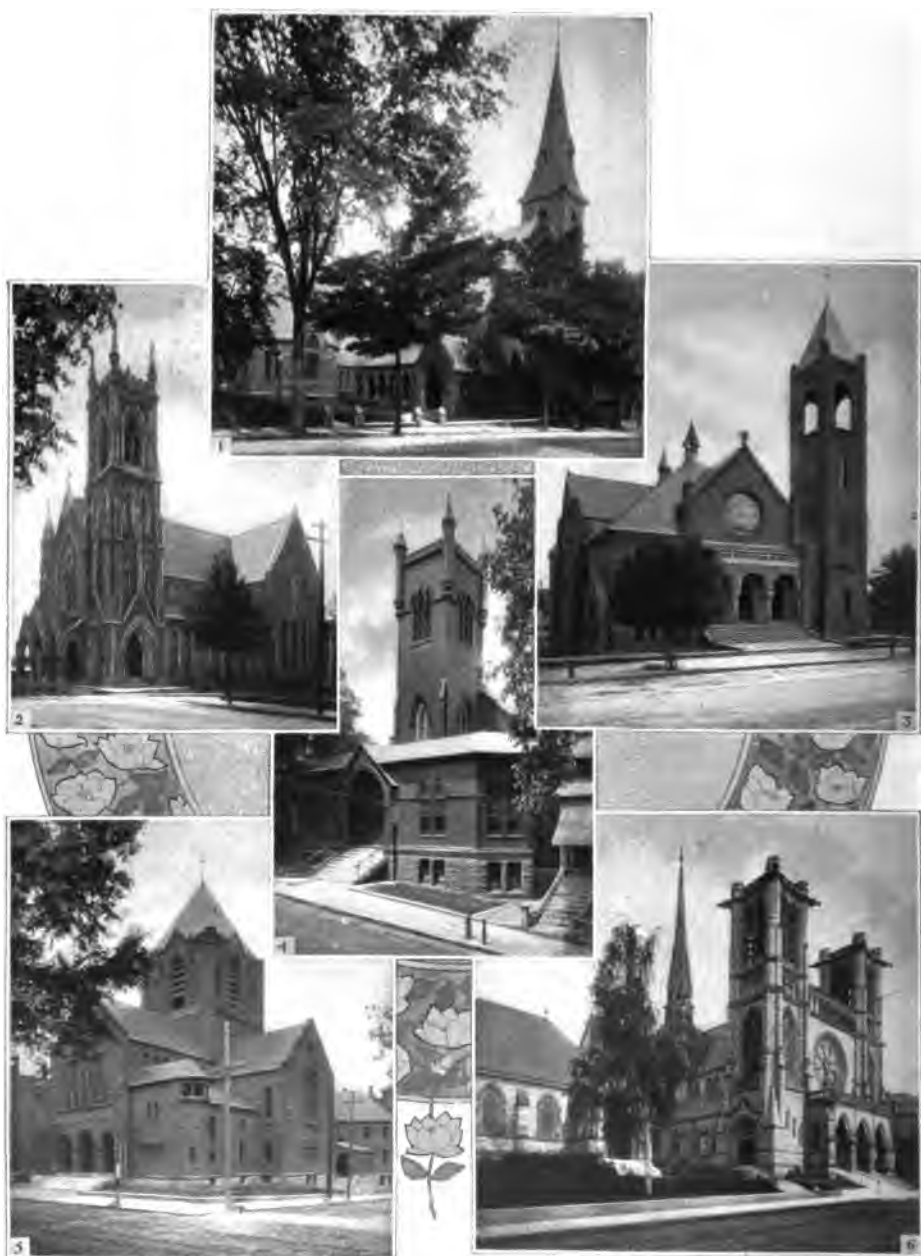
his kindred in beautiful Rural Cemetery, and near by are the monuments erected to the memory of Alexander H. Bullock and "Honest" John Davis, both occupants of the executive chair of Massachusetts.

In the proud position occupied by the Commonwealth in the matter of libraries, the "Heart" bears an important part. The merging of several collections of books, the bequest of the late Dr. John Green, with the annual appropriations of the city, have combined to create in Elm

Christian Associations. The edifice for young men, on Elm Street, is owed largely to the generosity of the late Albert Curtis, whose gifts of over \$100,000 have secured an admirably appointed structure. The edifice for young women, on Chatham Street at the corner of High Street, is a fine building of granite, and towards its construction and maintenance the chief individual giver was E. A. Goodnow, long conspicuous for his generosity to school and college. The Mechanics' Association, as its name implies, is a union of those skilled in mechanic arts, though conditions of admission are sometimes quite loosely drawn. It maintains a well-appointed reading room, a large library and one of the largest and



AMERICAN STEEL AND WIRE COMPANY, GROVE STREET.



1. All Saints, Episcopal.
2. St. Paul's, Catholic.

3. Pilgrim, Congregational.
4. Church of the Unity.

5. New Old South, Congregational.
6. Union, Congregational.

WORCESTER CHURCHES.



First Universalist.

Pleasant St. Baptist.

Trinity Methodist.

finest assembly halls in Massachusetts. In addition to annual entertainment courses, classes in drawing and applied arts are conducted. On its walls are the faces of many distinguished Worcester men of yesterday.

Worcester early proclaimed itself a church supporting town; and though for nearly a hundred years the Old South answered the religious needs of the people, there came a time when the rigorous doctrine of that stanch outpost became distasteful to some of the people, and the North or Second Parish came into being, with Aaron Bancroft as its pastor. Erected on Summer Street, its first structure stood for quite a century, though after the society's removal to the more beautiful edifice on Court Hill, it became a schoolhouse. Shorn of its steeple, not far from opposite the final site of John Adams's still older place of learning, after the latter's removal from what

is now Lincoln Square, it was long an object of interest to antiquarians.

The Trinitarian Congregationalists are by far the most important religious body in the city. It has been stated that, in proportion to its size, Worcester is the strongest Trinitarian Congregational city in the world. In the advance of time and the development of the city, the local names of churches became bad misnomers. Thus *Central* Church, just beyond Main Street, is the most north-

ern save one of the Congregational structures; and at least two very large societies are south of the Old South. There is evident reason for the names Plymouth and Pilgrim; for Hope, Bethany and Covenant there is scriptural basis; but solid Piedmont owes its appellation to its



HON. JOSEPH H. WALKER.



WORCESTER ACADEMY.

first pastor, the Rev. George H. Gould, an ardent admirer of the determination of the Waldenses in fighting for their principles and homes in Italian Piedmont. Union, the latest considerable church edifice, suggestive of Notre Dame of Paris, is the largest and most costly in Worcester. Facing Pearl Street, its gargoyles perpetually grimace at Plymouth Church and the Classical High School. Within and without the architectural effect is excellent.

Though the Unitarians came second in point of age, it was not until 1849 that a second church edifice was built, that of Unity Church on Elm Street, whose first pastor was Rev. Edward Everett Hale, subsequently of such world-wide fame; and it is but recently that the third, or South Unitarian, has come into being. The Baptists made their entry early in the century; and from the First Church, in Salem Square, to the latest at Brittan Square, they number many and important churches. The Methodists came next; and from the modest building on Union Street to Trinity on Main and Chandler, the growth has been pronounced. The Episcopalians, beginning at nearly the same time as the Methodists, established first All Saints Church, now in a second structure on Pleasant Street, and have followed with Saints Matthew, John and Mark, only lacking Luke to make up the evangelists. The Roman Catholics, numbering fully one-third of the city's population, have many imposing edifices. St. Paul's is the finest and St. John's on Temple Street is the oldest. There are two French churches, and there are indications of one for the rapidly growing colony of Italians.

The cosmopolitan character of Worcester's population is found in church organizations of various denominations among Swedes, Norwegians, Danes and Finns. The first Armenian church in America was built here; there are two Jewish synagogues; and among the unclassi-

fied immigrants may be found Greek, Mohammedan, Syrian and possibly Pagan. The city's numerous Chinamen have not as yet built a Joss house, though in March last they introduced a particularly hideous idol to supplement the spiritual solace hitherto found in Baptist and Methodist Sunday-schools.

The town of Worcester was young when "Ye Schoole-Master" made his first appearance, and he has been much in evidence ever since. It was in 1726 that a covenant was made with Jonas Rice to assume intellectual oversight of young Worcester, since which time the latter has been held in subjugation more or less rigid. In 1755 directly from Harvard, young John Adams came hither and wielded the birch for three years, meanwhile studying law with James Putnam, the last attorney general under the Crown, but whose peculiar notions of loyalty in no way affected his somewhat opinionated pupil. The young teacher and lawyer went hence to defend British soldiers for their part in the Boston Massacre, to bear his part in the formative era of our country and to be, one hundred years ago, the second President of the United States. The Latin Grammar School, of which he was the master, continued till 1845, when it and the Girls' High School were merged into the Classical and English High School under the principalship of Elbridge Smith, still living in Dorchester. Then came the new building in 1871 and the English High in 1892, with a Manual Training School later on Walnut Street in the first high schooledifice. The cry is still for more room, and another new high school is to be organized with appropriate buildings towards the south part of the city. Worcester has more pupils in her high schools than any other city of like population in the country, and annually lays out more than half a million dollars for the benefit of her school children, one twenty-sixth of the Commonwealth's immense aggregate. Many of the



HOLY CROSS COLLEGE.

schools have been planted upon eminences in which Worcester notably abounds. The city has been compared to Rome with her seven palace covered hills, while ours are crowned with places of learning.

It was just before the war, in 1856, that Caleb B. Metcalf started his Highland Military School, now under the direction of Principal Joseph Alden Shaw, on Salisbury Street, and there sowed seed to bear rich fruit in the shape of young officers during the war of the rebellion.

The Worcester Polytechnic Institute, due primarily to the savings of John Boynton of Templeton and later to the generosity of David Whitcomb and the Stephen Salisburys, father and son, occupies a commanding elevation in the northwest part of the city. It has done more to elevate and promote scientific manual training than any other one institution in the country. Under the competent management of Dr. Thomas C. Mendenhall, late of the United States Coast Survey, it easily ranks with the best scientific institutions in America. Its graduates, as teachers and professional men, as chemists, civil and electrical engineers, or in overalls and jumpers, as practical mechanics, are in almost every state in the Union proving the utility of the institution. It was opened in 1868. The bared arm,

grasping a hammer, prominent in the seal of the Institute, reveals the true source of the city's success, and the German motto, freely rendered, "School and skill," applies equally well. Her skilled mechanics lead in their respective callings and, inspired by the deeds of the fathers, their sons look forward to even greater triumphs in the future.

Across the valley to the eastward the eye cannot help resting on the solid, compact edifice of the State Normal School, opened in 1874. It has had but one principal, E. H. Russell, under whose care has been trained a most efficient corps of teachers for Worcester and other towns and cities of the Commonwealth.

Jack with his seven league boots would make nothing of the next step, though he would have to pass over the Union Station to reach the heights of Providence Street, where he would find the roomy and convenient buildings of the Worcester Academy, first known as Worcester County Manual Labor High School. After various locations, it finally settled in the oldest of the present group of buildings, erected for a medical school and used for a hospital during the rebellion. For several years directed by Principal Daniel W. Abercrombie, it is coming to rival the reputation of Exeter and Andover.

Another wide and deep valley must be passed to reach Pakachoag Hill, on whose verdant slope rests the College of the Holy Cross. No finer site can be found in New England. Managed by the Order of Jesuits, the college is one of the largest and most successful of the higher institutions of the Roman Catholic Church. To it repair a large percentage of the bright Catholic boys of the Classical High School, thence to pass into the priesthood or other learned professions. The Rev. John F. Lehy is the present learned head.

One of the more recent institutions is Clark University, located on South Main Street, having celebrated (in 1899) its first decade. President G. Stanley Hall, widely known for his labors in pedagogical lines, has been its head from the beginning. To its halls only those go for degrees who have already received the ordinary culture from regular college courses. The founder and liberal benefactor, Jonas G. Clark, died in the present year. The work which has been done at Clark University has commanded the attention and admiration of the scientific men of the world, and with the expansion which will now be made possible, the University will make Worcester one of the greatest centres of the highest education in the country.

The Oread Institute was built by the late Eli Thayer, of Kansas fame, as a high grade school for girls. For many years it was thus maintained. Two years since coming into the possession of Mr. H. D. Perky, a western man of boundless energy, he proceeded to renew and refurnish the castellated structure, and in February, 1899, to open a college of domestic science, offering to education one of its proper bases, a knowledge of food, its qualities and best methods of preparation. Mrs. Harriet A. Higbee is the principal.

No city in the land of equal size has a more extensive system of public parks than Worcester. The old

Common is merely an open, shaded space with cross walks and grassy intervals; but Elm, Institute, University, Lakeside, Dodge, Crompton and half a dozen other parks are rapidly developing into most delightful resorts wherein to study trees and flowers and to admire the work of man in beautifying the face of Nature. Where so many have done well, no one will question the propriety of naming first in this connection the late Edward Winslow Lincoln, twenty years at least of whose life were wrought into the embellishment of his native city. His annual reports are Worcester classics. While Lake Quinsigamond was formerly, and may be again, a resort for college boat races, it was not until recent years that its beauties became patent to Worcester people. Now it is surrounded by summer cottages and its waters are covered with innumerable craft. The scenery is delightful, particularly when viewed from the outlook of Davis Tower, a present to the city by Ex-Mayor Edward L. Davis. The development of the region is largely owing to the enterprise of H. H. Bigelow, who, with Hon. E. L. Davis, donated Lake Park to the city. Dodge Park, presented by Thomas H. Dodge, is Worcester's most northerly public place of recreation and forms a most beautiful frontage for the Odd Fellows' Home, which, maintained by the Massachusetts Grand Lodge of its Order, is the happy abode of many aged people whose active years are in the past.

Looking down upon Lake Quinsigamond are the immense buildings of the new Worcester Insane Hospital. To follow its angles about would necessitate a walk of more than a mile. The older hospital, opened in 1833, on Summer Street, has long been one of the city's notable features,—both sad comments on a civilization which necessitates them.

Proportionately more patents are granted to Worcester than to any

other city in the country; and the corresponding thing is true as to the extent and variety of her manufactures. While nearly everything which contributes to the needs and comforts of mankind is made here, some industries have swollen to immense proportions. More than five thousand names are on the pay roll of the Washburn and Moen wire drawing mills, a part of the great American Steel and Wire Company. Begun by Ichabod Washburn, the business grew under the care and direction of his son-in-law, Philip L. Moen, and his nephew, Charles F. Washburn, till it has far outstripped any other works of the kind in America. All available land south of Rural Cemetery having been covered, a like condition is rapidly growing at Quinsigamond.

The Crompton and Knowles Loom Works have developed from modest beginnings till they too eclipse all other plants of a like nature. All America comes here for looms, from those in which carpets are made to the delicate machine for the finest of silken fabrics; nor is the Old World wanting in the list of customers.

While Worcester may not boast Fifth Avenue palaces, many of her business men have built for themselves large and elegant mansions. That of the late Jonas G. Clark on Elm Street is conspicuous, as is the brownstone house of Colonel A. George Bullock, nearly opposite. This was erected by his distinguished father, ex-Governor Alexander H. Bullock, who died in 1882. The old-fashioned home of Worcester's first mayor, Ex-Governor Levi Lincoln, is just north of this. On the same street Philip W. Moen has erected a fine house; and on the corner of Oak, nearly opposite, the Worcester Club occupies the stately old home of Isaac Davis, in his day the leader of Democracy in the city if not in the state. On Harvard Street, G. Henry Whitcomb has one of the most substantial residences in

the city, almost facing the capacious mansion of Stephen Salisbury; this, erected in the first half of the century by his father, second of the name in Worcester, was long the noteworthy feature of the North End. Lincoln Street has many ancient and historical homes, recalling names fragrant in local lore. In his house on this street in 1842, "Honest" John Davis entertained Charles Dickens, then making his first tour in America and collecting materials for his "American Notes." The book-filled home of Senator George F. Hoar is on Oak Avenue; while that of Joseph H. Walker, late representative in Congress, is on South Main Street. The old Salisbury mansion at Lincoln Square is now the home of the Hancock Club. The Exchange Hotel, on North Main Street, has local fame as the place where Washington breakfasted in 1789, and Lafayette was a guest in 1825. The oldest house on Main Street, if not in the city, is on the west side, at the foot of George Street; it was owned and occupied before 1760 by Nathan Baldwin.

The high-building craze has struck Worcester to some extent, and the State Mutual edifice rises to a height of one hundred and forty feet, towering far above everything in its vicinity. The structure sets a pattern that the rest of the city will be slow to follow. There are many ranges of business blocks whose effect is excellent, as that including the Bliss, Barnard and Sumner, and Burnside buildings, near whose centre rises the classic front of Mechanics Hall, a perpetual tribute to its designer, the late Elbridge Boyden. The Five Cents Savings Bank Building is considered particularly beautiful, while towards the south one would have to travel far to find a finer structure than the Knowles Building on the corner of Main and Chatham Streets.

The city is what she is. Away past the hundred thousand mark in population, her citizens recognize the fact that want and suffering more than

keep pace with her growth; but she never fails to "lend a hand" where and when opportunity offers. The end is not yet. In the next century coming masters of industry, now in their cradles or conning their lessons in Worcester schools, will take up the burdens now borne by the leaders of to-day, and trades now undeveloped will push this central city even nearer Boston in wealth and population. President Mendenhall of the Polytechnic mathematically demonstrates that thirty years hence more than two hundred and fifty thousand men and women will call Worcester their home. If health, wealth, wisdom and happiness increase in like proportions, then may Heaven speed the day! That this result may be compassed in the most desirable manner, may three-decked dwellings cease from the earth, may men realize the possibilities of trolley transit, and may they learn to plant their single family habitations, surrounded by gardens, in every direction from City Hall and Harrington Corner till valley and hill are filled and covered

with the houses of Worcester's mechanics and business men owned by their occupants. With such ends sought for and within the reach of every laborer, no city can be too large.

Worcester is a city of men, made so by the character of her industries. Women may weave cloths as in Lowell and Fall River, and make shoes as in Lynn and Brockton, but only men can work in iron and fashion the looms which have spread the name of the city abroad. Her voting list is far ahead of those of other cities very near her in population. Equally she is a city of women, one where the power of the gentler sex is unrivalled; whose Woman's Club is unexcelled in influence in the Commonwealth; whose daughters crowd the highest schools and form the great majority of our teachers, or, as wives, preside over happy homes, the true source of energy and industry. In fine, she is a city where mind and matter combine to make as fair a habitation for man as the sun shines upon.

SUNRISE IN THE CITY.

By Anna B. Patten.

DIM, shrouded night her quiet vigil keeps;
 A brooding silence hovers o'er the place,—
 Till, at the dull horizon line, we trace
 A glimpse of golden splendor; now it creeps,
 Wave upon wave, till the full glory sweeps
 Across the eastern arch of azure space,
 As the great sun-god shows his shining face
 And summons each unconscious soul that sleeps.
 He calls them to the conflict of the day,—
 Youth to its task, and childhood to its toy,
 The burden bearer one more load to take,
 Old age to wait in patience and to pray,
 The maiden to her marriage-morn of joy;—
 To all he cries: Awake, awake, awake!

THE PURITAN AND DRESS REFORM.

By Fred E. Keay.

IF Carlyle's philosophy is true, "man's earthly interests are all hooked and buttoned together and held up by clothes," and "society is founded upon cloth." One man wears ermine and is called a king; another wears a wig and is known as a judge, and so on through the list. Whatever the theory, clothes have always been a prominent factor in civilized life, and arbitrary social distinctions have been, and are to-day, based upon that foundation.

During the reign of Elizabeth richness and gaudiness of apparel reached their height in England. Men and women vied with one another in costly and useless decoration of dress, and the treasures of the Indies and America, brought home by England's brave navigators, were eagerly sought by the noblemen and courtiers for their personal adornment. The leaders of the Puritan movement seized upon this extravagance of dress as one of the objects of their attack, and with the usual zeal of reformers went to the opposite extreme and prohibited any ornamentation whatever, claiming that the object of dress was solely to clothe the body, and that to do more than furnish necessary and proper covering was to offend God.

It was easier for the men to live up to this belief than for the women. Most of the Puritans were poor, and this gorgeous raiment was beyond their means, even had they desired it; but the women were proficient in the making of laces, embroideries and other inexpensive but tasteful feminine adornments. In Puritan days the men were truly lords and masters and exercised their authority fully and relentlessly. They denied to their wives and daughters even these mod-

est and innocent luxuries, lest they should thereby be puffed up with pride.

Several foreigners who visited England during the latter part of the sixteenth century recorded their impressions of the country and the people, from which accounts we learn much regarding the state of English society at that time. One of these travellers, Emanuel Van Meteren, wrote concerning dress: "The English dress in elegant, light and costly garments, but they are very inconstant and desirous of novelties, changing their fashions every year, both men and women. When they go abroad riding or travelling, they don their best clothes, contrary to the practice of other nations. England is called the Paradise of married women."

The reflections of Samuel Kiechel in 1585 are these: "The women there are charming, and by nature so mighty pretty as I have scarcely ever beheld, for they do not falsify, paint or bedaub themselves, as in Italy and other places; but they are somewhat awkward in their style of dress, for they dress in splendid stuffs and many a one wears three cloth gowns or petticoats, one over the other."

Frederick, Duke of Wurtemberg, visited England in 1592. He reported that "the inhabitants (of London) are magnificently apparelled, and are extremely proud and overbearing. The women have much more liberty than perhaps in any other place; they also know well how to make use of it, for they go dressed out in exceedingly fine clothes and give all their attention to their ruffs and stuffs, to such a degree indeed that, as I am informed, many a one does not hesitate to wear velvet in the

streets, which is common with them, whilst at home perhaps they have not a piece of dry bread." Stephen Gosson, in 1595, thus described women's dress:

"These Holland smockes, so white as
snowe,
and gorgets brave with drawn-work
wrought,
These flaming heads with staring haire,
these wyers turnde like hornes of ram,
These painted faces which they weare,
can any tell from whence they cam?
These glittering cawles of golden plate,
wherewith their heads are richlie dect.
Make them to seeme an angel's mate
in judgment of the simple sect.
These periwigges, ruffles armed with
pinnes,
these spangles, chaines, and laces all,
This cloth of price, all cut in ragges,
these monstrous bones that compasse
armes,
These buttons, pinches, fringes, jagges."

In Drayton's "Moon Calf," a satire upon the fashionable follies of the time, we read that it was the custom among young women to anoint the face with oil, to paint out the natural veins, and to paint in artificial veins, and to whiten the hair by the use of "compounded meal." Referring to women's dress Drayton wrote:

"Our merchants from all parts twixt either
Ind
Cannot get silk to satisfy her mind,
Nor Nature's perfect'st patterns can
suffice
The curious draughts for her embroid-
eries.
She thinks her honor utterly is lost,
Except those things do infinitely cost,
Which she doth wear; nor thinks they can
her dress,
Except she have them in most strange
excess.
And in her fashion she is likewise thus,
In everything she must be monstrous.
Her piccadil above her crown up-bears,
Her fardingale is set above her ears,
Which like a broad sail with the wind
doth swell,
To drive this fair hulk headlong into Hell.
After again note, and you then shall see,
Shorn like a man; and for that she will be
Like him in all, her congies she will make
With the man's courts'y, and her hat off
take
Of the French fashion; and wear by her
side
Her sharp stiletto in a riband ty'd."

The "new woman" is, after all, only the latest representative of an ancient type. One custom that excited general hostility was the wearing of long trains or tails, as they were called. "A supplication from Sir David Lyndesay, Knicht to the King's Grace," in 1538, complained that these trains gathered filth and in dry weather raised "a dust above the skyis," so that "nane may go neir thame at their eis, without they cover mouth and neis."

Many monumental modes of dressing the hair were adopted, and many styles of hats, "little copped crowne hats," hats shaped like garlands, steeples, barbers' basins and bowls upside down, hats plaited and unplaited, "binded with garish bandes" of different colors and of many colors, "stuck with Ostriges, Cranes, Par-rats, Bittons, Cockes, and Capon's feathers." Thus another modern grievance against woman is found to have been charged against her centuries ago. The objection to feather millinery in bygone days was that it gave pleasure to the wearer; now it is urged on the ground that it gives pain to the innocent victims.

Richly painted and perfumed fans were carried by the ladies, who wore also a profusion of jewelry, sapphire bodkins for the hair, ruby girdle buckles, diamond, turquoise, ruby and emerald rings, diamond pendants in the ears, pearl necklaces, lockets, cuff buckles, bracelets and other ornaments. They wore daintily perfumed gloves during the day, and at night chicken-skin gloves to soften the hands. They carried in their mouths little balls called plumpers, to fill out the cheek cavities, and patched their faces with black court plaster to add to their beauty. Masks were worn on the street, whole masks when the wind blew and half masks when the weather was mild. At one time it was usual for women to wear nightdresses in the street, which custom was loudly condemned.

The women did not monopolize the

strange fashions, however. Ruffs were worn by both sexes, and were introduced by a man. They were of enormous size, and stiffly starched in colors, as red, blue or purple. The frequently changing fashion first decreed that men should wear tight hose, which name was applied to all the outer nether garments. Again "trunck hose" came into use, tight above the knees and padded enormously about the hips, giving a man much the appearance of an apple pierced by a clothespin. In the house of Parliament a frame was erected above the seats, whereon the wearers of these excrescences might sit, as they could not use the ordinary seats. These great breeches were stuffed with hair, rags or such material, and were often ornamented with lace or needlework. The story was told of a gallant who, when he arose to bow to the ladies, caught his breeches on a nail in the chair, so that the bran poured out "as from a mill." A thief was said to have carried away a vast amount of plunder concealed in his great breeches.

These were only a few of the extravagances and eccentricities of dress which the Puritans felt it their duty to reform. In 1585, Philip Stubbes, an ardent Puritan, published a work entitled "The Anatomie of Abuses," in which he attacked this among other society evils. The book is in dialogue form. Spudens asks: "How is pride of apparell committed?" Philopenus answers: "By wearyng of apparrell more gorgeous, sumptuous and precious then our state, calling or condition of life requireth, whereby we are puffed up into pride and inforced to thinke of ourselves more then we ought. . . . If we would content ourselves with such kind of attyre as our owne countrey doth afford us it were somewhat tollerable. But wee are so surprised in pride that if it come not from beyonde the seas it is not worth a strawe."

In 1614 Barnaby Rich, who was not

a Puritan, wrote as follows in "The Honestie of this Age:" "I would but demand what are these puppet making Taylers that are every day inventing of new fashions? and what are these they doe call attyre-makers? the first inventers of these monstrous periwiggs? and the finders out of many other like immodest attyres? What are these and all the rest of these fashion mongers? If you will not acknowledge these to be idole makers, yet you cannot deny them to be the devil's enginers, ungodly instruments to decke and ornifie such men and women as may well be reputed to be but Idolles. These attyre makers that within these forty yeares were not knowne by that name, and but nowe very lately they kept their lowzie commoditie of periwiggs and their other monstrous attyres, closed in boxes, they might not be seene in open show, and these women that did weare them would not buy them but in secret. But now they are not ashamed to sette them forth uppon their stalle, such monstrous May-powles of hayre, so proportioned and deformed that but within these twenty or thirtie yeares would have drawne the passers by to stand and gaze, and to wonder at them."

In 1628, William Prynne, a voluminous writer of Puritan literature, published a work the title of which read: "The Unlovelinesse of Love-locks, or A Summarie Discourse, prooving the Wearing and nourishing of a Locke, or Love-locke, to be altogether unseemly and unlawfull unto Christians. In which are likewise some passages collected out of Fathers, Councells, and sundry Authors and Historians, against Face-painting, the wearing of supposititious, Poudred, Frizled, or extraordinary long Haire, the inordinate affectation of corporall beautie, and Women's Mannish, Unnaturall, Impudent, and unchristian cutting of their Haire. The Epidemicall Vanities and Vices of our age."

Forty years later Henry Peacham

wrote in "The Worth of a Penny:" "What money might be saved if we were so wise as the Dutch or Spaniard, who for these two or three hundred years have kept themselves to one Fashion! But we, the apes of Europe, like Proteus, must change our shapes every year, nay, quarter, moneth, and week, as well in our Doublets, Hose, Cloaks, Hats, Bands, Boots, and what not. I see no reason why a Frenchman should not imitate our English fashion, as well as we his. What, have the French more wit than we, in fitting cloaths to the Body, or a better invention or way in saving money in the buying or making of Apparel? Surely I think not. I would fain know of any of our prime Fashion-mongers, what use there is of lac'd Bands, of six, seven, and eight pounds to the Band, nay, of forty and fifty pounds the band."

One would hardly look in the newly settled wilderness of New England, among the stern Puritan colonists who labored and suffered there to redeem and cultivate the barren soil, for any extravagances of dress or toilet; yet we read in "The Wonder Working Providences of Zion's Saviour in New England" that "pride and excess in apparel is frequent in these daies, when the Lord calls his people to humiliation and humble acknowledgement of his good deliverance;" and the Great and General Court considered it a duty early in the history of the Massachusetts colony to legislate against this evil. These excesses, although trivial to modern eyes, appeared heinous to the early legislators. They give an insight into another phase of Puritan character, at least among the gentler sex, which, it seems, took pleasure in ribbons, laces and other articles of personal adornment. Puritan doctrine demanded the crucifixion of the flesh, and the leaders, who were all men (for in those days women were not granted even the privilege of re-

monstrance), enforced this principle unsparingly. One has only to read between the lines of the many statutes enacted by the court to realize that these restrictions bore heavily upon the feminine portion of the community, and especially upon the girls and younger women, upon whose innocent and trivial vanities the law ruthlessly trampled. That public sentiment did not altogether approve of these measures is evidenced by the failure of the acts passed to accomplish their intended purpose.

The first act of the Massachusetts general court relating to dress was passed September 3, 1634, and reads as follows: "The Court taking into consideration the greate, superfluous, and unnecessary expences occaconed by reason of some newe and imodest fashions, as also the weareing of silver, golde, and silke laces, girdles, hatbands, &c, hath therefore ordered that noe person, either man or woman, shall hereafter make or buy any apparell, either wollen, silke, or linnen, with any lace on it, silver, golde, silke, or threed, under the penalty of forfeecture of such cloathes, &c. Also that noe person, either man or woman, shall make or buy any slashed cloathes, other than one slashe in each sleeve, and another in the backe; also, all cuttworks, imbroidered or needle worke capps, bandes, or rayles, are forbidden hereafter to be made & worne, under the aforesaid penalty; also all golde or silver girdles, hattbands, belts, ruffs, beaver hatts, are prohibited to be bought & worne hereafter under the aforesaid penalty."

Two years later it was ordered "that no person, after one month, shall make or sell any bone lace, or other lace, to be worne upon any garment or linnen upon paine of 5 shs the yard for every yard of such lace so made or sould, or set on: neither shall any taylor set any lace upon any garment upon paine of Xs for every offence, provided that binding or small edging lace may be used

upon garments or linnen." Again, in 1639, the court, upon renewed complaint of the wearing of lace and other like extravagances, decreed that no person should buy or sell any lace to be worn within the limits of the court's authority, although lace might be made for exportation. This act also provided that "hereafter no garment shalbee made with short sleeves, whereby the nakedness of the arme may be discovered in the wearing thereof; & such as have garments already made with short sleeves shall not hereafter were the same, unless they cover their armes to the wrist with linnen or otherwise." Full sleeves were regarded with equal antipathy by the lawmakers, who forbade the wearing of any garment having sleeves more than half an ell (five-eighths of a yard) in fulness in the widest part, and "so proportionate for bigger or smaller persons."

Many of the citizens did not approve of the action of the court in the regulation of dress, thinking it a matter which more nearly concerned the church, and which the church should undertake to reform. The relations of church and state were then very close, the leaders in one being also the leaders in the other; but in deference to the expressed feeling, the court temporarily suspended the acts previously passed, recommending to the officers and members of all the churches that they should proceed against all offenders in this regard, and keep strict watch over their members in the future, lest they should fall under temptation, and threatening those who should persist in their excesses with strict, stern justice.

Notwithstanding these measures, the evil was not abated, either among men or women. In 1651 the court passed another act, in the preamble of which it noticed with grief "that intollerable excess and bravery hath crept in upon us, and especially amongst people of mean condition, to the dishonour of God, the scandall of

our profession, the correption of Estates, and altogether unsuitable to our poverty . . . yet we cannot but declare our utter detestation and dislike that men or women of mean condition should take upon them the garb of Gentlemen, by wearing Gold or Silver lace, or Buttons, or Points at their knees, or to walk in great Boots, or women of the same rank to wear Silk or Tiffany hoods or Scarfes, which though allowable to persons of greater Estates, or more liberal education, yet we cannot but judge it intollerable in persons of such like condition."

This evidences a decided change in Puritan sentiment, which a few years before objected to these adornments in themselves regardless of the wealth or position of the wearer. The law passed at this time forbade any person within the jurisdiction, or any relative dependent upon such, whose real and personal estates did not exceed in value two hundred pounds, to wear any gold or silver lace or buttons, or any bone lace exceeding the value of two shillings per yard, or silk hoods or scarfs, on the penalty of ten shillings fine for each offence. As it was evidently difficult to appraise accurately each person's property, the court adopted the novel method of making each man his own assessor, by ordering the selectmen of the towns "to take notice of Apparel of any of the Inhabitants of their severall Towns respectively, and whosoever they shall judge to exceed their ranks and abilities in the costliness or fashion of their apparel in any respect, especially in the wearing of Ribbons or great Boots (Leather being so scarce a commoditie in this Country), Lace, Points, &c, Silk Hoods or Scarfes, the Selectmen shall have power to assess such persons so offending in the Country Rates at two hundred pounds estates." Thus those who desired to dress above their station were made to pay for the privilege. Magistrates, public officers and their families, sol-

diers during service, military officers or "any other whose education and employment have been above the ordinary degree, or whose estate has been considerable though now decayed," were exempted from the provisions of this act.

The first cloth manufactured in New England was made in Rowley, Massachusetts. In 1638 the people of that town "built a fulling mill and caused their little ones to be very diligent in spinning cotton wooll." In 1643 "linnen fustians and dimetees" were made in the colony. In 1655 the colony was suffering from a lack of sufficient clothing. To overcome this difficulty the court ordered that every one not otherwise employed, as women, girls and boys, should spin linen, cotton or wool. The selectmen of the different towns were authorized to examine into the capacity of each family for such work and apportion the share of each. As in many families some members could spare a portion of each day, such persons were to be reckoned as half or quarter spinners. Each family was required by the court to spin for thirty weeks in the year three pounds of linen, cotton or wool per week for each spinner assessed and proportionally for fractional spinners, under penalty of twelve pence fine for every pound short of that amount.

In 1662 the court extended the provisions of the act of 1651 to children and servants. For the first offence of dressing beyond their stations the penalty was admonition, for the second offence twenty shillings fine, and for further offences forty shillings. Any tailor cutting or making any garment in violation of the above-mentioned law was admonished on first offence, and fined double the value of the garment for further offences.

In 1675 the energies of the "Great

and general court" took a different direction. The young women offended the worthy legislators by "wearing borders of Hair, and their Cutting, Curling, and Immodest laying out their Hair," while the young men were guilty of wearing "long Hair like Women's Hair, either their own or others Hair made into Perewigs." The court declares against "this ill custome as offensive to them, and divers sober Christians amongst us, and therefore do hereby exhort and advise all persons to use moderation in this respect." The punishment of such offenders was left to the discretion of the county courts. At the same time the court stated that, "notwithstanding the wholesome Laws already made for restraining Excess in Apparell, yet through Corruption in many and neglect of due Execution of these Laws, the evil of Pride in Apparell, both for Costliness in the poorer sort, and vain, new, strange Fashions, both in poor and rich, with naked Breasts and Arms, or as it were pinnioned, with the addition of Superfluous Ribbons both in Hair and Apparrel," continued. The general court advised the county courts to give strict attention to such offenders, citing them before the court, admonishing for the first offence and fining them ten shillings each for subsequent offences, and if they were unable to pay to inflict such punishment as the judgment of the court approved.

The Plymouth court did not pass so many statutes against dress; but that they took notice of such things is proven by the fact that in 1638 Thomas Hallowell was brought into court and committed because he could give no satisfactory explanation of his possession of a pair of red silk stockings which he afterwards confessed were stolen from a store window in Boston.

THE BUTTON ON FORTUNE'S CAP.

By Leigh Gordon Giltner.

"Happy in that we are not overhappy,
On fortune's cap we are not the very button."
Hamlet.

IT began in his early childhood—in his very cradle in fact. It must be admitted that in his extreme infancy he shared the common lot and was red-faced, bald-headed and somewhat vague and uncertain of feature; but in an incredibly short time the happy fortune which was to attend him through life asserted itself, and his mouth and chin, which had at first been sketchy and indefinite, began to assume form and mould; his nose, which had earlier resembled a carelessly disposed dab of dough, began to shape itself into an amusing miniature edition of the aristocratic Chantry feature; and his eyes to acquire the fine expression characteristic of the Chantry optic.

He began early to display a tendency toward the Chantry manner—which, it may be said, was the best manner possible. Even at the tenderest age his behavior was marked by "that repose which stamps the caste of Vere de Vere." He seldom cried; and when he did, it was more in the fashion of one who feels it incumbent upon him to utter a protest against existing conditions and to give force and point to his convictions than the inane whimpering of the average infant. How, indeed, could any child, being christened with the imposing appellation Reginald Stanfield Chantry, fail to feel the "burden of the honor" and regulate his actions accordingly?

There, too, were his relatives, a most irreproachable and imposing aggregation, to be "lived up to." If young Stanfield Chantry, with the advantage of years of social knowledge and experience, instead of com-

ing direct from the Unknown with no experience whatever, had been allowed to make deliberate choice as to the family he should honor with his presence, he could scarcely have made a happier selection.

There was his paternal grandmother, a grand old Druidic priestess, who had spent her entire existence pouring libations on the altar of "good form," a stately, white haired old lady, the daughter of the younger son of an English earl, whose family, failing to recognize the worth of the Chantry connection, and cherishing the conviction that Americans as a class were vulgar, had strenuously opposed her marriage with Stuyvesant Chantry,—to become reconciled later, upon learning from English visitors in New York the value of a Chantry dinner invitation; her daughter, Helen, a splendid spinster of thirty-five, with all her mother's stateliness and the added advantage of the Chantry profile; her son, Reginald Chatworth Chantry (father of the youthful Stanfield), one of the best groomed, best natured, best looking and best dressed men in the metropolis; and his wife, who had been a Cutting and who, by virtue of her lineage, belonged to various feminine organizations represented by three or more imposing capitals, which served to make the more clear her title to the honor Reginald Chantry had done her in endowing her with his name and all his worldly goods. These latter were not inconsiderable. The Chantrys, while not vulgarly rich, were sufficiently wealthy to have maintained certain traditions from generation to generation, and to have

acquired the inimitable Chantry manner, which, though as far as possible from ostentation, betrayed an easy familiarity with all the subtle refinements of existence.

With all these advantages of environment and position, it is scarcely to be wondered at that Stanfield Chantry developed into a gentleman in the accepted sense of the term; but as is rather more remarkable, he was a gentleman as well in *every* sense of the word. He was neither a snob nor a prig, neither a saint nor a *roué*. He had passed from the hands of his tutor at an early age and spent four years at Harvard, where he graduated with honors, though with comparatively little exertion. Indeed, he did well, and with apparently slight effort, whatever he undertook. He ranked well in his classes, though he never acquired the reputation of a "grind;" he was one of the best all round men in the gymnasium, performing easily feats that it cost the other men weeks of labor to acquire; he had a fine baritone voice and was admirable in amateur theatricals; he wrote a clever skit for performance by the Hasty Pudding Club and contributed to the *Crimson* various dainty pastorals (Chantry hated the country!), of which he was afterwards properly ashamed. In short, he so nearly approached the "faultily faultless" that it was remarkable that he was not universally detested, instead of being one of the best liked men of his class. "Chantry's luck" became proverbial with his fellows, who used to grumble good-humoredly that they could have forgiven him his good looks if he hadn't been so confoundedly clever. He took their dubbing him "the Paragon" so good naturedly that they soon dropped it. He did fine things with an unconsciousness that made them all the finer. Without being in the least degree priggish, he seemed to be governed always by the code of Kipling's "Brushwood Boy,"—that there were "things no decent fellow

could do, you know;" and to this he adhered with a strictness which made it equivalent to a higher creed.

If he had a fault, it was a tendency to flirtation; but "Chantry's luck" held to him even here. In spite of his habitually courteous, almost tender manner to all womankind, he contrived to give his attentions a peculiarly impersonal air that was as indefinable as it was effective and which prevented embarrassing complications. While his friend Carter was always waking to the knowledge that he was irretrievably committed to no less than three equally charming young women, Chantry serenely went his way, the idol, the knight-errant, of a score of ladies, plain and fair, old and young, no one of whom, however, was able to establish a specific claim to him.

"Oh, you're an artist!" Carter would howl wrathfully, upon receipt of some half dozen monogrammed epistles, in which he was addressed with varying degrees of tender proprietorship, "I'd like to know how you manage it, you everlasting fraud! It's that confoundedly impersonal manner of yours, which I'd give worlds to acquire. But I *will* particularize—more's the pity; while you are wise enough to deal in generalities,—confound you.

When at last, however, in his final year, Chantry found his Waterloo and met his Wellington in the person of a woman some ten years his senior, an adventuress of the most pronounced type, who had succeeded in achieving an engagement by a process as inexplicable to Chantry as to the sympathetic Carter; and when Chantry, with his high ideal of honor and his literal construction of *noblesse oblige*, was about to allow himself to be sacrificed on the hymeneal altar,—that Providence which always befriended him came to the rescue and caused the elderly siren to elope, at the eleventh hour, with fat and florid Tommy Smith, while "Chantry's

luck" became more than ever a proverb with his friends.

When Chantry finished at college and returned to New York, he found himself confronted with the necessity of choosing a profession. He was sufficiently American to wish for himself a definite place and occupation in the world, and was not content to be merely the son of his father. The latter had no need of him in his own business, which consisted chiefly of receiving rentals from his agent, and grandmother Chantry's horror of any connection of hers being "in trade" effectually prevented his engaging in any commercial pursuit. Two of his classmates, Helm and Carter, were to try the experiment of roughing it on a ranch in New Mexico,—and Chantry would have relished nothing more than the chance of joining them; but his mother's recent trouble with her heart was too serious to admit of his leaving her. Beresford, his favorite chum, had left college the year before and adopted as a profession the stage, where he was succeeding measurably well; but here the thought of grandmother Chantry intervened. Hargis, the class poet, had gone into active journalism; but though Chantry wrote fluently and well, he had small aptitude for "vulgar news getting,"—and again there was the dowager, who strongly disapproved of modern newspaper methods. Van Vost, the scion of a family as old as his own, had gone into the law; but Chantry had no taste for dry legal technicalities. He was too sensitive to suffering in all its forms to try medicine; and so it came about that he drifted into, rather than chose, the profession of literature.

He had taste and talent certainly, an accurate sense of literary values, a knack of happy phrasing, and a certain capacity for threshing old straw and winnowing the golden grain from the chaff. During the first few months of his sojourn at home he had accepted by various minor periodicals

some very creditable bits of verse, but at this he felt no elation. When, however, two really strong sonnets were taken by one of the leading periodicals of the metropolis and he received a highly flattering personal letter from its editor, a man whose judgment in literary matters was unquestioned, he began to feel his calling and election to the profession of letters.

He published his first book, a dainty volume of verse titled "Hearts and Forest Leaves," a little more than a year after his graduation. He chose an excellent publisher to bring it out; the binding was a triumph of the publisher's art; Hargis (who was fast becoming a power in journalism) did his best for it; the Chantry name had its effect in certain quarters; and on the whole, the little volume, which at least had the merit of being in perfect taste, was a success, and gave Chantry the reputation of a *littérateur* in the smart set. His father had promptly put him up at his club; Beresford got him into the "Lotos" and "The Players;" and Hargis stood sponsor for him at an authors' club, where he met famous writers who treated him with a deference which he hardly felt he merited.

He found that the dowager, his grandmother, had obligingly selected for his consideration several young women, each as nearly worthy of the Chantry interest as any mere mortal could be; and he noted that she had graciously allowed him considerable liberty of choice, in that there were no less than eight of these maidens, all warranted eligible; and be it said to the dowager's credit, she had displayed admirable taste in their selection, for they were all young, pretty and attractive and, without exception, rich.

This being the case, it is hardly to be wondered at that Chantry fell in with his grandmother's wishes with praiseworthy alacrity. He found the eligibles wonderfully alike. They had all been properly trained and "fin-

ished" and carefully conventionalized into the same mould. Their opinions on given subjects were startlingly similar, and an expression ventured by any one of them would hardly have done violence to the convictions of the others. With one exception! It was her unlikeness to the rest that first interested Chantry in Dorothy Channing. She, too, was for the most part conventional; but she was also "unexpected," as Hargis put it,—and it was this very unexpectedness which gave her her charm. She tried hard to conform to the accepted type; but she occasionally broke through the crust of conventionality in a manner that rather amused Chantry, though he might possibly have found these trifling lapses less amusing in a feminine connection of his own.

In spite of, or perhaps because of this, Dorothy interested him; and he began to single her out from the others. He followed her to Lenox in the summer, and distinguished her with attentions which would have meant much in another man, but which Dorothy felt with a vague impatience were somehow singularly impersonal. Chantry's heart had never been touched in the slightest degree; indeed, he had a secret conviction that love was merely a part of the stock in trade of the poet and novelist (he had used it himself effectively in his verse), and he would have regarded any very ardent expression of emotion as rather vulgar. He seldom considered his heart at all, except when its action troubled him, as it sometimes did, and his family physician, who feared inherited tendencies, prescribed digitalis and counselled him to moderation in golf and dancing.

It never occurred to Chantry that his feeling for Dorothy Channing was in any degree inadequate; and when in the late autumn his grandmother began to hint the expediency of such a course, he, with his usual willingness to oblige, determined to

speak to Miss Channing at once. It goes without saying that he spoke gracefully and well; but when he had concluded, though he was wholly unaware of any deficiency in his feeling or expression, his quick perception told him there was something amiss. Dorothy, who was standing when he began to address her (she had an odd little habit of moving about during conversation), had remained perfectly silent, with her eyes downcast and a dark flush in her cheek. Chantry's sensitiveness to shades of manner let him see that this was no mere display of coquetry or coyness; and he could have sworn that there was a shade of—was it vexation, pain or disappointment—upon her face. He was puzzled—wholly at a loss; but he did the wisest possible thing under the circumstances: he moved a trifle nearer and took again the hand she had withdrawn from his.

"Dorothy," he murmured (Beresford always insisted that Chantry's voice would have been invaluable to an actor—it was so susceptible to shading, and certain of its tones were so like a caress), "Dorothy, my darling!" then he drew her, half resisting, half yielding, to his breast and pressed a kiss upon her cheek with a grace which Beresford, who confessed himself an awkward lover, would have given much to have achieved in his stage work.

To Chantry's utter amazement, Dorothy, after a passive moment, suddenly threw her arms about his neck, drew his face down to hers and kissed him twice—thrice—with a fervor and intensity that startled him; then fled out of the room. It cannot be said that he was wholly pleased at this display of tenderness. It came to him with a shock of cold surprise—of repulsion almost. It struck him as rather extreme—"so very pronounced, you know," he told himself as he descended the steps. He would have preferred her to have taken the matter less dramatically; to have received his caress more calmly and,

after the first few minutes,—which Carter's confidences had assured him were to be given up to raptures, of a very mild nature certainly in Chantry's case,—to have quietly discussed with him the preferability of the Mediterranean or the Nile for the honeymoon. By the time he reached home, however, he had recovered from his first surprise and had set down the little exhibition of emotion to Dorothy's volatile temperament and general unexpectedness; though he was conscious of a secret wish that she would be less demonstrative in future.

She did not disappoint him. When they next met, she was all that he could have asked. Her manner, he told himself, was perfect. She took his kiss quite calmly and naturally, and quietly let him hold her hand in his while they talked in the most matter-of-fact fashion of the details of the wedding, which was to follow close upon the announcement which the society papers were shortly to be authorized to make.

The caressing tone in his beautiful voice was wholly dominant, and he did not fail to infuse into his simplest utterances a subtle tenderness. Once he lifted her hand to his lips—an action which in the average man would probably have been awkward and ludicrous; and once, tenderly, almost reverently, he touched her brow with his lips. He kissed her again twice, with more of grace than warmth, when he was leaving; and then as he stood for a moment holding her hands in his, he saw, or fancied he saw, that subtle shade of discontent again cross her face.

"Dorothy," he said, "I wonder—I am such a novice in these matters—if I have been able to express to you adequately all that I feel, all that your love means and all that you are to me!"

She stood looking at him for an instant with an expression which he could not fathom; then, "You have expressed—too much," she said.

Then she gave an odd little laugh, and he, not understanding in the least, kissed her again and went away.

In the three months that elapsed before their marriage, Chantry proved himself an ideal lover in the matter of outward forms and observances. He lavished graceful attentions upon Dorothy, and was quite properly devoted; though in the rush and whirl of the season they really found little opportunity for a closer or more intimate knowledge of each other, and were upon their wedding day practically the veriest strangers.

They went immediately upon a protracted cruise in Chantry's yacht, accompanied by a number of friends, whose presence kept them almost as effectually remote from each other as before; and when they again returned to New York, Dorothy found herself caught in the fashionable maelstrom; while Chantry in the intervals of social engagements tried his hand at prose work.

If any of Dorothy's friends had had leisure to study her, they would have discovered that she was oddly changed. There was an air of almost feverish gayety about her; her manner seemed at times strained and unnatural; and her face in repose showed thin and worn—almost haggard. No one—Chantry least of all, seemed to notice this,—except Beresford, her own and her husband's friend. Beresford had a ready insight and a sympathetic understanding almost feminine; and one night he said to Carter, who had lately returned to New York and who had been calling with him upon the Chantrys:

"I suppose, Carter, the world would call that a most suitable and happy match; and yet I can't think of anything more unfortunate!" Carter stared at him in surprise. "Don't you see that she's pouring her heart out upon a stone, that he's starving her soul, though I don't think he has any idea of it. Can you look into

those great, wistful, hungry eyes of hers and not see that she loves him desperately—and he doesn't care, or even know? It's partly a difference in temperament, I suppose, and partly because he married her on a basis of friendship and liking rather than love; but I'll tell you, Carter, it's a tragedy!"

And Beresford was not far wrong. Chantry was, to all seeming, an ideal husband, as he had been an ideal lover; but as Beresford had said, he felt for his wife nothing more than a warm liking and appreciation. He took a certain pride in her beauty and her social grace and charm; but her touch had no power to quicken his pulses by a single beat. And Dorothy, with her intense, clinging nature, loved her husband with a fervor which he did not for a moment suspect. A woman's perceptions, always keen, are wonderfully quickened by love; and Dorothy knew at the moment he asked for her hand, in fluent, well chosen and entirely adequate words, that he did not care for her in the slightest degree; but she had nevertheless married him, hoping later to win his heart. She was one of those women to whom love is a necessity, and her unrequited affection, turned back upon itself, was eating her heart out. She could better have borne blows from a husband who gave her occasional evidences of love like her own than the careful courtesy and punctilious devotion Chantry always showed her. She tried in a hundred ways to pique his interest, but always with a sickening sense of failure. She flirted, experimentally, with Ralph Bereker, but Chantry did not notice in the least. She was indeed starving, heart hungered, for the love for the lack of which not all Chantry's exquisite courtesy could atone. Beresford watched her with growing uneasiness and increasing wonder at Chantry's evident unconsciousness. A fear began to haunt Beresford, which he strove steadily to dismiss, as disloyal

to this woman who was his friend's wife and for whom he felt a sincere regard.

The season was drawing rapidly to its close, when one evening Carter, lounging at the window of his club, was joined by Chantry, whose face wore an expression of uplift—a certain rapturous and high exaltation that Carter had never seen upon it before.

"Carter," he began unceremoniously, "I want to talk to you. I've something to tell you that will seem awfully funny to you, old chap; but it means a great deal to me. Come over here and let me tell you all about it. I hardly know how to begin," he went on when they were seated; "but I've had a—a—an awakening, I suppose you might call it. Carter, I realize to-night for the first time in my life what it means to love a woman. Old man, I'm in love with my wife!" Carter looked his amazement. "Somehow," Chantry went on rapidly, "I don't know why, at first I only felt a sort of *bon camaraderie*—a feeling of friendly liking, that seemed to me all sufficient. But of late there has been growing a new feeling in my heart; there's been a wistful expression about Dolly's face that has strangely appealed to me; I've been wonderfully drawn to her lately, and a deep and pervading tenderness for her has sprung up within me. It came over me with a rush this afternoon. A lot of people had been having tea with Dolly, and had gone, and Dolly and I were alone in the twilight. I was lounging in a low chair before the fire, and she was singing some pitiful little ballad full of tears and heartbreak, with a sort of sobbing minor accompaniment that touched me strangely. Suddenly a flood of tenderness—such as I've imagined and described in my verse, but never felt—swept over me. I went to her and took her in my arms. Her lips were quivering and her lashes wet, and as I kissed her trembling mouth, I felt, for the first time in my

life, my pulses start and quiver at a woman's touch. Dorothy slipped away from me after a moment; I wonder if she understood! Ah, it will be so sweet to make her understand, Carter! But I had to dress and rush down town to meet some fellows who are dining here with me to-night,—there's Metcalfe now! I wanted to tell you, Carter; I knew you'd understand and be glad for me."

Carter gripped his friend's hand warmly. "I *am* glad, dear old boy," he said affectionately, "more glad than you can know;" and Carter went down to his cab with a wonderfully lightened heart,—for Beresford's words of a few months previous had haunted and depressed him strangely.

A little more than an hour later, Carter, having dined leisurely and well, was sitting over his fire in a state of luxurious indecision as to whether he should go out that evening or remain at home with the solace of pipe, decanter and a book that interested him, when Beresford burst unannounced into the room.

"You must come with me, Carter," he panted breathlessly. "Get into your coat and come at once."

Carter got to his feet mechanically and instinctively extended his hand to ring for his man; but Beresford stopped him.

"It's Chantry," he said hurriedly. "I want you to help me find him and tell him. My God, Carter, it's terrible! Dorothy—"

He fell into a chair and covered his face. Carter's lips had gone white. He caught Beresford's arm and shook him—almost roughly.

"What is it—what has happened, Beresford? Can't you tell me?"

Control of his emotions is habitual with the actor; and in an instant Beresford had pulled himself together, though his hands still shook and his voice had a husky, unfamiliar sound.

"Mrs. Chantry," he said, "left the city an hour ago with Dick Mor-

daunt of the Frohmer Stock—the hero of half a dozen ugly scandals and the worst blackguard that ever disgraced the stage! I've been half afraid of this. I can't imagine where she met the scoundrel; but I've seen her with him twice on the avenue and once in her carriage in the park. I ought to have spoken to her—to have warned her; but I didn't realize—I couldn't quite believe—" His voice broke a little and he turned abruptly away for an instant, then, "Don't linger, Carter," he said. "We've no time to lose. It isn't generally known as yet; but in an hour the whole city will be agog. We must look up Chantry and tell him before he learns the truth from his servants or some idiot at the club. Hurry, Carter! There's no time for delay."

Carter stood irresolute for a moment. "I can't do it, Val," he burst out at length. "I simply can't face Chantry with a story like that! Why, Beresford, scarcely more than an hour ago he was telling me that he had just come to a realization of how he loved her and how happy he was in the knowledge; and, good Heavens, man, there's no use to talk about it! I simply can't."

Beresford drew on his gloves. "You don't suppose I revel in the prospect, Carter?" he said. "But it's got to be done—and at once. It's better he should learn the truth from a friend than from some babbling fool at the opera or the club. If you won't come with me, I'll go alone."

Carter poured out a glass of brandy from the decanter on the table and drank it at a gulp. "I'll come," he said quietly.

When they drove up to the steps of the club where Carter had left Chantry, they at once became aware that some unwonted excitement had broken the accustomed calm of that aristocratic institution. Waiters and messengers were hurrying hither and thither, and groups of excited men

were talking in awed undertones in the rooms and corridors. The steward of the club, visibly shaken, stopped them as they were hurrying down the hall, fearful lest the thing they were trying to prevent had happened.

"Well, Jennings?" Carter spoke a trifle impatiently in his preoccupation.

"It's Mr. Chantry, sir," began the functionary, in an awed half-whisper. "It happened soon after you left, sir. He and some other gents was dining in the grill-room, when suddenly Mr. Chantry complained that the room felt close, and half rose out of his chair. The next minute he fell back heavy like, and Dr. Beauchamp says he must have died immediate; for he never moved afterwards."

"Where is he?" demanded his auditors in a breath.

"In here, sir," and secure in his knowledge of their intimacy with Chantry, he ushered them, past a group of men with white, shocked faces, who stood near a closed door, into the room where Chantry lay and whence all but the physicians and attendants had been excluded. Chantry's people had been sent for, but had not arrived. Dr. Beauchamp, who was bending over the body, looked up as they entered.

"Ah, gentlemen," he said, "a very sad thing—very sudden—yet not wholly unexpected to me. I have long known that he inherited his mother's weak heart, and this was liable to have happened at any time—ten years hence as likely as now. A fine young fellow, Chantry! It will be a sad blow to his people."

The two men, with a curious admixture of feelings, looked down at the uncovered face of the friend each had loved and admired more than any other man he had known. The countenance had not begun to stiffen into the awful rigidity of death; the eyes were closed quite naturally; the face still wore the high, sweet, exalted expression Carter had last seen upon it; and the lips were touched with a faint semblance of the old familiar smile.

Carter turned abruptly to the physician. "When did this happen, doctor?"

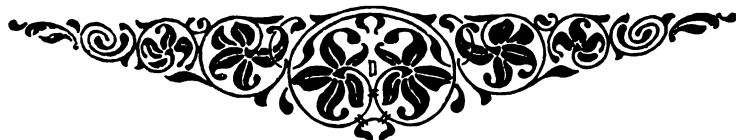
The physician looked at his watch. "Fully twenty minutes ago, I should say."

"And there was no unusual excitement—no sudden shock or surprise?"

"None whatever. Metcalfe tells me he never saw Chantry in better spirits. He fairly scintillated, they all said. He had just been telling an amusing story—you know what a clever *raconteur* he was—when he suddenly rose, complaining that the room was close. The next instant he fell back in his chair, and a moment later was dead. I was in the reading-room; but it was all over when I reached him. He must have died quite painlessly, for the features are not distorted in the least."

The eyes of the two men met above the smiling face of their dead friend. Then Carter bent and gently took in his one of the helpless hands.

"Thank God, Beresford," he whispered. "The dear old fellow's luck stayed by him to the last! He died without knowing."



THE JUDGMENT OF DAVID.

By Elizabeth McCracken.

"HILDA!" Hilda was sitting on the rug before the fire, holding the Settlement kitten in her lap and staring intently and absently at the variegated driftwood flame. The resident kindergartner, who had called her name as she came down the hall, paused for a moment in the doorway and smiled. Hilda's habit of reverie was in such apparent contradiction to her other habits of almost prosaic common sense.

"Hilda!" she repeated, as she came slowly into the room. Hilda started, and quickly turned her head.

"Oh, it's you, Anna! Is kindergarten over? Are the children gone? Come here on the rug."

The kindergartner shook her head. "No; I have four calls to make before luncheon. First, I must tell Harry's mother that Harry must *not* bring raw eggs—nor any other kind—to kindergarten. Then I must take some clothes to Minnie's mother, for Minnie—she is the new pupil, you know; and then I must run up to see Mrs. Maguire's new carpet; and *then* I must take 'The Newcomes' to Rachael. I just stopped in to tell you, dear, that Mrs. Polinski died last night. You will be sorry, I know—you are so interested in the Polinskis and have done so much for them, and none of the rest of us know them even as much as you do."

"Oh, Anna!" exclaimed Hilda. She dropped the kitten and went over to the kindergartner, with genuine distress in her face. "How hard for Leah and David! And David dislikes us,—or *me*; he doesn't know any one else here—so much, and seems so suspicious of us, or of me, although he includes us *all*, I'm sure. He *never* will come here; and really, I don't think *I'm* so objectionable, do

you? I think he just doesn't like Settlements. I've tried so hard to help him, and he won't let me do a thing for him!" Hilda's tone was both persuasive and defensive; and the kindergartner hastened to reassure her.

"Of course you have; and no one needs to be told that you are not objectionable. Really, dear, you are foolish about David; for such a sensible person, you are absurd. Don't bother about him, at least," she hastily added, "not ordinarily. I suppose you will go over now—to-day, some time?"

"Yes," replied Hilda gently, "for Leah's sake. David will be more unfriendly than usual, I suppose; but Leah likes me, and I know how she feels. You see, my mother is dead."

The kindergartner kissed her, then hurried away to make her four calls. Hilda went to the window and stood silently gazing upon the busy, noisy street. The tenement in which the Polinski family lived was almost directly opposite the College Settlement House; and she involuntarily glanced toward the unsightly building, with its four lines of windows, its four homes. From a window of the first line, a woman, a Russian Jewess, leaned, haggling in broken German with an itinerant fishmonger. From one of the second, two little Irish girls gesticulated and shouted to an Italian who came stolidly up the street with a hand organ and a monkey. In one of the fourth, an old man crouched, asleep, his head on the window ledge. Hilda's glance rested on him for an instant, then on the third line of windows. The Polinski family lived on the third floor. The windows and the blinds were closed. The girl turned away, with a wistful little sigh.

"I wonder why I never have been

able to do anything with David," she thought, "I *have* tried."

It was indeed true that Hilda had tried. She was a valuable resident of the College Settlement, and the acknowledged leader of the boys. She was young and resolute and clever; and the boys, with few exceptions, delighted in her. They gravely, and with due parliamentary precision, made her honorary member of their associations, which ranged from a football club to a class in political economy. When she chanced to attend one of their club meetings, she was introduced with dignity by the chairman as "our distinguished guest, our honorary member." Upon all occasions the boys welcomed her, and Hilda was very happy in their admiration and friendship, and perhaps, had it not been for David, would have been too proud of her influence over them.

David was a Polish Jew of fifteen, who had not only resisted Hilda's overtures and curtly refused her frequent invitations to the Settlement, but had treated her, when she called to see his mother and twelve year old sister Leah, with open unfriendliness. Hilda had not ceased her calls. With characteristic determination, she had multiplied them. To Mrs. Polinski, who was a helpless invalid, she had presented many flowers and many comforts; to Leah, a number of childish trifles. She had once offered David some old magazines; but the boy had proudly refused them. "Can see dem w'en dey are *new*," he had said, to Hilda's bewilderment.

She had mentioned the circumstance to the other members of the Settlement family, and had found them sympathetic, but as perplexed as herself. "I try so hard, *so hard*, to help him; and he *won't* understand, and let me," Hilda frequently said.

Her advances to David had been many and various, and the boy had steadily ignored or refused to receive them. A pair of skates, not new, but in good condition, which she had asked Leah to give to David for her,

were found the next morning on the Settlement House steps. Had the boy been one of her brother's associates, Hilda would have offered no second gift; but David, she argued, was different, and she promptly and vainly sent a knife, and followed it with a book and a curious inkstand, which were as promptly returned. She went to the length of confiding in her young brother, and asked his advice regarding the selection of gifts.

"He doesn't want you to give him *anything*," her brother had bluntly said. "Can't you see that?"

"Yes," Hilda had replied, "I can; but I want him to want me to. I want to help him, don't you see?"

"Well," said the young brother, "I don't know him, but I'd advise you to leave him alone;" then seeing that Hilda looked hurt, he added: "There are lots of other boys to 'help'; *you* don't have to waste your sweetness on the desert air." The emphasis on the pronoun was soothing, but Hilda's problem was unsolved.

"But he doesn't like me to do things for his mother and sister either!" she said to herself, but not to her brother.

She had taken the kindergartner's advice, and for a time had not called upon Mrs. Polinski and Leah, notwithstanding Mrs. Polinski's illness. She had not realized that the illness was so serious, that the woman would so soon die.

"I will get some flowers, and go this afternoon," she thought as she went down to luncheon.

With the flowers in her hand, and a pitying light in her keen eyes, she went up the dark, musty stairs, and knocked softly on the door of the Polinski family's kitchen. After a moment, a boy opened the door. He was small for his age. His face denoted both the Polish emigrant, yet unused to the wide freedom of America, and the defiantly proud Hebrew,—proud of the ancient promise to his race, proud of the expected fulfilment, too proud to be crushed

by the strange present, the strange history of the chosen people. The boy looked at Hilda, with eyes keener than her own,—and Hilda hesitated.

"May I see Leah, David?" she said. "I am so sorry for both of you!"

David frowned; but Hilda's manner was instinctively commanding, and the boy held the door open for her. Leah sat beside the kitchen table; her dark hair in disorder, her face pale, and her beautifully soft eyes heavy with tears and nervous fatigue. Hilda silently took her hand and gave her the flowers that she had brought. Leah put the flowers carefully in a glass of water. Hilda, at a loss for words, watched her. She had meant to speak comforting words to Leah, but David embarrassed her and made her forget them. He stood, with his penetrating eyes fixed mockingly upon the girl's face, in which perplexity was more apparent than pity.

"Is there anything I can do to help you?" she at length said. "Anything you need, any—money, or—anything?" She was genuinely anxious to help, and her voice was very kind. The children had a father, whose labor was not remunerative, and she knew that they were very poor.

Leah raised her eyes, and began to reply. She was somewhat in awe of Hilda; but she appreciated, as her brother did not, the girl's motive. "Thank you," she began; but David interrupted with angry haste.

"No,—we want *not'ing* from you, but dat you *go*, and not *come*! We want not your—*charatie*, your—*peetie*! W'y do you come? Do we—*ask*? We want not your—*help*! You have *come*; we deed not *ask*! Our mot'er ees *dead*! W'at can you *help*? S'e ees *dead*! We have soon de—*buri-al*. You can *go*!"

"David!" cried Leah: but David's eyes were fastened upon Hilda's astonished face. He shook his head and concluded as vehemently as his halting English permitted, "We want

not your—*charatie*, your—*money*, your—*peetie*! You can *go*!"

For a moment Hilda's dignity was hurt, and her cheeks burned. She remembered her brother's advice. Then, in a flash, she saw how deeply, and with what unconscious but persistent cruelty, she had wounded David. She saw how thoughtlessly she had pressed her well meant philanthropy upon him; how far she had been always from realizing that the boy was as sensitive, as human, as herself, with needs, desires, impulses and thoughts, no more rudely to be touched than her own. Wondering at her obtuseness, she looked at David with sudden understanding and contrition. Then she went from the kitchen, down the dim stairs, to the street.

More than a week later, the kindergartner again found her, with the kitten, on the rug before the fire. "I've just met Leah Polinski," she said. "She looks so tired and sorrowful. You haven't been over there lately, have you?"

"No," said Hilda, "I haven't." She had not yet told the other members of the family about her unhappy visit. She feared that they might not understand, that they might be too indignant with David. "I suppose Leah is grieving for her mother," she sadly continued. "I know how she feels." She was not very responsive to the kindergartner's account of her newest pupil; and the kindergartner left her.

"I don't suppose David would hurt me; and Leah must be lonely. I will go and see the poor child."

David had been a little apprehensive after his fiery outburst, and Leah had added her reproaches to his discomfort. He answered Hilda's knock, and pointed indifferently to the sofa when she asked for Leah, then turned away in silence. Hilda took the little girl's hand and gently stroked her forehead. She was rarely so demonstrative.

"Are you ill, Leah?" she asked.

"No," said the child. "I am—I know not w'at; I am—I want again my mot'er."

Hilda's eyes filled with tears. She knew that David was watching, and she remembered that she had not before caressed Leah; but she put her arms around the child and whispered: "I know; my mother died when I was a little girl!"

David heard; and had Hilda seen, she would have wondered why his sharp eyes softened. To her relief, he went quietly into the next room. Hilda's embarrassment almost vanished. She held Leah in her arms and talked to her in a low voice. She did not say quite the comforting words she had formerly meant to say; but Leah forgot her former awe and nestled to her and talked as a little sister might have done. They forgot David; but the boy saw and heard. When Hilda came down, he was standing at the street door.

"Good by, David," she began.

"Eet gets dark," said the boy. "I weel go weet you."

He lingered on the Settlement House steps, while the amazed Hilda searched for her latch key.

"I weesh to speak weet you," he said very seriously, when the door was opened.

"I didn't *mean* to be horrid!" Hilda began appealingly, forgetting so much, and looking for the moment like a penitent little girl. The boy's face brightened.

"Ah, dat ees w'at I weesh to say. I see now, eet ees dat you—*like* us; not dat you—as so many—weesh to 'help de poor.'" He shrugged his shoulders. Hilda waited, and the boy continued, struggling for English words. "We are poor; but we—want not '*help*'; we want not *peetie*!"

"I see," said Hilda very gently. "I didn't quite understand how you felt about it; but I did not mean to be unkind."

"No," agreed the boy earnestly, "and you weel—*forgeeve* me, dat I teenk you a one who 'help de poor?'"

Hilda did not smile. She took David's outstretched hand, and warmly pressed it. "I was a little like one," she said, "but I did like you, even when I didn't understand."

"Ah," said David with grave content, "dat ees w'at I now see!"



BY FAITH.

By Frank Walcott Hutt.

MIDWAY upon a sheer cliff's frowning face,
Now shaken in a tempest's buffeting,
Now in the shadow of an eagle's wing,
A climber gropes to find a surer place.



EDITOR'S TABLE.



THE presentation of Longfellow's "Giles Corey" in Boston in January, by the young people of the Old South Historical Society, is a matter of much more than local interest. It is a welcome new sign of the attraction and invitation of our American history to the dramatic instinct and interest of our people. To the great dramatists of every period, history—history in general, but particularly the history of their own countries—has offered signal beckoning and scope. The proportion of Shakespeare's entire work which is devoted to history is large indeed. Probably quite as many people in the English world have got their notions of English history and, as touching important periods, of Roman history as well, from Shakespeare as from the recognized and more regular textbooks. They have not been altogether unfortunate in getting their historical notions from such a source; for the great poet, however loftily reckless about small details, seldom fails to penetrate to the true spirit and purpose of a period or of a man. Shakespeare illuminated English history for three centuries and more, from the time of Magna Charta down to a time which had been touched by the lives of men who saw his "Henry VIII;" and probably no plays which came from his pen or from others in his time stirred the London playgoers more deeply than those which touched events whose bearing upon their own lives and politics they felt so really and constantly. Many of the great tragedies, like "Lear" and "Macbeth," which we are not in the habit of num-

bering among the historical plays, had still the background and atmosphere of history which gave them similar effect.

There are places in the Old World where from time to time historical plays, born and developed from the very hearts of the people, find periodic and impressive presentation, having in their places something almost of the sacredness, though of a different sort, which attaches to the Passion Play at Oberammergau. At the old Bavarian town of Rothenburg there is performed at regular intervals a historical drama relating to the Thirty Years' War, which appeals not only to the hearts of the people of the region, whose fathers were affected so deeply by the tragic events portrayed, but which draws to its presentation, more and more, students and travelers from all parts of Europe and America.

In the pages of this magazine not many years ago (July, 1896) Mr. McCrackan, in his interesting article upon Andreas Hofer, told of the drama dealing with the life and deeds of that idolized patriot and hero, which gradually took shape in the Tyrol, among the scenes which his heroism transfigured, and which still, at stated times, draws together great masses of the people in one of the Tyrolese valleys.

* * *

No history offers to the dramatist and story-teller greater opportunity and provocation than our own American history—and in particular, it is perhaps right to say, the history of New England. Rufus Choate, early in his public life, gave a striking ad-

dress at Salem upon the Romance of New England History, pleading for a series of romances illustrating New England history, prepared upon the plan of the historical novels of Sir Walter Scott, whose hand had then just been stilled by death and whose work was glowingly eulogized by Choate in his address. This stimulating address holds the first place in the first volume of Choate's collected essays and addresses. Because we felt that it was so generally forgotten and unknown, we reprinted it a few years ago, as some readers will remember, in the pages of the magazine (November, 1897); and it has since been reprinted in the series of Old South Leaflets. Perhaps its most interesting pages were those in which the author, in the picturesque and graphic style in which he has had so few superiors in America, pictured a few of the periods which seemed to him to lend themselves especially favorably to the romancer. The three periods which he chose were those of the Puritan settlement, of Philip's war, and of the troublous time of the decade before the outbreak of the Revolution, when prophecy or apprehension of the collision with the mother country to which the colonies were so surely drifting were stirring so many hearts. The pictures which the gifted writer paints in those pages will never be forgotten by any to whose minds they have been brought. They are pregnant with inspiration and prescription for the dramatist as well as the story-teller; and the dramatist has not failed to enter these fields in the days since Choate's essay was written.

Many will remember the Historical Pageant which was presented at Plymouth, two successive summers we think, four or five years ago. The fortunes of the Pilgrim Fathers in their three homes, in England, Holland and New England, were brought vividly before the large audiences which gathered there, in a series of skilfully arranged and impressive tableaux;

and into a few of the scenes slight dialogues were introduced. The work was done almost entirely by the Plymouth people, in the veins of many of whom ran Pilgrim blood and not a few of whom bore the old Pilgrim names. Here, we said, was the natural, rudimentary beginning of a true folk-play; and the imagination inevitably ran on to project that play in its completeness. The authentic material for it, in Bradford's Journal and so much besides, is very rich; and the story and its settings are surely all that the dramatist could demand. The Plymouth play is sure to come; and the Concord play will follow.

While we think of Plymouth, it is interesting to remember that Longfellow's "Courtship of Miles Standish," which brings the old Plymouth life and people before us more vividly than anything else in our literature, was first planned and undertaken in dramatic form, the beginning being thus blocked out; but the dramatic form was soon abandoned for the poem as we have it. In its present form the poem is in its movement most dramatic, thick with suggestions of beautiful stage pictures. A dozen years ago or more Mr. Howells felt these beckonings, and responded to them, dramatizing the poem in what seemed to us, when one summer night he read aloud to us his finished work, a most sympathetic, skilful and effective manner; and we were impressed by the large number of the original lines which he had incorporated in his dialogue wholly or almost unchanged. We wonder if that old manuscript still lies buried at the bottom of one of Mr. Howells's chests. If so, the young people of the Old South Historical Society must some day beg for its resurrection. Perhaps it is alone at the hands of such a group of scholars, in a loving and half private way, that such a work could find pleasing and proper presentation. That the New England Tragedies should never come to the regular stage we know that Longfellow him-

self felt distinctly; for we have his own word on the point. A charming little dramatization of "Miles Standish" for schools is published in the Riverside Literature Series; and this is to be commended to the Old South young people, unless they succeed in getting Mr. Howells's manuscript.

* *

How different the scene as we turn from the simple, tolerant, broad men of Plymouth, whom we meet in "The Courtship of Miles Standish," to the Puritans of Boston and Salem, as depicted in the New England Tragedies! "Who would believe," the poet asks, in the prologue to "Giles Corey,"

"Who would believe that in the quiet town
Of Salem, and amid the woods that crown
The neighboring hillsides, and the sunny
farms
That fold it safe in their paternal arms,—
Who would believe that in those peaceful
streets,
Where the great elms shut out the sum-
mer heats,
Where quiet reigns, and breathes through
brain and breast
The benediction of unbroken rest,—
Who would believe such deeds could find
a place
As these whose tragic history we retrace?"

As the "Courtship of Miles Standish" revives for us better than anything else the simple Plymouth life, so do the New England Tragedies revive for us better than anything else the Boston and Salem of the days of the persecution of the Quakers and the witchcraft delusion. We seem to be again in the very streets,

"behold once more
The pointed gable and the pent-house
door,
The meeting-house with leaden-latticed
panes,
The narrow thoroughfares, the crooked
lanes."

Endicott and Norton and Mather live and speak to us again—as religious as Bradford and Winslow and Brewster, as zealous for the Lord of hosts, but not filled like them with the milk of human kindness, not schooled

to know that "the greatest of these is charity,"—

"Ruling their little realm with iron rod,
Less in the love than in the fear of God."

Longfellow has been criticised by some of the exact antiquarians for some of his liberties with the order of history, in these New England Tragedies; but he had really disarmed all such critics in advance:

"Nor let the Historian blame the Poet
here,
If he perchance misdate the day or year,
And group events together, by his art,
Which in the Chronicles lie far apart;
For as the double stars, though sundered
far,
Seem to the naked eye a single star,
So facts of history, at a distance seen,
Into one common point of light convene."

To the true spirit of the period Longfellow is most faithful; and nowhere does this appear more than in his scrupulous recognition of the liard circumstances under which the old ministers and magistrates acted. He makes Bellingham say, over the dead body of Endicott, at the close of "John Endicott":

"Only the acrid spirit of the times
Corroded this true steel. O, rest in peace,
Courageous heart! forever rest in peace!"

And the main thing that needs to be enforced whenever we discuss the witchcraft horror was never enforced in better words than in the prologue to "Giles Corey."

"Be not too swift in casting the first stone,
Nor think New England bears the guilt
alone.
This sudden burst of wickedness and
crime
Was but the common madness of the
time,
When in all lands, that lie within the
sound
Of Sabbath bells, a Witch was burned or
drowned."

"Why touch upon such themes?" per-
haps some friend
May ask, incredulous; 'and to what good
end?
Why drag again into the light of day
The errors of an age long passed away?'
I answer: 'For the lesson that they
teach;
The tolerance of opinion and speech.'"

The tolerance of opinion and of speech! Of how much of Longfellow's work is not this the burden—the tolerance, the charity, which the old St. John, wandering over the face of the earth in that sublime finale to the "Christus," of which the New England Tragedies are but one episode, finds poor, sad humanity still waiting, watching and praying for! He teaches it here by exhibiting the tragedy in which intolerance ends.

Of these two New England Tragedies "John Endicott" seems to us much the better. The subject is more interesting, we think, than that of "Giles Corey," and the treatment throughout is, to our thinking, stronger and more dramatic. The appearance of Edith in the congregation, the gathering of the men at the tavern, the meeting of John and Edith in the prison at night, above all the court scene, culminating in Christison's curse of the magistrates, are all scenes of thrilling interest, which we should like to see backed, begging Longfellow's pardon, by the best resources of the stage. When we see "John Endicott" well played, we shall realize how true and fine Longfellow's dramatic instincts were, and how much he has done to show our playwrights what inviting material our own history offers them. But if it is never to come to the regular stage—and there are certain obvious things to be said against it as well as for it—the Old South Historical Society, with whom the historical and scholarly motives, and not the dramatic, are dominant, might well, in some future year, take it up for the same kind of interpretation which it this year gives "Giles Corey."

* * *

Boston people, not a few, will remember the presentation of Miss Wilkins's drama of "Giles Corey," which, under the auspices of enthusiasts and at the hands, we think, of actors specially gathered for the purpose, was given at one of the theatres,

for a week, several years ago. Students of Longfellow's tragedy will like to compare it with Miss Wilkins's work. We remember well our own first hearing of that work, before it was played and before it was printed. It was in old Deerfield, in the days, perhaps ten years ago, when the pleasant summer school of history and romance was held there. The manuscript, then just completed, had been read at one of the sessions, and was still in loving custody at Deerfield when a few days later we went there to lecture. On the evening of that day, in our behalf, a company was gathered in the easy and courteous Deerfield way, for a second reading. It was in "The Little Brown House on the Albany Road," of which the veteran Deerfield antiquarian, George Sheldon, wrote so charmingly in our pages a few years ago (September, 1898). Mr. Sheldon himself was of the company that night, in his long white beard and black skull cap. Mrs. Winn and Miss Putnam, of whom he told in his story, were there, the two artists who had already converted the little brown house into a studio, making one great room of it, open to the rafters; and it was one of them who read the tragedy aloud to us as we sat in the glow of the fire—for the midsummer night was sympathetically cool and sanctioned a fire on the hearth—or in the shadows in the corners. It was a house fitted for witches; and as the reader went on from scene to scene, we were quite sure it was with the accompaniment of witches among the high upper beams or striding brooms outside the great north window.

* * *

Longfellow's love for our American history was deep and constant; and how careful his studies were, and how inviting the field which he felt our history offered the poet, appears from his achievements. When we name simply "The Song of Hiawatha," "The Courtship of Miles

Standish," "Evangeline," and "The New England Tragedies," saying nothing of a score of shorter poems related to our history, we have named what constitute together a very large proportion of the sum total of his work. To this general subject of Longfellow's use of American subjects and his services for American history and life we shall return in these pages. Of special interest it is to know, while here considering Longfellow upon the dramatic side, that a dramatization of scenes from "Hiawatha" was given by a company of Ojibway Indians, this last summer, on the shores of a lake in Ontario; and the performance, at which several members of the poet's family were present by special invitation, is said to have been most impressive.

* *

In connection with the presentation of "Giles Corey" by the Old South Historical Society, Messrs. Houghton, Mifflin and Company, the publishers of Longfellow's works, are to add this work to their Riverside Literature Series. This incomparable cheap library, which already furnishes almost a hundred and fifty literary classics for our schools and homes at the trifling cost of fifteen cents a volume, is particularly strong in those works of Longfellow which touch our history. "Evangeline," "Miles Standish," "Hiawatha," "Tales of a Wayside Inn," and other works find place, some in a single volume, some in more. "The Golden Legend," which stands with "The New England Tragedies" in the "Christus," has place. "Giles Corey" being now incorporated, "John Endicott" will doubtless follow; and the enterprise of the Old South Historical Society will prompt a hundred schools and clubs to take up these historical dramas for more careful study and interpretation. The Longfellow Leaflets included in the Riverside Literature Series, for birthday and other occasions, cannot be too highly

praised for their loving sympathy, good taste and scholarship, for the incitement, ennoblement and uplift which they bring to the boys and girls in the schools. "The windows in Longfellow's mind," says Mr. Scudder in one of his best educational essays, "looked to the east, and the children who have entered into possession of his wealth travel far." They are not only made inspired travellers; they are helped to see their own home and history in a new, a finer and a beautifying atmosphere.

*
* *

The first reference to the New England Tragedies which we come upon in Longfellow's journal is under date of January 29, 1868, when we find him taking up "John Endicott." It seems that this had been written before in prose, and a few copies printed. He now took it up to remodel it and put it into verse. The entry is: "Took up my New England Tragedy, to remodel it. Wrote a fresh scene." The next day, January 30, he writes: "Remodelled and versified the first scene of act i of the Tragedy. There is good material in it, if I can fashion it." February 4: "I have worked pretty steadily on the Tragedy, rewriting it from the beginning." February 10: "The Tragedy is finished. I have worked steadily on it, for it took hold of me—a kind of *possession*." February 12: "Having finished the Tragedy of the Quakers, I now design another, on Witchcraft." This is the first hint of "Giles Corey." Two days later we find him reading John Neal's "Rachel Dyer," a tale of witchcraft, some parts of which he pronounces very powerful. The next day, February 15, he enters: "Wrote a scene of the new tragedy. I think I shall call it 'Giles Corey of the Salem Farms.' A homely name; so is the subject. It is taking hold of me powerfully." February 18: "Wrote two scenes, one of them the trial scene. If this possession lasts, I shall soon finish the work." Two ref-

erences to the work in letters to his friend, G. W. Greene, may here be noticed. On February 7 he wrote: "I have been working very hard this last week, and have almost rewritten the New England Tragedy in verse. Only two or three scenes remain. It is greatly improved, though it is not yet what I mean it shall be. This has absorbed me day and night, and put me into better spirits. Happy the man who has something to do—and does it!" February 18: "A month ago I felt as if I should never write another line, and lo! since then I have written a Tragedy, and am half-way through with another. That is the reason I have not written you. I have written two whole scenes to-day, one of them the most important of all."

Returning to the journal, the next entry is on February 19: "'Cotton Mather in his Study,' mostly in his own words." The scene here referred to, it should be said, was omitted in printing. On the same day he wrote this letter to James T. Fields:

"I am delighted with Mrs. Fields's kind remembrance and invitation for the 27th. And if I have not accepted it sooner, attribute it only to one thing; namely, that since I saw you I have been possessed by an angel—or a demon—to write another tragedy, which has absorbed me for a time, and is now half finished. So I have two to show you instead of one,—an awful consideration!

"Tom Appleton has been here to-day, and tells me that you are expecting Dickens this evening. I shall be delighted to sup with you, as I always am. To have a Dickens Reading, and a supper too, will make a great holiday.

"Please do not say a word to anybody about the Tragedies. I want that kept a secret for the present."

It should be said that later he records once in his diary that he read a portion of the work to Mr. Fields, who received it rather coldly. The mention of Dickens in the letter to Mr. Fields just quoted is one of the many such mentions in the journal and letters of this period. It may be interesting to the Old South

young people and their friends to know that these sad and sombre New England Tragedies were written during a particularly merry and festive time in Boston and Cambridge literary life, when Dickens readings and suppers and letters, in connection with which Longfellow filled so prominent a place, were every day following each other.

On February 21 he writes in his journal: "There seems to be a witch element in the air. As I walked down to the Square this morning, I saw a great placard on a fence, with a picture. It was the advertisement of a new sensation—story: The Witch Proof; or, the Hunted Maid of Salem." February 29: "All this week have done little or nothing on the Tragedy. And I hoped to have finished it before my birthday." March 2: "At the rooms of the Historical Society, to look over King James's Dæmonologie. After my return I finished the Tragedy." March 3: "Retouch it here and there, and fill up gaps." It appears, therefore, that in less than five weeks from the time he took up "John Endicott," to remodel it, both of the New England Tragedies were complete. A week after the completion of "Giles Corey," he writes in a letter to Charles Sumner:

"In the month of February I wrote two tragedies in verse,—one on the persecution of the Quakers in Boston, which I had sketched out before [and indeed written and printed in prose]; and another, entirely new, on the Salem witchcraft. Please say nothing of this; as I may never publish them, and can hardly yet form an opinion of them, they are so fresh from my mind."

A month later, however, we find the Tragedies in the printers' hands, although only ten copies were printed at this time. April 6, 1868: "The printers get on slowly with the New England Tragedies. The printing office is a kind of court of chancery—once in and you can never get out."

In the letter to Sumner, Longfellow says: "The European expedition is

taking shape." Three months afterwards he sailed for his last visit to Europe. This visit extended beyond a year; and it is in a letter to Mr. Fields, written from Lugano, August 23, 1868, and one from Vevey a fortnight later, that we find the last allusions to the New England Tragedies which appear in the final memorial volume edited by his brother. After some pleasant gossip about the St. Gothard and Lugano, in the first letter, he says: "And now for business. Please publish the New England Tragedies on Saturday, October 10. That is the day I have agreed upon with Routledge, with whom I have made a very good arrangement. Tanchnitz will publish on the same day." From Vevey, September 5, he writes, evidently replying to a letter just received from Mr. Fields touching the publication:

"I do not like your idea of calling the Tragedies 'sketches.' They are not sketches, and only seem so at first, because I have studiously left out all that could impede the action. I have purposely made them simple and direct. [John] Forster, with whom I left the proof-sheets in London, to be made over to Routledge, writes as follows:

"Your Tragedies are very beautiful,—beauty everywhere subduing and chastening the sadness; the pictures of nature in delightful contrast to the sorrowful and tragic violence of the laws; truth and unaffectedness everywhere. I hardly know which I like best; but there are things in 'Giles Corey' that have a strange attractiveness for me."

"This to encourage you. It is a novel and pleasant sensation to publish a book and be so far away from all comment and criticism of newspapers. As to anybody's 'adapting' these Tragedies for the stage, I do not like the idea at all. Prevent this, if possible. I should, however, like to have the opinion of some good actor—not a sensational actor—on that point. I should like to have Booth look at them."

* * *

The New England Tragedies, as readers of Longfellow well know, now stand as the third part of his "Christus." The conception of the "Christus" possessed Longfellow

throughout almost his entire literary life. As early as November 8, 1841, he writes in his journal: "This evening it has come into my mind to undertake a long and elaborate poem by the holy name of Christ, the theme of which would be the various aspects of Christendom in the Apostolic, Middle and Modern ages." It was not till 1873 that the work as it now stands was published; and during those thirty-two years the subject of the trilogy seems never to have been long absent from his mind. "He esteemed the work," says the writer of the introduction to "Christus," in the Riverside edition of Longfellow's works, "as the really great work of his life." The summer of 1842 Mr. Longfellow spent at Marienberg on the Rhine; and the editor suggests that the frequent reminders which he had there of mediævalism may have helped to formulate his purpose. In his notebook he jotted down this outline:

"*Christus*, a dramatic poem, in three parts:
Part First, The Times of Christ (Hope).
Part Second, The Middle Ages (Faith).
Part Third, The Present (Charity).

The words in parentheses, his biographer explains, are in pencil, and were probably added later. In the introduction to "Christus" referred to, many particulars are given concerning the composition of "The Divine Tragedy" and "The Golden Legend," which constitute the first and second parts of the trilogy; and interesting information is given touching the New England Tragedies, which supplements usefully the notes we have given above. It is probable, we are told, that Mr. Longfellow was in the neighborhood of the New England Tragedies when he was diverted for the time by the theme of the Courtship of Miles Standish. As far back as 1839 he had thought of a drama on Cotton Mather. In 1856 he was contemplating a tragedy which should take in the Puritans and the Quakers, and preparing for it by

looking over books on the two sects, "particularly," he says, "Besse's *Sufferings of the Quakers*—a strange record of violent persecution for merest trifles." He notes on April 2 of that year: "Wrote a scene in my new drama, *The Old Colony*, just to break ground"; and a month later: "May 1st. At home all day, pondering a New England tragedy, and writing notes and bits of scenes." We find him still working on it in July and in November; but then he turned to "The Courtship of Miles Standish," which he first began as a drama. On December 9, however, he writes: "Got at the College library Bishop's *New England Judged*, a vindication of the Quakers; not so good as Besse." December 10: "Went to town. For the first time in my life looked in at the library of the N. E. Historical Society, and took out Norton's *Heart of New England Rent*—a justification of the Puritans against the Quakers." He jotted down characteristic phrases from these books for his subsequent use. On August 17, 1857, he writes: "Go in the morning to hear a Quakeress from England, Priscilla Green, speak in the church. She spoke with a sweet voice and very clear enunciation, very deliberately, and breaking now and then into a rhythmic chant, in which the voice seemed floating up and down on wings. I was much interested, and could have listened an hour longer. It was a very great pleasure to me to hear such a musical voice." Ten days later he has finished the first rough draft of "Wenlock Christison," which he took up again when "Miles Standish" was completed as an idyl. On the 17th of August, the next year, he notes: "I am now going to try a scene in *Wenlock Christison*. I write accordingly scene second of act first." December 13: "I have been at work on *Wenlock Christison*, molding and shaping it."

It was nearly ten years before he returned again to the subject, and the New England Tragedies, in the form

in which we know them, were born. The title of "Wenlock Christison" was changed to "John Endicott." The New England Tragedies were published independently, with no intimation of their place in the larger plan of the "Christus." The three parts of the "Christus" altogether have no very organic relation to each other; and the New England Tragedies especially do not seem to furnish the best possible illustration of the principle of charity. Upon this point, Longfellow's biographer says: "The third part of this trilogy did not altogether satisfy him, and with reason, as representing the modern phase of Christianity. The New England Tragedies may not have been originally written for this use; at least, it has the aspect of an afterthought; and his journal mentions a projected third drama, the scene to be laid among the Moravians of Bethlehem, by which he hopes to be 'able to harmonize the discord of the New England Tragedies, and thus give a not unfitting close to the work.' This however was not written."

* * *

The performance of "Giles Corey" by the Old South Historical Society is intended to be the first of a series of annual presentations of historical plays, constituting a new regular feature of the work of this interesting organization of young people. We have often referred to the society in these pages, especially in connection with its annual historical pilgrimages. The society is made up of the young men and women, graduates of the Boston high schools, who in successive years since 1881 have competed for the Old South prizes, first offered in that year by Mrs. Mary Hemenway for the best essays upon subjects in American history. These prizes are still offered year by year by the directors of the Old South work, which was endowed by Mrs. Hemenway; and in the twenty years, two hundred of the most scholarly young

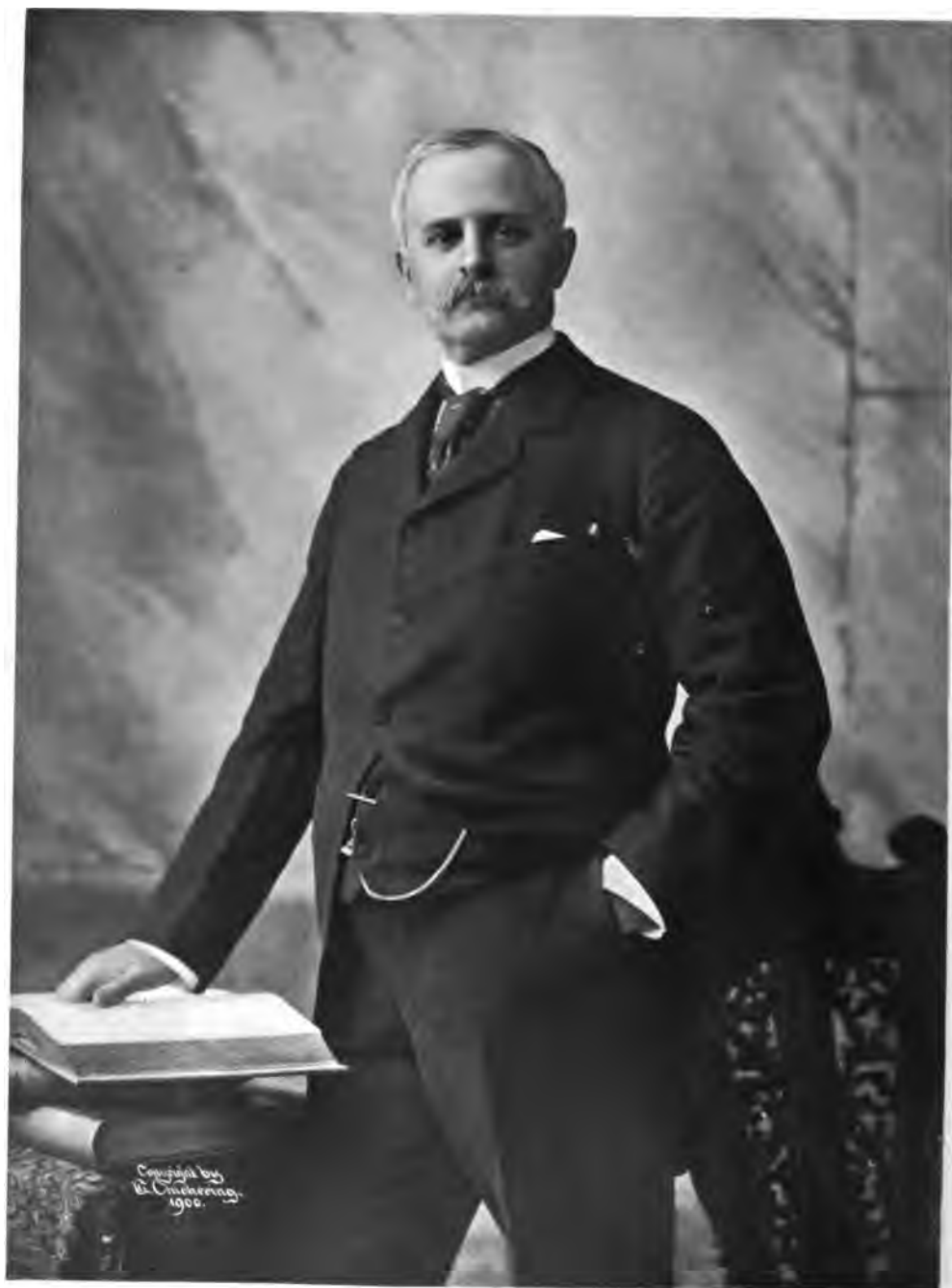
people of Boston have written Old South essays. Many of these essayists are now of course scattered through distant parts of the country, not a few of them as teachers and professors in schools and colleges; but probably half of them are still almost within sound of the Old South bell—and these constitute the Old South Historical Society. It holds its monthly meetings for the systematic study of important periods of our history—the present season being devoted to the Puritan movement; it arranges the historical pilgrimages, which are joined each year by hundreds of the young people of Boston and their friends; and it is now entering with enthusiasm the field of the historical drama. Many of its members are graduates of Harvard and other colleges, and a spirit of serious scholarship informs all of its proceedings. It is a distinct new force in behalf of historical culture among the young people of Boston, and one of the most useful departments of the many sided Old South work.

Such societies of young people are needed in all of our cities. They could do few things more important than to familiarize themselves thoroughly with the treatment of American history by the American poets. This

theme is to command, in some near future, an entire course of Old South lectures, with their corresponding leaflets. "The American Poets" was the subject of one of the lectures in the course last summer upon "The United States in the Nineteenth Century." The poets not only inform—they inspire. They are the true nourishers of a true patriotism, the patriotism which is ruled by high ideals and consists with universal righteousness. "The sentiment of patriotism," says Mr. Scudder in his essay upon "American Classics in School," from which we have already quoted, "must be kept fresh and living in the hearts of the young through quick and immediate contact with the sources of that sentiment; and the most helpful means are those spiritual deposits of patriotism which we find in noble poetry and lofty prose, as communicated by men who have lived patriotic lives and been fed with coals from the altar."

Longfellow was preëminently such an inspirer of patriotism. He was a lover of his country and a devoted, lifelong student of her history; and an effort like that of these young Boston scholars to interpret with critical care one of his great historical works is indeed something to rejoice in.





ROGER WOLCOTT.

THE NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE.

NEW SERIES.

FEBRUARY, 1901.

VOL. XXIII. No. 6.

VALLEY FORGE.

Illustrated from photographs by the author.

By W. H. Richardson.

WHEN the name of Valley Forge is mentioned; the average American immediately associates with it the encampment of the Continental army during the terrible winter of 1777-78, when the hungry and forlorn champions of a well-nigh hopeless cause, wasted by wounds, privation and disease, were able only to "occupy a cold, bleak hill, and sleep under frost and snow, without clothes or blankets." The thousands of pilgrims who now visit that historic shrine, Washington's headquarters at Valley Forge, wander through its rooms and halls and think of the great commander-in-chief as he wrestled with problems that would have appalled ordinary men; of the malign conspiracy he had to confront and confound; of the misery and wretchedness among his suffering soldiers which he had to contemplate, the pity of which he acknowledges from his soul, but which he has no power to relieve nor prevent; and of the almost superhuman strength and courage which he there displayed in keeping alive through the long, weary months the feeble spark of a thing called the American Revolution, eventually fanning it into a flame that has burned with increasing brilliancy to our own day.

Nestling among the trees near the

point at which the Valley Creek joins the Schuylkill is the ancient pointed-stone house of miller Isaac Potts, the structure which all America cherishes to-day as the home of Washington for the half year that the army was encamped in that country. In it he faced the crises of the winter and spring with about as much to brighten and lighten his life as his men had. "Three days successively we have been destitute of bread, two days we have been entirely without meat;" "our sick naked, our well naked, our unfortunate men in captivity naked;" "the unfortunate soldiers were in want of everything; they had neither coats, hats, shirts nor shoes; their feet and legs froze till they became black, and it was often necessary to amputate them;"—these are but a few of the horrible pictures which met the view of the commander-in-chief whichever way he turned. And all this was almost within sound of the revelry of the warmly housed and well fed British soldiers in Philadelphia.

Even a casual reading of the history of the Pennsylvania campaign leading up to Valley Forge in the fall of 1777 cannot fail to impress one with the supreme optimism of the American leader. Surely it was no pleasant retrospect to look back over the



WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS AT VALLEY FORGE.

battlefields of the past four months; and yet in the orderly book there is an entry dated December 17, two days before the formal occupation of Valley Forge, in which the army is reminded that although, in some instances, there were failures, "yet upon the whole, Heaven hath smiled upon our arms and crowned them with signal success." Howe landed, it will be recalled, on August 25, at the head of Chesapeake Bay, with 18,000 men and a determination to take the rebel capital. The first serious collision of the hostile armies occurred at Chad's Ford, on September 11. A bit of carelessness in scouting and a piece of blundering reporting changed the fortunes of the day from what would have been a victory into a retreat. More than one thousand men were subtracted from the fighting force of the patriots, and Howe occupied the American camps on the night of the battle of Brandywine. Yet Washington took occasion to report to the President of Congress that "the troops were in good spirits." Nine days later a division under General

Wayne was attacked by General Grey, and what is popularly, but altogether inappropriately, termed the Paoli massacre, with its 150 casualties, was the result.

Then came the battle of Germantown, on October 4. How much the bitterness of that defeat must have been emphasized at the time may be gathered from one of those pretty letters General Wayne used to write to his "Dear Polly." The action, in his judgment, would have put an end to the war, had not the smoke and confusion prevented the following up of a victory actually won at one phase of the operation. "The commander-in-chief returns his thanks to the general and other officers and men concerned in the attack," and sees, notwithstanding the disaster, "that the enemy is not proof against a vigorous attack, and may be put to flight when boldly pursued." Germantown had cost nearly 1,200 of the 8,000 men engaged; and the weary, wretched and ragged soldiers—for troubles with the commissary had now started—sat down that night on the old camp-

ground at Pennypacker's Mills to catch their breath, while the officers began to plan for another set-to with a victorious but vulnerable antagonist.

On September 26 the British advance had entered and taken possession of Philadelphia; and safe within that hospitable city they successfully resisted all attempts to lure them out or dislodge them. For nearly six weeks, from November 2 to December 11, the Americans were strongly intrenched at Whitemarsh, thirteen miles northwest of the city. Their gradually weakening line was too thin, however, to give battle to the British, and too near Philadelphia to feel absolutely safe from attack; so it was decided to move to a more advantageous location, from which the invaders could at least be watched and kept in check. The story of

the march to Valley Forge is another chapter in the epic of that frightful winter. Various participants have contributed their testimony about the dismal conditions under which the journey was prosecuted. A Pennsylvania lieutenant notes in his diary that they started to cross the Schuylkill at Swede's Ford, not over 800 feet wide at that point, at six o'clock in the evening of December 12, and that it was three o'clock the next morning before they reached camp at Gulf Mill, two miles further along, "where we remained without tents or

blankets in the midst of a severe snow-storm." A Connecticut warrior portrays his misery at the same place in this suggestive style: "We are ordered to march over the river. It snows—I'm sick—eat nothing—no whiskey—no baggage—Lord—Lord—Lord—till sunrise crossing the river—cold and uncomfortable." After the army had been four days in camp, the tents came and were pitched for the first time, "to keep the men more comfortable." How appropriate, then, the day of thanksgiving and prayer that Congress had ordered for the eighteenth!

When the army arrived at Valley Forge on the nineteenth, the campaign for the year had practically closed; General Howe had taken Philadelphia—or, as Franklin put it, Philadelphia had taken General Howe; the Americans were huddled around their camp fires



DOORWAY, WASHINGTON'S HEADQUARTERS.

twenty-two miles away, freezing, starving, wasting from disease; but still the characteristic cheerfulness of Washington shines forth; he remembers that a French ship has arrived at Portsmouth with a large quantity of munitions of war, and he extends his congratulations to the army upon the auspicious event.

But the saddest feature of the months of suffering that followed was the fact that most of it was unnecessary. Then, as now, members of Congress had their favorites, and men were selected for the commissariat

without regard for their fitness,—incompetents, whose especial claim to fame to-day rests upon their having furnished a Revolutionary ancestry for the familiar stories of the bungling commissary in our late unpleasantness with Spain. We are told that, at the very time the barefooted Continentals were making bloody tracks in the snow on the bleak hills of Valley Forge, there were hogsheads of shoes—somewhere else. In answer to General Wayne's fervid appeal for clothing for his frost-bitten soldiers came the reply—which might be counted almost humorous but for the ghastly picture of his men clutching shreds of old blankets over their nakedness—that the delay in furnishing it was "due to the want of buttons."

Fortunately there is something else than tragedy to be read in the records of those days. The old orderly books, for example, tell us a great deal that has a different sort of flavor. Here is an account of a court martial held to consider the case of a Virginia captain who was charged with having been "so far Ellivated with liquor when on the parade for Exercising as rendered him incapable in doing his duty with precession." Luckily the good captain was able to prove an alibi, or that something else was responsible for his "Ellivation,"—for his acquittal is duly noted.

Then there was a Pennsylvania lieutenant tried for "unofficer and ungentlemanlike behavior in taking 2 mares and a barrel of carpenter's tools on the line, which mares he conveyed away, and sold the tools at private sale." The chronicler does not give a detailed account of the testimony; but it is written that the court found that while the lieutenant was "guilty of the facts alledged" in the charge, yet they did not amount to "unofficer and ungentlemanlike behavior, and so acquit him of it." There is something

so delightfully vague about the verdict that we are led to wonder how far an officer and gentleman at Valley Forge might have gone in the business of picking up and disposing of stray mares and barrels of carpenter's tools before crossing the borders of propriety.

It was while the army was at Valley Forge, too, that sweeping reforms in its organization were inaugurated. Early in the spring, Frederick William Augustus, Baron von Steuben, arrived there, and started upon his duties as inspector-general. "The arms at Valley Forge," he wrote, "were in a horrible condition, covered with rust, half of them without bayonets, many from which a single shot could not be fired. The pouches were quite as bad as the arms. A great many of the men had tin boxes instead of pouches; others had cow-



RIVER ROAD.

The village of Valley Forge lies in the hollow at the right.



LOOKING SOUTH FROM THE FORTIFIED HILL SHOWING MOUNT JOY.

General Huntington's Connecticut troops occupied the land shown in the foreground of the picture; General Conway's Pennsylvania and General Maxwell's New Jersey troops, the middle distance at the left.

horns; and muskets, carbines, fowling-pieces and rifles were to be seen in the same company. The description of the dress is most easily given. The men were literally naked, some of them in the fullest extent of the word. The officers who had coats had them of every color and make. I saw officers at a grand parade at Valley Forge mounting guard in a sort of dressing-gown, made of an old blanket or a woollen bed-cover. With regard to their military discipline, I

may safely say no such thing existed."

Von Steuben, from all accounts, was a man who would rather fight and work than eat or sleep; and so, perhaps, it is not surprising that he fashioned so wonderful a weapon from the woefully raw and rough material he had to deal with. Rising at three o'clock in the morning, he would be on the parade at sunrise, take a musket in his own hands, and show the picked squad just how the thing was



EAST FROM FORT HUNTINGTON.



GENERAL WAYNE'S HEADQUARTERS.

to be done. In a few weeks of that sort of personal effort he had the whole camp fired with his own enthusiasm, so that the men with whom he began were able to execute the most difficult movements with the greatest precision. The petty jealousies, the sectional feeling, of the various contingents were forgotten, and all seemed to be animated by a nobler rivalry that boded a different outlook for the cause. A little later we see that regenerated army not only sturdy enough to withstand the fiercest onslaughts of British guards and grenadiers, but capable also to beat them at their own favorite business of the bayonet charge.

The house in which Baron von Steuben lived while at Valley Forge is still standing. A mile or so southeast of it is the house that was the military home of General Wayne, the dashing officer who made

much of the honest work done by the Prussian drill-master. It was the bravery and discipline of the troops under "Mad Anthony" at Monmouth which gave lustre to the American arms and set him in the hearts of his countrymen as a "modern Leonidas."

In striking contrast with the sombre coloring which the name of Valley Forge suggests was the brilliant sortie of a party of 2,500 men under La Fayette, on May 18, 1778. For the general purpose of gathering information about the British, the youthful Frenchman was directed to proceed toward the hostile lines at Philadelphia. Early on the morning of that day his command arrived at Barren Hill, on the east side of the Schuylkill, some eight or nine miles from the city. From that point the wings were extended to cover other highways, and scouting parties sent into Philadelphia, one of them giving the revellers at the Mischianza a terrible scare. Another object of the demonstration was to develop the strength of the enemy; and in this it



HEADQUARTERS OF GENERALS STEUBEN AND DUPORTAIL.

was highly successful, for an overwhelming force set out from Philadelphia to surround the American division and carry La Fayette back to the city, where a dinner party awaited his coming. The details of the operations around Barren Hill church and its ancient burying-ground, the failure of the carefully laid plans of the British, the withdrawal of the American command from an exceedingly perilous position to a safe place on the opposite side of the Schuylkill, combine to make one of the most spirited chapters in the narrative of Valley Forge.

Of course it should not be forgotten that the news of the French alliance reached the army at Valley Forge; and from that glad first of May, when Washington announced it, the local literature seems to have taken on a sprightliness it did not possess before. The orderly book from that time fairly rings with directions for

grand parades, general rejoicings, manoeuvres before members of the "grand" congress; and divine services are not forgotten. There are councils of war and speculations as to the probable course of the evidently uncomfortable enemy. As early as May 23 it was known that the evacuation of Philadelphia had been decided upon. Soon the news came that transports in the Delaware were being loaded with baggage and stores. Then the rumors of the coming of D'Esaing's fleet decided for the British that the walking to New York would probably be safer than the sailing. On the eighteenth of June the first divisions of the Continental army left Valley Forge and occupied Philadelphia, taking possession of the city only a few hours after its former guests were gone. The

next day the mass of the army—no longer the disorganized conglomeration of colonial troops, but a thoroughly welded, homogeneous American army—was making all possible haste after the retiring Sir Henry Clinton, his 17,000 troops and twelve mile supply train.

From a military point of view the selection of Valley Forge for the encampment was a most admirable one. Two of its boundaries, the west and north, were deep streams, whose passages were easily defended, while the approaches from the east and south were absolutely dominated by the heights which rose in the angle of these water courses. A brief description of the topography of the country



GENERAL KNOX'S HEADQUARTERS.

will put the reader more closely in touch with the subject.

Imagine the Valley Creek flowing due north between precipitous hills for nearly a mile before it reaches the Schuylkill River. Mount Joy, the highest summit on the east bank, is fully a mile from the river, and it lifts its wooded crest 426 feet above the sea level. A little further to the north is another hill, which is really a sort of spur of Mount Joy, 350 feet high; while still further off to the northeast is a third hill, with its summit something more than 100 feet below that of Mount Joy. On the eastern descent of these hills the citizens of that long departed community have left the indelible record of their occupation. Mount Joy and her two sisters are still the proud wearers of their grass-grown chaplets, lines of



THE INTRENCHMENTS NEAR
THE RIVER ROAD.

earthworks, 1,600 feet, 300 feet and 1,300 feet long, thrown up near the crests of the three by the toilers in the youth of our nation. Below these works are still to be seen Fort Huntington, protecting the north end of the lines and dominating the River road, a highway paralleling the Schuylkill all the way into Philadelphia, and the deeper and better preserved Fort Washington at the south end of the lines on Mount Joy commanding the approach from the south and west.

Further down, the hills break gently into an undulating landscape, upon which most of the brigades were encamped. At the south end of Mount Joy, beyond Fort Washington, were General Woodford's Virginia troops. North of Fort Washington, and on the same hill, were General Maxwell's New Jerseymen and General Knox's artillery. In the cove or hollow in front of the shoulder of Mount Joy were the Pennsylvania troops commanded by General Conway—the same Conway who is remembered in history solely for his connection with the infamous cabal against Washington. Then, next the River road, near

to the fort which bears his name, General Jedediah Huntington's Connecticut troops were encamped.

Still further down the slope and lying back of the outer line of intrenchments—now entirely disappeared—beginning at the south and running in a curved line to the northeast, were the encampments of General Scott's Virginians, General Wayne's First and Second Pennsylvanians, General Poor's New Yorkers, General Glover's Massachusetts troops, General



Learned's New Hampshire men, General Patterson's Vermonters, General Weedon's Virginians, and General Muhlenberg with his Pennsylvanians and Virginians on the extreme left. The locations of these thirteen brigades can be better comprehended by imagining a pair of gigantic compasses extended to sixty degrees, with the head to the south. One leg laid to the north along the three hills would roughly cover the inner line of four brigades first mentioned; the other leg extended to the northeast would cover the outer line of nine brigades last named. Upon the River road, upon which the points would rest, were General Varnum's Rhode Islanders and a battery known as Fort Platt or

the Star redoubt. A well defined knoll in a field about two hundred yards east of the building in which General Varnum had his headquarters marks the site of this fortification, which was built to command the approach to Sullivan's bridge. This was a temporary structure thrown across the Schuylkill about a quarter of a mile northeast of the fort.

The sites of the huts occupied by some of the officers can also be readily traced in the thicket about a quarter of a mile east of the star redoubt. When these structures were erected the earth was banked up around the logs as an additional protection from the biting cold, and in the remains to-day the regularity of the plan of this diminutive village is quite apparent. Just across the River road at this point the ground slopes sharply to the south. Close to the foot of the declivity is a large sycamore standing alone. Near it is the grave of John Waterman, one of the many heroes from Rhode Island who never went home from the war. A substantial wire cage now entirely covers the grave—not for the purpose of keeping John Waterman in, as some irreverent visitor has remarked, but for keeping vandals out. It is rather difficult to understand how relic hunters who came before the cage ever managed to leave as much as they did of this lonely monument.

The location of the various brigades, etc., as just given, is based upon the investigations of Jared Sparks, who, in illustrating the letters of Washington in the early part of this century, had a map prepared under the auspices of John Armstrong, then secretary of war. An old man named Davis gave his recollection of the various dispositions of the different encamp-

ments, and his information helped to plot the map. It is a curious fact that no contemporary map of the whole camp was known to be in existence until 1897, when that indefatigable antiquarian, Hon. S. W. Pennypacker, secured from Amsterdam a set of original drafts and plans of the Revolutionary period, drawn by a French engineer with the army. Among them was a priceless map of Valley Forge. This map exhibits slight deviations from the arrangement already quoted, and has less detail; but apart from its inestimable value as a unique historical document, it tells what was not known before, that Lord Stirling's brigade of Carolina troops was encamped on the west bank of Valley Creek, opposite general headquarters, at the spot that has hitherto been allotted to the artificers; and further it reveals the fact that Washington's headquarters before he occupied the Potts house were not, as has been alleged, in a marquee, but in a house some distance southeast of Valley Forge.

Valley Forge takes its name from an iron-working plant established there many years before the militant Americans made it famous. The musty records of the past tell us that



INTERIOR OF FORT HUNTINGTON.



LAFAYETTE'S HEADQUARTERS.

in 1757 one John Potts purchased property which included what was then known as Mount Joyforge. This stood on the banks of Valley Creek, the fall of that stream as it passed on down to the Schuylkill through the narrow gorge between the high hills on either hand furnishing an abundance of power. The business of Mount Joy forge—or the Valley forge, as it soon came to be known locally—was a very flourishing one; a great many men and teams were employed in making and marketing its products. Ironmaster John Potts saw that a flour mill which could furnish feed for the horses and flour for the drivers would be a profitable adjunct to the older industry on the creek; and in 1758 this was built—and it lasted until 1843, when it was destroyed by fire; later it was rebuilt a little further up the stream, almost opposite the present headquarters building, and after serving as a paper

mill for many years it was finally dismantled and is now falling into decay.

About the same year that John Potts built the flour mill the famous mansion was also erected. In 1768 both the mill and house came into the possession of his son Isaac, and the forge went to another son, Joseph. One of the earliest historical references to this mill appears in a letter from Richard Peters, secretary of war, to Thomas Wharton, president of the Executive Council of Pennsylvania. He wrote on August 30, 1777, about "a large quantity of flour spoiling for want of baking; it lies at Valley Forge." If Isaac Potts had been a modern advertiser, he would doubtless have claimed that it was the taste of that flour of his which later secured for him the exclusive trade of a great



LAFAYETTE'S HEADQUARTERS FROM THE REAR.

galaxy of public men and the entire American army for six months. That illustrious housekeeper, Martha Washington, must have eaten bread, perhaps prepared by her own hands, made from this same flour of Isaac Potts's mill. How could a miller ever let such an opportunity for getting a testimonial about it from so preëminent an authority as the General's wife slip by him!

While dealing with Isaac Potts it



GENERAL MUHLENBERG'S HEADQUARTERS.

will be proper to refer to an incident in which he is involved and which has been repeatedly embalmed in verse and gayly colored lithographs. Everybody has heard how Washington was discovered at prayer in the woods above the headquarters, pleading with the Almighty for guidance through the troublous times which then beset his country. The discovery is said to have been made by "a good old Quaker," sometimes referred to as a blacksmith; but a manuscript in the hand of his daughter informs us that the "good old Quaker" who viewed the remarkable spectacle was twenty-seven-year-old Isaac Potts. After the death of Washington he pronounced a eulogy on his character in Friends' meeting, that was a masterly production, a member of Congress declaring that he would not go to hear "Light Horse Harry" Lee's address in the Lutheran Church in Philadelphia because he had just heard "a much better one than he will deliver, from an old Quaker."

A few years since the headquarters building was

restored to its condition of nearly a century and a quarter ago. "The General's apartments is very small," wrote Mrs. Washington from there; "he has had a log cabin built to dine in, which has made our quarters much more tolerable than they were at first." The log dining-room has been rebuilt, and the whole house, with its sacred memories, has been given over to the perpetuation of "the times which tried men's souls." A subterranean passageway which once led to the

river's edge has been freshly vaulted for a long distance; one room of the house is adorned with a chronological portraiture of Washington; others contain many interesting pictures, pieces of furniture and other relics of the Colonial and Revolutionary eras. Externally the substantial and comfortable look about the building is very impressive, its simple yet dignified proportions appealing at once to the good taste of every visitor. The curious porch over the front door, the exquisite hand-made moulding and other de-



HEADQUARTERS OF GENERALS VARNUM AND DE KALB.

tails of its architecture are of a character seldom seen in any structure of this generation. The house and grounds are now owned and cared for by the Centennial and Memorial Association of Valley Forge.

It is to the credit of the state of Pennsylvania that she has done even a little in the way of acquiring ownership in this hallowed ground. So far



VALLEY CREEK.

the sum of \$35,000 has been spent by the Commonwealth, and about 250 acres of land, embracing the inner line of breastworks and the two principal fortifications, purchased. Nature has been more generous than the state in preserving the grounds for the free enjoyment of all generations, in that she has admirably provided against their obliteration by putting forth a fine growth of trees. On May 30, 1893, the Valley Forge Commission was created by act of Legislature, and the committee of public spirited gentlemen who formed it went actively to work, with the result stated. In their last report to the governor they recommended the opening up of an avenue which would give access to the site of the nine brigade encampments along the outer line of intrenchments, besides the laying out of such roads or paths as would put the existing relics of Valley Forge within easy reach of tourists. The cost would be \$50,000; but the com-

mittee is now without funds, and Pennsylvania has not yet seen fit to spend so much additional money in that sort of patriotism. There should be no question as to the value to be received from such an investment. Americanism as a principle would be more deeply felt and better taught; the spirit of nationality which was born at Valley Forge would be more forcibly impressed upon the mind of every visitor, and the whole country would be the gainer. When some disposition is displayed by Pennsylvania that looks like real interest in caring for these things, it is likely that other states whose sons suffered in those terrible days would be proud to erect memorials to them. It has been suggested as not outside the range of probabilities that the national government would erect a great monumental tower on the summit of Mount Joy, from which the whole plan of the encampment could be comprehended. Local chapters of the Daughters of the American Revolution are now working actively in the matter of interesting the coming session of the Pennsylvania Legislature in further condemnation of property; and it is to be hoped that the state will manifest her belief in historic shrines as a valuable asset in the Commonwealth.

Another phase of popular interest in Valley Forge has been developed by the movement, recently inaugurated, to make the place a government reservation. At a meeting held under the auspices of the Valley Forge National Park Association in Independence Hall, Philadelphia, on December 19th last, the project, which has the hearty approval of President McKinley, was given considerable impetus. A bill has already been introduced into Congress, providing for an appropriation to purchase the desired property and then maintain it under the jurisdiction of the War Department.

THE STATESMEN.

By Frank R. Batchelder.



AS children run to seek the fabled gold
Where to the earth the rainbow's arch is bent,
And halt at last, their little strength all spent,
Their hope defeated, tired and wet and cold,—
So do men come, with bright dreams manifold,
Down the long avenue magnificent,
To seek the rainbow-end of government
And seize on fame, ere they be weak and old.

The goddess from her great white dome smiles down
To see them come, stern-faced, like knights, to slay
The dragon Error, and achieve renown,—
And some are famous for a night and day,
Yet scarce have passed from the great heartless town
When Time's quick hand wipes even their names away.



A GREAT RAILWAY MANAGER.

By Henry W. French.

WHEN a man becomes eminent he belongs to the locality in which his position was achieved or where his abilities have found their fullest scope. Little is ordinarily known as to his birthplace, or where his early years were passed; and the reader of his biography is often surprised to learn that he was born far away from the scene of his greatest successes. This is true of many sons of New England who have gone forth from the old home to help build the great West. To such a strong New Englander in the West this brief sketch is a tribute.

John H. Devereux acquired, while yet a comparatively young man, more than national fame as a railway manager. His home was then in Cleveland, Ohio, and his name was always coupled with that of his adopted state. But he was a native of Massachusetts; and although himself born in Boston, his father was Captain John Devereux of Marblehead, the direct descendant of him of that name who came there from England, in 1630,

and who traced his ancestry in a straight line to the younger son of Walter, Earl of Rosmar, in Normandy, Robert D'Evreux, a gallant knight who accompanied William the Conqueror when he invaded England in 1066.

"Captain John," as he was generally known at home, was a mariner of the old school, before sailing vessels had been displaced by steamers. He began his experience as cabin boy; and after passing many years at sea, principally in the Oriental trade, and becoming the owner of several merchant ships, he rounded out his active life as president of the Boston Marine Insurance Company.

His only child, John H. Devereux, born in 1832,

was destined to win for himself great distinction in another branch of transportation—that of railroad-ing; and his achievements, although cut short while he was in the fullness of life, stand out boldly and brightly in the history of his chosen profession. Not only this, but he left an impress upon railroad



JOHN H. DEVEREUX.

policy and management such as few other men have ever done; while his record as a man and a Christian is one never to be dimmed in the memory of those who knew him or knew of him. His career as a man of affairs was so remarkable both as to the nature and amount of the work he accomplished; the methods he adopted were in some respects so different from many of those in vogue before; he was, in person, bearing and character so worthy a descendant of those whose blood he inherited, that a brief sketch of his career cannot be without interest to those who appreciate the best and finest traits of humanity.

His ancestry was peculiar, from the fact that his mother was a French Creole, and claimed descent from Philip of Pokanoket, chief of the Wampanoags, the grandson of the great Massasoit, and himself known in history as King Philip. Here were New England ruggedness and devotion to principle, combined with the courage, fortitude and keenness of the Indian; while to them were added the chivalry and *savoir faire* which came from the French ancestors of both parents. And all these characteristics were strongly marked in General Devereux's nature.

After receiving a thorough education at the Portsmouth, N. H., Academy, he went, when but sixteen, to Cleveland, Ohio, where he began his active life as a civil engineer on the Cleveland, Columbus and Cincinnati railroad, one of the many lines he was afterwards (when it was extended to Indianapolis) to control as president; and upon its completion he obtained a similar position on the Cleveland, Painesville and Ashtabula railroad.

Here he remained until 1852, when he went to Tennessee and became division engineer of the Tennessee and Alabama railroad, a position he held for nine years, during which he was for a time city engineer of Nashville.

At the outbreak of the Rebellion

his loyal spirit asserted itself; and, although offered the greatest inducements to remain in the South and connect himself with the Confederate cause, he abandoned all his prospects and returned to Marblehead. But he was not permitted to remain inactive, for early in 1862 his services were called for by the United States government, and he was requested to take charge of some of the railroads seized by the military authorities. He went immediately to Washington and was made superintendent of the three roads leading from Alexandria, Va. Here he found a fitting field for the exercise of his marvelous talents for organization and command. All of the railroads ran through a hostile country, infested by guerillas, who repeatedly tore up the tracks, and burned the sleepers, bridges and buildings. There was constant friction between the railroad authorities and the military, every commissioned officer deeming himself qualified to run the trains more efficiently than the men who had been engaged at such work for years. There was incessant smuggling between Washington and the front, where liquor and tobacco were in great demand. There were immense quantities of supplies and thousands of men and horses to be forwarded over single-track roads, poorly equipped and subject to the hourly liability of being destroyed.

These were the principal difficulties this young man had to encounter, to say nothing of innumerable others of a minor nature, but sufficient in themselves to have discouraged almost any one but him who now grappled with them. He set about the task in the same earnest, quiet way that manifested itself in everything he undertook. He anticipated many of the problems, met others as they arose, and not only disposed of them promptly, but with a thoroughness which prevented their return. His faithful labor was appreciated. He received many compliments from

President Lincoln and Secretary Stanton, as well as from Generals Meade, Hooker, Ingalls and Meigs; and there was great regret when he tendered his resignation in 1864.

This he did in order to accept the position of general superintendent of the Cleveland and Pittsburg railroad, of which he was soon made vice-president, remaining as such until 1868, when he became vice-president of the Lake Shore railroad. He was soon afterwards made president of this corporation, and so continued until its consolidation with the Michigan Southern railroad, in 1869, when he was chosen general manager of the newly organized line, a position of great power and responsibility, and one such as was never before held by a man of his years,—for he was then under forty. Its duties called for another exhibition of his rare executive talents; and his reputation having now become national he received numerous calls to connect himself with other companies, the offers being accompanied by the most flattering inducements in the way of salary and control. Among them was one from the Russian government, which tendered to him the management of its railway system. But he made no change until 1873, when he accepted the presidency of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis railway (upon a portion of which he had begun his career twenty-four years before), and with it, as part of the same arrangement, the presidency of the Atlantic and Great Western railway, now a part of the Erie. He was also at this time president of many subsidiary corporations, whose lines formed portions of the system of which he was chief.

The Atlantic and Great Western was practically bankrupt; and, although General Devereux succeeded in putting the road into the best possible physical condition, it was finally decided to liquidate its affairs. He was therefore, by agreement of all parties in interest, appointed receiver,

in the latter part of 1874, holding the position until 1880, when a reorganization was perfected under the name of the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio Railroad Company, of which he was made president; and in June, 1880, he was elected president of the Cincinnati, Hamilton and Dayton railroad. He was during this period interested in the construction of the Pittsburg and Lake Erie railroad, and was vice-president of the Pittsburg, McKeesport and Councilville, and Cleveland and Mahoning Valley roads, besides being director and officer in many other companies. The duties attending all these positions made him a busy man. But he never appeared to be in a hurry, nor to do anything hastily; this was one secret of his ability to accomplish such marked results with so little physical or mental exhaustion.

It was while interested in the Atlantic and Great Western railway that he took an active part in building a line from Marion to Chicago, now known as the Chicago and Erie railroad. This road, in connection with the Erie, was regarded as a menace to the Vanderbilt system, of which the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis formed a part; and General Devereux found himself liable to be called upon to serve two opposing interests. He therefore, in 1881, resigned the presidency of the New York, Pennsylvania and Ohio road.

A year before this he had become president of the Indianapolis and St. Louis railroad, which was at that time the joint property of the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis, and the Pennsylvania Company, and which, as is frequently the case under such ownership, was in a very poor condition. But in May, 1882, the line passed into the control of the former company, and was then reorganized as the Indianapolis and St. Louis railway, with General Devereux as president. He made it one of

the best roads in the country; and since his death, which occurred in March, 1886, it has been consolidated with the Cleveland, Columbus, Cincinnati and Indianapolis railroad, and forms a part of the "Big Four" system.

It is impossible, within the limits of a mere sketch, to particularize the numerous other railroad matters in which General Devereux took part during the twenty-two years after his leaving the government service—matters of vast importance, in which not only was he the moving spirit, but gave his personal attention to every detail, so as to be sure that each step was properly taken, and in a way to guard the enormous interests placed under his charge.

As a railway manager he was practical, progressive and alert, ever devising new features calculated to increase the efficiency and value of the lines under his care, and quick to adopt them when coming from outside sources. He was always abreast of the times, in close touch with all that was going on in the commercial world. His opinions in regard to such matters were constantly sought, and his judgment was considered well-nigh infallible. In addition to his influence upon the railway legislation of the states traversed by his lines, he appeared before the committee which framed the Interstate Commerce Act, and his views were incorporated in the report presented to Congress.

One of his cardinal principles was that railroads were built and operated for the purpose of serving the public, and not alone as a means of profit to the corporations owning them; and this rule is found among his instructions to trainmen: "Treat people as if you appreciated and were willing to acknowledge their custom. Try to accommodate and please. In short, act as any good business man would toward his customers."

In his relations with the employees of his roads, he was, while strict,

eminently fair and just. He was more than this; he was their friend, as "man to man." His office was always open to them; but, while no one ever came to him with a well founded grievance which was not remedied promptly, no man was ever derelict in duty without being held to a strict account.

His inherent force, coupled with a marvellous personal magnetism, gave him a powerful control over his fellows, no matter what might be their station in life.

This was shown at the time of the great railroad strike of 1877, when the city of Cleveland was imperilled by the excited malcontents, whose passions had been wrought upon by irresponsible men. The employees of the Lake Shore road had not only joined the strikers, but they had agreed to attend a meeting organized by the agitators; and General Devereux learned that his own men were about to follow. He did not hesitate a moment, but left his office at once and, accompanied only by his private secretary, went to the shops, where he found over eight hundred of his employees in line, ready to march in the procession which was to precede the meeting. He pushed his way through the crowd and, springing upon a planing machine, asked to be heard. He was received with hootings and jeers; while some of the more lawless demanded that he be shot. Finally one of the men—an old hand—suggested that General Devereux be given a chance to speak; "for," said he, "the General is a square man, and has never deceived us."

The permission was accorded, but only after considerable wrangling; and then he talked to them calmly, showing them their duty, as it appeared to him, and the disastrous consequences to themselves of the step they were proposing to take. His bearing, no less than his words, made such an impression upon his hearers that they agreed to take no

part in the procession or meeting, but promised to remain at work. But this was not sufficient.

"No," he said, when asked if this would satisfy him. "I will not be satisfied until every man, raising his right hand, shall swear, in the presence of the just God whom we all revere, that not only will he take no part in incendiary meetings or acts, but will further swear that, on call of the constituted authorities, each and every one will be a special policeman, to put down riot and disorder from any source."

Every hand was raised, and the oath was taken. This act, in the performance of which General Devereux incurred great personal danger, induced the Lake Shore men to withdraw. The procession and meeting failed of their purpose, and Cleveland was saved from bloodshed. The situation was a complex one, the entire rights and wrongs of which cannot here be discussed; but this incident illustrates General Devereux's personal power, a power which was based on recognized character.

He carried his Christianity into his business life and into his relations with his subordinates, doing all in his power to advance their spiritual and moral no less than their material welfare. In an address made at the dedication of the railway branch of the Young Men's Christian Association, he said: "I hope the time is past when it is generally considered that there are none but profane and vulgar men connected with railroads; for many qualities constitute the standard by which railroad men should be judged and by which they should esteem each other."

It was not alone as a railway manager that General Devereux's influence was felt. He was for many years a warden of St. Paul's Church, in Cleveland, and no layman was better known or more respected than he at the general conventions, where he was frequently a delegate.

In the early part of 1880 a move-

ment was started in Ohio to bring his name before the approaching Republican national convention, it being believed that his character, abilities and reputation would make him an exceptionally strong candidate for the presidency of the United States. But he cared nothing for political honors, and put a stop to the effort as soon as it came to his knowledge.

He was, during the Rebellion, a member of the United States Sanitary Commission, and later on of the Loyal Legion. He also belonged to numerous religious, charitable and scientific societies, in all of which he was an active force, contributing to their support both by his acts and means. No worthy object ever failed to find in him a generous benefactor, and his hand was ever ready to help those in need.

Among his other benefactions was the gift to Marblehead of Willard's famous picture, "Yankee Doodle," which has the place of honor in the reading-room of Abbot Hall. The thousands of New England people, and people from far beyond the borders of New England, who each summer look upon this stirring patriotic picture, should count it an additional cause for gratitude that its giver was so devoted a patriot and so noble a man as John H. Devereux. The picture was painted by Mr. Willard in Cleveland, which was so long General Devereux's own city, and is thus an interesting link between his ancestral associations and his later home.*

General Devereux died in his fifty-third year. He was a friend of religion and culture, of learning and art, of all that is noblest and best in life. He was an enemy of wickedness and immorality, no matter what guise they assumed. He possessed the courage of a Crusader, tempered by a woman's refinement and gentleness.

Tall and splendidly proportioned,

* See illustrated article on "The Painter of 'Yankee Doodle,'" in the *NEW ENGLAND MAGAZINE*, December, 1895.

with a head and face which might well have belonged to a monarch of old, dignified in bearing, yet cordial in manner, he was one seemingly more fitted to adorn the days of chivalry than those in which he lived. Yet he was in hearty sympathy with his modern environments, and found ample pleasure in the world about him. Keen of wit, and with a peculiarly terse way of expressing himself, he was, with his rich store of learning and experience, a most charming and most instructive companion, while his broad humanity and catholicity constantly impressed themselves

upon all with whom he came into contact. His business and domestic relations were governed by such high purposes and ideals that it seemed as if the inspiration of his life had come from the motto upon the coat of arms assumed by his ancestors centuries ago, "*Basis Virtutum Constantia*," for virtue and constancy were surely the foundations upon which his character was wrought. Such was John H. Devereux, a son of Massachusetts, of whom it can be truly said that his was

"A combination and a form, indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man."



HALF-TONES.

By *Henrietta R. Eliot*.

THE smell of violets in the dark;
The first wan star whose trembling spark
Shows white against the west;
A square of moonlight cool and still,
Broken by leaves which wave at will
To break its ghostly rest;

The early twitter of a bird
From apple bough with dawn-winds stirred
At break of summer day;
A rift of sunlight dropping down
From cloud-cast sky on meadow brown
And gliding, still, away;

Dim hints, pale prophecies, ye hold
The charm of all ye leave untold,
A spell which stirs my breast
With—is it pain, or is it joy?
Weird as an echo, swift and coy,
But sweet as Love's unrest.

PRINCE.

By R. Lillian Brock.

THE two new horses had arrived, and my husband and brother spent two hours examining them. They began at the light, thin heads, so perfectly set, clasped their hands over the small pricked ears, and moved aside the forelocks to gaze upon the broad, flat foreheads.

"I think the mare has the handsomer neck," said my husband; "it's the lighter of the two, and yet muscular."

"Perhaps," came from Harry, who was never too yielding, and had himself taken a sudden fancy to the more showy bay; "but look at this chest, and the way the shoulder rests upon it."

Then my father dropped in. He was a man with a quick eye and a slow tongue. After a gentle pat upon their heads, he passed his hands caressingly down the horses' legs, slender, yet firm, and without a blemish, making sure that the heels were open and the frogs sound. "Humph, humph!" was his satisfactory, if not specific comment. The boys stood silently aside, waiting for his confirmation of their observations, but as usual waited in vain. "Very good looking horses; very well mated," was his final judgment—a judgment wholly frivolous in the minds of the erudite boys.

Not a word or look from any, however, was wholly lost; for off in the corner, leaning against the pole of the new landeau, stood a silent, curious and half jealous spectator. I, too, had been well trained in horse lore, and even at that distance could not conceal from myself the fact that they were magnificent animals. But in a stall not far distant stood dear old Prince, my first love in the horse world, and I still clung to him with all the force of woman's constancy. I was pleased, therefore, when I heard

my husband say: "James, lead the horses back, and be sure there is no draught upon them."

Little attention was paid to me even as we walked from the stable to the house. These were my husband's first horses with a pedigree, and their entrance into our family life was a matter of no small concern. I even had difficulty in making the men realize when I was bidding them good night; and as I turned out my gas an hour later, there still came in guttural tones from below, "withers," "hock" and "fetlock joints." To myself I was saying: "Never mind, old Prince. You have been a loyal member of this family for seventeen years, and you shall not be deserted now. You have taken us on picnics and sleigh rides. We used even to think we could speed you on the Mill Dam when there were not too many there. You have called the doctor for us; you have rushed us to the train; and if it were not for the fickleness of men (be sorry for them, Prince, they cannot help it), you still would be the family pet and joy. Why, Prince, if it had not been for you, that lazy brother of mine would never have won the heart of Miss Dorothea Gray; and I, why, even I might not now—" I dropped asleep before my convincing argument was ended.

They say that people who live long together grow to be more or less alike,—an axiom as true concerning animals. At any rate, Prince and I had many characteristics in common, among them love of the early morning air in summer. The rest of the family, therefore, were not at all surprised, when they came straggling down into the dining-room the next morning, to see Prince and myself returning from a frolic in the field beyond. We both were in an amiable

state of mind. I had assured him of my undying affection,—that to me he was the handsomest, noblest horse in all the world, and need never be jealous of the chestnut mare nor the pompous bay. In return he had given me a soulful neigh, and laid his head down on my shoulder with the satisfied sigh of an accepted lover or a child that has at last got its hand upon the envied stick of candy.

I hope you will not think my fondness for Prince was unfounded. On the contrary, like all true affection, it was based partly upon a sincere respect for his admirable qualities, and partly upon a delight in his eccentricities. As I think the matter over, I am not quite certain which influenced me the more. Possibly I felt the force of popular opinion. Prince always had an enviable reputation. To begin with, he was never born to blush unseen; he was a most noticeable sorrel, quite above the average size, and possessing a mane and tail that were the envy of every horse in town. They were of lightest brown, long and thick, and with just a suggestion of a dudish wave to them. Of course Prince was proud of them; that was only natural. I have seen just such weakness displayed in creatures of a higher order—not always unfortunately, either. A little vanity is a good thing when it leads one to cherish God-given beauties. It was a good thing with Prince, for he carried that mane and tail superbly, making one forget entirely that he bore no closer relation to the Darley Arabian than we to Adam.

Of Prince's mental characteristics perhaps the most marked was his ability to enter into the spirit of things. I beg you will not repeat it; but to you I must confess that our greatest family weakness is always being late. Perhaps this is why none of us has ever attained greatness. At any rate, Prince was not slow to discover our fault, and with his eminent good nature stood sphinx-like at the door when he knew that the train

would come puffing into the station in five minutes and he would be held responsible for getting us there. He kept his eye upon us, and the moment the last foot touched the bottom of the carriage, away he started. It was a down hill trip, requiring but little exertion; but there were three sharp corners to be turned, and only an expert could make them without losing time. In fact Prince was the only horse in Merrivale that could perform this feat, and such delight did people take in seeing him do it, it was like running an exhibition mile every morning. Children collected at the windows on the route, and frequently a face crowned with hair of a different tint from that of the children's could be seen resting, as if by chance, against the pane. As the third corner was approached, the train appeared, and it became a race between wind and steam. Of Prince little could be seen but a billowy cloud of light brown hair. No one in the carriage ever spoke at such a time, and little could be heard upon the street beyond the occasional cry of "He's coming." Well, for twenty years we turned that corner just that way, never with a feeling approaching comfort; yet never did an accident happen, and never did we miss the train. If the conductors got into the habit of looking and waiting for us, they never were unkind enough to remind us of it, although they sometimes smiled.

I think I have intimated that Prince was remarkable for his versatility. He could stand just as well as he could run. For this reason he became a prominent figure upon the baseball field. Have you ever been interested in a team of amateurs, every member of which you knew, and which played a most remarkable game every Saturday afternoon? If not, I am sorry for you; you have missed a lot of fun. Prince would tell you so, too. You see, my brother was one of them, and he was a greater wonder at the

bat than ever Casey was. Possibly for this reason Prince had a carriageful of girls to take to the grounds every week; and he not only felt the responsibility of his position, but he was proud of it, too. He stood there with all the hauteur of a Bucephalus carrying his Alexander; and when Harry approached the plate there came a neigh that proclaimed to all our little world that the conquering hero was at hand. Generally he excised great self-restraint, but I have known him, when that hero was making a home run, to enter into the applause himself by tearing around the circle of spectators, reaching the goal neck and neck with his master.

Yes, Prince was a sport without doubt; but he was also something of a sentimentalist. I hope you won't respect him any the less for that. Indeed, if it had not been for the gentler side of his nature I should never have been skating at sunset on Boston Harbor, nor gone canoeing on the little stream two miles from home. Very likely I should never have—but reminiscence is not safe. I am simply sure, as I said before, that Harry would never have known Miss Dorothea Gray so well, and possibly even I might not now be humming a lullaby.

Have you ever noticed that the more horses you own the more often you have to walk? It is a fact. I don't know why. Probably it is one of those knotty problems in algebra solved only by the theory of inverse ratio—and mathematics is not my strong point; at least so my teachers used to say, when I was in college my father upheld them, and even my husband looks incredulous at times, although he never says anything. Well, when we had only Prince, I always knew what to depend upon. I knew that I could do errands in the morning and make calls in the afternoon, and that on days when neither of these occupations attracted me I could take a friend for a morning drive through the woods to the

river, and in summer evenings could banish all thoughts of business from my husband's mind by driving with him along the boulevard. But with the advent of the chestnut mare and the delicate bay, there came an upheaval in our peaceful routine. It was:

"I'm afraid we can't drive to-night, dear."

"Why?"

"Well, the mare seems to have a slight cold, and it would not be safe to take her out."

"What's the matter with the bay?"

"Oh, it would never do to hitch him single to that heavy Goddard."

"But Prince can go, can't he?"

"He could, but you see James had to use him to lead the bay down to the backsmith's to be shod. Then later he had to go to the doctor's for medicine for the mare,—and that's a long distance, you know."

Another time it would be: "James, I have decided to go to Boston on the next train. Have Prince at the door in ten minutes."

"Sorry, mum, couldn't possibly do it. The master told me after exercising the bay to lead him around in a blanket to cool him gradual-like,—and just now he's all of a sweat. Would half an hour later do?"

When the mare's cold was better, the bay had a swelling on his leg; when the bay had been exercised, rubbed, blanketed, cooled off and anointed, poor old Prince had not yet been cleaned off, and the high sun of noon was pouring upon us before he was ready to be used. And if by some happy interference of the gods, who always were fond of valiant horses, you know, our three were in proper condition, the Stanhope needed mending, and there had been no time to clean the Goddard.

I wonder if Prince ever looked back upon the days when there were only two carriages to be kept in order, and he received all the rubbing; when he and I took all our little trips together; when he was the servant

of his master and mistress and not of their servants? I think he did. Indeed he seemed to have appreciated the present condition of things and showed no surprise when I was forced one day to break to him some bitter news. It was a beautiful morning in May. Fresh breezes were blowing upon us from the Blue Hills, laden with the fragrance of the violets they had swept in their path. I took my bag of fancy work and, going to the stable after Prince, led him out into the field where we had spent so many hours together. The grass was young and tender and hardly dry from the morning dew. The freshness and youth of the world without rejuvenated his own spirit, and Prince became for the time being a colt again. He ate the grass, he rolled in the grass, he drank the water still standing in the hollow of the rock; he tore through the field to the fence, looked off for a moment into something away beyond and, turning around, came bounding up to me with a speed that would have frightened me, had it been any one but dear old Prince. I could not take a stitch upon the piece of linen in my lap; the purple silks had no fragrance in them; the green had no moisture. Life was about me everywhere; what right had I to play with its imitation? For a while I, too, was so absorbed by the energy about me as to forget my purpose in coming there. At last I rose from my seat and, calling Prince to me, led him to the fence where we two had stood so many times and laid our happy plans for the future. Balancing myself with my hand upon his neck, I climbed the fence and sat upon the upmost bar. Then I turned the dear old face toward mine, pushed back the light brown locks now mixed with gray and, looking him fairly in the eye, said:

"Prince, we've been devoted friends for twenty years. You ministered to my childish joys; you entered with me into the sports of girlhood;

you walked before me along the path of happy early womanhood; why, Prince, you even led me to the church—for I would not be drawn thither by horses I did not know; and later, Prince, you carried my child upon your back and made him a healthy, vigorous fellow. You have never been false to me, Prince, nor I to you. Yet they tell me now I must give you up. Two more trotters are coming to-morrow, Prince, and they say there will be no room for you. They can't give up the mare, because she still is young; and though the bay has a spavin, he still is showy, and is not badly lame. You are not going among strangers, Prince; my brother says he can use you on his little farm in Dayton; that you shall not be overworked and shall receive the best of care. I shall come to see you sometimes, dear,—often. Keep up courage, and don't forget I love you still." I laid my twitching face against his big, strong one, and the tear drops trickled down.

I suppose that summer was not so unlike other summers. I think the sun was just as bright, the quiet showers just as refreshing; and yet it seemed to me that there had "passed a glory from the earth." We pulled green grass for the horses; we spent many a quiet hour patting their necks and enticing them hither and thither with lumps of sugar and apples; we glided along the boulevard in all our handsome hitches, and were congratulated a score of times upon our success with horses. And yet there was one little spot that nothing seemed to fill. We could not drive to Dayton,—the roads were too rough for delicate legs and hoofs, and sickness and hot weather combined to keep me from taking the circuitous route by train. But the first day of October brought with it a cool, brisk wind, and its sure accompaniments, an invigorated body and a determined spirit.

"I am going to drive to Dayton to-day," I announced at breakfast, without looking up.

"To Dayton?" came in astonished tones from the other end of the table.

"Yes," I replied, "to bring Prince home." Surprise, argument, persuasion were alike vain. A woman willed.

As I entered my brother's stable, one of the hired men was just coming out.

"Prince hasn't been working for some time, mum. He doesn't seem to have no appetite, and is kind of spindling like."

"Where is he?" I asked in tones of assumed gentleness.

"Well, if you really wants to see him, mum, I'll bring him up. He's out in the paddock now."

I was not too old in body or spirit to run. "Oh, ho, Prince; come, Prince," I called, as I hastened toward the listless figure at the farther end of the field. "Oh, ho, Prince; come, Prince!" Why did he not hear me? Slowly he turned his head toward mine, and then walked off in the opposite direction. I overtook him. "Oh, Prince, is it shame? Has all your pride been laid low? Never mind, old fellow. I understand it all. Homesickness and neglect do not minister to beauty. Once I turned my mirror to the wall. But it shall be all right, Prince. I can hide those bones once more with flesh, bring lustre into that eye, life into those legs; and there's not a trotter on the place that henceforth shall feel the touch of brush or cloth until you have been brought before me, my old-time well-groomed Prince."

My promises were fulfilled and, though the winter months are not the best for horses in their twenties, Prince defied the rheumatic twinge, and took those corners with the same zest as of old. He was again the family pet, not its drudge, for the chestnut mare and her mated bay were themselves back numbers now and forced to share in the humbler service, until one died and the other was sold to a livery stable, where it was promised the light usage it never

received. With the budding of the maples, Prince and I resumed our morning excursions, shorter and slower, but just as happy, until both became aware that a threatening cloud was lowering.

"Did you intend to use Prince this morning, mum?" was my greeting as I entered the stable.

"Not if the rain continues, James; why?"

"I thought it would be well, mum, as I couldn't work outdoors, to do them errands for the master in Friedland to-day. I don't suppose he'd want any of the other horses to go out. They might take cold in the wet."

"But wouldn't Prince be open to the same danger?"

"Perhaps so, mum, but he isn't worth so much."

"Neither are you worth as much as my husband," I cried in my resentment; "but when it comes to a point of danger, he risks his life, not yours." In a moment I was ashamed that the truth had been so plainly spoken. "See here, James," I added in calmer tones, but tones no less sincere, "money is not the basis of value in the true world. Money bought every trotter in this stable, and could again. It cannot buy Prince."

I strode back to the house. So even James thinks Prince has lost his usefulness? The cloud indeed is thickening.

"Really, dear," came to me that evening from behind the Boston *Herald*, "it is the only thing to do."

"What is the only thing to do, John? You've been thinking to yourself, not aloud."

The smoke from the lamp choked him for a moment. He lowered the paper. "Let Prince go with the others."

"Go where, John? I don't know what you mean."

The paper fell to the floor. "Well, you see, dear, we ought to cut down somewhere this winter—at least so that one man could do the work. Of

course Rex is the best all round horse; and Margaret has the colt. A man over in Windsor has bought the grays, and says if I do not care to keep Prince any longer, he will take him, just to drive the children to school. It's Mr. Houghton, dear; you've met him. There never was a kinder man; and he promises a box stall and the best of care. Of course I wouldn't sell Prince, and I, too, shall miss him, but—"

"But!"—well, it was my husband's "but," and he was going to give up the grays; and perhaps Prince wouldn't be so lonely as long as they were going with him. As for myself, that was little; woman was born to love and lose. Neither Prince nor I had ever been in Windsor, although only the river separated that town from ours; but for many years we had driven along our bank and looked across at the green slopes and tall spires on the opposite shore. I could picture Prince there, well and happy, petted by the children and looking down upon them with all the pride of an octogenarian upon the third generation. They knowing my love for the horse, for two months I received from the children printed assurances that Prince was well and good. After that the novelty ceased to be, and I heard no more. I no longer connected him with any thoughts of the present, but buried him in the happy recollections of the past.

One night, eight months later, I was sitting out on the balcony watching the moon as it played behind the clouds. It had been one of those sultry days in August when there seems to be no life in anything. My husband had been called away on business, a rare occurrence indeed; and perhaps therefore it was a feeling of responsibility that kept me awake and up long after the servants had retired. The air was so still it seemed as though a whisper would carry many miles. I felt listless and yet restless. One moment the quiet lulled me, and again it filled with awe.

Once I thought I heard a horse's footsteps, but they lasted only for a moment, and might have existed only in the mind. But where could that peculiar breathing sound come from? It could not be the wind. It was short and quick and regular. I went to my boy; he was sleeping quietly. I approached the servants' quarters, but all was still. I went to the window. The panting was more distinct. Perhaps—but James couldn't breathe so loudly as that, and if anything were wrong in the stable it would wake him. Still I could not rest. I went downstairs, through the front rooms, and through the back; but all was quiet. At length I opened the rear door and walked out upon the porch. What was it there upon the ground? A great dense shadow it seemed to be, and but for the sound that issued from it, I should have thought the night was playing a trick upon me. For a moment, but a moment only, I hesitated. Then I drew nearer. At length the swift moving cloud rolled by, and the moon shone full upon Prince, lying there exhausted upon the grass. I could not speak. I went up to him and put my hand upon him. He was as wet as though he had been out in a drenching rain. Something was wrong. I rang for James and sent him for a veterinary. I called the maid, and together we rubbed the prostrate figure and threw a blanket upon it. Once he opened his eyes and tried to raise the weary head, but it was too heavy. When all was done that I could do, we slipped a blanket under his head, and I sat down beside it. The once bright mane was wet and heavy, the forelock matted. As I dried and lightened them with the soft cloth in my hand, the panting lessened, and I thought he rested peacefully. Rex came back with frothing sides, carrying James and the doctor with him, but the only duty left for them was to arrange for a decent burial.

The next morning the *Merrivale News* repeated the thrilling account

first given by some men who had spent the night in a little boat moored to the bank of the river. They said that, as they lay back there smoking their pipes and telling stories, they heard a great swish in the water and, looking off where the moon rested full upon it, they saw a great black something, moving not with the current, but stemming it. Its progress was slow, and at times it seemed almost to stand still. At last they saw it was the head of a horse. As he approached, they grew frightened for the safety of their little boat; but then they realized that he was getting weaker, and the current was carrying him down stream. When not very far away, he paused, and they thought he was going to give it up, when he took new courage and pressed straight on to the bank. After shaking himself and resting a moment, he trotted along the river until he came to the old road leading through the woods. That was the last they saw of him.

The same morning the *Windsor Times*, after expatiating upon the intense heat of the day before, told how many bathers had found refreshment

in the river. Horses were hitched to every tree and post, it said, and named among them the Houghtons' horse. "And," it facetiously added, "it would seem that one of them had shown intelligence enough to partake of the cooling bath, for Mr. Houghton's sorrel disappeared in the night, and a loose horse was seen down by the river." When the owner had ordered the stable door left ajar that the cool night air might come in, he also had ordered the grays to be hitched in their stalls; but it had not occurred to him that staid old Prince would need it.

Staid old Prince—yes, staid and true. As you stood by the river, Prince, listening to the childish cries of joy, did visions of your own happy youth rise before you? As you looked across the water and recognized the spot where it was spent, was the longing too great for you, Prince?

"No," said the veterinary to my husband the following evening; "it was not simple exhaustion. I examined him, and there was a rupture in the heart."

"Thank heaven, he was at home," I murmured, "and died of joy!"

LOVE'S MESSENGER.

By Hallam Lee.

HER heart had whispered Love would come,
 With gentle steps as evening hath
 In crossing daylight's shadowy path,
 To kiss her lips, to lighten care,
 And each new burden lift and share.
 She dreamed of Joy, with song and lute;
 But Sorrow came—alone and mute.



THE COAT OF ARMS AND GREAT SEAL OF MASSACHUSETTS.

By E. H. Garrett.

The illustrations of the state seals used in this article are reproduced from the state report of 1885.

BEFORE the new design for the coat of arms and great seal of Massachusetts, the making of which is described in the following pages, was adopted by the legislature, it had been the custom at the State House, whenever any engraving or die of the arms or the seal was needed by any department of the government, to order the same from an engraver or printer, and take whatever his fancy led him to furnish. Thus as there was no fixed standard, the designs varied greatly from time to time, both in general style and detail, and agreed only in conforming to the general requirements of the law.

This careless way of doing did not seem proper to the Hon. William M. Olin, Secretary of the Commonwealth. He believed that the seal of a great and sovereign state like Massachusetts should be carefully and intelligently designed, and that, after its form was once fixed and adopted, it should always be represented in the same manner. This standard form he undertook to establish, and he invited the coöperation of several gentlemen, including the writer.

Mr. Olin's attention had been first occupied by the Indian upon the shield; and at the time I mention, he

had consulted several gentlemen as to the earliest authentic description of the red men who lived in the old colonial days about Massachusetts Bay. Among the gentlemen were Rev. Edward Everett Hale, Mr. Justin Winsor and Professor F. W. Putnam. What the advice of the authorities was, I do not know further than that there was some difference of opinion on some minor matters; for instance, the way in which the Indians cut and wore their hair. That all these gentlemen might have been right, and yet have differed from each other, will appear from the testimony of William Wood, an early and intelligent visitor to the New England colonies, who published a book of his travels in 1634. According to his account, the Indians wore their hair of different lengths and in diverse ways. Indeed, after enumerating several of the most common, he adds that "other cuts they have as their fancy befooles them, which it would torture the wits of a curious Barber to imitate." The early accounts of the Indians are, as might be inferred from the above example, very complete and describe quite minutely their persons and dress, especially of that tribe which gave its name to Massachusetts. It

may be well to present a short summary of these accounts before describing the drawings which Mr. Olin had made.

All the old writers agree on certain points, in the first place that the "salvages" were tawny of color ("more swarthy than Spaniards," says the author just quoted), that they invariably had black eyes and hair and high cheek bones, that the men wore no beards, and what is not surprising, that most of them were between five and six feet tall. Wood says moreover that they were "straight-bodied—strongly composed—small waisted—lank bellied—well thighed—flat kneed—handsome grown legs—and small feet"; and this description is a good portrait of what we should naturally expect from their outdoor life, hardy habits and frequent hardships. "Furthermore," says one author, "they are of a merry countenance and pleasant to look upon, when the blood briskes in their veines, when the flesh is on their backs, and marrow in their bones, when they frolic in their antique deportments and Indian postures . . . they are more aimiable to behold (though only in Adam's livery) than many a compounded phantasticke in the newest fashion." "Compounded phantasticke," it may safely be said, is seventeenth century for dude.

The reference to Adam's livery brings forward the subject of costume, and reminds us that our red brothers' garb was often more conspicuous by its absence than by its presence; for, to quote further from the same writer, "they wore only a paire of Indian Breeches to cover that which modesty commands to be hid, which is but a peece of cloth a yard and a halfe long, put between their groinings, tied with a snake skinne about their middles, one end hanging downe with a flap before, the other like a tail behinde." It was in this very livery that Samoset presented himself to the astonished Pilgrim Fathers and uttered his laconic and

famous "Welcome." Although it was on the sixteenth of March, hardly a balmy season in New England, the Forefathers' visitor was, the old chronicle declares, "stark naked, only a leather about his waiste, with a fringe about a span long or little more."*

But one must not think, because this scant raiment was the usual dress of the young men and braves, that it was the extent of the native wardrobe, nor that vanity and comfort entered not at all into the red men's wardrobe; for in the winter time, says Wood, "the more aged of them weare leather drawers, in forme like *Irish* trousers, fastned under their girdle with buttons; they weare shooes likewise of their owne making cut out of a Mooses hide, many of them weare skinnes about them in forme of an *Irish* mantle."†

These skins were of various kinds: first in value, and as a proof of prowess, that of the bear; next, the deer; and then, those of smaller animals sewn together, including that of the now fashionable skunk. Many of these clothes were curiously laced about their borders, and in cold weather they were worn with the hair inside. Beside these trousers and mantles of skins, Morton of Merry-mount, in his diverting book, "The New English Canaan," describes pretty coats of turkey feathers sewn together. But these were probably garments of parade and pure vanity.

Although for the purposes of the state seal we have nothing to do with the female costume, still it is interesting to know that scantiness of raiment was a masculine characteristic; for the women, according to the early voyagers, were for the most part distinguished by a simple and genuine modesty, and so they were amply clothed in two deerskins well

* Mourt's Relation.

† And in Winslow's Relation: "They wear breeches and stockings in one like some Irish, which is made of deer skins and have shoes of the same leather. They wear also a deer's skin loose about them, like a cloak, which they will turn to the weather side."

sewn together and draping the whole figure, as more befitting the natural modesty of their sex.

The first drawings of Indians made for Mr. Olin agreed with the early accounts as to costume. They were made at the Bureau of Ethnology in Washington, by Mr. De Lancy Gill, under the supervision of Major John W. Powell. There were two of them, and both were done in body color. Each faced the spectator, and they were of the same proportion—six and seven-eighths heads high—the legs rather short, a well developed chest, and long arms. Their heads were shaven, except for a scalp lock, in which were thrust two eagle feathers. From their waist down they were clothed in leggings and moccasins. One was nude above the waist and wore a panther's skin over his back like a mantle. The other had his head thrust between two panther skins that were sewn together at their forelegs, and the hides thus fell over his body and were confined at his waist by a belt, making a complete, though draughty shirt. They were armed with bows long enough to reach from the ground to their nipple, and they carried a quiver of arrows slung behind the left shoulder by a strap which passed under the right arm. While these drawings may have conformed to measurements taken from an Indian, they were for the purpose, and when compared with the classical standard, rather short, and would always have looked dumpy.

Mr. Olin sent me these drawings as a guide; and I then made two drawings from life, and clothed and armed them in accordance with the Washington drawings. One of these new drawings I made facing the spectator, and the other faced to the spectator's



SEAL SENT OVER BY THE GOVERNOR IN ENGLAND IN 1629, AND ONLY ONE USED FOR OVER FIFTY YEARS, OR UNTIL 1684.

left, after the usual fashion of heraldic charges. These drawings were submitted in a tentative way, and while they hung in the Secretary's office were criticised by a great many people, including antiquaries, historians, ethnologists, clergymen and military men, including army officers who had seen service among the Western tribes. After some discussion, the full-faced position was finally adopted, though several points in regard to the Indian costume were still unfixed.

About this time Professor Putnam of the Peabody Museum at Harvard undertook to have a new drawing made. This was done under his supervision by Mr. C. C. Willoughby of Cambridge, and was a very careful and exact work. The proportions of the figure were taken from an Indian skeleton, and the costume from originals in the Museum collection. It was in most respects similar to the adopted drawing; but there was a decided difference in the pose, for the Indian held his bow in the left hand instead of the right. This led to the first real controversy.

To be sure, it was plainly set forth in the law that the bow should be represented in the right hand; but Professor Putnam contended that, although there were without doubt left-handed men amongst the savages, still these must be regarded as exceptions, and that the natural position should be chosen. Furthermore he produced a button cut from the uniform of a soldier in Maine before that state was set off from Massachusetts (1820), on which the seal was represented with the bow in the Indian's left hand. In support of his position it is interesting to quote from that delightful book of Morton's, which describes the natives running through

the forest "with their bow in their left hand, and their quiver of arrows at their back on their left shoulder with the lower end of it, in their right hand." Professor Putnam held that the state should not present on its seal a false or unnatural representation, and that if the law countenanced or required such a false representation, then the law should be changed to agree with the truth.

By this time, however, Mr. Olin felt that he had enough on his hands, without asking the legislature for a new law. Besides, he did not believe that the Indians invariably nor constantly carried their bows in the left hand; and in support of his position he pointed to a large collection of government photographs taken from life and furnished by the Bureau of Ethnology, and amongst them were many Indians holding their bows in their right hand. As for Professor Putnam's button, he offset that with a Massachusetts cent coined in 1787, bearing an Indian with his bow in his right hand.

There was besides a belief amongst some people in a very pleasant tradition. I do not mean that Mr. Olin believed this, although he may have. This was that the Indian with a bow in the right hand and an arrow point-

ing to the ground in his left hand, as prescribed by our law, signified Peace. Professor Putnam declared that this was all *bosh* and wholly without foundation, and thus dispelled the illusion from all except poetical minds, where it likely lingers still. As for myself, I may say perhaps that I am of those who are not to be trusted in such matters, believing with Washington Irving that "there is nothing like resolute good-humored credulity in these matters;" like him, I am always of easy faith and willing to be deceived with traditions and legends, where the deceit is pleasant.

Whatever the right of this dispute over the bow may have been, it was at last decided to conform to the law, and I made the final drawing accordingly. First, I drew the Indian nude from life, but following the proportions shown in the drawing furnished by Professor Putnam. Curiously, the proportions of the skeleton which were followed were almost identical with the antique standard. This skeleton was found at Winthrop, and was six feet tall. The muscular development, as shown in the drawing, is that which Professor Putnam thinks would be proper to the man, his race, his life and his environment—spare, athletic, wiry, straight and well built.



SEAL USED IN 1686, WITH SIR EDMUND ANDROS AS GOVERNOR.



SEAL UNDER GEORGE I.

The head is a portrait of a Chipewewa or Ojibwa Indian called Es Sence or Little Shell, and was drawn from a photograph selected by Mr. Olin from the collection before referred to, which was furnished by the Bureau of Ethnology. Little Shell's picture was selected not only because he was a fine specimen of an Indian, but also because his tribe, the Ojibwas, belong to the great Algonquin family of which the Massachusetts were also members. Even to this day John Eliot's Bible, which is written in the old Algonquin tongue, is partially intelligible to this tribe. As he stands on the shield, Little Shell is clothed in a shirt, leggings and moccasins. As this is not strictly in accordance with the law, it may be well perhaps to quote the document:

"An Act concerning the Great Seal of the Commonwealth.

"SECTION 1. The great seal of the Commonwealth shall be circular in form, and shall bear upon its face a representation of the arms of the Commonwealth, with an inscription round about such representation, consisting of the words 'Sigillum Reipublicæ Massachusettensis'; but the colors of such arms shall not be an essential part of said seal, and an impression from an engraved seal according to said design, on any commission, paper or document of any kind, shall be valid to all intents and purposes whether such colors, or the representation of such colors by the customary heraldic lines or marks, be employed or not.

"SECTION 2. The arms of the Common-

wealth shall consist of a shield, whereof the field or surface is blue, and thereon an Indian dressed in his shirt and moccasins, holding in his right hand a bow, in his left hand an arrow, point downward, all of gold; and in the upper corner above his right arm a silver star with five points. The crest shall be a wreath of blue and gold, whereon is a right arm bent at the elbow, and clothed and ruffled, the hand grasping a broadsword, all of gold. The motto shall be 'Ense petit placidam sub libertate quietem.'

"SECTION 3. The seal of the Commonwealth, now in use in the office of the secretary of the Commonwealth, shall be deemed the seal authorized by this act so long as its use may be continued.

"SECTION 4. This act shall take effect upon its passage. [Approved June 4, 1885.]

Dressed in his shirt and moccasins! This leaves a sort of hiatus between the two garments, and would hardly have agreed with the great reputation the Indians had for modesty. It might indeed have comported with a stately mien, but would hardly have been adapted to those antique deportments and Indian postures so much admired by William Wood in 1633. So it was decided that in addition to all that the law allowed leggings or trousers "like some Irish" should be added. All these articles of dress were copied from originals in the Peabody Museum at Harvard.

Of the trousers it may be said that the Indians seem generally to have worn them. Samoset, when he came



SEAL UNDER GEORGE II.

the second time, was accompanied by five "tall proper" men much better clothed than himself—for they had "every man a deer's skin on him; and the principal of them had a wild cat's skin or such like, on the one arm. They had, most of them, long hosen up to their groins close made; and above their groins to their waist another leather."* These men were Massasoit's, but Samoset was a Pem-maquit chief who had come to Cape Cod to redeem some Frenchmen from captivity among the Indians.

Thus it will be seen that our Indian is clothed after the manner of most of these early visitors to the Pilgrims. It will be noticed that he wears about his waist a belt decorated with two wavy lines. The original of this is also at Cambridge. It is made of red homespun flannel, and is said to have belonged to King Philip. It was presented to the American Antiquarian Society by Colonel Keyes, and is now in the Museum collection. Mr. Wilmoughby has tried to find a record of the gift in the proceedings of that society, but has failed, so that this date cannot be accurately stated.

About the neck are strings of shell beads, which were dug up at Winthrop with the skeleton. It will be seen that the hair is short in front and long behind, hanging over the shoulders and back. Thus it agrees with the description of Samoset in Mourt's Relation. "He was a tall, straight man," says the chronicle, "the hair of his head black, long behind, only short before, none on his face at all." The Indians who came with him on his return wore "long hair to their shoulders, only cut before." Long hair, it seems, was a prerogative of savage manhood. Of course our Indian has no beard; for besides the fact that the Indians had little by

nature, they plucked out whatever grew, and considered a beard a great sign of weakness and degeneracy. In the hair, as is usual, appear the two eagle feathers. The Indians sometimes wore more than two, and arranged them after their own taste or fancy. One of the Indians who came with Samoset had in his hair a fox's tail.

As to arms, our Indian carries a bow, which is an accurate representation of one in the Museum, which was taken from an Indian in Sudbury, Massachusetts, in the year 1665, by William Goodnough, who shot the Indian. He has no quiver and only one arrow, which points peacefully downward. Samoset was not much better provided; for the Relation says: "He had a bow, and two arrows; the one headed, and the other un-headed."

Thus drawn and equipped, the figure was shown by me to Professor Putnam, who approved of it all except the holding of the bow in the right hand; and as it gave general satisfaction, attention was turned to the shield and crest. As to the heraldic requirements of these things, Mr. Eugene Zieher of Philadelphia and Mr. William H. Whitmore of Boston were consulted. The latter said that only a few shapes of shields could properly be used in heraldry, and that of them all the Norman was to be preferred. The Norman shield



GOV. SIR WM. PHIPS,
1691-1694.



LT. GOV. WM. STOUGHTON,
1694-1699.

* Mourt's Relation.



EARL OF BELLOCMONT,
GOV. 1699-1701.

was long and kite-shaped, the earliest form rounded at the top, as may be seen in the Bayeux tapestry. It was from three to four feet long, about eighteen inches broad, and pointed below. It is represented in drawings of the Crusaders, and it is common on early monumental effigies armed in chain mail. This form of shield so long and narrow would not occupy to good advantage the circular form prescribed for the state seal, so I decided to use, instead of it, the triangular Plantagenet shield, often called a heater shield, which was much broader in proportion to its own length. This form came into use at about the end of the twelfth century, and is common on monuments and brasses of its time, as well as on the illuminated pages of psalters and chronicles. Usually they were widest at the top; but the one used on the state seal bulges a little below the top, which makes it comport better with the circular space it occupies—and besides it is a very graceful form. It is very like in shape to the beautiful shield of Sir William de Valence, Earl of Pembroke, 1296. This fine example is executed in champ-levé enamel, and is in Westminster Abbey.

In addition to the Indian on our shield, the law demands a five-pointed

silver star. This also provoked criticism; and we were told by one who does much heraldic work in Boston that there was no such thing as a five-pointed star in heraldry, that the object which had always been represented on the state seal was not a star at all, but a mullet or the rowel of a spur; therefore not only was the law at fault, but all the seals that had ever been made were ridiculous to any one who knew a little about heraldry. Perhaps this is so; but when one's knowledge of heraldry expands a little, one becomes convinced that about this point much confusion exists.



GOV. JOSEPH DUDLEY,
1702-1715.

In the first place, it is claimed that the five-pointed star or mullet, as it is heraldically called, appears as an heraldic charge,* before the rowel spur came into existence. This point has not been settled, but it may be of interest to know that, according to Racinet, this form of spur was introduced into France at the end of the thirteenth century; the earliest representation of it that he gives is from the seal of Hugues de Chatillon, a knight banneret under Philippe le Bel, 1285-1314. In England, it is claimed that it appears first on the seal of Henry III, who died in 1272;



GOV. SAMUEL SHUTE, 1716-1722.

*Charges, *i. e.*, objects represented on the field of an escutcheon.

but this has been disputed, for it is not clear that in this case a rowel spur was really intended. Planchette and other eminent authorities on arms and costume express this doubt and believe that the king's spurs as represented are only enriched with a starlike ornament.

This I think quite likely, for on the stained windows of St. Anne's Chapel in Notre Dame d'Evreux is a portrait of the Count of Evreux, grandson of Philippe le Hardi, who wears just such spurs, really pointed spurs with a starlike decoration at the point. This window was executed a little later than 1319, or a little before the time at which Fairholt claims that the rowel spur first appears in English costume on the brass of Sir John de Creke, 1325; and it would seem that this is about the time that the rowel spur came into use. On the other hand, the mullet or five-pointed star as an heraldic charge is really recorded on a herald's roll of the time of Henry III (who died, it will be remembered, in 1272), as borne on the shield of the Count of Oxford, namely, "*Quartele d'or et de goules ung molet d'argent ent le quater devant.*" Curiously, the silver star on this old shield, the first recorded instance of its use, occupies

about the same position as the one on our state seal.

But though the evidence seems to show the priority of the star as a charge, no one has been able in reality to show whether the device appeared first on the shield or on the



LT. GOV. WM. DUMMER,
1723-1728.



GOV. WM. SHIRLEY,
1741-1757.



GOV. WM. BURNET,
1728-1729.



GOV. THOMAS POWNALL,
1757-1760.



GOV. JONA. BELCHER,
1730-1741.



GOV. FRANCIS BERNARD,
1760-1769.



GOV. THOMAS HUTCHINSON,
1769-1774.

heels of mediæval knights. The best authorities admit this confusion, and I quote what seems to be common sense from the *Heraldic Dictionary* of Messrs. Woodward and Burnet:

"Some confusion exists in the language of blazon* between the armorial representation of the stars as heavenly bodies and a very different object, the mullet (*mollette*) or rowel of a spur. Some English heralds assert that a star should always have six points, to distinguish from a mullet, which has five. However, in most European countries the star (*étoile*) has five straight rays and the mullet six. I should be inclined to make the distinction consist solely in the charge being pierced or unpierced, as in the former case a rowel is plainly intended."

On the whole, therefore, although in modern heraldry a five-pointed star is in England blazoned a mullet or spur rowel, we have the right to consider our star as the symbol of a heavenly star shining with silver light in the blue field of our state's escutcheon.

Thus was the shield completed, and attention was turned to the crest. Some time previous to the time of which I speak, Mr. Olin had attended a smoke talk given at the St. Botolph Club, Boston, by a brigadier-general of the Massachusetts militia. The lecture was on swordsmanship; and in the course of his remarks the speaker asserted that the broadsword on the crest of the state coat of arms had always been represented held wrongly,

and so it was always a source of amusement to people who knew. Mr. Olin remembered this, and resolved that when the time came he would have all this changed and the thing rightly done. He had decided to use for the crest the weapon which is preserved in Pilgrim Hall, Plymouth, as the sword of Myles Standish. Accordingly an exact drawing was made in Plymouth and sent to Mr. Olin, who when he had examined it closely felt a doubt as to whether one could hold the sword in the way advised by the speaker at the St. Botolph Club, *i. e.*, with the thumb extended along the grip of the hilt, as a foil or duelling sword is held and as the sabre is directed to be held by the U. S. government book of tactics. But the affair was complicated here by the discovery that the hilt now on the Standish blade was not the original one,* and therefore it could not be considered as evidence in the case. As for myself, I was wholly ignorant of this subject, having neither fenced nor soldiered. However, as I did not know at the time that the hilt of the Standish sword was not the original one, and as I saw that no one could hold it other than in the old way, with the thumb around the grip, I made my drawing just as the seal had always been represented. The result was that I was asked to change it, and the officer who had criticised the seal very courteously came to my

*The original was a basket hilt.



USED DURING THE REVOLUTIONARY PERIOD.

*The description of coats of arms.

studio and brought with him a beautiful backsword (I think a Malay weapon) from his fine collection of arms. This he kindly held for me in the proper position, that I might sketch it correctly. The drawing thus altered was taken under advisement by the Secretary.

Meanwhile I began to look this matter up a little, and as a result of my doubts I wrote a letter to Mr. Egerton Castle of England, one of the most skilful and practised amateur swordsmen of the day and the author of "Schools and Masters of Fence," a work whose value has been attested by its translation into French and the election of its author to honorary membership in the *Académie d'Armes* of Paris. In this book are several cuts reproduced from old English works of the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries, illus-

trating the various guards of broadsword and spadron* play. In all of these, the thumb grasped the grip. Now this manner of holding the sword was adapted to cutting rather than to thrusting, and was peculiarly English; for, says Mr. Castle, "however much the thrusting play might please the cavalier, it never suited the bulk of the nation, the character of English pugnacity being rather a delight in hard knocks than a thirst for the adversary's life."

I wish it to be understood that I make no argument in favor of this ruder swordsmanship; all I wish to do is to determine the way in which Englishmen of Standish's and Bradford's time held their broadswords, particularly Englishmen of the class which settled Massachusetts, who were mostly Puritans and Roundheads. Now, Oliver Cromwell's own sword was a broadsword with a basket hilt, a sort of claymore; and no one could ever hold this type of weapon with the thumb extended along the grip, for there is not room enough in the hilt. In fact, the sword most favored by the Roundheads had a thumb ring on the grip, through which the thumb passed, and the grip was made doubly firm. I quote from Mr. Castle's answer to my letter:

"With reference to your query, I should say that your surmise concerning the method of holding the broadsword in question was perfectly right. No doubt a military sword should be held as you describe, viz., with the thumb closed round the grip;

* A cut and thrust sword, lighter than a broadsword.



THE STATE SEAL USED TILL THE PRESENT ONE RECENTLY ADOPTED.



DRAWINGS MADE AT
THE SMITHSONIAN
INSTITUTION FOR
THE STATE SEAL.

the extension of the thumb along the hilt is only of use in set fencing, is indeed only practicable with a comparatively light fencing weapon. As a matter of fact, a great number of 17th century broadswords, of English make as well as German, had a 'thumb ring' on the sinister side of the grip, to insure steadiness of thumb."

The contents of this letter I communicated to the Secretary, with the feeling that it might be regarded somewhat in the light of foreign interference, and so the matter rested for a time. One day while I was in the Secretary's office, Mr. Olin sent

for a number of military men who held office in the State House. Each was given a sword and asked to grasp it in the proper way. The sword given them was a regulation government sabre, and at the time I made up my mind that we should have had a broadsword; so one day I borrowed three and took them up to the State House. These blades were an Italian broadsword, a claymore, and a cavalry sword of the time of the Commonwealth—all 17th century broadswords, and the last mentioned of the type which remained the cavalry arm in England until the latter part of the 18th century. As each of the hilts of these three swords was just large enough to allow the insertion of the hand, and the grip barely a hand's breadth long, they were mute but convincing witnesses as to the way a broadsword of their time

was held. After this demonstration it was decided that the drawing should be altered to its first form; and so the sword is now represented held as it always has been. The arm which bears the sword is clothed and ruffled after the fashion of the time of Myles Standish.

Nothing remains to be noted except the ribbon and motto: and the only point to which the attention may be called is that the words "sub libertate" are not separated, but appear on one fold of the ribbon; for it was held that

peace was accepted only under liberty and that this should be insisted on even in the spacing of the motto.

With this great care did Mr. Olin conduct the work he had attempted,





THE STANDISH SWORD.

and after he had finished he sought to reserve to the state the result of his labor; in plain words, he sought to reserve to the state the sole use of its own seal. But his efforts were unsuccessful. It seems that an incorporated company had long used the state seal for advertising purposes, and it seems also it had come to believe itself as much entitled to its use as the state itself; so the officials of that company objected, and as the objection was upheld by the solons under the gilded dome, Mr. Olin made as graceful a retreat as possible; no doubt he is lucky to be able still to share on behalf of the state the use of the seal with the aforesaid corporation.

It would seem to one without prejudice in this matter that the state has an exclusive right to its own seal. A law similar to Mr. Olin's proposed law, to prevent the improper use of the national flag, has been passed in New York and signed by Governor Roosevelt. It would seem no more unjust that the seal of the great Commonwealth of Massachusetts should be held sacred to its proper uses. I would suggest the securing of this as a good work for the patriotic societies of the state.

During the progress of the work of preparing the seal, many people objected that an Indian did not and should not stand for the state of Massachusetts. That the reputation of the Indian is bad in our country may not be denied, and the writer, who

knows but little about him, cannot undertake his defence. Truth it is that many of those who know him best are his greatest

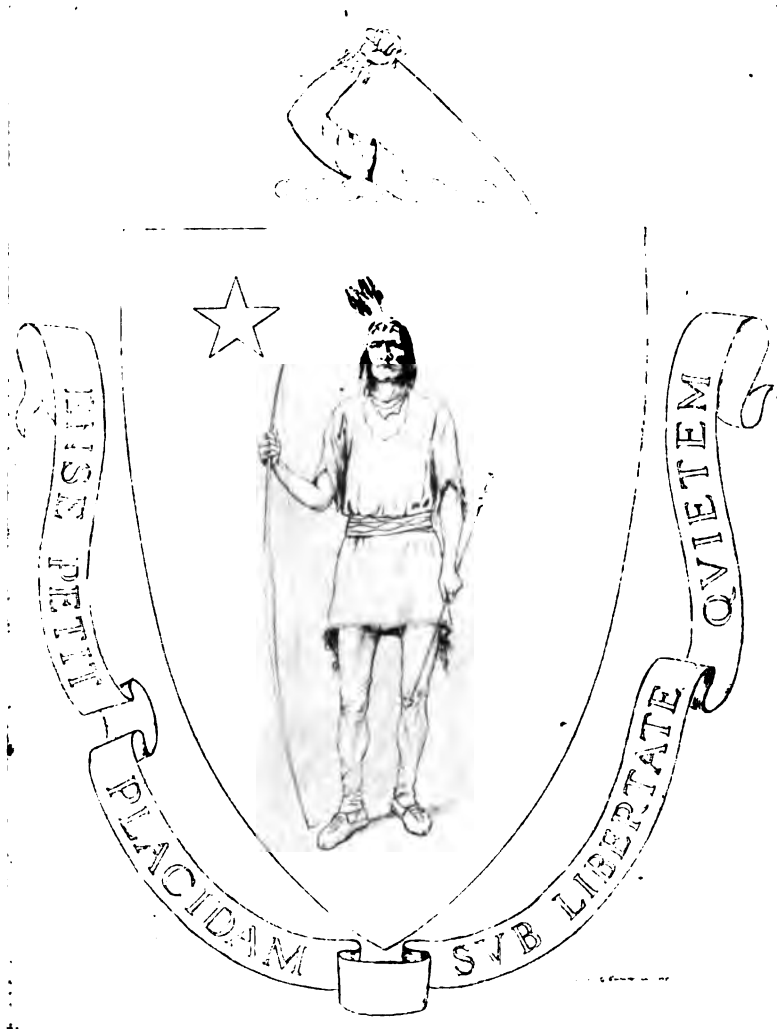
foes and detractors. But it must be remembered that Massachusetts takes its name from one of his tribes, that this region was early known as, and was in fact, the country of the Massachusetts, and that this early name finally prevailed. It has come to be associated with the history of deeds and glories so far removed from the poor savages whose birthright it was, that its origin has been lost sight of.

In closing, I would like to express a wish that all matters pertaining to the decoration of our public buildings and all symbols or badges used by our state should be as carefully considered as this one was. There are few symbols so representative or so appropriate. In our new State House, the bourbon lilies, the pagan



LITTLE SNAKE, OJIBWAY INDIAN.

MODEL FOR STATE SEAL.



THE ACCEPTED DESIGN FOR THE STATE SEAL BY MR. EDMUND H. GARRETT.

caduceus, the laurel and the acanthus all flourish galore. The codfish, which is as well adapted to decoration as the dolphin, used so beautifully for centuries, is neglected; the scallop shell, for hundreds of years the badge of pilgrims and holy men, and which, cast up by our seas, scatters its varied hues and beauty along our coast, is also neglected; and so is the pine and the mayflower. It is generally so with our public buildings. All about the new library, on every post, are

flaunted the checkered eagles that figure in the quarterings of an Austrian archduchess and are enumerated in the blazonings of princes and principalities. This jumble of emblems and symbols is perhaps to be expected of a nation which is itself so largely composed of importations. However, if we are ever to be American, it is about time to begin; and I am glad that Massachusetts bears an American name, and has been, is and I hope always will be American.



By Charles Francis Saunders.

ON silent field and woodland lies the snow.
 The shroud of Flora dead? Thou blind, not so;
 For, lo, set thick on leafless shrub and tree,
 Buds of spring's burgeoning that's soon to be!
 So friendship's silences, replete with hidden power,
 Anon to issue in fair deeds, as bud in flower.

HIS MERCY ENDURETH FOREVER.

By William Ordway Partridge.

TO the tramp in the street
 The message repeat,
 To the drunkard, and outcast, and thief.
 No scorn can gainsay it,
 No power can delay it;
 On cometh the final relief.

The highest it teaches,
 The lowest it reaches,
 In garret and cellar and slum;
 No sin man can shape
 Will let him escape;
 Before it our justice is dumb.

What glory it gives
 To the meanest that lives!
 No monarch nor scholar nor priest
 Can buy it, or sell;
 It descendeth to hell,
 To redeem the lost and the least.

No limit can bound it;
 No poet can sound it;
 It leapeth o'er death and the grave;
 His mercy forever,—
 Where human endeavor
 Stands back and is powerless to save.

THE DESTRUCTION OF THE CONVENT AT CHARLESTOWN, MASSACHUSETTS, 1834.

By James Phinney Munroe.

A RELIGIOUS riot in Boston within living memory seems, in these days of toleration, almost incredible. To a disbelief at the time in the possibility of such a disaster and to a failure, therefore, to take proper precautions, the burning of the Ursuline Convent in Charlestown, on the night of August 11, 1834, was mainly due. But the frenzy of the mob and the supineness of the on-lookers had a deeper origin still in that general law which so often controls the acts of mankind, the Law of Crowds. This law—of which Gustave Le Bon has given so excellent a demonstration—causes men in masses to act either much worse or much better than they would as individuals. Over and over again history has shown that when a number of persons are gathered together, whether in an ordinary mob, a convention, a legislative assembly, or an audience of any kind; or when otherwise unrelated persons are held together by political, religious or social beliefs, forming them into parties, sects or castes,—the action of men so formed into a crowd is in many cases entirely different from what one's experience of them as individuals would lead one to expect. Protected and shielded by the numbers surrounding him, the individual loses his fear of consequences, his sense of accountability, in no small degree his individuality itself. Thus transformed, he becomes, as it were, but an atom in the crowd-mass, moving as it moves, feeling as it feels, acting as it acts. The higher powers of the man, those of reason and judgment, give place to the lower ones, those of instinct and emotion; and these instincts and emotions, act-

ing and reacting one upon another, are intensified sometimes to a pitch of frenzy, so that persons who, under ordinary conditions, are sober, law-abiding and cautious in behavior, will, in a crowd, commit acts of heroism or of brutality seemingly impossible. Whether their deeds be heroic or bestial depends wholly upon the direction in which their instincts and emotions are impelled. For a crowd is swayed in one or all of three ways: by a dramatic event; by a fixed idea which has been built up through years or even through generations; or by an individual who has power of emotional leadership. To one or all of these things a crowd will yield itself much as the hypnotized patient yields to the hypnotizer; and, under the suggestions of that idea or leader or event, will go to almost any length of sublimity or infamy. Such a crowd will march undismayed against an overwhelming foe, will slaughter its dearest friends, will endure fatigues impossible to individuals, will do deeds utterly abhorrent under usual conditions to most of those who commit them. Nothing is too extravagant for a crowd to accept as fact, no revulsion of feeling under a new impulse is too immense for it to experience, no refinement of cruelty or, on the other hand, no height of heroism is too tremendous for such a crowd to indulge in. But in none of these things, good or bad, does it exhibit reason. This was well exemplified in the famous Charlestown mob of 1834.

In that year Boston differed almost more from the Boston of to-day than it did from that of 1634. It was still, to all intents and purposes, a village,



THE CONVENT.

cut off from the rest of the world by seas, isolated from its sister cities by feebleness of transportation. Its population was still practically homogeneous and of the Puritan type. It still viewed Popery with the hatred of the days of the Gunpowder Plot, still looked upon foreigners with eyes not very different from those with which the Chinese, not without reason, regard the "foreign devil" to-day.

The population of the entire United States was only about fourteen millions, that of Boston scarcely forty thousand; and what is now the Charlestown District was then an independent town. But the development of railroads, coupled with political and social distresses in Ireland, had brought new problems into the lives of this chosen people of Puritan Yankees. The demand for laborers had attracted what seemed in those days a vast number of foreigners, mainly Irish, and their coming had created the necessity for the Roman Catholic religion, a demand which the zealous leaders of that faith are never slow in meeting. Thousands of Catholics had, within a few years, come to the city, and they were ministered to by two churches, the Cathedral of the Holy Cross, on

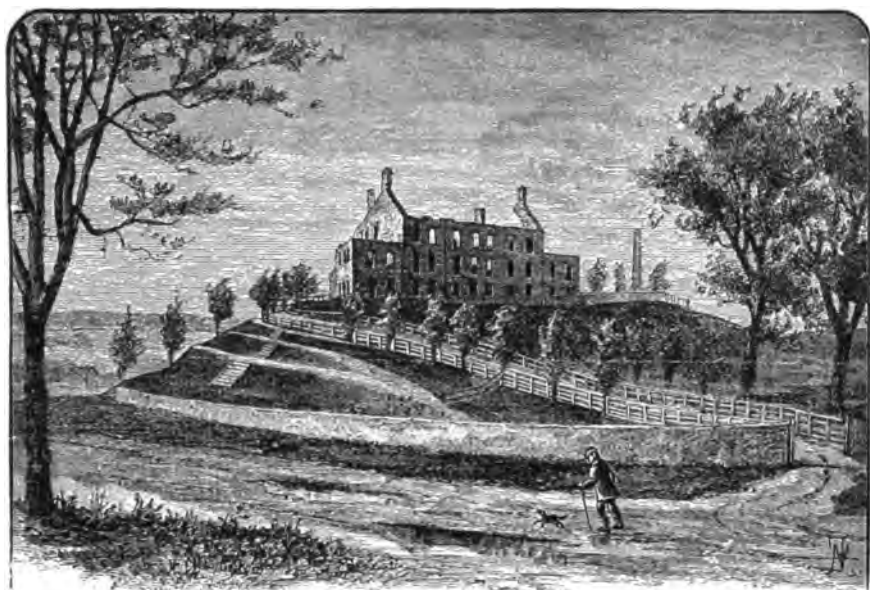
Franklin Street, and a smaller church in Charlestown. To the less intelligent portion of this heretofore homogeneous little city, here were two portentous things: imported labor, and the vanguard of the Pope of Rome. More significant, the two new things seemed to have close relation.

Meanwhile, the Catholic Order of St. Ursula, a sis-

terhood vowed to the giving of religious and secular instruction, had established, in 1820, a convent in a small building next to the Cathedral; and so well did these nuns prosper that in 1826 they removed to a larger building at the foot of Mt. Benedict (then at the extreme limit of Charlestown, now a part of Somerville) and began the erection of a large convent on the top of the hill itself, in the midst of an estate of



From the Memorial History of Boston.
CATHEDRAL OF THE HOLY CROSS, FRANKLIN
STREET, BOSTON.



From the Memorial History of Boston.

THE RUINS ON MT. BENEDICT.

twelve acres. A minor cause of offence was that they were enabled to do this largely through the generosity of a converted Protestant, a Mr. Thayer. In 1828 the new building was occupied, and a conspicuous and imposing one it must have been. The main house was fully eighty feet long, three stories high, with a pitched roof, a large dormer, and a cupola; and on either side it had wings, a story less in height, extended back to enclose a paved courtyard. The whole was of brick and, with its grounds elaborately terraced, with gardens and bowers and greenhouses, with a farmhouse, barn and other out-buildings, and with a view embracing on one side the whole Boston basin with its flanking hills, and on the other the harbor and the sea, the institution must have indeed been, as its circular asserted, "an extensive establishment . . . commanding one of the most beautiful prospects in the United States."

The course of study which the Convent offered was no less elaborate than the building. "All the attainments" were to be got there—to quote again from the circular—

"which may be found necessary, useful and ornamental in society." The young ladies in the Junior Department (the juniors and seniors being inexorably kept apart) had to content themselves with the common branches and plain and fancy needlework; but no sooner did they enter the Senior Department than they had spread before their minds, according to the prospectus, "Plain and ornamental writing; Composition, both in prose and poetry; ancient, modern and natural History; Chronology; Mythology; and the use of the Globes; Astronomy; Rhetoric; Logic; Natural and Moral Philosophy; Chemistry; Arithmetic; Geometry; and Botany; every kind of useful and ornamental Needlework; Japanning; Drawing in all its varieties; Painting on Velvet, Satin and Wood; and the beautiful style of Mezzotinto and Poonah Painting." Music with different instruments and dancing were also taught, the latter by the original Papanti; and this feast of arts and sciences was capped, in the last quarter, and at an added charge of twenty dollars, with cookery.

We may smile at this formidable



RUINS OF THE CONVENT, SHOWING THE OLD MIDDLESEX CANAL.

From an old painting in the possession of A. M. Kidder, Esq.

list and wonder how five women could impart so much in so short a space of time; but it was the English fashion of that day, and many a day after, for the accomplished young lady to do all things—most of them very badly; and there seems every reason to believe that the overworked Sisters of St. Ursula, mainly Irish ladies, were accomplished and well taught. In this school on Mt. Benedict was offered, therefore, a training very rare in the New England of that time.

Absolute regularity of hours was enforced by the Convent bell, from the early rising at half past five to the early retiring at half past seven. The day was well filled with tasks—not the long list of the prospectus, but the common branches, together with drawing, writing, lettering, sewing, embroidery, music and other accomplishments thought essential to the well bred girl of seventy years ago. The schoolrooms were small, with square boxes placed regularly around

them, and with one or more tables in the centre. On the boxes the pupils sat, their backs, in the good old fashion, unsupported; and in the boxes were kept their books. On fine afternoons the girls did much of their working, and some playing, out of doors, a nun always with them, not to repress them, but, on the contrary, to take a lively and childlike interest in their most trivial doings. The meals, eaten in silence, were plain but wholesome: always an abundance of good bread, sometimes with butter, sometimes with sauce, never with both; plenty of fresh milk; tea or coffee made innocuously weak; meat once a day, excepting, of course, on Fridays; vegetables from the Convent farm; and occasionally a plain pudding. The uniform of the girls was a gray bombazet with caps of blue, save on Sunday, when white was permitted, and on certain great days, when a pink sash might decorate the white.

The supreme event of the school year was Coronation Day. Then par-

ents and friends for the only time were admitted to the schoolrooms, the prizes of the year awarded, a gold and silver medal given, and the two best girls of the year crowned with artificial wreaths (white for the senior and pink for the junior) and seated upon thrones to the sound of a coronation song. One stanza of this will perhaps suffice:

"Proceed, fair Queens, to your fond homes;
Give joy unto that sacred dome;
Return to be a Father's pride,
The stay of a fond Mother's side.
Long may your welcome's echo sound,
And grateful words be heard around.
Long may your virtues breathe on earth,
Long breathe the odour of your worth."

Then followed the one feast of the

tinguished in Boston and its vicinity; but a few—and these were generally the only Catholics—came from regions so widely separate as Canada and the West Indies. Beyond attendance upon morning prayers, and mass on Sundays, the Protestants were required to take part in no religious exercises, nor was the slightest attempt made to convert any to the Romanist faith. This point was so hotly disputed at the time, and afterwards, that it is most valuable to have direct testimony from Protestant ladies who were pupils at the Convent, declaring that, while good morals were constantly instilled by the sisters, the subject of religion was never broached by them. The Protestant pupils were not simply permitted, they were re-



MT. BENEDICT AS IT APPEARS TO-DAY.

year, at which the nuns vied with one another in producing elaborately indigestible dishes, whose secrets they had learned in the French convents of their younger days.

The pupils of this Ursuline house on Mt. Benedict, averaging about seventy in number, were mainly the daughters of wealthy Protestants.* Most of the girls bore names dis-

quired, to take their own Bibles to the church services, and were urged to read from them during the saying of the mass. One of these ladies states, further, that never were more perfect gentlewomen than the sisters, and that not once in her long residence did she see them out of temper or wanting in sweet patience. Notwithstanding—or perhaps because of—this serenity of disposition and the absence

* See partial list of pupils at end of article.



THE ADAMS HOUSE, BROADWAY, SOMERVILLE, WHERE THE NUNS AND PUPILS TOOK REFUGE.

of severe punishments, the discipline among the pupils was extraordinarily good. Their greatest transgression, which brought its own swift punishment, was the stealing and eating of raw turnips from the Convent garden.

The Mother Superior, a French-Irish woman, did no teaching, her time being more than occupied with a general oversight of the establishment. She was little seen, therefore, by the pupils, unless they were sent to her for admonition. Mild as her punishments were, her extraordinary dignity of manner seems to have made an astonishing impression, so that the smile or frown of an Eastern potentate could not have been more momentous. This regal attitude and habit of mind, coupled with an ignorance of the world in general and of the Yankee world in particular, made that secular intercourse which, as Superior, it was her duty to carry on, not entirely successful. Mother St. George (that being her religious name) lacked tact; she despised her neighbors, the brick-making *canaille*, mostly worthy men from New Hampshire, who hated Popery and all its works; and she had little patience, although she paid them promptly, with the heretic tradespeople and town officials of Charlestown.

The winter of 1833-34 was one of

extraordinary religious revival in New England. The active and fervent Protestant preachers of Boston and its vicinity seized the fruitful occasion to denounce Popery. Dr. Lyman Beecher, especially, in a series of lectures, seems to have hurled all the thunderbolts of his eloquence against the Catholic Church so rapidly taking root in

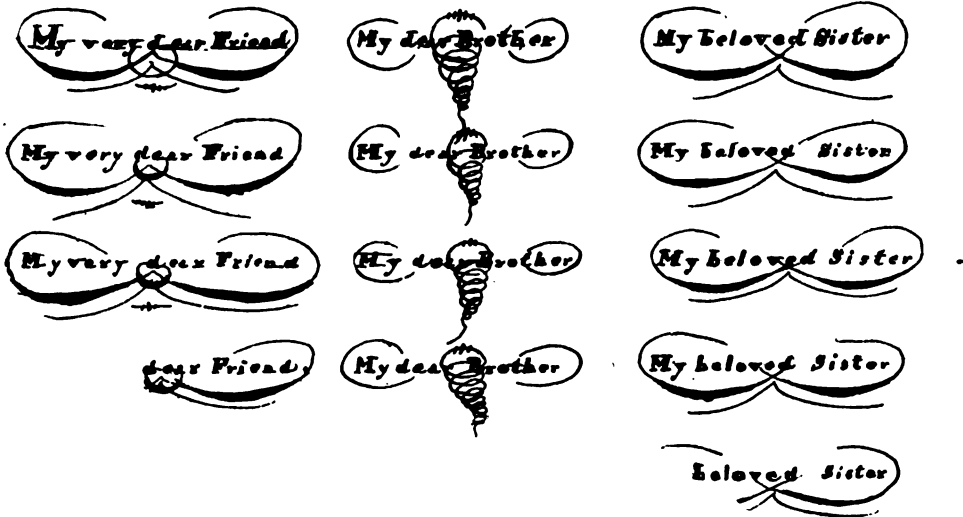
Protestant America. These zealous pastors can scarcely have refrained from pointing their words by directing a warning finger towards this prosperous house set conspicuously on a hill and holding within its walls the daughters of so many Protestants. At the same time, the laborers and mechanics were not slow to denounce the Irish Papists, seeking and securing the work that belonged of right to the natives, and to imagine all manner of Jesuitical plots in this rapidly increasing influx of foreign Catholics. Moreover, the pupils of the Convent themselves, very properly forbidden to enter that



part of the house reserved to the use of the nuns, imagined, with school-girl readiness, many mysteries, which, told outside the school, grew with repetition into startling tales. So from all sides the law of the crowd was slowly working, and the minds of the people were being brought into a widespread state of suspicion, ready for hypnotic leading to almost any lengths.

The first incident to attract general attention was the alleged escape of Rebecca Theresa Reed. She was an ignorant but imaginative young person, whom much reading of romances had made yearn for the life of a nun.

from ear to ear, ever amplified as they travelled, and which, after the destruction of the Convent, were published under the title, "Six Months in a Convent," producing much excitement and controversy. In this book—which was written for her—Miss Reed made charges of forcible pro-se-lyting and of an intended abduction of herself to St. Louis; but these charges were woven into such a tissue of false and improbable statements, that it is charitable to suppose her to have been a neurotic who, by her imaginings and repetition of them to others, brought herself into a state of actual belief.



FROM THE WRITING BOOK OF MARIA W. COTTING, JANUARY 1, 1833.

Taken into Mt. Benedict as a servant, she was soon disenchanted, and ran away. This she did by breaking through lattices and climbing a high fence, although the carriage gate of the Convent grounds stood wide open. The Mother Superior happened to witness this melodramatic flight, and called several of the sisters and pupils to the window "to see Miss Reed run away." This girl's romantic imagination and the credulity of certain of her friends created marvellous revelations of ill-treatment and wrongdoing at the Convent, revelations which passed

While it is impossible flatly to confute her statements, there is the strongest internal evidence against them, the simple fact that she alone saw and experienced these dreadful things being enough to disprove them in a court of law. However, her stories made a vast impression, especially as they were met, on the part of the Mother Superior, with the contemptuous and violent language which she almost habitually used towards too zealous Protestants.

A trivial incident—the ordering off the Convent grounds by the porter, the popular story asserting with

violence and the setting on of the Convent dog, of some ladies who had attempted to cross them, and the subsequent drubbing of the porter by a brick-maker, Buzzell, afterwards one of the leaders of the riot—did not tend to improve the strained relations between the Superior and her neighbors; and on July 28 occurred a sensational affair which seemed to confirm the stories of the eloped Miss Reed and to prove this imposing building on Mt. Benedict a veritable Bastille.

A large share of the labor of preparing for the Coronation Day of 1834 had fallen upon the Mother Assistant, Sister Mary John, the teacher of music. It is stated that for a long period she had to give no less than fourteen lessons of at least forty-five minutes each a day. This tax upon her nerves resulted, naturally, in brain fever. In delirium she escaped from the Convent, sought refuge with its nearest neighbor, a Mr. Cutter, and was by him sent to what was then West Cambridge, to the house of Mr. Cotting, two of whose daughters had been pupils at the nunnery.

A night's rest under the tender care of the Cottings restored Miss Harrison (for such was her worldly name), and on the next day, at her own earnest wish, she was taken back to the Convent. But the ravings of this nun while in delirium, her appeals for aid, and the not unnatural perturbation of the Mother Superior and the Bishop over her flight, gave rise to most dreadful rumors. Here, then, was the striking incident needful to compel the attention of the community and to carry out the law of crowds. At once this poor sister was dubbed the "Mysterious Lady," and the wildest stories of her ill-treatment and sufferings found immediate and unqualified belief. In the popular mind the building on Mt. Benedict became a very labyrinth of dungeons, crowded with instruments of torture, and every iniquity associated with the most corrupt periods of the

church was fastened upon this quiet institution.

Within ten days after the return of Sister Mary John to the Convent, rumors of her imprisonment, of her secret removal to more horrid dungeons, even of her torturing and murder by being buried alive, had attained extravagant proportions. The Boston daily papers added fuel to the flame by publishing these rumors, without comment, but without the slightest investigation as to their probability.

To quiet the public agitation, Mr. Cutter, in whose house Sister Mary John in her delirium had first taken refuge, called at the Convent on Saturday, August 9, saw the now convalescent nun, and was by her informed, with lamentations over the trouble into which she had brought the sisterhood, that she was entirely at liberty to leave the Convent at any time, but that she had not the slightest wish to do so. This gentleman agreed, therefore, to publish over his signature the true facts regarding this so-called "Mysterious Lady" in the Boston papers of Monday morning. Unfortunately, in those sleepy days of journalism, his statement did not appear till Tuesday.

Meanwhile the selectmen of Charlestown, bestirring themselves, had arranged thoroughly to inspect the Convent; and on the afternoon of Monday, the eleventh, they visited the building. If we are to trust the account of Mrs. Whitney, in her book, "The Burning of the Convent," these officials were met with upbraiding from the Superior and with jeers from the pupils; but according to their own published statement, which did not, of course, appear until Tuesday, the twelfth, "they were conducted by the lady in question" (Sister Mary John) "throughout the premises, and into every apartment of the place, the whole of which is in good order, and nothing appearing to them to be in the least objectionable; and they have the satisfaction to as-

sure the public that there exists no cause of complaint on the part of said female, as she expresses herself to be entirely satisfied with her present situation, it being that of her own choice, and that she has no desire or wish to alter it."

Whatever fault one may find with the English of this statement, it was explicit; but it came too late,—would have been too late even had it appeared on the morning of the fatal day. The law of the mob had done its work, reason had departed from the hypnotized mind of the community, and imagination, running riot, had built up a fabric more lasting than was to be the "beautiful edifice" upon Mt. Benedict.

For, during those early August days, the "Boston Truckmen" and other organized bodies had been holding secret meetings. From them, or from other sources, had come inflammatory circulars denouncing Catholicism in general and the nunnery in particular. Destruction of the Convent building was openly threatened; and rumors of a most alarming nature flew about the city. A procession of parents and friends, therefore, visited the Superior all day on Monday. Not one of them, however, thought it necessary to remove the pupils, all agreeing that a mob in the vicinity of staid old Boston in the nineteenth century was something not to be thought of. These visits, the continual requests for a sight of Sister Mary John, the inspection by the selectmen, seem to have electrified the atmosphere of the sleepy Convent with a new and pleasurable excitement rather than with fear. So unwonted was the bustle, that soon after their early going to bed the pupils in their several dormitories were fast asleep.

Towards ten o'clock this sleep was broken by sudden and fearful howls. The much talked of mob had really come, having swept in comparative silence out from Boston over the Charlestown bridge. It was as yet

small in size and wholly irresolute; but, wakened by its onward rush and shouting, the pupils, already in a state of tension, were at once thrown into a fever of excitement, most of them screaming, not a few falling in hysterics and some in a dead faint. The poor nuns—always excepting the Mother Superior, who never faltered or flinched throughout that fearful night—were in little better case than the children, one of them going off into convulsive fits, Sister Mary John, the innocent immediate cause of the disaster, again losing her shaken wits, and a novice, far advanced in consumption and who died within a few days from shock, remaining all night as one already dead.

For two hours the mob did little except to hurl blasphemous and indecent threats against the nunnery, defying the Superior to come out, and calling upon her to show them the "Mysterious Lady" imprisoned in the dungeons of the Convent. Little of this, fortunately, reached the ears of the children, for the dormitories were at the back of the building; but the nuns, cowering in the unlighted front rooms, heard it all; and the Mother Superior, chafing more and more under the horrible insults, could at last be no longer restrained. Breaking away from the weeping sisters, she flung wide the middle door—that door which only she and the Bishop had a right to use—and faced the mob. Had she understood the fickleness of crowds, had she known the power that a woman of her courage has, had she appreciated that sight and sound of poor Mary John, even in her distraught condition, would have set at rest the rumors at least of murder, she might at that eleventh hour have saved her community. But she met that cursing mob with a violence only less than their own, calling them vagabonds, drunkards, *canaille*, exciting their worst suspicions by positively refusing to produce the sister, and threatening them, in language she had already used to

Mr. Cutter, that "if they did not immediately disperse, Bishop Fenwick had ten thousand Irishmen at his back, who would sweep them all into the sea." No combination of words could have been more ill-timed. This threat was immediately answered by two pistol shots, which, going wide of their mark, resulted both in a temporary sobering of the mob and in a forced retreat of the Superior, dragged back into the house by her terrified subordinates.

For some time yet the mob hesitated, prowling about, muttering and cursing; then of a sudden it swept off down the hill, and the mercurial children became frantic with the joy of relief,—but only for a short time. Soon they hear a tearing and cracking, as the crowd pull down the Convent fences; soon they see first a flickering and then a flaming, as huge bonfires, richly fed with tar barrels, shoot up, revealing the rioters, some of them fantastically disguised, dancing like madmen in rings about the flames.

Whether or not preconcerted, these bonfires set on that lofty hill attract within a short time a multitude of people. They attract, too, the primitive fire engine of Charlestown and the newly created fire department of Boston. The former firemen, after some parley with the rioters, go, like the king of France, down the hill again; the latter remain (and probably their contention that they took no part in the assault of the Convent was justified), but do nothing to save the threatened property, being completely paralyzed by the mob spirit. At that time, and even much later, a few resolute men, all testimony goes to show, could easily have dispersed the rioters; but, as we have seen, the firemen did nothing; one selectman raised a feeble voice, but having weak eyes, too weak to recognize any of the rioters, soon went home and to bed; and a great crowd of ordinarily respectable citizens, who, there is no doubt, were specta-

tors of the scene, contented themselves with watching from afar, the word "mob" and the hypnotism of the situation wholly quenching their collective courage.

Probably at this point a powerful sustainer of mobs in the shape of a barrel of rum was brought and distributed. Made brave by this, the body of one or two hundred men, with brands from the fires, again surged up the hill like savages. Armed with bricks and stones, deaf to all thought of reason, possessed by an animal hunger for destruction, they began, shortly after midnight, this most outrageous assault upon a house occupied solely by ten feeble women and fifty terror-stricken children. Never, certainly in the history of New England, has there been a more cowardly performance. Bad as some others of our mobs have been, their fury was at least directed against men, possessing some power of resistance and retaliation.

The character of the band which made this courageous charge is quite well sampled, so to speak, by the thirteen men who by the efforts of the "Faneuil Hall committee" subsequently were arrested and put on trial. The mob seems to have been made up of Boston laborers and mechanics, who, intending merely to intimidate the Irish by a demonstration against this Catholic house, were led by the crowd-fever into unexpected violence; of brick yard employees who had personal grudges against the Convent and its Superior; of ignorant and prurient-minded men whose imaginations had been inflamed by foulest stories of monastic corruption; of friends of Theresa Reed, who seems to have had power to rouse a bitter championship; of bigots who thought to do religion a service by destroying one of its homes; of Irish Protestants, who are proverbially unfriendly to their Catholic brethren; of petty criminals and law-breakers, always present where there is prospect of disorder; and,

finally, of thoughtless boys, who were there for fun. But, by the mob-spirit, all these men and boys were brought down to one common level of brute destructiveness.

The first impulse of the Superior when she saw these demons coming, as she no doubt believed, to kill her, was to invoke the only shadow of law she had within her reach. With pitiable faith in the power of magistracy, she thrust out from an upper window the daughter of a Cambridge judge, bidding her warn the mob—which, however, was quite heedless of her—that her father would put them all in prison. This poor weapon failing of effect, the Superior, marshalling the children in their customary two-by-two, started toward the barred front door, thinking, perhaps, that a sight of this terror-stricken flock might move the mob to pity. But this modern martyrdom of St. Ursula was not to be. Just as Mother St. George reached the middle landing there came a tremendous shower of stones, breaking all the windows of the lower story and giving access to the Superior's office. Fortunately for her, this room contained much of value, including a large sum of money; and while the mob stopped to pillage, she had time to take her flock of nuns and children down a back stairway and out into the paved court, leading them thence into the Convent garden. This garden, luckily, was cut off from the front of the building by high board fences. It was, therefore, quite deserted, and the poor fugitives could patter unmolested, and in trembling silence, to the vicinity of the Convent tomb, a large brick structure which the zeal of the searching selectmen had caused to be opened, and in which, doubtless, the Superior intended to stand at bay.

What an experience for those terrified women and children, crouching in that silent garden on that hot August night! On the one side, the half-opened tomb, more terrible to most of them than the rioters themselves;

on the other the gloomy building, lighted at first dimly and fitfully, as a few of the rioters with lanterns and firebrands sought plunder through the upper rooms, and then more brightly, as the mass of the mob, having searched the cellars in vain for dungeons and instruments of torture, mounted from floor to floor, smashing the furniture, tearing down the curtains, shivering the mirrors, throwing the combustibles into great heaps, and flinging the solidier articles, even pianos and harps, out through the crashing windows; and over all, the late-rising moon flung weird tree-shadows, while the blazing tar barrels made of the hilltop a huge beacon, reflected and multiplied a hundred times in a wide circle of glowing brick-kilns.

So long as plunder and the work of destruction should keep the mob in the building, its fugitive occupants were safe; but the rioters still howled for the Superior, still searched fitfully for the body of the "Mysterious Lady," and must soon look systematically for both. At this critical time—for even had the nuns not been paralyzed with terror, it would have been impossible for them to get the fifty or sixty children over the high board fence which, shutting the world out, shut also the fugitives in—Mr. Cutter, the neighbor who had already figured so prominently, came again to the rescue. He and the men with him broke through the fence, and, partly through this opening and partly by lifting them over the high palings, got all the nuns and such of the pupils as had not escaped in other directions out of the garden and down the hill to the Cutter house. Here the testimony is very conflicting. It is asserted, on the one hand, that the fugitives remained in this house until it seemed imperative for them to seek a more distant shelter; on the other, that the Superior refused to enter Mr. Cutter's house at all, and started across the mile of dreary clay flats towards Winter Hill, dragging her

tired charges after her. Whatever the facts as to his residence, it is certain that Mr. Cutter insisted upon going with them thence to find some safe asylum. So this strange procession struck across the fields among the brick yards, Sister Mary John striding ahead, muttering and gesticulating; the stronger nuns half dragging, half carrying, the dying novice; the Superior, stout and scant of breath, always commanding a slower pace; and the weeping, weary children, in every state of undress, some with little more than their nightgowns, others with their entire wardrobe upon their backs, huddling behind; the whole scene illuminated by the huge torch of the Convent building, now a mass of flames.

How Mr. Cutter went from door to door of his friends, knocking in vain at the seemingly empty houses; how the good Mr. and Mrs. Adams, with hospitality, but with deadly fear for their own lives, took them all in; how the former, with astonishing presence of mind and histrionic ability, threw the rioters—who soon followed, hounding the Superior—off the scent by feigning to have just awakened; and how, as daylight came, the friends of the fugitives, guided by Mr. Cutter, came to the rescue of the nuns and children, is too long a story.

What could have been the journalistic enterprise of that day, which produced nothing more, the next morning, than a few lines of bald statement about the burning of the Convent? But the news travelled faster than the newspapers; and before the day was over, Faneuil Hall, that safety valve of Boston, had seen a monster mass meeting, at which distinguished men, including the eloquent Harrison Gray Otis, spoke in no measured terms, and a notable committee, headed by Mayor Lyman, was appointed to bring the ringleaders of the mob to justice. Mass meetings were held also in Cambridge, Charlestown, and other towns; the militia were called out to guard Catholic property; and bodies of citizens,

under arms, patrolled the streets for a week, ready to prevent new outrages. For it had been shown that even sober Boston could have a mob; and there was no limit to the fevered conjuring of imaginary further mobs. Rumors of organized bodies of Irishmen coming from all over the state to burn and slaughter were rife; demonstrations and threats, counter demonstrations and counter threats, were hurled in newspapers, by handbills, and by incipient mobs, until Boston and its vicinity was in a whirlwind of excitement. The Roman Catholic Bishop Fenwick and the other priests behaved with wisdom and moderation. They exhorted their people in most eloquent terms to take no revenge, but to await without misgiving the course of aroused public opinion and the law.

The Faneuil Hall committee, as has been said, secured the arrest of thirteen rioters; and a mass of testimony, bolstered by much legal eloquence, was poured forth at the several trials. But, while the guilt of most of the defendants was plain, the proof against them was conflicting and impeachable, the atmosphere of the court rooms was blue with bigotry and hate, the tales and rumors which had fomented the mob still had living force. The verdict, therefore, was "not guilty" in every case save one—and he probably the least criminal—young Marcy, a boy of seventeen, who had done nothing more heinous than to sell the Bishop's books that night at mock auction before tossing them into the flames. At the petition of thousands of Catholics, he was in a few months pardoned. So ended the famous Convent mob.

Not really ended; for many a legislature was memorialized to make good the money loss, placed at not less than fifty thousand dollars, suffered by the Bishop and the Convent's pupils. But while, in all cases, the committees of the General Court reported that this reparation should be made, the appropriation of the money has never yet been voted; and for

more than forty years the gaunt ruin of the Convent stood on its conspicuous height, a monument, left of intention by its owners, to the injustice of free Massachusetts.

The Convent site and neighborhood were long ago transferred from Charlestown to the town of Somerville. To-day Mt. Benedict has been cut away to fill up the marshes along the Boston and Maine Railroad; and far below the quiet garden of the Ursulines will run streets of houses, obliterating the last vestiges of this dramatic event.

PARTIAL LIST OF PUPILS.

Caroline Adams, Sarah Adams, Sarah Arms, Josephine Barbour, Sarah Barker, Maria Barnard, Hannah Bartlett, Lucretia Beckford, Ellen Bennett, Rebecca Bennett, Frances Bent, Maria Bent, Mary Bent, Susan Bridge, Sophia Brown, Sarah Brownell, Martha Brundell, Mary Bullard, Catharine Callahan, Sarah J. Chase, Sarah Colburn, Mary Ann Coleman, Martha E. Cotting, S. Maria W. Cotting, Charlotte Crehore, Thesta Dana, Julia Danforth, Ann Dean, Sarah Dean, Adelaide Disbrow, Mary Jane Dill, Millicent Dublois, Harriet Edes, Nancy Elwell, Rebecca Elwell, Ann Emmet, Helen Endicott, Penelope English, Eliza D. Fay, Maria D. Fay, Catharine Ferguson, Susan Ferguson, Jane Fraser, Mary Ann Fraser, Lucy Gay, Anna Gibbs, Josephine Gibbs, Ann Gordon, Rachel Graham, Mary Green, Ann Grinnell, Cynthia Hall, Cornelia Hammond, Georgianna Hammond, Martha

Harris, Elizabeth Harrison, Mary Harts-horn, Juliet Hutchings, Matilda Hutchings, Virginia Hutchings, Frances Ireland, Ellen Jackson, Susanna Johnson, Mary Kelly, Mary King, Caroline Little, Mary Jane Mariner, Catalina Mason, Harriet Mason, Elizabeth Maguire, Maria McMurtrie, Emily Mead, Lucy Mears, Garafilia Mohalbi, Susan Moody, Sarah Morfield, Mary A. Morrell, Louisa Murdock, Elizabeth Newton, Julia O'Boit, Mary O'Brien, Frances Ostinelli, Elizabeth Page, Ann Augusta Parkman, Hannah Parkman, Julia Pearce, Mary Peduzzi, Gertrude Pend, Charlotte Penniman, Jane Penniman, Martha Penniman, Frances Percival, Mary Percival, Suzanne Perrault, Eloise Peters, Harriet Peters, Mary Jane Peterson, Ann Eliza Prentiss, Mary Ann Quin, Ardelle Rhodes, Heloise Rhodes, Julia Robbins, Martha E. Robinson, Geraldine Russell, Ida Russell, Caroline Sanderson, Frances Sargent, Sarah Sawyer, Mary B. Shinkwin, Elizabeth Sisson, Anita Smith, Mary Soule, Ellen Stacy, Harriet Stearns, Emily Stickney, Frances Stoddard, Malvina Storer, Rosalinda Storer, Margaret Stuart, Sarah Stuart, Lucy Thaxter, Mary Thaxter, Hannah Thompson, Margaret Thompson, Sarah Thompson, Sarah Tilden, Catharine Trull, Lydia Turner, Maria Tyler, Abby Utley, Mary Utley, Mary Ann Wales, Catharine Walley, Mary Walley, Miriam Walley, Susan Webster, Ellen Weld, Ann Maria White, Mary Whitmarsh, Margaret Whymbs, Mary Wilcox, Louisa Wilcox, Elizabeth W. Williams, Julia Williams, Melaney Williams, Penelope Williams, Sarah Williams, Sarah S. Williams, Susan Williams, Elizabeth Willis, Elizabeth Woodbury, Sarah Woodbury, Nancy Worthen.

EVERYTHING IN THE WORLD.

By Allen French.

"I SUPPOSE my uncle John knows everything in the world," said Alaric.

"Everything in the world?" I said in astonishment. Alaric's tone was sober, and his face was earnest. "Everything in the world!" I repeated. I thought of the Encyclopædia Britannica, of the Century Dictionary, Europe, Asia, Africa and America. But I forgot with whom I was speaking. Alaric is a man of the woods.

"Yes," said Alaric, "you needn't be astonished. You listen, and I'll tell you what I mean."

He laid his rifle by his axe and began to light his pipe, and I settled to listen, with my back to a tree. Alaric's English is so nearly good that I write it as he spoke it. He is French and uneducated, but he has hunted so long with American sportsmen that he has nearly learned their tongue. I therefore give without apology his words as I remember them. The occasional mixed tenses and slips in grammar added interest to me; perhaps they will also to the reader.

"My uncle John," said Alaric, "is

an Indian. So you see he's only an uncle by marriage—he married my aunt. He's tall, six feet two. He's slender, lean and quick. He's the best lumberman in my region; he knows every beast and bird and fish—and he don't tell. He goes out for days alone in the woods; nobody ever knows where he's been. I learned everything I know from him: some day I'll tell you how I got him to teach me. If anything goes on, my uncle knows it. Don't ask me how. Perhaps he knows where I am at this moment. I believe he does, he over on Grand River, and me here on Soldier Town. My uncle finds moose when no one else can; he can make salmon rise to the fly, and out of season. Once they was going to give up lumbering near my home, when the head of the company thought of asking Indian John. He showed them fine timber close at hand, showed them how to haul and drive it, and they kept on cutting three whole years. That's the sort of man he is. I said I thought he knows where I am this minute. That's what make him so queer. Sometimes I'm afraid of that man. Sometimes—now you listen."

Alaric's pipe had already gone out. He did not notice, but held it in his hand, pointing the mouthpiece at me, to emphasize his remarks. He leaned forward towards me, and held me with his shining eyes.

"There was a man got lost from a mill, near Grand River. He was lost in a snowstorm, and his tracks were covered. No one could find him. They sent to John. My uncle was sitting in his house on a Sunday, smoking his pipe, when that man's friends came to the door and said they wanted him to help them. They'd come thirty miles on the ice. My uncle, he sat an' listened to them talk, and say nothing. Then they stop and wait, and he say nothing. Then his wife, she motion them to keep quiet, and she ask him what he can do. He smoke awhile longer, then he took

his pipe out his mouth, and he say, 'I can't do anythin'.' The men, they were so sorry and so anxious, they were going to beg him to help them. But his wife shook her head at them again, so they stopped. She asked him why can't he do anything? He said: 'The man is dead. He died in the storm. When the snow clears away in the spring you'll find him close to the mill.' The men they went away, dreadful disappointed, and some of them searched some more. But they never found him till the snow was melted; and then, sure enough, he was within twenty rod of the mill."

Alaric shifted himself on the moss, fixed my eye again, and began again. "You think that's strange," he said. "Now I'll tell you some more. My uncle was a mighty proud man; you have to handle him just right. That's why his wife didn't let those men say much. Now another time some other men came and told him about a school-teacher, a little oldish woman, they said, perhaps about fifty. Twelve miles south of our place she started out to pick blackberries, and for three days no one could find her. They asked John couldn't he help? He sat and thought, and then he said, Yes, he could find her. Now when those men came, my uncle was at dinner. So he told his wife to put up some food in a bag, and he asked the men to sit down and eat. They said, Oh, no, they were in a great hurry, they must start right away. He said, 'Well, it is a long way, and you'd better eat.' So one took a little food, and the other took a little, and then they fidgeted round while my uncle was finishing his dinner; and for all my aunt could do, she couldn't stop them. My uncle finished, and then he took his little axe in his belt, and his gun, and the bag of food. He said to the men, 'Come along now,' and they started. He led them into the woods, heading due north. Then those foolish men stopped, and said he was going wrong. 'This is wrong,'

they said. 'This is all wrong,' they said. 'You're going north, and she was lost way south of this.' My uncle he just looked at them for a minute, before he spoke. But he never spoke much anyway. 'This is wrong?' he said. He turned round and went into the house, and gave his wife the bag of food, and told her to put it away. Those men followed him, feeling pretty small. 'Why, John,' they said, 'we didn't mean it. Come along now.' He said, 'If you knew where she was, what did you come to me for?' And that's all he'd say to them,—so they went away. They never found the woman. And next morning, my aunt said, 'John, I'm sorry for that woman. Couldn't you go and find her now?' He said, 'I'm sorry, too, but it's too late. She's dead. If we'd found her, anyway, she'd have died.'"

Alaric sat back and looked away, drawing as if satisfied at his cold pipe. But I saw that he was listening for an expression from me, and I surmised that he had something in reserve. "Now, Alaric," I said, "please go on."

"All right," he answered cheerfully. "This time," he said, "I'll tell you what I know is true—what I saw myself, and what my father told me. One day my father was out with my uncle in the woods, meaning to be gone all day. But he came in at noon. 'What did you come for?' my mother said. 'Oh,' he answered, 'I don't know. I don't understand John anyway. He said that something was wrong, and that we must go home. If I heard anything, I was to send Alaric for him.' I was just about twelve," said Alaric. "I stood right there and heard him say it. My mother said, 'Alaric, don't you go away this afternoon. You stay right near the house.' So for two hours father chopped wood, so as to be doing something, and I stayed there and piled it. But he kept looking up the road, and mother would come out and look up the road; and after the

middle of the afternoon we all got uneasy and uneasy every minute. Then at last my father stuck the axe in the block and sat down on the front step, looking up the road towards the settlement. 'Some way or other,' he said, and he laughed as if he thought he was sort of foolish, 'I can't keep my eyes off that road.' I went and sat with him, and we both watched for about ten minutes. Then we saw a man on a horse, coming as fast as he could. Mother heard the noise and came out, and we all three listened to what the man had to say.

"There was a boy lost, that was all, a little boy of six or seven. The settlement had been hunting him since the day before, and now they wanted Indian John. 'Alaric,' said father, 'take the short cut through the woods and tell your uncle.' As I started, I heard father telling mother to put up food, and quickly. I found my uncle sitting on his doorstep smoking, waiting, just like father. I told him the news, and he said nothing to me, but knocked the ashes out of his pipe and put it in his pocket. He called to my aunt, 'All ready;' and she came out of the kitchen with his gun and belt and bag. He put them on and started off. 'I'll be back to-morrow noon,' he said, and took the path. I ran after him for half the way, but then he was out of sight, and I just sat down and bawled because I couldn't keep up. When I got to the house, father and he and the man were gone. But next morning father told me everything.

"They travelled four miles to the settlement, and then four miles on the road beyond, where the boy was last seen. Everybody had been hunting on both sides of the road, in every direction; but they had sort of stopped, waiting for John. The boy's father was pretty near crazy; you see his wife was dead. He started to promise John everything, but my uncle cut him short. 'I'll get your boy,' he said. 'You keep your money for him.' Then it was nearly dark,

and the father wanted the boy found right away. But John just walked a little way from the road, and put his things down under a tree. 'We must spend the night here,' he said. Well, the boy's father cried, and said he was afraid of bears eating the boy. My father told him, and everybody told him, that the boy was safe. But he wasn't satisfied till he made John say so too. 'John,' he says, 'is the boy safe?' And John answered, 'Yes. You lie down and sleep.' So every one there ate something for supper, and then they all lay down and slept. They was fifty or sixty men, I guess, all lying out without blankets, on a fine, warm night. The boy's father didn't sleep much; he just walked up and down, up and down, most of the night, and didn't get out of sight of John. My father lay and slept till four o'clock, when he knew it would be light soon, so he got up and built a little fire and began to warm a little coffee for breakfast. Everybody else got up but John; he lay quiet for twenty minutes more. Then it was nearly light, and John suddenly jump up.

"He started right away, into the woods. I guess it must have been a funny sight; my father gulp his coffee and run, every one else leave their fires, take some bread and start along. John, he walked along quickly about half a mile, looking right and left; then he began to trot. Every one, for a while, tried to keep up. My uncle ran in a perfectly straight line, and never looked to one side or the other. Then in a little while they began to give out. First one man stopped and walked, then another, then two or three. In about twenty minutes only John was left, with my father and the boy's father. My father said it was wonderful how that man kept up, and he only a store-keeper, not used to the woods. They kept along till they must have gone five miles, John in front at a steady trot, then the others. But at last the father stops too. He called out to my

father, 'Alaric, Alaric, don't leave me!' So my father stopped too, and he said to me afterward that he was glad to do it. John just trotted on, and never looked round. My father shouted, 'If you find him shoot three times.' My uncle heard, but he never made a sign. You see he could keep up that trot all day, two days, with just a little food. He went right on, perhaps half an hour more; that little boy had wandered a long way. He went straight over ridges and through swamps; my father followed on the trail. He said my uncle seemed to know just where he was going. And then—I suppose he had gone eight miles—he stopped and walked again for a little way, going very soft, but perfectly straight, looking right and left. Then he saw that little boy sitting at the root of a tree,—sitting up straight, looking about him, shutting his mouth so as not to cry.

"Now my uncle he is tall, and nearly black, with long black hair over his shoulders. He thought perhaps he would frighten the boy if he spoke to him. So he made a noise, and went right on as if he didn't see the boy at all. He was going by about five yards away when the little boy spoke up, and said, 'Hullo!' My uncle stopped. 'Why,' he said, 'here's a little boy. Hullo, little boy.' 'Hullo,' says the little feller, 'where you goin'?' 'I'm goin' fishing,' says my uncle. 'Take me along,' says the boy. Not a word about being lost; he just breathed hard, and looked at my uncle, and winked the tears out of his eyes. 'Wait a minute,' says my uncle. So he pretended to take aim at something, and fire his gun. 'What you firing at?' says the boy. 'Partridge,' says my uncle and fire again. 'I don't see him,' says the boy. 'Never mind,' says my uncle, and fire again. The little feller looked all around. 'I guess,' he says, 'you aren't a very good shot.'

"Now I suppose," said Alaric with a twinkle, "that if you should go to my uncle John, and make your voice

sound like a little boy's, and say, 'I guess you aren't a very good shot,' why, you couldn't please him better. Why, my uncle's the best shot in my country. But then he took that little boy on his shoulder, and started back on his track. In about ten minutes they met my father and the boy's father and a lot of others that were following on behind. And then there was such a lot of talking and crying and questioning, that my uncle he just nudged my father, and they saw their chance and slipped away home."

Alaric sat musing for a while; then he said: "My uncle says he'll never

forget the way that little boy sat on his shoulder, his hands tight holding my uncle's hair, and every now and then a tear dropping down. And then, when he saw his father, first he trembled, and then the cry he gave!" He turned on me with a question. "Now what do you think of my uncle?"

"Why—I—" I began.

"What do you think of his coming home and knowing something was wrong? What do you think of his finding that boy, following all those miles on a straight line in the woods? *Doesn't* he, now, know everything in the world?"

ON PRIMROSE HILL.

By *Annie E. P. Searing.*

IN summer the wind blows soft and sweet over its swelling dunes, and you can catch glimpses between the hummocks of the white curl of the waves where they break on the wide beach; but when winter's gales come tearing and howling down the Atlantic coast, it is another world. Then is Primrose Hill enveloped in a flying veil of sand that drives straight away over the marshes toward the village. All sorts of low growing, blossoming things carpet the landward slope, and here and there a distorted tree on the top cowers away from the ocean, a mute memorial in midsummer green of December's cruelty.

But, however the wind might blow, whether rain fell on the thirsty grass, or a fierce sun beat down on sandy stretches, the Potter up there in his vine-clad house was ever quite indifferent. Cold and heat, cloud and shine, were alike to him, shut into his studio or broiling over the ovens in his laboratory. He was away, apart, a denizen of dreams. His eyes had that vague, unseeing look that seems to belong alike to the genius and to the mentally unbalanced.

It was that expression of his, so impersonal, unhuman, on which Marcia Pendleton was meditating, as she walked up the hill one breezy

August day. There was something in the blurred sweetness on the face of Zebulon, the village fool, plodding along ahead of her, that reminded her with a pang, as she overtook him, of the Potter.

"Good morning, Uncle Zebulon. Where now?" The man turned and stopped, shifting his staff, and held out his hand. A pair of boots and an old carpet bag hung on a long stick over his shoulder. He seldom went anywhere without these accompaniments. "Might need 'em," he said, "most any minute." He was tall and broad shouldered, moulded on giant lines, while his gentle, beardless face had a flush on it like a young girl's. His hair hung curling loosely to his collar.

"Goin' to see Mandy and the baby. Felt kinder daon this mornin'—depressed, you know. Seems 's if I couldn't bear to be so daon—hev to git raond somehow, and make an effort to work it off. I gen'rally go right up to Mandy, she's so cheerin'."

Marcia glanced at him half scornfully with her pitying eyes, as they moved on together. "Mandy cheerin'!" Nobody but a born fool, she said to herself, could find any cheer in Mandy. Her experience of the Potter's wife was that a thunder-

cloud could hardly be less encouraging, or a driving storm less "cheerin'." In all her summer's work with the Potter, Marcia could recall no day on which his wife had voluntarily addressed a word to her, or vouchsafed any but the scantiest civility of reply. She usually picked up her baby and left on Marcia's approach, with a darkening of her black brows, or turned her back after the merest nod of recognition. Jealousy, of course; Marcia diagnosed the symptoms at sight with contemptuous amusement, and pitied the Potter. Same old story, with variations—a genius, a poet in pottery, tied to a beautiful, jealous little fool, who was incapable of understanding him. It was not a new situation, she said to herself; men have perpetrated that sort of folly since time was, and will while time is. But, oh, the pity of it! None could know better than she, artist, student, dilettante, how near this man was to a unique achievement in ceramics. Since early spring, when she had discovered him dreaming and working here away from the world, Marcia had toiled with him, side by side, experimenting to fix the one final element in the glaze that was to make his work immortal. Such form, such color of melting rainbows and visions of tender spring-times were enough to come out of the work of a generation; and here it was just within the grasp of one man's discovery! Only a little more, to reduce the formula of the glaze to a certainty, and it were done. That such a man, such a life, should be allied to a dolt like this Mandy!

Uncle Zebulon prattled on as they mounted the knoll, his hair blowing out in childlike ringlets, his voice soft like a woman's.

"Yes, I've always set gret store by Mandy's sperrits—hev got to depend on 'em some way. Sometimes she presides at the instrument to cheer me. I ain't got no melodeon myself; wisht I hed, the instrument's so up-liftin'. I never got these daon spells

till my folks all died off and left me. Livin' alone's depressin'—awful depressin'. Sometimes Mandy sings—my favoreytes—'Out on an ocean sailin'' or 'Ask thy soul if we must part.' " Here Uncle Zebulon lifted up his quavering voice to illustrate, with singular sweetness and uncertainty of key.

Marcia recalled glimpses she had had in passing of Mandy and Zebulon on the back porch, shelling peas, or minding the baby, or engaged in other domestic duties, while they chatted and laughed together. She had reflected with contempt more than once how much more suitable their companionship was than that between the husband and wife.

To-day the Potter seemed distracted from his task, and the work did not move on well. He made mistakes and spoiled a large jar by his inattention. He was less absent-minded than usual, when his mind was on his work, and talked more of general art subjects and of travel than of pigments and vitreous glazes. He passed from one theme to another feverishly, and went over the ground of some of his old tramps in other countries. It was as if he had suddenly grown weary of his daily beaten track, and longed to escape into other and wider atmospheres.

They were to remove a vase of extreme delicacy from the oven that morning, one on which the greatest care and pains had been bestowed, and they had together timed its exposure to the heat to the fraction of a minute. As he brought it out and held it up Marcia exclaimed at its beauty.

"But, oh," she cried, "the red is gone; it is changed into the most wonderful green!"

The Potter turned it slowly in his hands, his fair face flushing and then paling. Suddenly he tossed it from him to the brick floor, where it fell in fifty fragments.

"Of what avail is it," his eyes had in them a look of terror, "of what avail! I have spent my life in a vain

dream. What do I care for success? I might have been happy—happy—have lived my days and not deferred them!" He lifted his handkerchief to wipe the drops from his forehead, and his hand shook like an aspen. "Come," he cried, "come out—away from the place; it stifles me!"

So together they went out over the dunes, wandering along the beach, till he grew calm in talk of other scenes. The gulls flew low and landward; sandpipers cheeped and called along the line of the waves; and the breeze crept round to the south. Then clouds piled slowly in the horizon, and a storm threatened from somewhere beyond seas. Perhaps it was the electrical influences in the air, Marcia said to herself, that had sent the man's sensitive organism out of balance; and she bent every effort of which she was capable to soothe and divert him, yearning toward him with infinite, tender pity. If it had been hers to watch and wait and work with him through those sad years! But Mandy's it had been instead—Mandy, the dolt, the block, the stone!

That night the storm burst, and wind and rain beat madly down over Primrose Hill, tearing thence in a wild hurricane across the meadows and through the village streets. All the next day, and the next, it howled and raged, finally muttering and sulking away through the second night in a drizzling fog. Rumor brought word that the Potter was ill, reaching Marcia, shut in by the storm; that the doctor had been with him through the night, and that he might not live.

There was a short cut through the meadows and by stepping-stones across the marsh; and this way she took, slanting hurriedly through the mist. Where the path crossed the low stone wall, she paused to gather her skirts. A shawled figure rose out of the dimness—and Mandy barred the way.

"Don't come any further," she said quickly, "till I say my say! I watched for you, for I knew you'd come when

you heard, and I came to beg of you—on my knees, if you like—not to see him!"

"Is he very ill? do you think he will die?"

"How can I tell? Even the doctor does not know. It is a fever, with the most terrible nervous excitement at times. I have seen him so before, but never so bad as this. It's like a watch that's wound too tight. It may come out all right, but the spring may break—a very little more and it will!"

"Is that why I am not to be allowed to see him?"

There was a covert superiority, a half sneer, in the tone that stung the wife to fierce reply. The fog had hung little gleaming jewels in her hair, where it escaped from the shawl in a riot of curling locks, giving an almost uncanny setting to her wild-eyed, white face.

"I hate you," she cried out in a passion of wrath. "I hate you, with your supercilious sneers! You think I can feel nothing in all this but a vulgar jealousy; you think because I was only a country school-teacher, and you are a woman of the world, that I am not capable of understanding him, of satisfying him, as you could do! It is you who are stupid and—yes—vulgar. For I will tell you. What do I care whether you know it or not? He loves you—loves you as he never loved me—calls for you incessantly while his delirium is on!"

Marcia made a movement as if she would have put her foot on a stone of the tumble-down wall; but the other pushed out her hand to keep her back.

"No, wait till I finish; then go if you wish! I cannot keep you from him. I told you that to prove to you that I am not jealous. I always knew that what he gave me was affection, perhaps, but not love; but it was enough for me, all I asked. I have slaved for him, protected him in his work more as a mother than as a wife, these ten long years; and the goal of his hopes was almost reached

when you came!" Marcia shrank involuntarily from the loathing in her voice. "It is you who have brought him to this pass, the distraction, the disturbance, of your presence. The only hope that remains for him is to forget you. If he can outlive you, he will yet be great. He is great; but then the world will know it in his finished work. If you stay near him, then he will fail; and with him to fail is to die!"

"How can you say that to me?" There was a sob in Marcia's voice. "Wherein have I injured him, I who have given him daily help for months, the only human being who has ever taken a part in his work?"

"You have not helped, you have hindered him! You made him love you, when before he loved only his art. His spirit is not strong enough to bear two great passions. No one can help a man to greatness; you would know that if you loved as I do. He must tread that path alone. My work has been to keep the way clear for his feet, to leave him free to walk in it; and now you are in the way!" Marcia was crying, crying softly, and waiting. "His happiness is all I live for, work and wait for. I don't suppose a woman like you can understand; but there has not been a day since you came when I would not cheerfully have taken my baby and gone out of his life, leaving him to you, if that would have brought him his heart's desire,—or have killed you when you stood by his side. Either of those things would I do now, if so I could buy his happiness. But there is only one way—one way for him; it is the way to life and happiness as well. He must finish his work; and to do that he must forget you. It is all you can do now to serve him—to go away. You must, oh, you must see that there is not room in his life for his art and you!"

"But he may die, and I shall not see him!"

Mandy looked at her with boundless scorn from under her black brows.

"Yes, he may die, whether you go or stay. It is a chance for him—a chance that is in your power to give him. I never thought you could do it!"

The fog lifted and thinned for a moment, and the dying sun sent forth a sudden light like a last wan smile. The surf sounded far and faint over the dunes, and the honk of wild geese flying over came down from a low lying cloud. The two women stood looking at each other, through a gray veil, as the light died and the fog shut down again.

"I will go. Only tell him, some day, tell him all the truth!" Then Marcia turned and passed down the path, and her form was blotted out in the mist as a figure is sponged off the slate.

It was two years after that that some summer visitors to the Potter's studio—the Potter who was now grown famous—remarked on the beauty of a vase that had been put together from innumerable fragments. He smiled at the questioning—the same old absent, inscrutable smile.

"One of my mistakes," he said, "one of the failures that make up success."

Later, passing down the hill, these visitors came upon Uncle Zebulon, mounting slowly with his boots and his carpet bag, and were fain to stop and talk with him of the Potter and his celebrated wares. But these were subjects of a transitory, interruptive nature to Zebulon's mind, and hardly touched the larger, finer issues of the life that was set on a hill for him.

"Yes, I help Mandy pack 'em and box 'em off—they pots—can't get no cheerin' doin's till it's done. You see I go to her when I'm daon, she's so upliftin', she and little Marcia; that's what Mandy calls the baby. They both on 'em raise my sperrits. Good as medicine any day is Mandy. She don't never git daon herself—she's alway uplifted, always liftin' up other folks!"

THE FIRST VILLAGE FOUNDED BY NEW ENGLANDERS ON THEIR WAY WESTWARD.

By E. P. Powell.

AS you go westward across New York state, you cross three of the most beautiful and fertile valleys to be found in the whole of the United States. The first of these is the valley of the Hudson River, the glory of the world for scenery, combining land and water in a landscape that every American should behold to comprehend "the poem God wrote." Then come the Catskills and the head water hills of the Susquehanna, also marvellous for beauty. But just in the middle of the state, looking southward from the Mohawk, opens a garden that one who has seen will long to see forever. The hills are not more than six hundred to eight hundred feet high, and they slope with easy garden-grace down to the silver windings of the Oriskany. A hundred glens bring feeding rivulets from both sides among the hills. The whole gives you the impress of having been laid out by landscape art. At the present time villages sleep along the slope; orchards and groves group farmhouses in lovely shelter; while herds bathe in the creeks or graze on the rich meadows. The hills are covered with noble farms, and there are not a few summer homes of city residents. Go on westward, and you come upon incomparable lakes, the Oneida, the Cayuga, the Seneca and others, that mirror the loveliest of small cities, and entrance the fortunate possessors of the farms along their borders. You pass the salt wells of Syracuse, and at the lower end of Cayuga you come upon that noble monument of America's best ambition, Cornell University. Beyond the lakes you reach the third valley, the Genesee, once fa-

mous for its wheat fields, now equally famous for its fruits and intensive farming. Rochester, one of the handsomest of cities, is at the north end; and near the south end is that Chautauqua, which waked the whole English speaking world to new conceptions of education and fellowship of thought—a movement that has displaced hysterical revivals and has fathered university extension on two continents.

My present purpose is with the very heart of this region, the beautiful Oriskany valley, once the home of the Oneidas; because here New England, the mother of expansion, first planted her foot on her way to the Pacific. During the Revolution the Iroquois were, with the exception of the Oneidas, allies of England. Washington found it necessary to send General Sullivan to destroy their power. It was a fearful slaughter, and what was in the long run even worse, it was the obliteration of orchards and gardens and whatever else represented the best civilization of the Indian race. One orchard alone contained 1,500 apple trees, besides peach trees and a maple grove for sugar making. The gardens contained squash, beans, corn and melons. No one who has read Parkman will consider the work of Sullivan needless; yet we must deeply regret the necessity which compelled the expedition. This very spot was the seat of empire of one-half of the American continent, when the white men reached New England. The Iroquois Confederacy was a miniature and crude United States of America, capable both of expansion and of adoption; two fundamental principles of our

republic. But unfortunately war had become a chronic state of existence, and the Confederacy had long been busy obliterating tribe after tribe from the Atlantic to the Mississippi, in pure fury of conquest.

The Connecticut boys in Sullivan's command did something besides fighting; they took notes of the soil and the climate and the beauties of the scenery. They told wonderful tales of what they had seen; and the war was hardly over when, in 1786, rugged pioneers started to make homes for themselves in this "garden of the wilderness." But already the thrifty Washington was ahead of them. In 1784, two years earlier, our first president and George Clinton, the first governor of New York, formed a partnership to purchase "the mineral springs of Saratoga and the Oriskany tract on which Fort Schuyler stands." They were disappointed about securing all that they wished, but they obtained six thousand acres in the Mohawk valley, at a price which they reported as "amazingly cheap." So near did Washington come to being the first owner of this whole valley and of mineral springs quite equal to those of Saratoga, but not discovered until a full hundred years after his purchase.

The expansive force of New England has always been something wonderful. The settlements about Cape Cod multiplied by fission; and within twenty years of the first landing the inhabitants felt proud of it. In 1640 "The Simple Cobbler of Agawam" complained, as one of four grievances, that "foreigners were allowed to come into the country and crowd the native born to the four corners of the earth." This was the old Norse blood. Connecticut was hardly settled, by an offshoot from Massachusetts, before it was ready in turn to discharge a colony to found Vermont. Western and northern New York were settled almost simultaneously from Vermont and Connecticut. Our Connecticut pioneers found

the Hudson valley already settled; and the Mohawk valley as far west as Herkimer was in possession of the Dutch. A fort named after General Schuyler stood where Utica now spreads out its streets, and near it were two log houses; while a small group of Connecticut men were near Fort Stanwix, and just to the south Hugh White and his four sons had built their log house in the wilderness. They went about five miles farther down in the valley, and selected for a home what is now Clinton.

It is not a little honor to be the first expression of the expansive force of New England sentiment and creativeness. The spot was wondrously well selected. It is notable not only for rich soil but for those adjustments of hill and valley that make it unsurpassed in America for a home. To-day, from College Hill on the west, or Crow Hill on the east, we look into a valley that is one great garden. Tassel Hill to the south is the highest point in central New York. Paris Hill attracted some of the first settlers because of its fine orchard land; and the Hanover hills with Chuckery complete a semicircle. To the north the valley opens toward the far off Deerfield hills, where Horatio Seymour had his famous farm; and the Trenton range, where Roger Sherman found and preëmpted the most beautiful and romantic falls in America. Utica spreads out between the two slopes; and the Mohawk winds into and through Utica in its search for the Hudson. On a knoll in the very centre of these hills, then covered with the virgin forests, the first settlers sat down to consider the work of building a town and planting New England ideas.

There were either seven or eight or nine families in the first group; we need not try to decide which, for the whole nine were at least soon on the ground. There were Moses Foote and three sons and his son-in-law, Barnabas Pond, James Bronson, Ludim Blodgett, Levi Sherman

and Solomon Hovey. Mr. Hovey alone had with him a wife. These were soon followed by thirteen others. They at once drew up a social compact, constituting a civil society. They bound themselves to obey self-constituted law, much after the usage of New England towns. For lack of paper this compact was written on the margins of old pamphlets. Everything was done by conference; and the voice of the majority carried. We do not forget that when Connecticut herself was settled it was by an offshoot from Massachusetts, of those who insisted on the freest democracy in matters civil and religious. Governor Winthrop had advised restriction of suffrage, saying, "The best part is always the least part, and of that best part the wiser is always the lesser." But the Connecticut colonies agreed with Hooker that the "foundation of authority is laid in the free consent of the people; the choice of magistrates belongs with the people; and they who have power to appoint have the right to set the bounds and limitations." It was these Connecticut seceders who drew up the first written constitution ever known, for the government of their colony. By this constitution suffrage was a common right of all freemen.

It was Connecticut in every sense of the word that was transferred to central New York. The first settlers brought democracy unqualified—the same democracy that made the force of the whole westward movement. But there were also contrasts. One

thing these pioneers of 1796 never undertook: they did not break down individualism for communism. There was no attempt at holding all things in common; and it would do our new school of revolutionary political economists good to study the consequences. The Pilgrims about Cape Cod were unable to make progress so long as they were communistic. The pioneers at Clinton thrived from the outset. They divided to each man his own homestead. Yet the spirit of coöperation was all the more alive. They helped build each other's houses, helped butcher, helped harvest, and helped worship. Our modern methods of coöperation are new; but the spirit is not so new as recent literature would suggest.

It was in 1636 that a party from Dorchester and Cambridge, Massachusetts, driving a herd of cattle, that grazed by the way and fed the drivers with their milk, started to establish Hartford,

Wethersfield and Windsor. The colonists of 1786 came in the same manner, driving cattle before them and living on berries and milk. It would be interesting to look in upon their first conference on the village Green, held March 4, 1787. After their previous prospecting expedition they had come early, in order to make sure of a crop during their first season. If this could not be secured, they would have to bring supplies from Connecticut, or obtain them of the Dutch settlers in the Mohawk valley and of the Indians. It was perfectly natural for a Yankee to rely



CONGREGATIONAL CHURCH IN 1796.

perfectly natural for a Yankee to rely



THE OLDEST HOUSE IN CLINTON.

upon himself. Before they began to build there were already three log houses where now is Utica, seven at Whitestown, three at Oriskany, five at Rome, and three at Westmoreland. None of these places became of any importance until after Clinton had grown into quite a village. It was the nucleus of a New England settlement that had set in, and was about to spread over the central and western part of the state.

One of the first problems after planting was to baptize their venture in the forest with a name. The wonder is they did not call it Washington. But George Clinton, the governor, was Washington's partner, and a nearer neighbor. The honor of sponsor to the village therefore fell to the latter. This Clinton family was remarkable for executive tact, and for several generations stood high in influence. George Clinton was signer of the Declaration of Independence, fourth vice-president of the United States, and governor of the state. De Witt, his nephew, was not only governor, but candidate for president in 1812; and above all he was beloved as the most noted projector and promoter of the Erie Canal. I have before me a political circular that charges on the Clintons all the sins now attributed to Tammany. They are accused of farming out the fattest offices of the state to their own kin. "This Re-

publican Clinton and his obsequious followers are offended when freemen speak, when liberty triumphs." Political strife was never so full of gall as during the last years of the 18th century. The Clintons were bosses, and it cannot be said they were strictly unselfish in all their

movements; but they made New York an independent empire. While other states leaned on the general government for aid, New York under the Clintons accomplished, unaided, the greatest engineering feat of the age, the Erie Canal.

The wits, that had been shaped and sharpened around Cape Cod and among the rocks of Connecticut, got other chances at enterprise by this *trekking* out into a new frontier. A sleeping place was accepted under the roots of upturned trees, until a better shelter could be constructed.



Digitized by Google
GAIUS BUTLER.

The first "houses" were made by driving crotched stakes into the ground, across which were placed ridgepoles. Then slanted poles constituted siding, over which great pieces of bark made a covering. Solid log houses soon followed these hardly comfortable shelters. The first of these was begun before the close of 1786.

The recognized leader of these pioneers was a splendidly built young man, over six feet in height and well proportioned, named Moses Foote. This young fellow was as fearless as

they were squatting on the public domain. The patentees had preceded them; as the patroons held the Hudson River valley. In 1770 a patent had been issued to Daniel Cox and others, by the colony of New York, for 2,016 acres lying in the centre of the state; and it was in this tract that Clinton was found to be located. The patentees had offered a section as a gift to any twenty farmers who would settle upon it; but as the settlers had occupied without knowledge of this offer, they were compelled to pay ten shillings an acre.



MILL DAM IN ORISKANY CREEK.

he was strong. Of many of the early settlers stories are told that show how Connecticut did not send her weaklings to do pioneering. Judge White of Whitestown is said to have wrestled with the champion of the Oneidas, and thrown him with great force—"nearly crushed him," the legend tells us.

The Indian title to the land had already been extinguished by treaty, although the treaty line ran very close to what is now the west side of the village. The settlers were mistaken, however, in supposing that

This was a very high price under the circumstances.

The village plot was supposed to resemble a handkerchief, folded to go over the shoulders, as they were then worn,—and for this reason was denominated the Handkerchief Lot. Although the Indians had no title to the land, they were always to be seen; and after fire water was sold them, they were to be heard. As late as 1840, the writer purchased war-whoops for a penny, and then ran in terror to hide. After the removal of a large number of the Oneidas to



HOUGHTON SEMINARY.

Green Bay in Wisconsin, which took place about 1840, very little was seen of Indians in our streets. At the date of which I write they did not recognize that the passage of title to the land debarred them from hunting and prowling where they chose. Some of them were thieves and scoundrels, never to be trusted; others were "good Indians," and under the influence of Kirkland and Chief Skenandoah were excellent neighbors of the whites. Skenandoah himself was one of the princeliest of men, both in appearance and character. It was soon found that the whites were good buyers of baskets, and quite sure not to let a hungry person go away without food. The result was that doors would open unceremoniously, and from one to five or six Indians move silently in, grunting, "Me hungry! me hungry!" or with a significant gesture the grunt would be, "Basket—you buy—give pork." It was soon found that an Indian's palate was not so particular as a white man's, and rusty pork with mouldy bread was exchanged for pretty baskets and smoky maplesugar. Not unfrequently a half dozen Indians would come along at the evening hour and ask for lodging. I do not think that this was often refused,—certainly not in my

father's house. They were allowed to stretch themselves on blankets, on the floor, before a great fire made of logs in the huge old-style fireplace. They went to sleep early, and they often rose before the family—moving silently off in single file. On one occasion a bright Indian lad, when opening the door, saw a weasel around the chicken

coop. Quick as a flash he drew his bow and shot the marauder. Bringing it in he said proudly, "Me shoot him! Me shoot him! Me big Injun!"

The pioneers at once set about raising cattle and horses. This was a great temptation to some of the Indians. As early as 1787 there is record of their having stolen a fat steer from a clearing, and hurried off with it. The whites, with Moses Foote as Captain Standish, started on the trail. They overtook the thieves, who denied their guilt with insulting epithets. Foote with a club whacked Beech Tree, the leader, felling him to the ground. Portions of the animal



REV. ROBERT G. VERMILYE.

were found in their packs, and the whole party was marched to jail. A formal trial followed, to which the chiefs of the tribe were summoned. The result was payment for the steer, and a gift of ginseng root to compensate the party for the time they had lost in pursuing the thieves. Sas-synick, one of the chiefs, held a dissenting opinion, and made the settlers trouble as long as he lived. He was a model rascal.

In 1788 there were about twenty



WILLIAMS STREET.

frame house, which has since been removed to the college campus. But better yet he secured some apple seeds from Connecticut and planted a nursery. When the trees were large enough, he transplanted them to the side of the hill above, where they grew to magnificent size, and where some of them are still standing, considerably over one hundred years of age. As seedlings they mostly bore small fruit, whose chief value was for cider; but one of them, of Belle-fleur blood, bore a large, fine apple, which is widely grafted through the country, and is designated the Kirkland apple.

This same year, 1788, Elkanah Watson, who made an excursion to the frontier, wrote that at Fort Schuyler (Utica) there was no tavern and were only a few scattered houses. At Whitestown he stayed one night, "sleeping in a log barn with horses and other animals—some on four legs, some on two." But he added that settlers were constantly pouring in from the Connecticut hive, which threw off its swarms of intellectual, industrious, enterprising settlers—the best equipped of any men in the world to subdue and civilize the wil-



CLINTON GRAMMAR SCHOOL.

family accessories to the village settlement. Among the rest came Rev. Samuel Kirkland, who, as missionary to the Oneidas, had been living at Oneida Castle, a few miles farther west. He took up his residence on a trail that ran due west from the village Green, at the foot of what is now College Hill. Here he built a small



PROFESSOR C. H. F. PETERS.

derness. President Dwight of Yale College, in order to improve his health, undertook a western trip in 1799. He spoke of the soil in the Oriskany valley as the very best; and in 1815, on a second tour, he said: "The surface of Clinton is beautiful, and the soil is of the highest fertility, while the people are industrious, sober, orderly and prosperous." He declared that the people were "the most harmonious, orderly and pious of any in the northern part of the state of New York. In other settlements there is a Babel of languages, and all shades of character, from the most ignorant and abandoned to the most virtuous and excellent, with a mixture of sects which will for a long time retard religious order."

Notwithstanding Dr. Dwight's proclivity for Federal rule, in both politics and church, there is no question but that Clinton was remarkably well endowed, so far as the character of its settlers was concerned, from the outset. They were peculiarly specialized in their characteristics,

and yet harmonious in all general affairs. The land was so good as to render them excellent returns, while the streams abounded in fish as well as water fowls. There were no malarious swamps near by, and the forests, made up of excellent timber, such as beech, maple, butternut, linden, elm, ash, and just to the west of these oak and walnut, with hemlock everywhere, gave them not only abundant firewood, but timber of the best quality.

In 1800 the heads of families numbered, in Kirkland, 45, in Westmoreland, 34, in New Hartford, 33, in Whitestown, 28, in Utica, 19, in Paris, 14, in Rome, 15. After this date the relative position of the settlements began rapidly to change in favor of Utica and Rome. In 1788 a treaty with the Indians, negotiated by General Clinton, bought their



HOME OF PROFESSOR H. C. G. BRANDT.

lands, with the exception of reservations. All the territory west of a line which is now Genesee Street in Utica was created into a new township, called Whitestown. In the next year the first town meeting was held, adjourning from Fort Stanwix to Whitesboro and other small settlements.

The first demands, in the way of public affairs, after a town meeting, were a church, a school and a mill. The first religious service was held in the house of Captain Foote, when a



A STREET BY HAMILTON COLLEGE.

printed sermon was read by Caleb Merrill. The forest came close about them, and it was true that there were sermons in stones, books in the running brooks, and good in everything. In the autumn of 1788 church services were held by Rev. Samuel Eells of Bradford, Connecticut. He baptized twenty-three, and drew up a covenant of a somewhat liberal nature—for the time. He was an ancestor of Rev. James Eells of Boston, who recently exchanged the Calvinistic faith for the Unitarian. The village Green was a delightful spot, but none too good for a church. So it was on the Green (now the Park) that, in 1792, a log structure was erected and dedicated; and Rev. Dr. Norton called to the pastorate. His salary was thirty-three dollars; and he served the church after a good old-fashioned way for forty years. The pews were not rented, but sold outright.

A mill was built in 1787, by Captain Cassety, on the west banks of the Oriskany Creek, along the trail or road that led from the village to the house of Dominie Kirkland. This was a grand event economically; for next to a first crop was the ease of

grinding it for food. Three of the farmers shelled each a peck of corn, and drew lots to determine which should carry the joint grist to the new mill, to make the first grinding. Samuel Hibbard drew the longest grass spire, and shouldered the corn. Work of this sort was done for a long time by human shoulders, until oxen enough could be secured as beasts of burden. Horses were very scarce until the beginning of the next century; nor were horses always of much use on such highways as were to be had by pioneer work—mere trails, often through puddles and marshes. In 1788 Mr. Watson tells us that he was three hours in riding six miles; and President Dwight continually groans over the impossible tracks called roads. Most of the early settlers came up the Mohawk on flatboats, as far as Utica, or, as it was then called, Fort Schuyler. In 1794 a road was cut from Utica westward to the Genesee valley. In 1811 civilization had advanced so far that a line of stages ran from Albany to Niagara Falls.

The pathway of our pioneers was not always one of simple economy.

Bad years occurred; and then only by suffering could the colony get through the winter. Supplies must be brought by canoes up the Mohawk from Fort Plain, and then by oxen from Fort Stanwix, or possibly on the shoulders of the settlers. There was little money to buy with; but ginseng roots were plenty in the woods, and these brought a good price in Albany. Bears and wolves and foxes, by destroying the corn crops and the chickens, added to the shortness of provisions; but their furs and pelts were transformable into cash. Women almost invariably became as good hunters as the men, at least so far as being able to kill such game as approached the houses.

Half of the Puritans in early New England died from early exposure within two years of their arrival. But their sons in New York were selected for their toughness of fibre; and not one died from exposure or starvation. The first death was from drowning; the second from the falling of a tree. Marriages began al-



Copyrighted by C. M. Bell.
GROVER CLEVELAND.

most as soon as they reached Clinton. In the second year Elias Dewey wedded Anna Foot; and Andrew Blanchard took to wife Maria Cook. The festivities were no less satisfactory for being held under the trees and in log houses.

As you went westward from the village Green, the road came bluntly to the foot of a steep ascent, a little way west of the mill and the creek; and thence, leaving Dominie Kirkland's house, it followed the treaty line to find the ridge, crowned later by the Oneida Academy or Hamilton College. On this side of the treaty line we are on what was Indian territory; but two thousand acres just here had been presented to Dominie Kirkland by his Indian friends. Along this highway are four houses dating back almost to the earliest settlers. One of them, stepping over into the eighteenth century, a curious composite of three successive carpenterings, was purchased about 1800 by John Powell. The older part of this house has been torn down; and the

remainder stands as an appendix to the present "mansion" of the college president. The next house is standing in its entirety, and known as the Anderson house. It was built in such a wonderful way that it will last a good deal more than a hundred years, if it has not already crossed



THE HARDING FARMHOUSE.

that line. A third house, occupied by Professor Oren Root, goes back to the earlier years of the century; as well as a fourth, known as the Williams property. All these houses are built on the well known New England ideal, of the best beech, and put together so that they must be cut and sawed and maltreated to get the timbers apart.

The New Englanders found bee trees in the forests ahead of them wherever they went. These were generally hollow lindens or butternuts, and were easily felled. A good bee hunter would not only secure the honey, often several hundred pounds, but would capture the bees and hive them for domestic purposes. If the queen was secured, the swarm would settle down to work in the old cone-shaped straw hive, and add largely to the household comfort. In those early days at least half of the settlers had a few swarms; and occasionally some one would accumulate a hundred. The comb was melted for wax, and the honey after being extracted was kept in jars. This also constituted one of the first articles of commerce from a frontier home. Not recognizing the Mosaic Sabbath, the bees would swarm when the family ought to be at church. It was necessary, in June and July, to leave one at home, who, in case the bees came out, should hang a sheet from the chamber window. The good man at church was kept from going to sleep over the 39th lies by looking out for this possible signal. Every swarm was worth ten bushels of corn.

The simplicity of life in these early settlements brought all into social fellowship. There were no classes or cliques, until, I am sorry to say, they grew up about the multiplication of churches. There was, however, from



DR. J. I. SCOLLARD.

the very outset, sharp political bickering. The few Federals hated the Republicans, who organized with Jefferson in 1800, and took from them not only national control but local power.

Clinton very early developed, like all frontier towns, its eccentricities and celebrities. Among these one of the most notable was a one-legged veteran, who held the post office for eighteen years. It is a curious fact that they had a Sunday mail in those days, and nobody made protest. It was open at the noon hour, and people went over from their churches to get their letters. The office was just big enough for the postmaster and his easy-chair. Baster was an original humorist, who invented a new species of gingerbread and a new variety of molasses candy. The latter from its shape and size was inventoried as "cedar rails." Sam Foote, the bell ringer, was also marshal on public occasions, and became a town scold. A town clock took away his glory, and broke his heart.



ELIHU ROOT.

The year 1816 remains in the memory of survivors and in tradition as the year without a summer. In June there was frost and ice everywhere, followed by three or four inches of snow. On the sixth day of June, schools were dismissed, and barefooted children were compelled to get home as well as they could through the fast falling snow. Some pathetic stories are told of their sufferings. One lad, himself barefooted, put his six year old brother on his back, with the little fellow's feet in the pockets of his roundabouts, and succeeded, by occasionally stopping to rub their feet, in reaching home; but the little hero's feet were badly lacerated and frost-bitten in his struggles.



HOME OF CLINTON SCOLLARD.

Clinton very early became notable for its schools. Kirkland as early as 1790 had planned an academy, in which he hoped to see educated both the whites and the Indians. Preliminary to the academy he established three primary schools for the red boys. The academy was built near the treaty line that separated the white man's purchase from the Indian reservation. Its corner stone was laid by Baron Steuben. This event is highly interesting in the evolution of New England life. It is the establishment of the first academy west of New England boundaries. The



CLINTON SCOLLARD.

building was begun July 1, 1794, eight years after the first settlers came. Work was soon stopped for lack of funds; but in 1798 three rooms were finished, and educational work was begun. No Indian, however, could ever be so far tamed as to be prepared for academic work.

In 1812 the Hamilton Oneida Academy received a charter to become Hamilton College. The first faculty consisted of Azel Backus, president; Rev. Seth Norton, professor of languages; Josiah Noyes, professor of chemistry; Theodore Strong, tutor. Backus was a really wonderful man for any period. He was invaluable as an executive for the new college. Noyes was a genius, perhaps the most original thinker and investigator that ever trod the campus of Hamilton College as instructor. The early death of Backus was a loss that could not be entirely filled. His successor, Rev. Henry Davis, was, however, a man of ad-

mirable scholarship and persistency of character, lacking only in tact. Elected at the same time to Yale and Hamilton, he preferred Hamilton. The presidents who have followed Davis have constituted a list of men of eminent ability, either as scholars or as executives, or both.

The exaltation of the academy to the collegiate ranks led almost at once to the establishment of a new academy. In 1815 a building was erected, which was demolished, with all its inlaid cameos of tradition, only as late as 1899. During the interim a school of academic rank was sustained in a private house. Here Mark Hopkins got his preparatory training. Time was kept in this school by a pendulum attached to a string in the ceiling and set in vibration. The recesses as well as the recitations were one or more vibrations long. It is rumored that the boys had a way of preventing these vibrations from coming too quickly to an end.

In 1817 Clinton opened its first advanced school for girls. This department is still in existence as the celebrated Houghton Seminary, which at present is in the very efficient and popular charge of Professor A. G. Benedict and Mrs. Benedict. While coëducation of the two departments was not established, there was co-operation of the teachers—which occasionally was prolonged into a life union. The Royce Seminary opened in 1814 as a boarding and day school for young ladies; and it became famous even in New England and Canada.

Dr. Griffis in his "Pilgrims in Their Three Homes" notes that Holland had bathed the Pilgrim in an atmosphere of wholesome scepticism, and the Leyden church thrived in the tonic air. Central New York early became the headquarters of a stout battle over theological matters. It was a struggle that brought out some splendid forensic passages. In 1831 the Universalists located a state sem-



JUDGE O. S. WILLIAMS.

inary at Clinton. It included a theological as well as academic department. Large buildings were erected on commanding sites; and the institution did excellent work until about 1880, when a denominational quarrel took the school to Fort Plain. The most familiar of the workers in the Clinton Liberal Institute, as it was called, were Rev. Dr. Thomas J. Sawyer (who recently died at a great age at Tufts College), and his accomplished literary wife.

As if all these schools could not supply Clinton with necessary intellectual accommodations, in 1832 Rev. Hiram H. Kellogg opened a seminary for young ladies, on a basis of furnishing support for such as were unable to pay their tuition fees. The



ELLERY STEBBINS.



DR. FREDERICK M. BARROWS.

annual charges for board and tuition never exceeded \$120 per year. Many young ladies received their education at a cost not exceeding \$50 per year. Mary Lyon visited Mr. Kellogg's school while she was working out the great inspiration which gave birth to Holyoke. Oberlin and Knox Colleges were also deeply indebted to this Clinton enterprise. It must be remembered that Asa Mahan, the first president of Oberlin, received his collegiate education in Clinton. Nor does this list, eminent as it is, include all the schools of Clinton; but it shows how this village became a great educational centre, and why it was known everywhere as "the village of schools."

For half a century Clinton was a nucleus of farming life. No one came thither with any other intent but to take up the land and till it for his own sustenance. Around the village Green

were the store, the post office, a doctor's residence, a school, an old-time tavern; and close by the last was a tailor's shop. There, on a high bench, sat a wooden legged tailor, stitching with all his might and keeping time with gossip. After a little came a tinsmith, and a blacksmith, and a silversmith, Orrin Sykes, whose tongue was the keenest and wit the sharpest in the village. Yet all of these existed not for themselves, but because of the farms and farmers. The latter for the most part made their own shoes, their own soap, their own candles, cloth and carpets, and did their own weaving, sewing, dressmaking and knitting. It was as late as 1830 before the steam age set in, and stole

nearly all these industries away from the farm home, and carried them to factories. One woollen mill was ventured as early as 1810, but it failed; however, a fulling mill was soon started for the purpose of fulling and dyeing home-made cloth, and this enterprise prospered. There were also early ventures in the way of establishing tanneries, potteries and a nail factory. One at least of the Connecti-



GENERAL CHARLES W. SMYTH.



HOME OF GENERAL SMYTH.

cut boys tanned his own leather, and made shoes for himself and his neighbors when the weather prevented his farm work. Others could shoe their own horses; still others could do a fair turn at mason work; while not one would allow that ordinary carpentry work was beyond his skill.

During the war of 1812-14 the dreadful bungling of General Dearborn and the cowardly performances of General Wilkinson involved this section. The tariff question, which followed the war, from 1816 to 1832, found among the manufacturers of central New York the most strenuous advocates of protection. Meanwhile the organization of the State Anti-slavery Society, in Utica, found a few of the residents of Clinton adherents. The mob of 1831 drove out of the city, together with Gerrit Smith and Alvan Stewart and Beriah Green, who were from adjacent towns, three or four Clinton residents, among whom were William Alexander and John Powell. The temperance reformation, begun by Rev. Dr. Lyman Beecher, in 1818, swept rapidly to the western edge of the field of New England pioneers. Sideboards went out and distilleries were broken up. President Penny of Hamilton College, in 1826, wrote to Ireland such a glowing account of the revolution going on in the United States, that his letter set all Great Britain on fire.

The terrible destruction of orchards made by General Sullivan's troops did not include those of the Oneidas and Tuscaroras, who were our allies. The latter tribe left as a legacy to the white men a superb grove of apple trees long known as the Indian Orchard. From this orchard came an excellent apple that is still cultivated as the Indian Rareripe. The Indians never planted their fruit trees



PROFESSOR A. D. MORRILL.

in rows, but scattered about as if by the hand of nature. Naaman Goodsell owned a part of the Kirkland orchard; but he did more, sending to Connecticut for grafts of old standard fruit, which he shared with his neighbors. Rev. Dr. Norton and George Bristol were also specially enthusiastic horticulturists. Besides these, three other names became noted as propagators of orchard fruits. These were Dr.

Seth Hastings, whose pear orchard was the pride of the town; John Powell, whose farming was supplemented by fruit culture, and who had grafted the old Kirkland orchard with greenings, spitzenbergs, pound sweets and harvest boughs; and Josiah Noyes, professor of chemistry in Hamilton College, who cultivated the first Clinton grape, and whose



BENONI BUTLER.

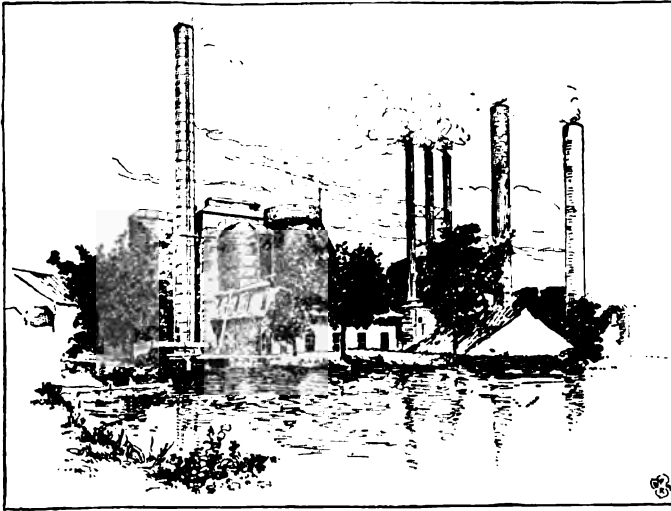
peach trees and pear trees were equally famous. The writer remembers the excitement caused by the introduction of Bergamott pears and other new fruits. It was curious to find reproduced in the seedlings of old Connecticut apples the quality and the characteristics of the families from which they came.

A little later, John Hastings, Rev.

A. D. Gridley and John E. Elliot became eminent advisers in horticulture; and each created a place of beauty—which, alas, was not “a joy forever.” But to no one does Clinton owe more in the way of landscape work than to Professor Oren Root and his wife. These were indeed born to the glen, as others are born to the manor. Root’s Glen went farther, and created a college campus unsurpassed in the United States.

A final outcome of this horticultural work was the formation of the Clinton Rural Art Society. It was organized in 1854, and is therefore

Our pineoer farmers very early discovered that they were turning up with their ploughs lumps of iron ore. They were not ignorant of the nature of the ore; yet they did not comprehend the great value of the wealth under their feet. They were land tillers and not miners. But about the middle of the century it began to be comprehended that the deposits of iron ore ran, with great richness, northeast and southwest, through the whole town, as well as through the adjacent towns. In 1852 the Franklin Iron Furnace was built; and the ore, which had been shipped previously to Pennsylvania, was smelted at home. Mining grew to be a dominating industry. The Franklin Furnace is at present run by the Mark Hanna Company of Cleveland under the most skilful management of R. P. Patterson.



THE FRANKLIN IRON FURNACE.

nearly ready for its fiftieth anniversary. It has been a pioneer in the way of town improvement—planting trees, and discussing all sorts of rural topics at its monthly meetings. The present president is Professor A. D. Morrill of Hamilton College, a man whose cultivated taste in rural affairs matches well his scientific attainments. Professor Edward North, an octogenarian this year, still remains a hearty coöperator. This society has made it possible to add to the definition of Clinton as the “town of schools” the “town of beautiful gardens and homes.” It has the finest hedges in the United States.

Meanwhile a great industry had grown up from the discovery that the limestone character of the soil was peculiarly well adapted to the growing of hops. This industry gradually overspread three or four counties, until the product rivalled that of old Kent in England. I do not think it is possible to determine whether hop growing has been a blessing or a curse to central New York. It certainly made very serious inroads on other crops, demanding that time and care which should have been bestowed more largely upon potatoes and corn, while fertilizers were absorbed and the soil was exhausted. The annual inroad of pickers, of a class gathered from the lower level of city life, tends to let down the morals of our rural population. Very few



T. T. THOMPSON.

have made fortunes by hop growing, while auctions have increased forty-fold.

It was a great day for Clinton when the first coach ran to Utica. Somewhat later came the day of the long omnibus. The Erie Canal was finished through Utica in 1825. During its building the dry bed had been used as a highway for those pioneers who came in largely increasing troops westward from New England. On my desk is a blue pitcher commemorative of the finishing of this canal. It is inscribed to "The grand Erie Canal! a splendid monument of the enterprise and resources of the state of New York! Indebted for its early commencement and rapid completion to the active energies, preëminent talents and enlightened policy of De Witt Clinton, late governor of the state." Settlements had by this time spread as far as Buffalo; while another clientage from Massachusetts was rapidly filling up the Western Reserve as far as Cleveland. A letter written in 1839 says: "I came from Chicago to Buffalo in the short space of seven days and six nights. I am about twenty-four hours in advance of the mail." The plank road era began in 1846. Planks served very well to bridge the way to the next great change, which was to be inaugurated by steam power.

In 1834-35 our Yankee settlement was suddenly brought into contact with a gang of Irish laborers, who had been imported to dig the Chenango, one of the lateral canals of the state. Few of the old settlers had ever before seen an Irishman. This is more than can be said of the present generation; for now many of our best farms are owned by and successfully managed by Irish-American citizens. In 1867, after several futile attempts at establishing a railroad, a steam road was completed through Clinton to the south; while the Rome and Clinton Company was organized in 1869. After this, civilization marched on without a check. To ride on top of one of the old stagecoaches, with twelve passengers, and twelve more inside, was packing and piling in a democratic way that the people of the present day would resent. I remember one such ride in the hop season.



S. N. D. NORTH.

when perched on top of the baggage, which was always piled on the roof of the coach, rode a fiddler, who gave us delightful music as the sun went down over the western hills and we bowed proudly into town.

The stage drivers snorted defiance and contempt at the iron horse; but, alas for them, they were soon compelled to retire beaten. The old coaches were dragged under sheds, where they still stand as decaying relics of the "good old times." Among



SOUTH PARK AND PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH.

those who did most to advance the railroad interests of Clinton were William S. Bartlett and Dr. James I. Scollard. The latter is still president of the Rome and Clinton road, and active in every other direction. He is specially noted for his half dozen model farms. Railroad facilities are excellent in every direction. The Ontario and Western connects northward with Utica and the New York Central, and southward with Binghamton and New York City. The New York Central is eight miles distant; but the West Shore is reached three miles from the village Park, at Clark's Mills. A trolley to Utica is projected.

The first newspaper was printed in July, 1846, as the *Clinton Signal*. It is now the *Clinton Courier*, edited by James Sykes and his son, Harry Sykes, members of one of Clinton's oldest and most enterprising families. The *Advertiser* is a young rival, published by Platt Osborn. The close proximity of Utica makes a daily paper impossible and a weekly difficult. Another Clinton boy, Amos

Kellogg, was the founder and for a long while editor of the *School Journal* of New York and Chicago, one of the earliest papers in the country to advocate advanced principles of education, and to-day one of the most ably conducted journals in the United States.

The first bank of Clinton was opened in 1845, by Orrin Gridley, who had been a captain in the war of 1812, but later became Indian agent, and the conspicuous founder of a wealthy and intellectual family. Among his sons was the well known writer, Rev. A. D. Gridley. The present admirably conducted banking house is in charge of Hayes & Co. Samuel Comstock, a major general in the war of 1812, became proprietor of a bookstore, and with it established an express office, which is now the office of the Adams Express.

The first telegraph company was established in 1854. This was absorbed by the Western Union. The present office is served by the veteran telegrapher, Colonel J. T. Watson. Farmers' telephone lines are being

put up with great rapidity, all of them being connected with village lines and a central office. Stanley Powell, the young constructor and proprietor of these lines, finds his work cordially welcomed by the people. Wires extending eight miles across the town enable remote farms to come within speaking distance, not only of each other, but of stores, depots and doctors' offices. The isolation of farm life is being rapidly abrogated. Telephone concerts are frequently enjoyed; and I am told that the ladies hold telephone tea parties; that is, they drink their own tea and distribute the gossip.

Not a place in New York state is better furnished by nature as a summer resort than Clinton; and this the people are gradually finding out. The mineral springs, the superb scenery, the pure air, the abundance of all sorts of fruit combine to draw here those who love nature or who need re-creation. These mineral springs, although but recently discovered, are developing every variety of medicinal properties; and the waters are being shipped not only through the United States, but to foreign countries. They wait some wise Dr. Foster or Dr. Jackson to combine their interests, and turn them to their best use. There is not a spot in the Eastern States more perfectly furnished for a great sanitarium and health retreat. The same range of hills on which Hamilton College is seated runs to the south for a good mile, knobbed and glenned all the way with the most perfect homestead spots, before which rolls away the valley of the Oriskany. Just at the end of the mile, this range bends to meet the hills that circuit the mineral springs. Here a fairy island, lying in the middle of the Oriskany Creek, is the home of our artist, Mrs. Sanford; and ferns and wild flowers make a garden, half wild and half tame. At the north end of this range is the old, large and well preserved farmhouse of Lyman Harding. Looking to the

north, instead of the south, we come upon the summer residence of Joseph Rudd of Utica, built on a commanding location.

The Union schoolhouse is an impressive structure on Marvin Street, where Professor Percy L. Wight presides with admirable tact. On a bluff running east and west and commanding superb sunsets, we find Houghton Seminary, the home of General Charles H. Smyth, and the White Seminary. About the Park are the residences of Dr. J. I. Scollard and Mrs. O. S. Williams and the Willard and the Clinton houses. Among the more beautiful cottage homes, is that of Colonel Bronson, whose empty sleeve and portly form link us to the war of 1861; and Christmas Hill, a very unique and wonderful knob, which is the summer home of Robert S. Rudd of New York City. Rev. Dr. Wheeler's school for boys is not only an excellent institution, but is located in an ideally complete landscape garden. The old high school building is now occupied by a prosperous and unique industry, the manufacture of Cedarine, by "Cedarine Allen." One of the founders of the village has his name perpetuated by Julia Bronson, postmistress under Presidents Cleveland and Harrison. One only of the signs that hang about the village recalls the early settlers—that bearing the name of Stebbins. There is a snug opera house, and there are halls occupied by granges and many orders; while the elegant home of the Skenandoah Club is the resort of our young men for social good fellowship. There are several clubs in which the women discuss history, domestic economy and social life. The one church of our fathers has multiplied to six. Four of these at least are full of vitality,—the Presbyterian, the Methodist, the Episcopal and the Catholic. Father Riley of the Catholic church practises as well as preaches the virtues of charity, hope and faith. To our postmaster and to

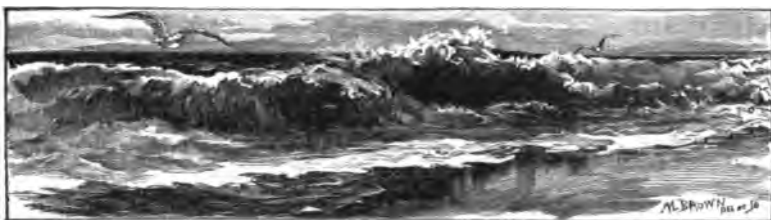
Clinton Grange we owe the recent introduction of rural mail delivery. Electric lighting has come about by the indomitable energy of Thomas McBride, assisted ably by Hon. James L. Dempsey. The village owes much of its present enterprise to the public spirit, tact and popularity of its president, T. T. Thompson, who is sustained admirably by the Village Board. Among the more recent industries established is a canning factory. There is also a mill established to grind iron ore into a useful paint, which commands a large sale.

The centennial of the arrival of the first settlers at Clinton was held in 1896. President Grover Cleveland, who was an old-time Clinton school-boy and resident, was present as guest of honor. The welcoming address was made by E. P. Powell, historical sketch given by Professor A. G. Hopkins, the oration by Professor Oren Root, and poem by Clinton Scollard. At the banquet which closed the day, among others, speeches were heard from Elihu Root, now secretary of war, also a Clinton boy; S. N. D. North, another Clinton boy, now well known throughout New England as secretary of the National Wool Growers' Association; George H. Woodruff and Dr. A. Norton Brockway of New York City, both of whom were also Clinton boys. Ellis H. Roberts, now United States treasurer, who was one of the speakers, said of the centennial: "July was in its prime yesterday, and the hills overlooking Clinton were in their full dress, for the celebration of the hun-

dredth year since the first settlers chose their home. The railroads found it impossible to move the great crowd to the village promptly. Clinton may well be proud of its centennial celebration, so worthy of its natural advantages, its intelligent population and its inspiring history."

The writer remembers the beginning of the steam age; and now the snorting of steam is heard through the valley all day and all night. He also remembers the last slave—after emancipation in 1827—old "Kate," doubled to nearly a right angle with hard labor, but stubbing her last years, down to 1840, in freedom. Nor is it out of his memory when the first match was purchasable, and the first lump of coal was used for fuel. Professor Avery of Hamilton College made in Clinton the first sun picture west of Albany; and I well remember with what child-like enthusiasm he hastened through the streets, from house to house, exclaiming, "See what the sun is about!" Letters cost us eighteen and three-fourths cents apiece; and newspapers were as rare as white blackbirds. Now we are ready for a new century and its evolutions and revolutions. When Connecticut and Vermont expanded to central New York, the distance traversed and the dangers undergone were an innovation ten times as great as when the Vermont admiral went on to Manila. Before the year 2000 these sons of New England will probably have got clear around the globe.





AT GLOUCESTER. ,

Cora Linn Daniels.

THE vine clings close to the wall,
The wind moans low in the tree ;
I hear the sound of the winter rain,
And my sad soul pines for thee.
My sad soul pines for my only love,
And my own love pines for me.

The sun shines bright on the hill,
The wind blows fresh on the plain ;
I hear the boom of the dancing sea,
And my glad soul sings again.
My gay heart cries to my only love,—
My brave love out on the main.

The moonlight silvers the bay,
The wind sweeps cold up the shore ;
I hear the shouts of the fisher folk
As they come to land once more ;—
My soul doth tremble, my only love,
As it never trembled before.

I sit in my little cot ;—
My heart it is sore afraid ;
Wives, children and mothers welcome their own ;
But who doth come to the maid ?
And wilt thou pass me, my only love,
Who have waited and watched and prayed ?

They all go by but one.
"Be brave, my child, be brave!"
The snow drifts over the frozen sand ;
And I lie here by his grave!
O, heart of my heart—that such deathless love
As mine had no power to save!

ROGER WOLCOTT AS GOVERNOR OF MASSACHUSETTS.

By Francis Hurtubis, Jr.

He did not fall
Like drooping flowers that no man
 noticeth,
But like a great branch of some stately tree,
Rent in a tempest and flung down to earth,
Thick with green leafage.

IN his observations on the use of the superlative, Emerson regretted the growing intemperance in speech, and said that, from want of skill to convey quality, we hope to move admiration by quantity. To those who did not know Roger Wolcott, the great accordant strain of lamentation which burst from the people on the twenty-first of December last, when he passed away, may have seemed superlative; but it did not seem so to those who had known well the goodness of his heart and the nobility of his soul. To them he was all that he was now proclaimed; to them no stronger, gentler, more chivalric or more patriotic citizen, no more ideal magistrate, no truer son of Massachusetts ever lived.

When, in 1892, Roger Wolcott was honored with the nomination of Lieutenant Governor by the Republican party of Massachusetts, he was not, as the Romans were wont to say in olden times, a new man. So far as having honors transmitted to him by his ancestors went, he was very ancient. For more than two centuries his family had held a distinguished position in the colonial, revolutionary and constitutional periods of this country, and they had left a reputation for integrity, ability and patriotism which will endure as long as the history of those periods endures. More than that, Roger Wolcott himself had already given fearless, faithful and intelligent service to the public as a councilman of the city of Bos-

ton and as a member of the popular branch of the General Court. When, therefore, he was selected, in 1892, as one of its standard bearers, his party proved its foresight and wisdom; for it brought forward a man who was to reflect great credit upon the party and to add lustre to the chief magistracy which had already been graced by so many distinguished men.

His career began with the last year of the administration of Governor Russell. Circumstances and his personality brought him into prominence as a member of the Executive Council. Being of a different political faith from that of the Governor, and having a strong desire to do his duty faithfully as he saw it, his position was at all times a delicate one; yet he preserved throughout perfect courtesy and perfect consistency. He gave his support to the Governor whenever he believed he was warranted in so doing, and differed from him wherever his judgment could not honestly approve.

During the next two years he served as the lieutenant of Governor Greenhalge, who had succeeded Governor Russell. He was now associated with a man of his own party, and as he had little, if any, occasion to differ with his chief, he worked in harmony with the entire policy of the administration. Governor Greenhalge has left us his testimony to the ability and fidelity of his lieutenant in the following words:

"A truer servant of the people in the Executive Council or anywhere else I have never found. Petty jealousy or inordinate desire for political preferment never entered his mind. Through all the trials of a difficult year I found but one line of action on

his part and that was patriotic, intelligent business service to the Commonwealth. I have made him chairman of every important committee in the Executive Council, and his work has been performed as accurately and as efficiently as could be done by any man. He is a true son of Massachusetts, with a great record of his ancestry before himself, which, even as a stranger, I am bound to revere."

On March 5, 1896, when he had already served as Lieutenant Governor for three years and more, Roger Wolcott was, by the death of Governor Greenhalge, called upon to assume the duties of chief executive. In this first year's administration, it will not be forgotten what tact, sympathy and dignity he showed under sad and trying circumstances. Perhaps the most important of his acts during the year in his relation to the Legislature was his veto of a bill which had passed the Legislature by methods which, to say the least, had aroused not only the executive, but the entire community. In vetoing this measure the Governor said: "It has such exceptional, unnecessary and, in my judgment, injurious privileges and powers, that in its present form I cannot give it my approval."

In the fall of that year he was nominated for continuance in the office which he then held. That he proved a tower of strength to the party and a fit leader in a remarkable campaign was made clear by the fact that he was elected by the largest popular majority ever given to a candidate for that office. His first inaugural address was concise, businesslike and sound. Not a phrase can be found in it which would link him to any party. His idea was that he was the Governor of all the people and that, in assuming the administration of their affairs, he could not appear as the representative of any party. From his years of service as Lieutenant Governor and Acting Governor, he came to the chief magistracy familiar with every branch of the government. He had

shown marked ability and untiring industry in dealing with his responsible duties. The General Court of 1897 passed five hundred and thirty acts and ninety-eight resolves, which received the Governor's approval. Six acts were returned with his objections, all of which failed to pass over his veto. Other matters coming to his hand received the same conscientious care and consideration. He did not hesitate to meet differences of opinion when his sense of duty called for it, and the Commonwealth found in him what it values more than anything else in a public servant, the assurance that he was a man of convictions and had the courage to assert them. His administration met with the approval of the people without regard to party. Upon his renomination in the fall of 1897, Governor Wolcott modestly showed his high appreciation of the honor and compliments paid him when he said: "I am content to believe that the people of this Commonwealth concede to me at least an honest purpose so to administer the office of Governor as to best conduce to the equal advantage of all the people of the Commonwealth."

On the sixth of January, 1898, he assumed the duties of the executive for the second time, with the same high purpose that had characterized his previous official conduct. The year brought with it the usual labors and the additional burden of the Spanish War, all of which were borne cheerfully and effectively. His zeal and patience were equal to that of any soldier in the field; and if the people of the Commonwealth can look back upon their record in that struggle with a feeling of just pride, they must say that much of its success was the result of the untiring efforts of Roger Wolcott. When war was declared, in April, 1898, the country was wholly unprepared to meet a formidable and energetic foe; but under his lead Massachusetts proved herself worthy of her record

in the great civil strife. On the very day after war was formally declared by Congress, the First Regiment Heavy Artillery, M. V. M., fully armed and equipped, was sent to Fort Warren, and on May 9 it was mustered into the service of the United States, that service to date from April 26, and this is believed to have been the first regiment so mustered into service during the late war. Late on the afternoon of April 27, definite orders were received regarding the number and method of filling the quota required of the Commonwealth under the President's call, dated April 23, for 125,000 troops. The quota assigned to Massachusetts was to consist of four regiments of infantry and of three heavy batteries. On the day following, the Second, Ninth, Eighth and Sixth Regiments of Infantry, M. V. M., were designated by Governor Wolcott to be offered the privilege of volunteering in the service of the United States. The entire First Regiment Heavy Artillery was immediately offered to the national government, and was accepted in place of the three batteries of heavy artillery specified in the call. On May 12, the Second Regiment left the Commonwealth for Florida; and it was followed on the 15th by the Eighth Regiment, ordered to Georgia. On the 20th and 31st, the Sixth and Ninth Regiments respectively left for Virginia. All these troops were furnished by the Commonwealth with such equipment in arms, clothing, tentage, commissary and surgical supplies as rendered them, by universal admission, among the most thoroughly equipped regiments furnished during the war by any state. In addition to the above mentioned troops, the Naval Brigade of the state saw effective and efficient service in the blockading squadron and in coast defence duty; and large numbers of Massachusetts men were in the U. S. Signal Corps and the First U. S. Engineers. The total number of men entering the service of the United States from Massachu-

setts was between 11,000 and 12,000, being some 3,000 in excess of the quota asked for in the two calls of the President.

Many difficult and perplexing questions presented themselves at every step of the military preparations which were necessary to respond to the calls of the President with the utmost promptitude; but the troops that went forth to the war were in the highest possible condition of efficiency and equipment. The labors of the year which followed were exceedingly arduous; but Governor Wolcott sustained them all with the same spirit of enthusiastic loyalty and patriotism which pervaded the entire community, and the citizens of the Commonwealth have abundant cause to be proud of the record made.

Having already had two entire years in the governorship, with the unexpired term of Governor Greenhalge, there was some feeling among a certain class that he should not be renominated. This however had little, if any, weight with the public; and a renomination and a reelection came as a matter of course. The year 1899 brought with it the usual amount of legislation. Of the whole number of bills presented to him for approval, three were vetoed. Of these, one providing for the extension of civil service exemption to veterans of the Spanish War was sustained; while the one regarding days of grace on sight drafts and the one to exempt certain trades unions from the laws relating to fraternal beneficiary organizations were passed over his vetoes. Governor Wolcott, however, always believed that he was right in taking the action he did. From the close of the legislative session to the end of the year he was kept busy with matters of public importance which attracted attention even beyond the borders of the Commonwealth.

Governor Wolcott not only possessed the general qualifications that are found in high character and intellectual ability, but he had in a high

degree the special capacity and inclination for the work essential to a proper discharge of the duties of the office of Governor of Massachusetts, which is no sinecure. His seven years of service in the Executive Department were years of work indeed. Day by day he was at his desk in the Executive Chamber early and late. He reached the office daily at quarter of nine, often earlier, having already labored an hour or more at his State Street office, conducting private affairs. He would immediately take up the morning's mail, but seldom was able to get through it before the arrival of visitors. Never was he so busy, however, that his mail or other official business prevented him from receiving his callers. He never forgot that he was the people's servant. However, he never left his office before clearing his desk. That was his method. He planned everything as far as possible in advance, and he tried hard to carry out his plans. He made it a matter of duty to keep punctually any appointment, whether to meet a person or to attend any public gathering to which he had accepted an invitation. When he had made an engagement, nothing but physical incapacity would prevent his keeping it. After he had cleared his desk and felt assured that nothing of importance would be likely to demand his attention, he left his office in the afternoon to take up other cares and responsibilities.

There was never any yearning on Governor Wolcott's part to parade in public, but as the people's representative he felt it his duty to respond to some of their demands for his presence. The invitations to purely public functions which he received in one year were nearly six hundred, and during his terms of office as Lieutenant Governor and Governor he made more than five hundred speeches and addresses. Add to the work which the preparation of these involved, the time and thought necessary for some ninety state papers, including addresses to the Leg-

islature and proclamations, and we get an idea of some of the things which he as the executive of Massachusetts was called upon to do. But this is far from being the sum total of his work. During each session of the General Court he had to pass upon some six hundred acts and resolves, inspect all the penal and charitable institutions of the state, preside over some half-hundred meetings of the Executive Council, make some one hundred and fifty important appointments each year, not to mention some twelve hundred less important ones, and receive and listen to the innumerable visitors who called upon him.

In filling public offices Governor Wolcott has been more than once accused of neglecting to give due consideration to the rank and file of his party. The accusation is unjust. But one motive inspired Governor Wolcott's appointments, and that was a desire to secure for the people the best available public servant; but one horizon was in his eye, and that the limits of the Commonwealth. He maintained a high standard, and proceeded with the care and discretion that were natural to him. He was ever solicitous for the honor of the state and the efficiency of the public service. He had a proper regard for public opinion. The approval of good men was dear to him, as it should be to every public man.

In dealing with applications for pardons, Governor Wolcott exercised also the greatest possible care. He was not, as has been said, ultra conservative in this respect. He proceeded with due deliberation, and was often obliged to decline requests for a hearing, owing to the total lack of merit in the petitioner's case. This is not an uncommon action for governors to take. Scores of petitions were yearly presented to him by inmates of the penal institutions of the Commonwealth, only a small percentage of which, however, he believed it his duty to grant. While he was Acting Governor and Governor,

not less than one hundred and fifty pardons were issued. This number is, if anything, a little in excess of the number granted by his immediate predecessors.

As a speaker Governor Wolcott was simple and direct. His voice was rich and full toned, his accent very clear, and his gestures always natural. He did not indulge, to any great extent, in metaphor or in rhetorical display. His political speeches were usually of a formal character, not argumentative nor partisan, but with an occasional burst of eloquence. Whenever he spoke extemporaneously, he was often humorous and brilliant. There was a strong vein of humor in his make-up; but he did not allow it to get the better of him. He never let slip a remark, in his whole public career, at which either party or the candidate in opposition to him could take offence. On the stump and in friendly talk at the club or elsewhere, he was at once courteous and fearless in discussing political issues. His presence was always commanding and gracious.

A distinguishing characteristic, one which gave him social and personal eminence, was his uniform courtesy. This quality in him everybody recognized. He never walked the streets of his native city without attracting favorable attention. The people could not pass him without feeling that they had passed *somebody*. He looked it. By some it is thought to have been due to his handsome face and physique, to his bodily grace and dignity. That may in a measure be true. But when a man walks through the streets of a crowded and busy city and brings forth a salutation from newsboy, cartman, laborer, merchant, and society man alike, there must be something more to him than mere physical beauty. There must be something in his eye, in his smile, in his hand-clasp, cheerful and sympathetic; in these there must be the reflection of an inner beauty. In other words, there must be a man. A great

writer has said that there is always time to be a gentleman. There was nothing that Roger Wolcott believed more than that, nothing that he practised more. There was no conceit about it. What he enjoyed was that people should care or take the trouble to recognize him; and never was one of those greetings passed unnoticed. He could not fail in this if he would, so instinctively was he a gentleman. I shall never forget a perfectly natural display of his gentlemanly qualities which I once witnessed. He was about to take a train at the South Framingham station, having spent the day in the camp of one of the brigades then on duty. Hundreds of people were waiting to get into the train, and they all crowded about the tracks, hoping to catch a glimpse of it. At length the train drew up, bringing the steps of one of the coaches directly in front of the Governor. Then the bustle began. The Governor assisted Mrs. Wolcott on to the car, but he remained standing on the platform. Then, in his usual courteous manner, he turned and helped up on the steps of the coach every man, woman and child who stood near him. After doing this he himself boarded the train, which immediately started for Boston. This courtesy towards private citizens was shown in the same degree to all officials of the public service, no matter what their station. To all associated with him, as it was my own fortune to be, in the office of the Executive Department during his official life, it would be a joy to join in this tribute.

To his character and ability countless beautiful tributes have been paid; but there is perhaps nothing finer than the word of Senator Hoar: "He was a type of character of which Washington was the peerless example, simple and modest, quiet and conservative, but capable of great energy and activity when need was. He always reminded me in the simple beauty of his character of a beautiful, clear and flawless crystal."

CONFEDERATE PRISONERS IN BOSTON.

By Alexander Hunter.

I T was in the Peninsular campaign, on the morning of June 30, 1862, the 17th Virginia drew up in line of battle on Frazier's Farm. For the preceding week they had been on their feet night and day, and the men were well-nigh exhausted. It was the time when McClellan with his splendid army was besieging Richmond, and would have certainly captured the Confederate capital had not Stonewall Jackson, hurrying from the scene of his triumphs in the Valley of Virginia, struck the right flank of the Union army at Mechanicsville and Gaines's Mill, doubled it up and, forming a junction with Lee's army, forced McClellan to retreat to the protection of his gunboats, fighting every step of his way.

All day our regiment lay in a line, listening to the faint rattling of the musketry and the distant booming of the guns. Then came a long silence, until about five in the afternoon, when the order to fall in was given, and Longstreet's old brigade, consisting of the 1st, 7th, 11th and 17th Virginia infantry, started in fine style across the field. On our way the serried line of the regiment was broken and almost stampeded by a swarm of bumble-bees, that must have been good Union bees, for they charged the gray line savagely and set over a hundred of us "rebs" in a mad flight towards the front. Our course lay straight for a dense woods about half a mile away. The enemy's skirmishers kept up a scattering fire, but the advance continued without our firing a shot. Reaching the woods, we climbed a Virginia snake fence and pushed our way steadily, the ground getting more and more swampy and the woods and slashes more dense. A few rods further we found ourselves in

a regular morass, and as we were laboriously plodding onward, all at once a volley was poured into us at pistol shot distance. It was too high. We returned it, the officers giving the only orders I ever heard in the heat of conflict, "Fire low, men, fire low!" Then the command to charge rang out, and with the "rebel yell" we dashed straight to the opening, which we could see through the trees. A sudden silence from the foe, and then came—there is only one word to express it—"hell." Solid shot, shell, shrapnel, grape and canister tore through the woods at point-blank distance, and in a few seconds the Seventeenth disappeared. I defy any participant in the ranks to give any sensible account of an engagement. I have been in fourteen pitched battles, and only a few vivid pictures remain; the rest is only smoke, noise, cheers, a frenzied hurly-burly, that the memory holds without a single distinct impression. I only recollect turning to run and seeing my dear friend and comrade, Con. Johnson, throw up his hands as he fell backward, and heard some men cry out that we were flanked. Throwing myself flat on the ground, I saw the bluecoats swarming through the woods; and as soon as the first one got close enough, I told him I surrendered—and he started with me to the rear. Then my reason and my memory came back, and I began to observe things, and found my jacket and trousers wet with blood. A careful examination showed that my slim anatomy was not pierced by either iron, steel or lead: but when and how I became so ensanguined I never knew. Just on the edge of the woods I stopped, and my heart felt like a stone, for there

in the field lay another of my bosom friends, Dan Lee, stiff in death. There was no time to linger; the guard hurried us on, and at last when we stopped out of reach of our own Confederate fire, we discovered what a terrible blunder had been made in sending one brigade against such a force as this,—a six-gun battery in our front, one on each flank, with McCall's whole Pennsylvania division in the advance, backed by a heavy reserve.

The wide road was filled with marching soldiers. Batteries of artillery dashed by, hardly discernible in the huge clouds of dust which they raised. Brigade after brigade was taking position, going in a double quick, as if they had no time to spare. How soldierlike they looked—how distinguished in their uniforms! Used as we had been to the variegated shades of homespun and butter-nut, which were as ugly as unpretending, the spectacle of those blue-coats, with their gleaming arms and their high discipline, struck us with admiration.

The field was filled with stragglers, and the slightly wounded were coming out of the fight by hundreds. A brigade passed us on a run, to the front, each man with a spade strapped to his left hip. At that time we did not know the exact use of those implements so carried, unless it was to bury the dead; it never occurred to our minds that they were used to throw up rifle pits in case of need.

After a retreat of about a mile, our conductors halted where there were some prisoners seated on the ground, surrounded by a heavy guard. We were turned in amongst the throng, and to our delight found others, ten or twelve, of the 17th regiment. Misery certainly does love company. To our eager questionings they could make no reply, having been like ourselves scattered from the main body and gathered up singly or in groups of two or three by the enemy, who took them in just as a crack sports-

man would pick up the dispersed partridges after the covey has been flushed.

The uproar was by this time deafening, while the mingled clouds of smoke and dust hung like a pall over where the Blue and Gray had locked horns. It was a great fight that was raging, and we sat there absorbingly interested. We had done all that our individual efforts could do. It soon becomes a soldier's philosophy to waste no time in vain longing or fruitless regrets; so we watched the denouement.

An hour had passed, and still the firing had not lessened. "Would their reserves never give out?" we asked each other, as brigades and divisions flowed onwards to the woods. "Can we ever face such a force as they have massed in column?" The answer came sooner than expected; for in one supreme moment the noise of the artillery and musketry reached such an infernal clamor that it seemed that the last day on earth had come and the sleepers were to be awakened from their graves. Every face was pale, both of prisoners and guards. A thousand stragglers were rushing frantically to the rear. The battle's thunder came closer. The bluecoats were falling back,—who could doubt that? But there was nothing of a rout in those serried lines, only a giving of the ground inch by inch.

Again for the last time the storm of battle forced both guards and prisoners back. It was dusk when this occurred, and the sounds of the battle died away with remarkable suddenness,—only one rattling volley, then silence. "The same story over again," we thought,—"a desperate struggle, blood flowing like water, and nothing decisive!"

The night was lovely. A full moon slowly rose from the horizon, and its light made the scene almost as bright as day. The soft rays covered the earth with a mantle of charity, hiding what was rough and unseemly and bringing out in greater beauty all that

was fair and lovely before. They entered the soldier heart and softened it with thoughts of home. They breathed upon the air, so lately rent with the mad sounds of strife, a holy "Peace, be still!" They rested softly and solemnly on the faces of the dead, as would some farewell kisses, dedicating them lovingly to their future rest.

The prisoners could not sleep, but sat in a circle and talked over the events of the day. The Yankees around us had claimed a victory; but we knew better than that. At the very best for them, it could be only a drawn battle. Our sole anxiety, therefore, was for our regiment and brigade. We knew the loss must have been very heavy; and we waited anxiously for news. Prisoners singly and in squads were being brought in every few minutes now.

Here we had conclusive evidence before our eyes that the accounts of the demoralization of the Yankees, which had been told and believed by our troops, had not the slightest foundation. These soldiers around us were full of enthusiasm; they actually claimed every engagement that had taken place within the last few days. When asked why McClellan was retreating and burning his stores behind him, they replied that he was merely consolidating his forces with the intention of taking Richmond in the rear. Never was an army in better plight than the Army of the Potomac on that evening of the thirtieth of June, 1862. A murmuring sound in the distance attracted our attention; it came nearer, rising louder, until it swelled into a mighty shout, as thousands of voices rang out their enthusiastic cheers. Asking the meaning of this demonstration, a soldier pointed out a group of passing horsemen which he said were "Little Mac" and his staff. It was not quite light enough to distinguish the features of the commanding general, nor was he sufficiently near; but we could see that he held his hat

above his head in acknowledgment of the tributes his soldiers paid him.

At last, overcome by fatigue, we lay down in the middle of the road, in the dust, for we had neither blankets nor overcoats, and like a litter of pigs nestled closely for comfort. Hardly had we fallen asleep before the cry of "Here comes the cavalry!" scattered guards and prisoners right and left. It was a false alarm, but it was some time before everything was serene again. How easy to have escaped during that stampede,—especially as the dust had made it hard to distinguish friend from foe! None of us thought of it afterwards, except one, a member of the Seventeenth, who had quietly stolen away.

About ten o'clock the prisoners were formed into line for a long march. The officers in command told us that we should observe a perfect silence en route, that our lives depended on a strict obedience to this order, as the guard would bayonet any prisoner who might venture to offend by so much as a word. It is needless to say that the most talkative man in the squad soon became remarkably mute. Our faces were then turned towards the James River, and we began our silent march. Not a syllable was whispered, nor did we stop at all, except to let troops pass us now and then, which they did without so much as the rasping of a gun or the jingle of a canteen against a bayonet resting within the scabbard. It was a weird scene, the moving of that noiseless host through the shadows which the pine trees cast beneath the moon, almost as if the disembodied souls from the seven days' battles had taken form again and were marching phantom wise to the sound of spirit music through the woods, joining forces and moving in one vast procession into the unseen world. We could easily see that this road was the open line of their retreat, which they were fearful might be closed; hence all this secrecy and silence. It was

apparent that this looked more as if the Yankees were escaping from a trap than like a victorious army taking a new position.

The march became very wearisome, and both guards and prisoners had hard work to keep their eyes open. A few of us started to escape several times, but wanted the nerve. It looked so easy to jump by the weary, unsuspecting guards into the dark recesses of the woods before they could fire. Indeed it is not certain whether under the circumstances they would have fired. Every prisoner there could have gotten away that night, had he only made the rush. The small procession was halted about one o'clock, in a field on the edge of the swamp, and were almost instantly asleep, all of them; but a dozen times were we aroused from our rest and made to fall into line and then drop down overcome, only to be aroused again and tortured until we prayed for the light, destruction, anything, rather than the darkness and disturbance.

The dawn came at last, faintly tingeing the fog, and resting on the swamp like a dark veil, heavy and damp; but when the sun arose above the tree tops, it swept away its phantom foe with a few glancing beams, and soon sat the earth simmering in a sickly heat. Falling into line, hungry, unwashed and unrested, still keeping the road, we soon overtook another squad of prisoners belonging to the Seventeenth. In about three hours' march, our captors came in sight of the James River, and there halted for a time. The river shone like burnished silver in the sun. Before us lay broad, sloping meadows reaching away for miles, with not so much as a grove to intercept the view. On this immense plateau were two corps of McClellan's army, looking as fresh as if they had never fired a gun, nor marched a mile. One of our number said that he tried to count the regiments by the flags, and had reached as high as twenty-five when he lost the

tally. There could not have been less than twenty thousand men.

We soon reached Harrison's Landing and to our surprise and universal satisfaction saw sitting under the trees about seventy of the 17th regiment, with Colonel Marye at their head. There were three captains, nearly a dozen lieutenants, and the balance rank and file. They were busily engaged in some discussion; and when we perceived each familiar face, a mutual shout went up, and hand-shakings were liberally indulged in all around. Now for the first time we learned all about the battle and the extent of our loss. Nearly five hundred men were killed, captured and wounded in the brigade, fully one-fourth of the whole number. The Seventeenth had lost one-third of its fighting strength. Company A suffered severely,—four killed outright, nine wounded badly, and thirteen prisoners. The color bearers of the command had gotten out safely with their flags, which was all the consolation we could manage to extract from such an accumulation of woes.

We remained in this cool, shady grove all day, for which we were duly thankful. We had rations issued, crackers, coffee, sugar and meat of good quality and fair quantity. The rumbling of artillery in the vicinity of Richmond became more frequent as twilight drew towards night; and as we lay stretched at ease enjoying the glories of that exquisite summer evening, we could not help but remember that the contest of the Titans was being now enacted, and that yonder setting sun was sinking behind a sea of blood.

The next morning it commenced raining, and we were ordered into ranks and marched one or two miles, only stopping when we had reached the marshiest bottom possible to find. There a square was marked out on the ground, around the edges of which the sentinels were posted; and we learned for the first time the meaning of a dead line. It was sim-

ply a line drawn upon the ground, a step beyond which was death. All that day we had literally to "stand it," for the ground was too wet to sit upon, and the rainfall which always follows a great battle now came down in a continuous stream, just as if Nature had many ugly stains to wash away from earth, or else was weeping for her children.

The space in which we were confined was not larger than a moderate sized sheepfold, and the mud trodden by many feet was soon a mire. The hours dragged by, and then came the evening, but with no diminution of the rain nor of our misery. The hope of being removed to some place of shelter was doomed to disappointment; the painful truth forced itself upon us that we were to spend the night in this place. Dark, pitch dark, and a flood coming down. Some of the "Billy Yanks" showed us most disinterested kindness, sharing with us their hot coffee and doing all in their power to alleviate our woes. They were not at liberty to carry us to shelter nor to give us blankets; but we thanked them in our hearts for what they had done and would have done. It was very chilly and our teeth were chattering so we could scarcely eat our crackers; and how stiff, aching and numbed were our poor legs! In this manner we passed the greater part of the night. When at last fatigue had made us insensible to the mud and the rain, we crept close together and, lying down with caps drawn over our faces, forgot the misery in the oblivion of sleep.

"The rain it raineth every day." It came down when it was time that any reasonable pour would have held up; the leaden sky did not show a rift in the clouds. The men were not allowed to move out of the narrow limits, not even to get water to drink. What they used was obtained from the little holes which they hollowed out with their hands in the mire. It was so brackish and filthy that nothing but the sternest necessity

compelled them to drink it. Our pen was now changed from mud into a liquid slime. It was impossible for the men to become dirtier or more soaked, so they lay down in the filth. The Yankee guard and soldiers cried shame on our treatment and, noble fellows that they were, did the only thing that was in their power to alleviate the wretchedness, shared their hot coffee; but the officers took no notice of our complaints.

Towards evening the prisoners became desperate, for they saw it was impossible to spend another night in the quagmire, already up to the knees, and in which none could have lain down without sinking beneath the surface. We shouted so long and loud for our colonel, that he came to us under guard, and when he saw our condition, a more angry man it would have been hard to find in the two armies. He had to swallow his wrath; but he went to the officer in command and painted our woeful condition in such strong colors, that in an hour or two a large squad of men came bringing armfuls of hay, which they distributed lavishly to the prisoners. Then they brought rails and sticks of wood, which served as foundations for the beds. Though it rained hard all night, we managed to sleep through it comfortably.

The faint beams of the sun striving to dispel the mists showed us the worst was now passed. Under its warm rays we dried our clothes and the blood was sent circulating through the erstwhile numbed limbs. In the afternoon we were formed in rank and, leaving our "wallow," though we carried away plenty of mud by way of a memento, were marched up the river and bivouacked for the night in a grove of trees. It was not until late in the evening of the next day that we stepped upon the wharf at Harrison's Landing, prepared to take passage on the steamboat en route for a most compulsory visit North. Marching single file across the gangway plank, then to the

upper deck, we scattered in groups; the whistle blew, the ropes were cast off, the paddles revolved slowly, and the boat, sluggishly turning prow in the direction of Old Point, steamed swiftly down the river.

Each man now received a blanket, and also full rations, and as the shades of night fell on the scene, the songs of the Seventeenth's glee club, or what was left of it, floated through the air. They sang as men only can who have light hearts and full stomachs. Soldiers are but children at best. For them the past was gone, the future was hidden, the present only was theirs.

The "Glorious Fourth" of 1862 was clear and warm. No one ever saw a wet or cool Independence; it is always the sultriest day of the whole year. About nine in the morning we arrived in sight of Fortress Monroe. The waters shone beneath the sun like gold, and broke into diamond sparkles at his touch, while its burnished surface rose and fell with a long, lazy swell that scarcely rippled the waters. Hundreds of vessels, from the stately man-of-war down to the little fishing smacks, lay at anchor, every one decorated with streamers, flags and bunting, in honor of the day. Our steamer rounded the point swiftly, her prow seeming scarcely to cut the clear blue water. We passed the line of the battleship *Cumberland*, where it had been sunk by the *Merrimac* not many months before, its lofty masts appearing above the water, a splendid monument of American valor, whose crew went to the bottom sighting the guns. The *Monitor*, which gained a world-wide celebrity in her contest with the ironclad, was anchored not far off, an object of great interest. We were disappointed in the half sunk, canal-boat looking craft, with turret in the centre, having had an idea that she was an immense structure. It was difficult to believe that this insignificant little vessel before us had been capable of whipping the mighty *Merrimac*.

The steamer was made fast to the wharf, and the prisoners were marched into the fort. To us it was a splendid pageantry,—the waving flags, the mounted guns, the showily dressed garrison, the officers in full uniform, the bands playing, and the booming cannon firing salutes. Our squad was halted at the barracks, and for the first time in many days we had the eating of a good dinner, to which we did full justice. As we were about re-forming, a Yankee lieutenant who had been drinking heavily came out with a canteen of whiskey.

"Boys," said he, "I will give you a pull if you will drink success to the Union."

A silence fell upon us. We wanted a drink. How could we indulge in a toast whose sentiments were so repugnant to our feelings? Yet we were thirsty—so very thirsty! Not a drop of old rye had we touched for many a long day. It smelled delightfully fragrant, and it kept on smelling, and—and— Well, Esau was not such a wretch after all! We blush to recall it. As many as could grasp that tin cup took the liquor and repeated the toast, "Success to the Union!" Some of our officers began to jibe us; but they were silenced with the reminder that they had been sleeping in a corn house, while we had paddled in a puddle.

The warning of the steam whistle hurried us to the wharf. Instead of our steamboat was a large steamship called the *Ocean Queen*, which was to carry us to New York. Just as the sun went down the steamer started, and soon the last glimpse of old Virginia faded from our view. The steamship carried no passengers except "deadheads"; besides the crew, prisoners and guards, there were no others on board. Our quarters were good. Yet men will rarely consent to let well enough alone; for within six hours of the start a plot had been started by one of the officers, Lieutenant Slaughter of Company K, to overpower the guard, seize the

steamer, turn her prow towards Virginia, then beach the vessel on shore and make a way to Richmond. It would have been a comparatively easy task, fraught with but little danger. The guards were not many and scattered all about the boat, each generally surrounded by a group of prisoners conversing on the war. Really no attempt had been made to show us that we were under surveillance, for each man could roam at will over the vessel, even climb the shrouds and up the mainmast if he chose. The prisoners numbered some seventy-five or eighty; the guards all told were sixteen, under charge of one officer. The privates, with three exceptions, anxious for any excitement, eagerly joined the conspiracy, and faithfully promised to obey all orders and run all risks; and they would have done it. The plan only needed the sanction of our colonel to be put into instant execution. The plot was laid before Colonel Marye, who, after careful consideration, vetoed the whole scheme. In the first place, he said, there was no engineer or pilot on board who could take charge of the boat, in case the present crew should refuse to serve. Then the supply of coal was limited; while the gravest obstacle lay in the fact that it would be impossible to get beyond Fortress Monroe, either to go up the James or the Potomac. It was true that the prisoners could probably escape by going to New York and overpowering the guard as the boat steamed up the harbor; but then no one had any money, and the risk would be too great. "Besides," the Colonel reasoned, "we shall soon be exchanged; and so what will be the use of taking all this trouble, incurring all this risk, without a particle of necessity for it?"

The morning of the second day the boat passed Sandy Hook, and made her way up the harbor amid a forest of shipping, steering towards Governor's Island. She stopped at the wharf, and the prisoners were

marched ashore, where the garrison under arms received us. We were the first "rebel" prisoners to land there; and our appearance was such that it failed to make a favorable impression on our Northern friends. To heighten the effect, by way of contrast, we had the clean, natty men to offset our ragged, mud-stained garments and unkempt locks.

After standing several hours in the sun, going through roll call and arranging preliminaries until our patience was threadbare, we were marched by the demi-castle which stands on the edge of the island to a large row of tents that were pitched alongside the beach. Rations were distributed, consisting of crackers, coffee, rice, meat and potatoes—better than we had ever received at home. Then, the dead line having been marked and a guard stationed, we were left to our own devices. That evening we enjoyed a surf bath, and for the first time had a chance to wash off the Chickahominy mud that had stuck to us, through all adventures and travel, "closer than a brother." We stood sadly in need of underclothing, not one of us having had a change for nearly three weeks. Those we wore were grimy and black; but we washed them that evening after a fashion, and at night some fifty men could have been seen clustered over the camp fire, their bare backs shining in the glare, while each pair of hands held up before the blaze the steaming articles of wearing apparel. Lights were out at nine, and then followed the first perfect restful slumber that had visited us since the twenty-fourth day of the month before.

Our stay at Governor's Island lasted only two or three days, during which we were in a high state of enjoyment, with as much rest, exercise, bathing and good rations as was consistent with our position. The only thing of which we had reason to complain was the brutality of our guards,—militia of course. Veteran soldiers

never ill treated their prisoners,—such was the experience on both sides; it was only those “dressed in a little brief authority,” only those whose sole acquaintance with war was gathered from the daily papers, who gratified their malice by insulting defenceless men under their charge.

On the evening of the ninth of July, our squad, composed of Seventeenth Virginia men, was started again on the tramp. A small steam tug carried us over to New York, whence we were transferred to the deck of one of the superb steamers that ply between New York and Fall River, Massachusetts.

“Where the mischief are you going to carry us?” asked one of our captains of the officers of the guard. “Turn us loose in Canada or send us to some watering place to improve our health?”

“You fellows ought to be very glad that you are going where you are,” he answered, “instead of being sent to Fort Delaware. I have orders to carry you all to Fort Warren in Boston Harbor,—and a fine place it is.”

The steamer was filled with a gay company going to Saratoga, Canada and Niagara Falls. “Not much secesh in them!” remarked one of the guards to us confidentially. “See how spiteful they look.” So they did. Their pretty noses went up, and their red lips curled disdainfully, as they passed our ranks on the way to the saloon. At this point one of the fair ones dropped her handkerchief, and I, who loved the sex, was only too willing to pick up the dainty article and restore it to the owner, which I did with the most sweeping Sir Charles Grandison bow of which I was capable. The gentle dame received the handkerchief, but a fixed stony stare rewarded the bow and chilled me to the bone, while her escort, a little slim waisted, dainty fellow, perfumed and yellow kidded, scowled like the humpbacked Richard when he ordered the princely Buckingham off to execution.

We had left the island in such a hurry that the commissary either forgot or neglected to issue the rations; at any rate we did not receive them, and after the steamer had got under way we woke to the fact that we were ravenously hungry. It happened that we were placed in an upper saloon, with steps leading down in the front and rear. In the centre of the saloon was an open oval space, some twenty feet long, around which ran a railing and which, being directly over the dining room, commanded a complete view of all that passed therein. An appetizing odor and the clattering of knives and forks brought us to our feet, and, looking down, all sleep was banished from our famished eyes, while the pangs of hunger became intolerable. We felt like Dives looking up from his place of torment upon Lazarus, who was “being comforted.” It was a long, luxuriously furnished apartment. In the centre the long table was laid with snowy damask, glittering with cut glass and plate, and decorated with brilliant flowers. Why attempt to particularize the viands, the fish, the fruits and all the dainties, which passed before our eyes like the distempered visions of a dream? Bowls of crimson strawberries, piles of luscious raspberries, whose rich coloring grew more intense contrasted with the powdered sugar, the rich cream and sparkling ice, Malaga grapes whose look suggested a cool touch to the parched tongue, jellies, ices, cakes, salmon, mutton, ham, fried chicken, devilled crabs, salads, vegetables, a hundred dishes which we did not know, but whose combined odor filled our souls with longing unspeakable. We heard the popping of champagne corks, we recognized the long, slender bottles of Chamberlain, St. Julien, Medoc, while the steaming coffee rose as incense. We watched each mouthful which passed into blessed lips; we grudged every dish; nay, we could have fought over every cooling drop. Poor Johnnies! we sat there for two

mortal hours, our jaws working spasmodically as we fathomed the very depth of a punishment which only Dante could have conceived for the souls of his Inferno.

The scene, however, had its fascinations. There were beautiful women, whose eyes outshone the diamonds which sparkled on their hands. Sitting near the centre of the table was a bridal couple whom we watched—the groom, an old fellow with the love light in his ancient eyes, and well got up; she fair as a lily, and young enough to be his grandchild. Another bridal couple not far off, going to Niagara, where all the newly married go—both young, both bashful, both radiantly happy. Indeed they were too ecstatic to eat; he, however, poured wineglass after wineglass of champagne down his throat. There sat a wounded officer, with his arm in a sling. Nobody seemed to take much notice of him; one of the servants cut up his food and attended him. “Ah, old fellow!” we thought, “if you only wore the gray and were in the South, every woman at that table would deem it an honor to wait upon you.” At the head of the board was a general—of what especial rank and name we could not learn. He was exclusive; and it showed how great people gravitate towards each other, when the portly butler stood by him and paid him the most distinguished consideration. The butler we must not pass over, for though last, he was by no means least. He was a venerable gentleman of color, so bloated by rich living and a sense of his own importance that he could only waddle slowly across the floor. He never condescended to do any service except to pour out a glass of wine for some individual as high in the world as himself. He was evidently what we call down South “an aristocratic nigger.” Attending in full dress, his big hands encased in white gloves, with marvellous studs and massive pinchbeck chain, he felt as great as the mighty Cæsar. With

a lofty wave of the hand he signalized his pleasure to a sable servant, who flew to do his bidding. Surrounded by his crowd of satellites, he was a very sun of a system.

The gnawing pangs of hunger were growing every moment more intense; so several of us held a council of war, resolved to get something to eat by hook or crook. We counted funds. All told they amounted to twenty-six dollars—a goodly sum enough, but, woe the day! it was Confederate money. Tall, gaunt Jack Ballenger took the money, determined to try anyhow, and slipped down two flights of steps to the dining room door; there, calling a waiter, he offered him the amount if he would manage to provide a supper for six. He seemed undecided; said he would go and see. Approaching the bloated old butler, he asked his consent; but that mass of flesh hated a “rebel” with every pound of his swelled carcass, and gave the waiter such overwhelming, withering rebuke that he slunk away and never came near us again. However, one or two hands on the boat took compassion on us and brought us a dish of cold tripe and bread. Ah that tripe! It hung as heavy on our souls as Meg Merriles’s curse. It was true Union tripe, and refused to give any aid or comfort to the enemy whatever—instead, many pains and many qualms. It is probable that not a man in that lot has ever eaten tripe since.

Early in the morning the steamer reached Fall River, where, leaving the boat, we were marched to the depot and took the train, a whole car having been allotted to us alone. Certainly, had we wished to escape, the guards allowed every opportunity. We were at liberty to stand on the platform of the cars by obtaining the permission of the officer of the day, who was disposed to be very friendly towards us. Passing through a long tunnel where the train went very slowly, it was debated among a few of us whether or not it were better to slip off; but we thought that in our gray uniforms,

without a cent in our pockets and in the midst of bitter enemies, it would be only avoiding Charybdis to fall upon Scylla, and the idea was dismissed.

Boston and its suburbs, with villas, stylish country seats, neat farm-houses and grounds, seemed spick span and new, so different from the style to which we had been used. To be sure, there was nothing of age to be met with anywhere, not even so much as of the hundred years to which as a new country we are entitled; but on the other hand, there were no hanging gates, no tumble-down porches, no veteran pumps, nothing but what showed promptness in repair and energy opposed to our lazy plantation principle. The Southerner takes a pride in his old house, and will keep it intact as in the days of his great-grandfather—the same old portraits hanging on the wall, the same old furniture. He may add wings to the building and a porch here and there, but the old parental roof remains, like a chicken with her brood around her. The spirit of decay is not kept down on his grounds and rolling acres. He is in no hurry to improve things; he will tie and prop up where a nail should go; paint he does not hanker after; his very equipage is often wheezy; and so a flavor of age tinges his home, as it does the hair on his head and his wine. "What is good enough for my father before me is good enough for me!" becomes a maxim on his lips, to be handed down to his son after him.

The Northern spirit is essentially progressive, if not reverential. When the patrimonial mansion descends to a younger generation, and increasing coffers are the reward of thrift, he says, "I will pull down my house and my barns and build greater;" and on the site of the old foundation stones arises a structure whose elegance and comfort are only limited by the length of the purse. Where money is no consideration, palatial residences are built fit for the nobles of the old

world. Everything is modern, the more modern the better. His carriages are all glaze and shine; his furniture changes with the fashion; his grounds are laid out with mathematical exactness—the very trees grown to shape; the hedges are cut according to pattern; the lawns are sown and rolled to velvet precision; and Nature is made to step back and yield to the æsthetic as it may be apprehended at the time. The Northern characteristic, however, is essentially that of cleanliness; the Yankee is obtrusively neat; he hates dust and dirt more than anything else, snakes and sin not excepted; in soap and scrubbing is his national faith. If he had his mother-in-law cremated, and the sacred dust were by accident to escape from the precious urn, a servant with soap and mop would wipe her up.

Early in the forenoon we left the cars and found ourselves in the spacious depot, in the ultra Union city of Boston—the first "rebels" that ever pressed with sacrilegious feet its loyal streets; the first rebels who walked under the shadow of Faneuil Hall. No; now that we think of it, a large gang of them passed its doors about a hundred years ago on their way to burn some British tea that a loyal tax had been placed upon; but then that was a long time ago, and times have changed!

Boston, that city of furores, the Athens of America, the Hub of the Universe, the city of many titles, rarely enjoyed in those war times a greater sensation than was caused by the appearance of a hundred live genuine "rebels" captured on the battlefields. The great sea serpent taken off the coast, the walking giant, nay, even a grand circus parade of wild animals with a hippopotamus and a giraffe heading up the thoroughfare, would not have collected a larger crowd in a shorter time. Had Bunker Hill monument stepped down from its stately perch and walked away on feet decorously wrapped in

the American flag, bowing right and left to the multitude, it could hardly have excited more curiosity than did that line of simple gray jackets. A mob followed us up the street—a good-natured mob, though, that only used its eyes. After having passed a square or two, the crowd became so dense, the pressure upon us so great, that further progress became impossible. The guards could not keep off the throng that hemmed them in; so we were halted while a heavy detachment of police formed an outer cordon and another squad in front opened the way; then we slowly made our progress through the streets. The pavements, the balconies, the very housetops were filled with an inquisitive, gazing multitude, while the little street Arabs swung like monkeys from the trees. Shops were suddenly emptied of clerks and purchasers; windows sprung open, shutters flew wide, heads were thrust out and eyes stared us in the face, whichever way we looked. The newsboys neglected to call their papers; the hackmen pulled up on one side of the street, forgetting for a moment to lash their bony, lean horses; carriages came to a sudden halt. In fact, all business was as effectually suspended as in the day when Jack Cade rode through London, announcing the arrival of the millennium, ordering all work to cease and promising that quartern bread should be half penny a loaf and that conduits should run wine. Old men peered at us through spectacles; women stopped to watch us; boys gazed, and children, bless their innocent hearts, there is no knowing what tales those infant Bostonians had heard about the "rebels," that brought that look of fright into their young eyes. It was the same expression with which they gaze upon the man-eating lion in the menagerie; and they clung to their mothers and nurses as if they had been brought face to face with just so many monsters.

What the citizens thought of us we

had no means of finding out; yet it must have been rather a disappointment. Each one of us, to accord with the popular idea, should have been at least seven feet high, with a villainous countenance, overshadowed by a wide brimmed hat. We should have had a shock of unkempt, flowing hair, and a beard like that of the giant in the fairy tale, who wore the seven league boots and ate a child at every meal. Bowie knives should have been our chief personal adornment, and scowling our pastime. As it was, we were rather too commonplace, though our procession was quite imposing. First, the police at our head; next followed our officers, with our colonel leading, —and a handsomer, more *distinguished* looking man to serve for our frontispiece would have been hard to find, North or South. Last came the privates, strung out in twos, with the guards on each side, the police escorting. Altogether the train stretched out for fully a square. A more reckless, daredevil set of boys—for nearly all those privates were no more than boys—was never before brought together by the fortunes of war. It may be safely surmised that they kept no decorous silence, as befitted *les misérables* on the way to prison. They scattered greetings right and left; they bowed to every pretty girl; they complimented every handsome woman in the same manner. So we went, making slow but steady progress. Not one rudeness nor insult was offered us during the whole route,—which spoke well for the charity, the refinement and good taste of the Bostonians.

Many onlookers tried to get inside the line to talk, but were repulsed by the police, the soldiers not caring one way or the other. Only the newspaper men joined our ranks; they can get anywhere. As they walked with us, they asked question after question, and it must be feared the papers next morning recorded strangely contradictory stories and some right hard tales that required a good faith

for the digesting, inasmuch as none of the privates so interviewed had any serious fears of the fate of Ananias; and though from the same state as the youthful Washington, living almost under the shadow of his tomb,—well, they would not have compromised that good little hatchet as he did.

It was an hour before we reached the wharf, where a steam tug lay in waiting. Going aboard and bidding our police escort a polite farewell, the little boat picked her way down the river, reaching Fort Warren at the mouth of the bay after a pleasant ride of eight hours. This fortification was an elaborate and massive work, commanding all of the approaches of the city. From the upper tiers of guns a plunging fire of forty-five degrees could have sunk any vessel, ironclad or otherwise. Fort Warren well garrisoned was to our eyes simply impenetrable.

After we had landed, a guard took us in charge, our former sentinels returning in the boat. We were left within the parade grounds, where we remained until arrangements were made for our comfort. We were soon surrounded by the political prisoners, who were of influence and had been incarcerated for their outspoken Southern sentiments or for some acts considered by the authorities as disloyal—whether justly or unjustly so remained to be proven. There were also some of our officers high in rank, Generals Buckner and Tilghman captured at Fort Donelson, Commodore Barron of the Confederate navy, Marshall Kane and Dr. Magill of Maryland, and some other citizens of less note. There were none of the rank and file other than ourselves; and we blessed our stars that we had fallen into such a soft place.

The political prisoners had a splendid dinner ready for us—such a dinner as the Confederacy could not have given us in all its length and breadth, a dinner we had often dreamed over in our forced marches.

It is needless to say that our onslaught was a heavy one; indeed, the amount of food that we consumed and the bottles of wine which we emptied in that one meal would have seemed incredible to any one not informed as to the expansive power of the rebel soldiers' digestive apparatus. The donors watched our efforts with the liveliest delight.

After a good smoke the prisoners were assigned to their quarters, consisting of two long casemated apartments, one for sleeping, the other the mess room. In the former bunks were built one above the other, like berths in a ship. A blanket per man was issued, while the political prisoners presented each of us with a suit of underclothing. No rations were given, but instead the storeroom was open, to the contents of which the messes could help themselves as it might please them. Certainly no prisoners of war had ever been treated so luxuriously before, nor were they ever afterwards. Breakfast consisted of coffee—real, not ground rye or corn—fresh loaf bread, mess beef, hominy, broiled ham, and eggs *ad libitum*. Dinner was proportionally good. The mess room was a large vaulted apartment, cool even in the hottest part of the day, the casements allowing a refreshing ocean breeze to pass through. A large cooking stove was at one end, around which were hanging all the necessary utensils; and on one side was a temporary storeroom, with barrels of hard bread, flour, mess pork, beef and groceries of various kinds.

Later in the day a few of us visited the Maryland prisoners. Their quarters were luxuriously fitted up, with Brussels carpets on the floors, mahogany furniture and a fine library; at the same time, they had their own servants in attendance. The officers and citizens, with one exception, were not prisoners except in name, inasmuch as they had no guard placed over them. They had the freedom of the fort, and were on terms of cordial

intimacy with the family of the commandant. With such a pleasant mess, theirs must have been a regular clubhouse life, very enjoyable to look back upon in after years.

The authorities in Washington evidently entertained against our officer in rank, General Buckner, some bitter feeling; for by the explicit and positive orders of the secretary of war, he was kept in close confinement, the parole extended to all of his comrades in arms having been denied him, with the exception of a short walk every morning, which he took for exercise between two armed sentries. The commander of the fort was not responsible for this, for a kinder and truer gentleman, a more gallant or chivalrous officer, never lived than Colonel Dimick. He was an old army officer, and had commanded at Old Point several years before, when that place was a fashionable pleasure resort. Some of us having met him in those happier days found no difficulty in recalling the erect, soldierly figure, the benevolent looking face and the kindly voice. In that large heart of his no bitterness, no malice, no sectional hate could find an abiding place. There was not a prisoner under his charge who did not learn to respect and love him, before a week had rolled over their heads. While doing his duty as a soldier, he did not sacrifice his humanity as a man.

Most of the first day our men spent in writing home to relatives and friends who lived within the Union lines. In their letters they were confined to business and family affairs, all political and war themes having been strictly forbidden. These communications were read by the garrison officers, and if there were found in them the slightest allusion to those subjects, the effusion was destroyed or handed back to the writer, with an admonition to be more careful in the future.

A good many men were taken sick a day or two after reaching the fort. Several nearly shuffled off this mortal

coil. Too much indulgence in rich food was the cause of it; though there were some who traced the primary cause back to "that tripe" eaten on the Fall River boat. Nothing but the skill and unrelenting watchfulness of one of the political prisoners, Dr. Magill of Hagerstown, saved the lives of those who were so very ill that it was but a touch and go with them. What a noble specimen of humanity that man was! Of Herculean stature, outspoken and fearless as a lion, yet with a heart and tender touch for the sick, as gentle as he was brave. Generally speaking, a rebel private's life was considered comparatively nothing—only valued as so much finger power to pull a trigger, or as good food for powder. This good man sat up with those same worthless lives through the long hours of the night, watched the flickering pulses and nursed the wavering powers, with just the same fidelity and untiring devotion as if those poor soldiers had more than thanks with which to repay him, as if those lives were priceless.

A few days after our arrival, innumerable baskets, barrels, boxes and packages of all sizes came pouring in for the prisoners, filled with clothes of all kinds, books, luxuries, indeed everything worn or eaten by man. Most of the freight was from Alexandria, Virginia, where the majority of the Seventeenth had lived, though Baltimore, New York and even Boston added a quota. We were overwhelmed with presents and were made the recipients of clothes sufficient to supply a brigade. All the fine citizen suits and underclothing left by the volunteers when they made their hasty exit from Alexandria were boxed up and forwarded promptly to Fort Warren. Several Dutchmen who had been taken prisoners found themselves apparelled in broadcloth and fine linen such as they had never worn before. In fact, there was so much which the men could not use that they gave the garrison guards a

good deal of clothing. Not only clothes were sent, but money, and some of us found our pockets full for the first time in many a long day.

The better class of prisoners who had funds formed a mess, and as there was a sutler at the fort, we lived like fighting cocks. The consequence was soon seen, as thin faces commenced to round out, stout figures began to change into fat ones; and in three weeks the difference between the hungry, gaunt crowd which made its way over the drawbridge and the well dressed, lazy men sauntering about the fort was as marked as that between Pharaoh's seven lean kine and his "well favored and fat fleshed cattle that fed in a meadow."

We find tares in all wheat—nothing is quite perfect, in this world; and so in the Union loving, Hail Columbia, super loyal city of Boston there were actually rebel sympathizers. They came on the steamer to visit us; but as such a procedure would have been contrary to military discipline, which permitted no visitors to enter the fort, their kind wishes took a more practical form in presenting each prisoner with a handsome gray uniform.

Those were halycon days, those days of July, 1862,—light spots in a generally dark life. Our soldier prisoners so inured to hardship and want and suffering had now not a care on their minds, not a trouble in their hearts; they drew in long breaths of content, and could only sigh sometimes at the thought of the dark future, which was doomed to hold so marked a contrast to that perfect rest and satisfaction. It was too good to last long, that life of ours. Roll call in the morning at seven, breakfast at eight, cards, chess, conversation or reading until dinner, just as fancy listed; dinner at three, coffee and cigars at four; then came the post-prandial nap, at six an hour's stroll around the ramparts "en parole," or, if preferred, a bath in the briny deep; supper at eight, music until ten, then

"taps." Such had been the order of our lives for three weeks, when the command was given to prepare to leave the next morning for Virginia.

Well, of course we were glad to go, and yet sorry. Two dry crackers a day washed down with parched corn coffee did not present quite an enlivening prospect. Then too everybody seemed to regret our departure. Our citizen prisoners would miss us dreadfully, for we stirred up the monotony of their quiet lives. The garrison guards would feel our absence, for many were the flasks of whiskey we had given them, and clothes. The sutler who absorbed our money would gaze wistfully after our receding pockets, "all that was left of them"; while the Dutch girls employed by the garrison to do our washing and mending would cry their blue eyes out, we feared. They came to see us once more, poor Gretchens, and told us in broken English that they would think of us when we were across the rivers in that strange, dreadful country of Virginia. We swore as soon as the cruel war was over to return and marry every one of them, make them mistresses of a hundred slaves to do their bidding; and so they smiled through their tears.

Then the idea arose to celebrate the last night by giving those girls a dance. Colonel Dimick's consent was good humoredly accorded, with the proviso that the frolic should end at twelve. The mess room was selected for the scene of action. Word was sent to the Dutch maidens to come at eight exactly. The men were placed upon various committees, some to see the sutler and arrange about the supper, others to take down the stove and clear up the room, others yet to attend to the music. All worked with a will, and promptly at the minute the fun began. It was the famous Lannigans' ball over again. At ten supper was served, and in half an hour the dancing was renewed and kept up with a vim. Whiskey flowed like water, and the Dutch and Eng-

lish languages became so entwined thereby that it was an impossibility to distinguish one from the other. Every one talked enough and to spare, but no one understood any one else. As the fated hour approached, the revelry was at its height; the fiddlers played as only fuddled fiddlers could; the dancers shouted and swung each other; the lookers-on in excited tones urged them to renewed vigor; while the uproar made the rafters of the vaulted chambers fairly ring again.

Then the drum beat. "Lights out!" shouted the guard. The Cinderellas of the evening had touched the magic hour; the Prince's ball was over; not a moment's delay. Sad, tearful and hurried partings and protestations were sworn to in English and whispered in Dutch; when, presto, more quickly than the change of scene in a pantomime, the hall so brilliant in lights, so animated with moving figures, so resonant with music and joyous voices, was still, dark and empty, the banquet hall deserted.

Next day came the leave-takings. The Quartette Club, by sunlight,

serenaded Colonel Dimick and his family, in that sweet farewell song of Schiller's, and afterwards every man of the "rebel" line went up to the Colonel, and out of a full heart and with dewy eyes thanked him for his undeviating kindness and generous consideration. He was touched by this gratitude, and showed that he felt it. His sleep that night was not less sweet, doubtless, that so many Southern hearts held him in kindest remembrance and had never the memory of one harsh act to bring against him in this world or the next.

Soon the farewell words were spoken, and we went aboard the *Oceola*, a fine ocean steamship. The last we saw of the fort, the daughters of Dutchland, like so many black-eyed Susans, were still standing on the ramparts, waving their handkerchiefs. Gradually their figures faded in the distance and became invisible; and as the powerful strokes of the engine sent the boat surging ahead through the blue waters, Fort Warren looked like a speck in the horizon, and then faded utterly away.

WAS SHE JUSTIFIED.

By Mrs. Kate Gannett Wells.

"SARAH!" called Mr. Arthur, in his aggravating Sunday voice.

"Not unto him, but unto the Lord," she murmured, thereby bracing herself for action, according to her wont when her husband summoned her, but also tying her bonnet strings as she joined him.

"Sarah is not so spry as when she first belonged to the church," meditated Mr. Arthur as they passed in silence out of their narrow gate and

went up the steps. There was more than the usual suppliant manner in her attitude as she took her seat at the organ. Ineffectively, yet in time, she carried through her part of the service. The people sang mildly; their downsittings and uprisings were in due reverence; still, when Morning Prayer ended, Mrs. Arthur chided herself for thinking that the order of Evening Prayer was yet to come. Wearily she returned to her house, put a few extra leaves into the teapot,

that her husband might be refreshed by the Sunday strength of the beverage, and then stepped out to the barn, into a little room of which she had alone the key.

She bent over the flowers on the table, she lovingly touched each book on the shelf, she gazed out of the window at the distant headlands and the sunny bay stretching between them. What do women do, she asked herself, who have not a room of their own? The universe is the Lord's and the fulness thereof; but this room is mine. She sat still for a while, half dreaming, half sleeping, resting on the Lord, as she called such moods, and then with brisker gait and brighter mien returned to her kitchen and tended her husband, the village rector.

Together they chose the hymns for the evening service, she made sure he had the right sermon, and again they walked down the aisle, she to the organ seat, he to the robing room. After the service had begun, Uncle Lucas, who never had been known to be punctual, took his seat, accompanied by a young woman. The color came and went on her fair face, for she was conscious of the indignant glances and whispers of her pew neighbors. She knelt with the others, but as she raised her voice in the chanting of the Magnificat, a sudden silence fell upon the rest of the singers. She stopped, and they sang with unction: "He hath put down the mighty from their seat." She took up the refrain: "He remembering his mercy hath holpen his servant Israel." They ceased, and her voice alone closed the Song of the Blessed Virgin. Her father had painfully risen as the first silence fell, and stood throughout the song, leaning on his cane, with one arm extended as if to protect his daughter, though to others his clinched fist seemed like a menace. She neither sang nor rose again save when The Apostles' Creed was read; for even the most derelict of churchwomen cannot sit

through its majestic announcements of belief. No one spoke to her as she went out with the rest of the congregation; but no sooner were the people beyond the church gate than they forsook that quietness of demeanor which their rector enjoined upon them within consecrated ground.

"Ef that isn't some boldness!" exclaimed Miss Jones, the frizzled, ancient belle of the parish, who explained her lack of a husband on the supposition that there was something so innocent about her that no man had ever affronted her by offer of marriage.

"If her sainted mother had lived, she as liked hymns which weren't 'piscopal, she'd never 'lowed her daughter to sit there with her father, even if he be churchwarden. That pew ought to have a reg'lar purifyin', hyssop, frankincense and all them Jews' herbs. There's some things harder to get rid of than dipthery. What an example to us married women!" ejaculated Mrs. Bisbee, in short, guttural sentences.

"P'raps your husband wouldn't be partikler ef you'd done like Rose, only *he* dassent," observed Miss Pratt.

The women had gathered in groups; the men were ranged, as usual, on the side of the road opposite the church. Custom and her father's lameness prevented Rose from quickly passing by the knots of talkers, and so she sought to bow to one or two young girls, who cringed, stared and snickered. And then happened a thing which was told of in the parish gossip for many a month. John Travers strode across the road and confronted Rose and her father. He seized the woman's unwilling hand, saying loud enough for all to hear:

"You're welcome back to your home. You ain't done no wrong 'cordin' to the civil law, and I'll see you shall be treated accordin'."

"You shall have one-third share in my farm for what you've done for my gal this day, John Travers; and all

you men and women folk here profaning the Lord's Day by your chatter, you be witness unto my words," said Uncle Lucas, thrusting his cane into the road until the sand scattered like a cloud over the bystanders, as they turned their various ways homeward.

Si Lucas, the oldest of the churchwardens, had the care of the church records and its money bags when there was no rector, and whenever there was an incumbent he handed books and money over to him. Not so the sewing circle; that maintained its own treasury and made repairs on the church to suit itself; for with all their submission to creed and ritual, there was a distinct streak of independence among the women, that brooked no masculine interference with their decisions, and which the men resented by managing their annual fair dinner to suit themselves and dictating to the women how they should cook the meal.

Si's wife had ruled the church through the sewing circle, and the rector through her husband, so that when she died her funeral sermon was tainted with the atmosphere of rejoicing. For the first time in forty years did Uncle Si then open the best parlor windows, "when thar wa'n't no occasion for doing it," said Mrs. Bisbee, and let in the sunshine, which from that day to his death flooded the house with a cheer he had never derived from the companionship of his wife.

Years ago their daughter had outstripped the village teacher in her knowledge and had been sent to a select finishing school, where she became acquainted with church history, music, embroidery and foreign languages. Yet her thoughts were more entertaining to her than acquirements or girls of her own age, and her mother did not count. She probably would never have married if the matter had been left to her decision, but somehow, as it seemed to be as fore-ordained as any other fate, she slipped

into it, taking it for granted that as the Church is to the Christ so is the wife to her husband.

Once after her marriage she had come home, bringing with her a boy, who could calmly wring a kitten's neck, and a baby girl, who was only saved from having the same experiment tried upon her by her brother's fears that if successful it could not be repeated. Yet the boy was sleek and well mannered. Rumor came, when Rose had again left home, that the baby had died, that the boy, after trying to set fire to a house for fun, had been sent to a reformatory, that there he had sickened, and when dying had sent for his mother and cursed her for bringing him into the world. There was a later report that the father had gone West and that something had happened. Certain it was that Rose had returned to her father's, and that before the president of the sewing circle had been consulted, Rose had gone to church, just as if things were all right. Certain it was also that no one went to see her the next week, and that Si Lucas worked at home.

"Be yer going to tackle the church?" he asked her the following Sunday.

"It is Holy Communion, father: what think ye?"

"I 'low that makes a difference; yer don't want no one to challenge yer right when yer've been baptized, said yer catechism and jined reg'lar. 'Tain't as if the rector had invited yer to remain in partic'ler."

"I'll stay at home, father. I guess the Lord will like it better if I get you something extra for dinner."

"That He will. Forty years of a cold Sunday dinner have sanctified me. I know He'd think it good church doctrine if yer gave me sunthin' hot, come noon."

"How was it, father, you dared open those parlor windows?" asked the daughter, changing the subject.

He shook the ashes out of his pipe,

cleared his throat, and then painfully, as if at confession, began: "Yer see I'd been gettin' bleached inside and outside, like a whited sepulchre, a tol'ble long spell. I hain't any call to die just yet, and when a man's single he likes plenty of air and light. Don't yer let on to her ef yer see her fust. I 'lowed as how I'd do it at her funer'l, and when I did it the cold sweat just poured off me. I tugged them blinds out into the wood pile and chopped 'em up, and then she was really buried. Don't tell on me, sis. The Lord came to me that night; and when I told Him about it, He said, seeing how as 'twas forty year they'd been shut 'ceptin' when the sewing circle met, He'd forgive me."

Rose smiled. "You shall have something very hot, father, sizzling doughnuts; you like them, and beef-steak stewed in onions."

"Don't let 'em smell outside the windows, sis. It's Sunday;" and he smoothed his hat against his sleeve and went cheerily, like a bridegroom, to church.

First for a little bit of Sunday out of doors, thought Rose, as she ran to the field. She lay down on the grass and looked up into the sky. She rose and sang hymn after hymn; only the birds and the treetops listened. And then she rolled out the dough for the cymbals, grateful that Sunday was a hallowed working day.

When one has a farm and cattle, there is much to do and to talk about; thus it was that Rose and her father at dinner discussed the present chores of daily life, and left the past untouched.

That same Sunday evening, the Reverend Mr. Arthur, having officiated at a funeral and three church services, though but two old women and one old man came to early Communion, remarked to his wife: "Si Lucas was at church this morning."

"Yes, Mr. Arthur."

"It was very considerate in him not to bring his daughter. I should have been much embarrassed if she had

persisted in remaining to the Holy Communion."

"Even if she did not partake?" suggested Mrs. Arthur tentatively.

"Get thee behind me, Satan." Mrs. Arthur shrank visibly. "The text does not apply to you as a person, but to your thought," said her husband somewhat embarrassed at finding himself under the necessity of a half apology. "I mean, the canons of the Church forbid sundry actions, concerning one of which she has offended. Through her has been broken the mystery of matrimony."

"But if she could not help herself, —if the Church could help her now, —if—does not a wife have any rights?—if—"

"Your zeal on behalf of another woman is misleading you," he answered more sternly; "and it savors of the modern woman. As one called unto the holy office of the priesthood, I affirm to you that no greater evil can befall the Church than to have woman set herself against its general welfare. It is now time for supper."

Whereupon Mrs. Arthur, as the weaker vessel, proceeded to kindle the fire and to minister unto her husband according to his material needs. Intellectually she was a woman in revolt against authority, whom habit had so long coerced into timid ways that she knew not herself. Her father had been a sea captain, her mother had died when she was still young, and she herself had been educated in a boarding school and then had returned home to keep house for her father, who as his years increased had given up the sea, surrounding himself with vestiges of his former calling. His yard was gay with nasturtiums that bloomed out of rowboats. Fish nets were laid along the walls of the living room, which was adorned with the ship's masts shortened into pillars and with his old capstan for a table. When a new rector came to the parish, he won her lonely heart; but though she soon learned more fully the lessons of renunciation, her re-

finement and pretty ways, the bequest of some far off ancestor, never deserted her. She honored her husband, knowing that his existence served as a restraining presence upon the freedom of an isolated community. She rejoiced in the love of the Sunday-school children, and minded little that the sewing circle called her inefficient. Rosa's return had much disturbed her, as well as her husband. He had hoped his wife would have taken the initiative in some course of action, though he was ready to reprove her for whatever she did, and she had said her little say to no effect.

So Rosa's life in the village drifted. It mattered more to her father than to herself. Sorely beset by her trials, he spent many hours in speculating. He fancied that the men folk did not hang round as much as formerly and that his fellow warden preferred to discuss church taxes going along the road rather than in his house. What would his daughter do if the rheumatism carried him off suddenly, as he had been expecting it might for the last ten years, was invariably Si Lucas's final comment upon his troubles.

"Pears to me," he observed to her a few weeks after that memorable Sunday, "you might drop in at the sewing circle."

"Tisn't as if they sewed for secular things, father; it is all sanctified. I haven't any call to complain long as you live;" and she reached up to the kitchen clock shelf and took down the fine tooth comb, and passed it back and forth through her father's grizzly hair,—the caress he liked best from her.

"'Tain't nat'ral for wimmen folks not to go with their own kind."

"I'm not like them. My husband is living."

"Hang it, he don't support you; that's agin all church doctrine ever I knowed. Do yer suppose, Rose, yer could have had a mite more patience with him, and so kept up like an honest woman?"

"Father!"

"I didn't mean no harm, child; only it riles me to see you neglected by them no better than you. I meant jest nothin'" — And the old man tugged at his daughter's apron strings. "Rosa, child, forgive yer father; he didn't sense what he was sayin'."

Rosa did not move. Travers's words were ringing through her memory: "You ain't done no wrong 'cording to the civil law;" yet her father had said "an honest woman." Did he too place church law above that of the land? Did he too believe that a woman had no right to protect the future from evil inheritance?

The old man tried to pull away her hands from her face, which was hidden in her arms upon the table.

"Never mind, father," she answered at last. "You didn't sense what you said. I'll fry you some doughnuts."

"I've broke her heart," muttered Lucas as she left him. "She's an old woman," he told his pipe as he laid it aside and smoked no more that night. "She's an old woman," he said in his sleep and through many a week to come.

That gray, ashen hue, that scared look of defiance and those close drawn lines of self-control never wore away until Rosa was justified in the parish annals. Her father's words had shown her how rigid is the incrustated Biblical authority that a wife must cleave unto her husband. Yet never was she more conscious that she was an honest woman than when she thought of her dead children, who could leave no heirs—and she longed for a woman friend.

Perhaps in any other village, inquisitiveness would have brought her callers; but where she lived the people bore eternal grudges. Neighbors had been known to come and go for years over the same cow paths hunting for cows without exchanging words. In spite of such tenacity, Rosa's quiet demeanor in course of time had conquered the lack of cordiality to such an extent that some of the people nodded to her as she met

them on the road or in the grocery store. They liked her all the better for standing on her dignity. And then something else had happened; a barn had burnt down when its owner was away, and in the question of this fresh social grievance and accountability Rosa's story began to fade away.

But the rector still bore her in mind. He had a bulldog courage in holding on to his duty when he knew it, though slow in recognizing it. The time had arrived for his semi-annual parochial visit at Si Lucas's house, according to his parish calling book. He would no more have deviated from the regularity of such visits than have accepted the possibility of the uninspired punctuation of the Bible. Si Lucas saw him coming across lots, and seated himself on the bench outside the house. "Ef he don't ask for Rosa, why then I ain't to hum," he said to himself.

Yet as the rector at once began upon the delinquent payments of the parish towards his salary, a subject which annually vexed Lucas, he forgot his intention and asked the rector to step inside for a cup of tea before he left, just as he had asked him for twenty years. Such drinks the rector accepted as perquisites for his calls. Rosa had no open cause for offence; therefore she gave the clergyman a supper which went far towards convincing him that a man who could let such culinary skill pass out of his control must have been lacking in common sense,—and he invited her to join his Bible class.

Of course the sewing circle soon divined the change in their rector's mental attitude, and discussed anew what it ought to do to preserve the morals of the community.

"If she'd be continuous in church going!" said its president; "but if she just gets satisfaction being independent outside the prayer-book, it don't seem likely she'll stay put long."

"I kinder think the prayer-book,

like the Apostle Paul, would ha' modified its opinion if either of 'em had been living now. They do tell as how some ministers don't make women say 'obey' when they marry 'em."

Opinions were altering even in this little village. The women, who worked from morning to night in their homes, never having a cent to call their own, were now thinking they might as well work outside their homes and handle their own money. Revolt against a husband's authority had begun, and with it was coming doubt of the source of that authority. Rosa felt it by the way a few persons had nodded to her and passed the time of day in the grocery store. Two or three women had even borrowed eggs of her, though she knew it was curiosity which had prompted such courtesy, as they deemed it; and then at last Mrs. Bisbee had called.

"You ain't never been to the Klondike," observed that potentate at the time of her visit. "That ain't got to be like Dakoty yet, full of first-class hotels for divorced folks."

"I never was in either place," answered Rosa chillily.

"Where have you been?"

"In New York, earning my living, till my children died, and then I came home."

Mrs. Bisbee's lips moved to ask of Rosa's husband, but the words did not come, for Rosa begged to be excused to look after her father's supper.

"If that's the way you get rid of your mother's friend, me as knowed you when you was a baby and right along continuous, and can't invite a middle-aged woman like me out into the kitchen, I'll be going on;" and she walked away in wrath.

Rosa tried to light the fire, to boil the water, to set the table. Her hands trembled, and, passing hastily by her father, who was in his favorite seat on the porch, she turned to the woods for shelter. Why should she be more of a curiosity than a widow? Because she had taken judgment into her

hands and done for herself what death had done for others, was she forever to be a byword and reproach among her neighbors? She longed for the crowded jostling of the city, which at least ignored one, while country scarcity of people gave wide scope for impertinence. She soon found herself behind a barn and, looking up, saw the rector's wife at its window and then suddenly leaving it.

She thinks she is too good for me, thought Rosa, in her bitterness, though Mrs. Arthur, in her winning, deprecatory manner had come towards her, holding out her hands and whispering: "Don't you know me? Come in quick; I've looked for you so long; this is my room;" and she drew Rosa inside with her.

"Tell me all about it. How did you get the courage to do it? I—perhaps I ought not to ask you, but we used to be girl friends—and I want a friend so badly! I want you. Did it hurt? Isn't it better any way? Sometimes I think you just sort of forgot what the Church says,—you had such a hard time; and then I,—oh, God forgive me for saying it,—I wonder if the Church won't come round to you, perhaps, by and by."

Rosa shook her head. "No, no. We need high standards—unchanging commandments—lest we do worse still; but the civil law comes in and befriends us, because we are weak; and then God does the rest."

"Then why did you do it?"

"Why am I a divorced woman, you mean! Because I wanted that no more children should inherit his wickedness." Mrs. Arthur started at Rosa as if terror struck. "Don't you see," said Rosa, seizing Mrs. Arthur's clinched hands, "a woman above all else is most a mother and answerable for her children! One of mine, a boy like his father, died in prison; my baby girl was growing to be like him;"—she shuddered. "He would not let me leave him peaceably; he didn't think I could purposely give him cause for divorce by desertion.

When I did, he grew angry and went out West and got the divorce on that ground. There was no co-respondent," she smiled bitterly; "if there had been, my desertion would have been justified."

"You didn't do anything; you just let it be done," answered the rector's wife, trying to comfort her.

"But I did. I forsook him,—that's the Bible word. I led him into doing what the Church disallows; desertion is not a canonical cause, don't you know!"

"That is, you took things into your own hands instead of trusting to God that—perhaps—that—children might turn out well after all!"

Rosa looked at her, wondering how much of comprehension or reproof was intended.

"Don't," urged Mrs. Arthur, divining her thought. "I suppose I ought to say that because I am his wife,—don't you see!" Rosa smiled grimly. "And you did what was right—as a mother; that's the highest office God gives us."

"That is why I did what I did," answered Rosa reverently. "But I don't know as I should have told you. I would not advise any other woman to do the same; the world don't understand—and we have to live in the world." Rosa sobbed; she had not said as much to her father,—and speaking was an outlet to her long hidden emotion. Besides Mrs. Arthur would comprehend her feeling about children, and—her father might not. She quickly controlled herself; and Mrs. Arthur, her intuitions and her inherited beliefs contradicting each other, was as glad as Rosa to turn the conversation to the vague topics of the weather, crops and the bygone days in which they had been playmates. When they parted it was with assurances of renewed meetings—somewhere; for Rosa would not ask her friend to come and see her, and the rector's wife dared not bid Rosa to come to her.

"Mrs. Arthur," said her husband,

when she greeted him at supper an hour later, "your corn cake is almost as good as that Si Lucas's daughter gave me last week. I fear I have not done her justice in my own mind."

It was the first time he had alluded to his visit. She, mindful of Rosa's interests, took the remark dispassionately, and brought him some more corn cake, steaming hot, construing her husband's words, however, as giving her implied liberty to enjoy Rosa's acquaintance. Whereupon Si Lucas began to hope that his daughter might be invited to join the sewing circle. "If she does," he made a bet with himself, "I'll patch up the barn; and if she doesn't, I'll give her what it would cost, to kind o' comfort her."

Yet Rosa longed to feel herself again a visible part of the Holy Catholic Church; and though she did "truly and earnestly repent" of her "sins," she never included among them that of desertion. Her new friendship with Mrs. Arthur made her wish to be friends with others and to bring into her father's life more cheerfulness than she alone could provide. Therefore did she at last knock at the rectory door, which Mr. Arthur himself chanced to open, bidding her enter. With the simple directness which had been the bane of her married life, she told him her story.

"Then you had not just cause for desertion?" he inquired, when she had finished, just as if he had not understood her words.

"No cause in the canonical sense, if that is what you mean."

"Then you showed a want of trust in Providence."

"The Almighty gave me my motherhood and my reason and I had Bible warrant that the sins of the fathers are visited upon the children unto the third and fourth generation."

The rector started. Slowly he continued: "You instituted proceedings against your husband."

"Pardon me, I simply left him and supported myself. Because he failed

to support me, I had cause in the eyes of the civil law, as I also had cause in what the law calls 'gross misconduct,' since he struck and abused me. I availed myself of neither ground for divorce. A year after I had deserted him, I knew from the newspapers that he had got a divorce from me in the West, alleging my desertion—I who had promised to be his wife 'till death do us part.'"

The rector fidgeted. "I was going to inquire—to remark—that in your case there was no co-respondent,—that you are not seeking re-marriage a second time!"

"If there had been,—if I were,—I should not have sought you. You and your people do not understand a woman's obligations to the State as mother, and the protection it in turn can afford her. You forget that each of us deals directly with God, and that the Church is only His outward sign. Still I long for His touch through the sacrament of the Holy Communion; but without it I am still clean in His presence."

The rector was sorely puzzled. He knew the traditional woman of self-abnegation, wifely obedience and theologic submission; but this nervous, intense, modern woman, justifying her actions by the civil law, yet longing to utter the refrain of the Litany, was an anomaly to him. He went into his closet and prayed for light. In a dim way he recognized the nobility which scorned to forsake a husband because of personal injury, but justified it on altruistic grounds. The parable of the wise husbandman and the denunciation of those by whom cometh offence occurred to him. Her sin lay in setting her personal judgment over against that of the church, since, if so be, the individual must needs suffer, that neither the mystery of matrimony be impaired nor the authority of the Church endangered. As he prayed, his sense of the merciful holiness of his calling deepened, and he went back to Rosa, henceforth to be a more gracious

rector and a less oppressive home magnate.

"My child," he said taking both her hands in his, scarcely conscious of what his words were to be, "it is not for me to withhold the outward grace of God from any one who may have misconstrued His holy law, but who sincerely loves Him. Come to the Communion to-morrow."

Rosa bent her head very low, and quickly and silently left the room. Mrs. Arthur found her husband still standing when she entered it several moments later. He did not tell her of Rosa's visit. Self-incrimination was seldom his way; but for all that, she felt what had happened, and somehow that evening several in the parish said that Rosa had been welcomed at the rectory. The next morning she walked with her father to church.

"It's just as ef my little girl had come back again," was his only comment, for she had told him of her visit to the rector. She did not try to sing. Her heart was too full of memories, of her early years, of her stern mother, her unquestioning marriage and her dead children. Her husband seemed never to have been; the past, caused by him, was yet without him. But her bowed head was the last to leave the chancel railing.

As she came outside and was beyond the church precincts, Mrs. Bisbee doggedly crossed in front of her, and in a loud voice invited her to come to the sewing circle, saying: "We wanted to be square to you and to the Church, so we kind o' waited; but we reckon the Church is going to be more on the side of women, seeing we do such a lot for it. You're real handy with your scissors, now, ain't you?"

"I used to be." There was a brightness in Rosa's tone and smile which gladdened her father's heart, and he had won his bet in favor of his barn.

Life sped on quietly, with its harmless gossip and its everyday utilities, until it was even hinted that come

another spring there might be talk of Rosa as president of the sewing circle. When the honor came, she declined it, and they liked her the better for doing so, all the more as she suggested Mrs. Arthur for that honorable position—whose efficiency so astounded the rector that he treated her with fresh deference.

That same spring the sexton of the little church sickened and died, and the question of his successor vexed the wardens. No one seemed quite good enough for the office, the salary was small, and the necessity of always being on hand Sundays and on week-day services, funerals and marriages was imperative. Then was it that, at a meeting of the wardens, John Travers, who had become one of them, observed in his slow way: "I take it thar be no Scriptural injunction agin that office for a woman"—the rector looked out of the window—"cause if thar ain't, I propose the name of Si Lucas's daughter."

The old man started to his feet. "My daughter, she as her husband got a divorce from! The Lord be praised."

"What does the rector say?" asked the second warden. Mr. Arthur shrank; he put down his cane, he took it up, he cleared his voice and, after a few minutes of hesitation, during which no one spoke, replied, his voice and manner gathering firmness: "Gentlemen, I once did a grievous wrong in my mind, perhaps, to that woman, the Lord hath shown me by His handmaiden that, while the Church ruleth wisely for the good of all, a woman peradventure may be in such straits that the Lord forgiveth her what she doeth. Let Si Lucas's daughter be our sexton 'till death do us part.'"

The decision was known throughout the village before supper time. Some said Rosa would like to have a little money of her own. Others said she need not be paid as much as a man. Even Mrs. Bisbee allowed at

the sewing circle the next day that she hadn't any objection, as Rosa's husband had died a month ago.

"How long you known that and kept it to yourself?" tartly asked Miss Pratt, who objected to any one getting ahead of her in news.

"Oh," answered Mrs. Bisbee, laying down her work and taking off her glasses, the sign of a long story to come: "that 'dopted girl we've taken to bring up came from Dakoty. I sort o' helped her unpack her trunk to see what she'd got, and her things were all in newspapers, and when I seed they were Dakoty papers I minded me of Rosa, and I looked 'em over, and thar was an account of his death—how he got into a row, all 'cause of a girl out thar, and was killed and buried—so Rosa's jest the same as ef she'd never married or is a widder."

"Have you told her?"

"I hain't had no call to as yet."

"She knows it," said the rector's wife.

"Then why hain't she told it to us?"

"She said you took her in when you thought she had made a mistake, and that his death had not lessened her mistake, if it were one."

"Do you believe it was?" asked Mrs. Bisbee.

"I do not," was Mrs. Arthur's quiet reply; for she had gained courage since she knew Rosa.

"No more'n do I," answered Mrs. Bisbee energetically.

"That's so," murmured the sewing circle, as its members threaded their needles.

Thus was it that, from one year to another, a woman rang the church bell in the little parish, girding herself for the office like the sacristans of old, and sending up her prayers as she pulled the rope that he who had been her husband would forgive her if she had done wrong in leaving him.

A PRISONER.

By Theodosia Garrison.

LOVE built a royal house for me,
A treasure house of gems and gold,
And heaped there for mine eyes to see
Great wonders, all untold;
And four strong gates about us closed,
To check the over-bold.

Love placed me in these shining halls,
"Here ever, sweetheart, may we stay;
So thick and high the rose-decked walls,
No voice may reach to bid thee stray;
Here, ever from the world apart,
Reign we, alone, away!"

Love holds me safe, Love holds me fast—
A captive, who contentment feigns—
Behind closed doors. Ah, me, the past,
Wide beauty of the open plains,
The wild, free days, the deep, sweet nights!
I sicken of my chains!



EDITOR'S TABLE.



WE wrote in these pages last month of American history in the drama, prompted to it by the presentation of Longfellow's "Giles Corey" by the young people of the Old South Historical Society in Boston. One of the subjects recently proposed to the graduates of the Boston high schools for the Old South Essays was "Longfellow's poetry of America—his use of American subjects and his services for American history"; and an entire course of Old South lectures will by and by be devoted to the historical services of our various greater poets. It is useful and inspiring for boys and girls and men and women to learn to look at national history and life and landscape through the poet's eyes. Longfellow's own great collection of "Poems of Places" has rendered a distinct and conspicuous service. A similar collection devoted to historic and heroic deeds would perform a real service. Mr. Masson, in his exhaustive work upon the life and times of Milton, has shown us how luminous the religion, politics and literature of a historic period are made when viewed through the eyes of that period's great poet and in relation to his life. The careful study of Dante becomes the study of the whole history of the thought and politics of his age.

Our American poets have been in a noteworthy way identified with American public life and aspiration, and devoted to American history. The poems of Whittier and Lowell fill a place of cardinal importance in the history of the antislavery struggle. Whittier, Lowell, Emerson, Bryant, Whitman, Holmes, Longfellow—in the pages of all are inspiration and en-

lightenment for the lover of the republic and the student of its history. To Longfellow's services in this field of our national history and life we devote these few pages.

* * *

Longfellow was perhaps the most cosmopolitan of all our American poets. He loved geography and travel and had the power of possessing himself subtly of the citizenship of every country to which he travelled, by land or sea, or by the wings of imagination. He is at times true Frenchman, true German and true Tuscan; true Castilian and true son of Thor and Odin. He loved Europe as only the scholar at home as he was with Virgil, Dante and Michael Angelo, with Lope de Vega and Goethe, can love Europe. There are many places in Europe which are so embalmed in his song that the American will never think of them apart from him. We open his book by the fireside, and it is to travel and to live again the bright days in the lands beyond the sea.

But Longfellow was not alone nor indeed especially the poet of "Outre Mer." He was a true American and lover of America, a faithful child of the republic and of the century—like the "youth of quiet ways" in his own "Wayside Inn,"

"A student of old books and days,
To whom all tongues and lands were
known,
And yet a lover of his own."

Shakespeare's English was dearer to him than the tongue of Dante or of Cervantes; the *Mayflower* bore for him a richer freight than the

Argo; to him Minnehaha made sweeter music than Terni, and the Charles was fairer than the Cam; Sumner and Washington were closer to his heart and more the symbols of his patriotism than Winkelried and Cincinnatus; and he was more a disciple of Channing than of Francis. When our national sin was rampant, he was voice for the slave; and upon the nameless graves of the heroes who died to save the state will bloom forever the flower of his song.

Whittier himself is no more truly the poet of New England than Longfellow, in his other way, and the pages of Emerson do not furnish better food for our patriotism. Emerson makes the fathers alive with the same full democratic hopes which inspire the sons, and gives to our strong impulse the great backing of their sacred prestige; Longfellow discounts the centuries for us, and makes us see our young history in the same glow which shrouds the middle-age romance. He makes the ivy grow on Salem meeting-house, turns Sudbury tavern to a very Tabard, gives to the ship of Master Lamberton all the weirdness of the "Flying Dutchman," makes the Old Mill of Newport mysterious and awful like the Sphinx, freights the bells of Lynn with music as meaningful as the carillons of Flanders, makes Miles Standish as picturesque and valiant as Henry of Navarre, Paul Revere as thrilling as the men who carried the good news from Ghent to Aix, and the *Cumberland* going down in Hampton Roads as personal and reverend as Nelson's *Victory* at Trafalgar or the old *Temeraire* towed to her last moorings. Our debt to Longfellow for the way in which, without emasculating our fresh history or robbing it of any of its ruggedness and unconventionality, he has pruned away its rawnesses and lifted it into the realm of the universal and of romance, is incalculable. He brought to the plenteous, rude gold ore of our granite hills the fine silver of his learning and taste, disciplined by

the ages, and graved upon the shapely vase wrought from the fusion a glad procession, where Hephæstus and the Galilean fishers at the head clasp hands with the Plymouth Puritans and the Cambridge blacksmith, who complete the circle.

* * *

Where can we go that he has not been, or where get beyond the echoes of his song? The hills, the rivers and the sea, the village and the town, all alike give back his name. From Boston and Cambridge, which were most his home, he goes with us to every dear New England place—to Plymouth Rock, to Salem Witch Hill, to all the rocks and inlets and light-houses of the North Shore, with their beckoning outlooks on the sea toward the old world, to the pine woods of Maine, to Newport, to the arsenal on the Connecticut. We go with him in "Evangeline" east to the murmuring pines and hemlocks on the shores of the Basin of Minas, south to the cotton-trees of the lowlands of Louisiana, west to the desert lands among the snowy mountains, where "precipitate leaps the Nebraska." Wherever he lived, he sang. The streets of Portland, where he was born, the halls of Bowdoin and the meadows by the Charles, all are set now in "the light that never was."

"Often I think of the beautiful town
That is seated by the sea;
Often in thought go up and down
The pleasant streets of that dear old town,
And my youth comes back to me."

"O ye familiar scenes,—ye groves of pine,
That once were mine and are no longer
mine."

"River, that in silence windest
Through the meadows, bright and free,
Till at length thy rest thou findest
In the bosom of the sea.

Thou hast taught me, silent River!
Many a lesson deep and long;
Thou hast been a generous giver;
I can give thee but a song."

Where yon shadowy woodlands hide thee,
And thy waters disappear,
Friends I love have dwelt beside thee,
And have made thy margin dear.

More than this;—thy name reminds me
Of three friends, all true and tried;
And that name, like magic, binds me
Closer, closer to thy side."

And again, in "Three Friends of Mine:"

"River, that stealest with such silent pace
Around the City of the Dead, where lies
A friend who bore thy name, and whom
these eyes

Shall see no more in his accustomed
place,

Linger and fold him in thy soft embrace
And say good-night, for now the west-
ern skies

Are red with sunset and gray mists arise
Like damps that gather on a dead man's
face."

These "three friends of mine" were Felton and Agassiz and Sumner; and the three friends of the earlier poem were Sumner and Felton and Norton. Almost all of the friends of the days when Longfellow first came to Craigie House he saw taken one by one by "the reaper, Death," and he laid on the grave of each in turn the garland of his verse. Of Sumner he wrote:

"Like Winkelried, he took
Into his manly breast
The sheaf of hostile spears, and broke
A path for the oppressed."

In the tribute to Sumner, too, are the beautiful lines, so appropriate now in their application to the poet's own immortal life:

"Death takes us by surprise,
And stays our hurrying feet;
The great design unfinished lies,
Our lives are incomplete."

Appropriate of the life and death of the poet himself, I say—although if a life ever seemed to be completed here, a perfect circle, surely it was Longfellow's. We turn the pages of his book and it seems that his whole truth had found its perfect expression; we cannot think what message he yet had for us, and, as in the case of Emerson, we felt no shock at his

going and are as willing that he should be there as here. We could wish perhaps that he had lived to plant the flower on the grave of Emerson also; yet more content are we and glad that these two sweet and beautiful souls could enter hand in hand together through the gates into the city. The last time that Emerson left Concord, it was to attend Longfellow's funeral—and very touching is the story told of his words after it: "The gentleman whose funeral we have been attending—I do not remember his name, but he was a beautiful soul." This was perhaps the last tribute ever paid by Emerson.

At that other Concord funeral, on that May day, twenty years before, Longfellow was present. "How beautiful it was," he wrote:

"How beautiful it was, that one bright day
In the long week of rain!
Though all its splendor could not chase
away
The omnipresent pain.

Now I look back, and meadow, manse and
stream
Dimly my thought defines;
I only see—a dream within a dream—
The hilltop hearsed with pines.

I only hear above his place of rest
Their tender undertone,
The infinite longing of a troubled breast,
The voice so like his own."

When Channing died, Longfellow was on the ocean, writing the lines, "To Channing," which are the first in the Poems on Slavery:

"The pages of thy book I read,
And as I closed each one,
My heart, responding, ever said,
Servant of God, well done!"

Of Irving he wrote the beautiful sonnet, "In the Churchyard at Tarrytown"; when Dana died, he wrote "The Burial of the Poet"; of Bayard Taylor the lines beginning:

"Dead he lay among his books!"

The last of these elegiac poems upon his American fellow workers was the "Auf Wiedersehen," in memory of Mr. Fields.

Many of Longfellow's Poems of the Seaside have to do with Nahant, where he passed so many summers, and with the places which he loved along the Massachusetts North Shore; more belong to Cambridge and the doubly historic Craigie House, temple alike of patriotism and the muses. The beautiful poem, "In the Churchyard at Cambridge," is connected with the old churchyard by Christ Church. The "village smithy" stood in Cambridge, beneath the "spreading chestnut-tree," from the wood of which, a few years before he died, the Cambridge children had the great armchair made, of which the poet was so proud, and which now stands empty in the study. "Am I a king," he wrote to the children,

"Am I a king, that I should call my own
This splendid ebon throne?
Or by what reason, or what right divine,
Can I proclaim it mine?"

Only, perhaps, by right divine of song,
It may to me belong;
Only because the spreading chestnut-tree
Of old was sung by me."

Lowell's lines on this same spreading chestnut-tree will be remembered. "The Herons of Elmwood" too is one of the Cambridge poems.

"Silent are all the sounds of day;
Nothing I hear but the chirp of crickets,
And the cry of the herons winging their
way
O'er the poet's house in the Elmwood
thickets."

Lowell is the poet in the Elmwood thickets, and Longfellow calls to the herons to sing him the song of the green morass, of the reeds and rushes, of the air and the winds, of the joy of freedom and flying, of the landscape below and the glow of the limitless spaces.

"Ask him if songs of the Troubadours,
Or of Minnesingers in old black-letter,
Sound in his ears more sweet than yours,
And if yours are not sweeter and wilder
and better.

Sing to him, say to him, here at his gate,
Where the boughs of the stately elms
are meeting,
Some one hath lingered to meditate,
And send him unseen this friendly greet-
ing;

That many another hath done the same,
Though not by a sound was the silence
broken;
The surest pledge of a deathless name
Is the silent homage of thoughts un-
spoken."

And yet we are glad that the poets
did give voice to their hearts' com-
munion. How precious now are the
lines which Lowell, on his part, ad-
dressed to Longfellow so long ago!

"I need not praise the sweetness of his
song,
Where limpid verse to limpid verse
succeeds,
Smooth as our Charles, when, fearing lest
he wrong
The new moon's mirrored skiff, he slides
along,
Full without noise, and whispers in his
reeds.

With loving breath of all the winds his
name
Is blown about the world, but to his
friends
A sweeter secret hides behind his fame,
And love steals shyly through the loud ac-
claim
To murmur a *God bless you!* and there
ends."

Longfellow also addressed sonnets to Whittier and to Tennyson, although that to Tennyson is not indeed a poem of America. The sonnet to Whittier is entitled, as will be remem-bered, "The Three Silences of Molinos."

Longfellow makes the little chapel of St. John's, as well as the old churchyard at Cambridge, preach his pure gospel of light and love and forgiveness. But it is about Craigie House that the poems of Cambridge chiefly cluster. It was in Craigie House that the patter of little feet was heard,

"A sudden rush from the stairway,
A sudden raid from the hall!"

which told the "Children's Hour." It was in Craigie House that he held the little feet and hands that compelled the poem, "Weariness." It was in Craigie House, we were about to say, that the Old Clock stood on the stair, forever repeating its solemn warning. But the original old clock on the stair was in a house at Pittsfield. Its counterpart, however, stood on the stair in the hall of Craigie House; and there it still beats its "Forever—never!"—ticking out the little lives of men. The poem, "To a Child," counterpart of "Weariness" and "The Children's Hour," is another of the Craigie House poems—to our mind most beautiful of all. This contains the solemn lines which tell of the time when the poet's home was the home of Washington:

"Once, ah, once, within these walls,
One whom memory oft recalls;
The Father of his Country, dwelt;
And yonder meadows broad and damp
The fires of the besieging camp
Encircled with a burning belt.
Up and down these echoing stairs,
Heavy with the weight of cares,
Sounded his majestic tread;
Yes, within this very room
Sat he in those hours of gloom,
Weary both in heart and head."

* * *

Living day by day within such walls, in companionship with such a spirit, it could not be but the poet's thoughts should be often occupied with the nation's history. And yet it was not to the Revolutionary time, when Washington was in Craigie House, that his imagination turned most fondly, but rather to the old colonial and provincial days, for which greater distance had already done much of the work of enchantment. He did not neglect the Revolutionary time, surely. Since he has written, no American boy will ever think of Concord fight without seeing the two lights gleam through the darkness from the belfry of the Old North Church to the Charlestown shore, and hearing the hurry of hoofs and the striking of village clocks, as

Paul Revere dashes through the Middlesex farms, over the bridge into Medford town and on to Lexington. Every period of our history indeed was made to glow beneath his touch. "The Skeleton in Armor" brings back the almost prehistoric time when the Northmen cruised along the New England coast, if they did cruise along there, and the Old Round Tower at Newport shrines the grave of a Viking's bride.

One little poem, that on Sir Humphrey Gilbert, lights up the period of exploration. The wondrous "Song of Hiawatha" creates for us the unknown romance of the red man in the forest, which we think went on in the centuries which are voiceless to history. To the heart of the continent, by the shores of Superior, we see the strange tidings coming of what Iagoo had seen in his wanderings far to eastward. He had seen a water broader than the Gitchee Gumee, and o'er it a great canoe with pinions come flying. From its mouth thunder and lightning had come to greet him; and in it came a hundred warriors, with all their faces painted white and hair upon their chins. But the old men and the women smiled and said: "It cannot be so! We do not believe it."

"Only Hiawatha laughed not,
But he gravely spake and answered,
'True is all Iagoo tells us;
I have seen it in a vision.

I beheld, too, in that vision,
All the secrets of the future,
Of the distant days that shall be.
I beheld the westward marches
Of the unknown, crowded nations.
All the land was full of people,
Restless, struggling, toiling, striving,
Speaking many tongues, yet feeling
But one heart-beat in their bosoms.
In the woodlands rang their axes,
Smoked their towns in all the valleys,
Over all the lakes and rivers
Rushed their great canoes of thunder."

Then comes, as Marquette came in truth, the Priest of Prayer, the Paleface, with the cross upon his bosom:

"Told his message to the people,
Told them of the Virgin Mary,
And her blessed Son, the Saviour."

* * *

But, as we have said, it was chiefly the old colonial days which exercised their charm upon Longfellow and which he lifted for us into the realm of poetry. As long as there is an America, so long will "The Courtship of Miles Standish," "The New England Tragedies" and "Evangeline" be precious in every American home. "Evangeline," dearest of all his children to the poet himself, has always been, we suppose, his most popular work, and probably it will always continue so. In its mingling of the historic and the homely, of contrasted gladness and suffering and enduring, its varied landscapes, its setting in the sweet superstitions of the mediæval religion, it furnished in happiest proportion all those elements with which his genius had closest affinities; and whatever the historian may say of the political necessities which compelled the breaking up of the French settlements, it will be through the atmosphere of Longfellow's song that we must ever view this melancholy Acadian episode.

And how "The Courtship of Miles Standish" revives for us the old Plymouth life! How it takes us into the hearts of the stern, tender people, sad with thoughts of the homes of Old England, heavy in mourning for the wives and husbands in the graves in the wheat field! How sombre and cold the sailless ocean, how comfortless the east wind, how raw the new-built houses, how dangerous the forest! And yet how beautiful the springtime and the hearthstone and the hum of the spinning-wheel and the love of young man and maiden, always and everywhere the same, like the loves of the birds! How beautiful too the simple wedding! The Plymouth Pilgrims believed stoutly in civil marriages. They could not find that "marriage was tied up with ministrie;" and it was the magistrate

who presided at their weddings. Longfellow has beautifully preserved the memory of this custom.

"Simple and brief was the wedding, as that
of Ruth and of Boaz.
Softly the youth and the maiden repeated
the words of betrothal,
Taking each other for husband and wife
in the Magistrate's presence
After the Puritan way and the laudable
custom of Holland.
Fervently then, and devoutly, the excel-
lent Elder of Plymouth
Prayed for the hearth and the home that
were founded that day in affection,
Speaking of life and of death, and implor-
ing Divine benediction."

And nowhere, save in the words of Bradford and Winslow and Cushman themselves, is the religious heroism of the Pilgrim Fathers so borne in upon our hearts as in that inspired fifth canto, which tells of the sailing of the *Mayflower*. Glad enough were the master and the sailors to get rid of all the worry and flurry,

"Glad to be gone from a land of sand and
sickness and sorrow,
Short allowance of victual, and plenty of
nothing but Gospel!"

But the Pilgrims themselves,—

"O strong hearts and true! not one went
back in the *Mayflower*!
No, not one looked back, who had set his
hand to this ploughing!"

How vivid is the picture of the little group of men and women and children, clustered there on the shore with tearful eyes, in the gray of the morning, to see the *Mayflower* sail!

"Long in silence they watched the reced-
ing sail of the vessel,
Much endeared to them all, as something
living and human;
Then, as if filled with the spirit, and wrapt
in a vision prophetic,
Baring his hoary head, the excellent Elder
of Plymouth
Said 'Let us pray!' and they prayed, and
thanked the Lord and took courage.
Mournfully sobbed the waves at the base
of the rock, and above them
Bowed and whispered the wheat on the
hill of death, and their kindred

Seemed to awake in their graves, and to join in the prayer that they uttered. Sun-illuminated and white, on the eastern verge of the ocean gleamed the departing sail, like a marble slab in a graveyard; Buried beneath it lay forever all hope of escaping."

Of the "New England Tragedies" we wrote in these pages last month. As "The Courtship of Miles Standish" takes us closer than anything else in our literature to the simple and heroic Plymouth life, so "John Endicott" and "Giles Corey" revive better than anything else the spirit of the time of the persecution of the Quakers.

* * *

Deeply interested as he was in the colonial times and in our general American history, it was natural that Longfellow should be an honored member of the Massachusetts Historical Society. It was a solemn company of his friends that gathered to pay tribute to his memory, on that April day in 1882, in the society's rooms above the old Puritan graveyard, where, little more than a year before, Emerson had read his last tribute to Carlyle; where not a month later, the society should meet to lay its wreath on Emerson's own tomb. A solemn company—but not a sad one. "It is with no vain lamentations," said Dr. Holmes, "but rather with profound gratitude, that we follow the soul of our much loved and long loved poet beyond the confines of the world he helped so largely to make beautiful. It has been a fully rounded life, beginning early with large promise, equalling every anticipation in its maturity, fertile and beautiful to its close in the ripeness of its well filled years."

Almost every important phase of Longfellow's work was tenderly touched upon in this notable memorial meeting, and especially was high recognition made of his great services for our American life and history. Mr. Winthrop, the president of the so-

ciety, spoke chiefly, in his letter, of the great popularity and love which the poet had won in Europe. "No poet of our day," he said, "has touched the common heart like Longfellow." "The last time he was in Europe," continued Mr. Winthrop, "I was there with him, and I was a witness to not a few of the honors which he received from high and low. I remember particularly that when we were coming away from the House of Lords together, where we had been hearing a fine speech from his friend, the Duke of Argyll, a group of the common people gathered around our carriage, calling him by name, begging to touch his hand, and at least one of them reciting aloud one of his most familiar poems.

Dr. Ellis spoke of a meeting to which the poet once invited the society at his own home, as Washington's headquarters, and of the charming and instructive interest in the scenes and associations of the occasion. He continued: "But few of our associates can have studied our local and even national history more sedulously than did Mr. Longfellow. And fewer still among us can have found in its stern and rugged and homely actors and annals so much that could be graced and softened by rich and delicate fancies, and the hues and fragrance of simple poetry. He took the saddest of our New England tragedies, and the sweetest of its rural home scenes, the wayside inn, the alarm of war, the Indian legend, and the hanging of the crane in the modest household, and his genius has invested them with enduring charms and morals. Wise and gentle was the heart which could thus find melodies for the harp, the lyre and the plectrum in our fields and wildernesses, wreathing them as nature does the thickets and stumps of the forest with flowers and mosses. While all his utterances came from a pure, a tender and a devout heart, addressing themselves to what is of like in other hearts, there is not in them

a line of morbidness, of depression, or melancholy, but only that which quickens and cheers with robust resolve and courage, with peace and aspiring trust. He has, indeed, used the poet's license in playful freedom with dates and facts. But the scenes and incidents and personages which most need a softening and refining touch receive it from him without prejudice to the service of sober history."

Dr. Holmes dwelt chiefly upon the beauty of the poet's art. "Longfellow was fortunate," said Charles Eliot Norton, following Dr. Holmes, "in the time of his birth. He grew up in the morning of our republic. He shared in the cheerfulness of the early hour, in its hopefulness, its confidence. The years of his youth and early manhood coincided with an exceptional moment of national life, in which a prosperous and unembarrassed democracy was learning its own capacities, and was beginning to realize its large and novel resources; in which the order of society was still simple and humane. He became, more than any one else, the voice of this epoch of national progress, an epoch of unexampled prosperity for the masses of mankind in our new world, prosperity from which sprang a sense, more general than had ever before been felt, of human kindness and brotherhood. But, even to the prosperous, life brings its inevitable burden. Trial, sorrow, misfortune, are not to be escaped by the happiest of men. The deepest experiences of each individual are the experiences common to the whole race. And it is this double aspect of American life—its novel and happy conditions, with the genial spirit resulting from them, and, at the same time, its subjection to the old, absolute, universal laws of existence—that finds its mirror and manifestation in Longfellow's poetry."

* * *

Longfellow transfigured our young

history and lifted it and us into the atmosphere of cosmopolitanism and a kindly culture. He made our literature respected and loved the wide world through. And if he made our backward vision beautiful, no less did he seek to make us strong in looking forward, no less did he seek to rouse us to the duties of our high citizenship which he himself felt so deeply. Not Emerson himself, in the "Fortune of the Republic," has expressed a profounder trust in the fathers and in the democratic idea, or a firmer confidence, a loftier and more religious faith, in the nation's future than Longfellow in the sublime closing lines of the "Building of the Ship." It is a prayer worthy of him who could see in the men of Plymouth Rock grander figures than the men who followed Agamemnon. As Beethoven, in his great ninth symphony, finding all instruments inadequate to the flood of his inspiration, breaking with all traditions and bursting into song, did not need to seek for new words of his own, but allied his music to the words of Schiller's ode, alike tender and triumphant, as saying best and truest what he himself would say, so, when the fit man of music comes to write for us the music for the national hymn which we have all been waiting for, he shall marry his music to these strong lyric lines of our sweetest singer, true American, as the noblest and most ennobling which Americans can sing:

"Thou, too, sail on, O Ship of State!
Sail on, O Union, strong and great!
Humanity with all its fears,
With all the hopes of future years,
Is hanging breathless on thy fate!

In spite of rock and tempest's roar,
In spite of false lights on the shore,
Sail on, nor fear to breast the sea!
Our hearts, our hopes, are all with thee;
Our hearts, our hopes, our prayers, our
tears,
Our faith, triumphant o'er our fears,
Are all with thee,—are all with thee."

ALL

PRINCETON UNIV



32101 064988148

PRINCETON UNIVERSITY LIBRARY

*This book is due on the latest date
stamped below. Please return or renew
by this date.*



